

The Cripple.

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The Cripple

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PAYABLE INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

Poetry.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

Minutes.

We are but minutes—little things;
Each are furnished with sixty wings,
With which we fly on our unseen track,
And not a minute ever comes back.

We are but minutes—each one bears
Its little burden of joys or care;
Patiently bear the minutes of pain,
The worst of minutes cannot remain.

We are but minutes; when we bring
Few of the drops from pleasure's spring,
Taste their sweetness while yet they stay,
It takes but a minute to fly away.

We are but minutes; use us well,
For how we are used we must one day tell;
Who uses minutes has hours to use;
Who loses minutes has years to lose.

PHILADA.

Miscellaneous.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

Camp Stories. No. 5.

BY POTOMAC, PHILADELPHIA.

HARRISON'S LANDING.

“Having arrived at Harrison's Landing and been fully organized, we began settling, or rather preventing ourselves from settling in the mud, by ditching, scraping and building. The barns and outhouses of the Harrison mansion were soon stripped of their covering, and the boards cut into thousands of pieces, formed beds for many wet and wearied soldiers.

“Entire comfort is seldom found in an active army, but a soldier very soon learns to accommodate himself to circumstances, and if he can't have straw for a bed he takes boards. If boards are wanting, he takes grass; if grass is not to be found, he soon has a pile of stones fixed so he can lay clear of the ground; where none of these conveniences are to be had, he comforts himself with the philosophical reflection, “It is all in your three years,” lays down in the softest spot he can find, and sleeps soundly until reveille wakes him at daylight for roll call.

“About four o'clock in the afternoon, while we were all floundering from place to place in the mud,

making bunks, cooking coffee, and getting fixed as well as possible for the night, we received an unexpected present from our rebel friends, who had been following us all the way, in the shape of a six-pound shell, which came whizzing through the air and burst over a barn, where two or three hundred of the boys, and twenty or thirty negro servants, were busily engaged in hammering, ripping of boards, tearing away doors, &c., &c.

“The scattering which ensued was comical in the extreme. Boards fell clattering to the earth; negroes jumped from the roof to the ground and rammed their black heads so deep in the mud that some fears were entertained of their ever getting out again; bugles blew ‘the assembly’; astonished mules pulled frantically at their ropes; drums beat; officers halloed ‘fall in,’ ‘fall in’; and men, in vain attempts to obey, fell most amusingly, sprawling in the mud.—After some delay, the lines were at length formed, and our grand advance commenced. Burnside's mud march but barely outdid this one. Rain had been falling all day; the field, which had just been ploughed, was at first ankle deep, but as we kept tramping around in it, and the rain continued to fall, it soon reached up to our knees; and when our feet once sank much exertion, and sometimes the assistance of our hands was required to pull them out again. Under all these disadvantages, it may be supposed we had no little difficulty in advancing.—Horses were useless, as they stuck fast in the mud; men were just able to move around. Several short limbed braves getting both feet in the mud at the same time, were unable to pull either out, and falling hopelessly over on their faces were rescued by their longer limbed comrades. In fact, our position was rather an awkward one, and its comfort was not promoted in the least by the impoliteness of the shells, which would keep shrieking just close enough to our ears to make us bob our heads. Fortunately for us, however, Gen. Shield's division landed from transports near a better road, and flanking our attentive brethren, succeeded in capturing two pieces of artillery, which were stuck so fast in the mud that the ‘Johnnies’ couldn't pull them away. After this little episode, nothing occurred to disturb our harmony until the 4th of July came. Its arrival was honored by the roar of artillery, parade of troops, and incessant clamor of sheet iron bands, and noisy drum corps.

“Moving on the 5th from our first camp, we were stationed in another field, surrounded by a little creek, whose waters abounded in snakes which possessed very sociable qualities, and evinced an ardent desire to be much nearer to our heads at night than we considered pleasant. Many a soundly sleeping soldier woke suddenly in the night to find one of these singular bedfellows, tucked snugly away in his blanket.

“To the rear of our camp in the woods, was a sort of mound or hill, covered by fine shade trees and carpeted with soft grass. Cool breezes blew over its surface, and it was such a place as one would choose

to sleep in on some hot dry days, with which we were abundantly supplied. To this spot, on and after pay day, resorted a number of soldiers with more money in their pockets than brains in their heads.

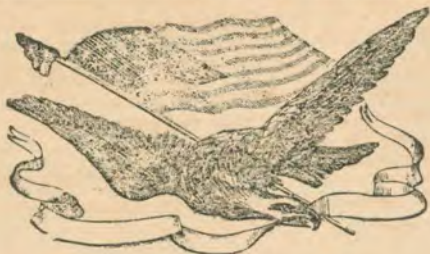
“Probably with a desire of losing some of the money and thus preserve their equilibrium, they drew figures on rubber blankets and called them the ‘sweat boards’; produced greasy packs of cards, and old boxes of dice, and went into the gambling business with a fair prospect of success. At times, hundreds were collected on this spot, gambling; and often when a man was detailed for guard or picket, he was all unconsciously of the duty required of him by his country, wrapt up in a game of bluff, or a bet on the sweat board at ‘Gambler's Hill.’ Gen. Sumner hearing of this, determined to stop it. One morning while the boys were deeply immersed in their games, and each others pockets; there was heard, above the sounds of ‘I'll bet five on the deuce,’ ‘chip, and go five better,’ &c., &c., the order ‘charge,’ and fifty bright bayonets of the provost guard came glistening through the under brush.—Like a covey of frightened partridges they started, some this way and some that, dodging and bobbing in every direction. Some left blankets, money and all. Others, with more presence of mind, seized money and left the blankets. Some, in their hurry, went rolling and tumbling down the hill; through brush, thicket and swamp they rushed heedlessly.—Very few, however, escaped the watchful guards, who, laughing heartily at the comical scene, marched the crowd (about 100) to Gen. Sumner's headquarters. Here they were each presented with a pick or shovel, or sent to the trenches to work for a day or two. Soon after pay day, our sutler, with an eye to gain, brought into camp a lot of cans labelled ‘Spiced Oysters,’ which, however, instead of spiced oysters, contained villianous whiskey. \$2.50 was the modest price charged for the bivalves, and the number of spiced oyster cans lying around camp told how they were appreciated. Fights and fancy scenes became the order of the day; but probably the most amusing was the following:

“A lieutenant who had, by too much arrogance, gained the ill-will of the men, had the bad judgment to order a sergeant, who was snoozing quietly after his meal of spiced oysters (?), to obey an order which the sergeant did not feel disposed to regard. ‘Hic—Git out,’ said the sergeant. ‘Get up,’ said the lieutenant, at the same time giving the sergeant a shake. The latter jumped to his feet, and seizing a gun and bayonet, which stood near, rushed at the lieutenant. Seeing mischief in the glittering steel, the lieutenant took to his heels, the sergeant closely following.—In this manner they ran through nearly the whole division, the lieutenant looking around ever and anon, and starting afresh at sight of so undesirable an article in such close quarters with his person. The boys cheered and halloed as they ran out of their tents to see the fun, which lasted until some of the guards succeeded in catching the sergeant and taking him to his quarters, while the lieutenant hung down his head and slunk like a whipped cur to his tent.”

The Cripple

LEOPOLD COHEN.—EDITOR.

SATURDAY, MARCH 18TH, 1865.



IN HOC SIGNO VINCES.

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

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

GOLD.

Gold is tumbling down! down!! down!!! At one time it reached a figure near 300. Thursday it closed at 163 5-8. Of late it has gone down with rapid strides, drawing some into the whirlpool of bankruptcy. The people begin to see that "Uncle Sam" is not insolvent yet, and his promises to pay are likely to be honored in due time. They find it profitable to invest in Government Bonds, such property being exempt from taxes and paying a good interest. Look at the unprecedented sales of the 7,30's—nearly five millions daily. This shows the confidence of the people in the stability of our government. This abiding trust, coupled with the military situation and a few minor causes, is producing the fall in gold.—The inability of the rebels to check Sherman and Sheridan betrays great weakness in the rebellion.—Sherman sends us word that he is all right and is marching on. This news gave a new impetus to the downward movement in gold. A gentleman direct from Richmond thinks the rebels cannot hold out over six months longer and that everything valuable is being transported from Richmond; he estimates Lee's army at less than fifty thousand. Do you wonder gold is falling? So is the Confederacy. The two remind us of a ditty we used to hear in our school-boy days—

Jack and Jill went up the hill,
To get a pail of water,
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

Gold and the Confederacy went up, but the superstructure and chief corner stone (slavery) of the Confederacy is crumbling so fast that the building is tumbling down and, as a consequence, gold comes tumbling after.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

The Three Stars of the True Soldier.

No. 2.

WILLING OBEDIENCE.

"Servants obey your masters."—Holy Writ.

"Obedience," it has been remarked, and truly, "is the first duty of a soldier." Subordination in the service must be maintained. Unlike the body politic of the nation, as our system of government is developed, the "many" cannot rule in the army. The "one man power" is the only safe authority which can govern great bodies of men organized for the purposes which military armies are to accomplish.—In the body politic the laws are established to guard and control hundreds of diverse interests, to suit the

circumstances of many differently situated localities, therefore the framers of those laws, and the executors thereof, "should derive their authority from the consent of the governed." On the contrary, armies have but one purpose to serve one interest to foster, viz: the infliction of the greatest amount of damage upon the enemy consistent with the proper defence of their own territories. To secure this result effectually each component item of the army must be actuated by a similar motive, an identical desire, and this can only be secured by rendering all of them completely subordinate to one will, one power which shall plan, decide, and direct execution.

The private soldier is rarely or never called upon to decide upon the means, or manner, of attack or defence. When his officers are present it is his sole duty to obey promptly the orders of his immediate superiors, who have, in their turn, received these orders from higher authority, until the chain culminates in the original promulgator thereof, the general in command. If each soldier thought and decided for himself, it would plainly be impossible for movements to be so regulated as to be consonant and timely. The general would have no means of knowing where his soldiers were at any given time, and he would have no certainty of being supported at the critical moment. Independent action, on the part of subordinates, in an army is, therefore, a palpable absurdity, and in order to ensure that concerted action shall take place when actually called for, it becomes necessary to establish the law of unquestioning obedience upon all occasions.

The True Soldier never hesitates to obey an order. No matter how it may conflict with his personal judgment, or interfere with his own comfort, he promptly proceeds to execute it without remonstrance or delay. If it aggrieves him, or acts, unjustly, to his prejudice even, he obeys first and complains afterwards. In every well-disciplined corps there are regular channels through which proper complaints will reach a higher authority than that which has inflicted the injustice complained of. To these the true soldier applies when he feels himself unjustly dealt with, but he never complains without cause, and above all, he never hesitates to obey an order, though such obedience may be the very cause of all his troubles.

Finally, the True Soldier obeys without grumbling. If the order surprises him in the midst of a meal, or in the enjoyment of the first rest he may have known for days, up he springs, promptly and cheerfully, leaving the untasted "grub" or the unfinished nap, without a word or sign to denote how great a sacrifice is in his self-denial. We all know what a grand relief a "good growl" is sometimes, but the true soldier takes good care that this relaxation, when he resorts to it, shall be done without witnesses, and in the solitude of his own confidence. It is much the safest course, however, to eschew even this harmless pleasure of "solitary growling," for it might grow upon one as a habit, and break out unawares in public.

Fellow-soldier and comrade, do you possess this virtue of willing obedience? Do you never growl in public, and are you always prompt and ready? If so, let me take you heartily by the hand, for to you belongs the first virtue and the Second Star of the True Soldier!

A. H. S.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

Hospital Stewards.

As the Senate and House have adjourned sine die, and the Steward's Bill is irrecoverably lost, until the next session, the following will not be out of place:

We are a Steward, and may reasonably be supposed to have had a pecuniary interest in the pas-

sage of the bill. We will therefore be excused from saying what we do, as it, of necessity, could not proceed from enmity towards Stewards, and their avancement.

The effort to create Brevet Second Lieutenants of artillery from Hospital Stewards was an innovation not only startling at sight, but on reflection, involving startling consequences. The grades in the Medical Corps, like the rungs in a ladder, move up or down, whichever way the ladder is pulled. Give the lower rung a push up, and the necessity for the entire ladder going up is apparent.

The difference between a Surgeon and Assistant Surgeon, is just the space between the rungs of a ladder; or properly defined, is a difference (really supposed) of their knowledge and experience. In both, however, the incumbents are required to be graduates of medical colleges of good repute, and also to pass a "professional" examination. The difference between both of these grades and an Acting Assistant Surgeon, is that between a commission and a contract, and in pay, emoluments and privileges. Contract Surgeons, however, are necessitated to be graduates of good medical colleges, though not required to pass an examination as to their abilities. Between the Assistant Surgeon and Steward is a step too large to be taken—a step between commission and warrant. The bill before mentioned was intended to plank this step, and approximate a Steward an Assistant Surgeon, to-wit: to receive the rank, pay and emoluments of a Brevet Second Lieutenant of artillery—\$112 83.

The Stewards are not required to pass a medical examination, although necessitated to know how much quinine, salts, laudanum, morphine, &c., is usually given at a dose. The idea of this certainly can be no other than to prevent an over-zealous doctor putting a patient *in articulo mortis*. The simple fact, however, of a professional education, involving expenditure of time; money and brain, not required of a Steward, is an unanswerable argument for his not having an equal position with those of whom the education is required. It would be unfair to make every sergeant a lieutenant. One is supposed to know nothing more than he is told, the other required to know exactly what to tell the soldier. Although there are some wretchedly poor lieutenants, and other excellently educated and capable non-commissioned officers,—the rule is not general. We all have reason, however, to be proud of the rank and file of our army.

We grant that there are many excellent Stewards in service; men versed in pharmacy and general knowledge, and some even graduates of medical colleges. Again there are some Stewards who are worth nothing to the government, and worthless anyhow. How under the sun they ever got into the service is to some folks a mystery. Of a truth, they could pass an excellent examination upon the exhibiting effects of Spiritus Vini Gallici, Spiritus Frumenti, and on kindred subjects, practically in the line. They are in, however, bad luck to the government.

Since it would not be fair to make Stewards and Assistant Surgeons equal, even approximately, the status must remain, and the bill be killed, or all of the medical grades would have to be raised, and Acting Assistant Surgeons into the bargain. Could not the medium of Veterinary Surgeon or Brigade Band leader, with \$75 per month, one ration, clothing, &c., have been sought? A happy medium we think.

Give a Steward a commission, and who would play second fiddle to an Assistant Surgeon, making up his pills, mixing his cerates, spreading his plasters, rolling his commissary barrels, dealing out haunches of

THE CRIPPLE.

meat, and weighing potatoes by the peck, driving the quill, poring over great records, &c. Would the Brevet Second Lieutenant of artillery soil his commissioned fingers?

We should not have entered protest against our legislators if they had made it a military necessity that we should shoulder our caducei. We enter no protest against our comrades in fortune, who tried to persuade these legislators to view the bill in the proper light. In our humble judgment, the chances would have been ten in our favor to one against, if we had not asked *too much*. D. S. L.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

The Glory.

We are out here soldiering, and many a young gentleman would be forever cured of his love of arms if he could but see one day's fighting, and have one day's parade with the men who do it. Fortunate it is the Government has youth on whom to rely, and that some of the boys delight in a skirmish and who are ready to incur privation, danger and death at her summons. As for young ladies suffering with *military on the brain*, and who are forever thinking of heroes and champions, of crowning glory's brow with flowers, if they could but one moment have stood beside me and gazed into one of the pits where some thirty brave boys all covered with the blue and scarlet cloth, embroidery and blood, were lying side by side and staring up to Heaven with their sightless orbs, they would feel the horrors of war, the short life of "the glory" and hero worship, and would join in prayer for the advent of *that day*, if come it ever will, when war shall be no more, and the shedding of blood shall cease.

MADGE MAY

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

[PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

SHERMAN!

A despatch from Gen. Sherman dated March 5th, at Laurel Hill, North Carolina says: "We are all well, and have done finely." Details are for obvious reasons omitted.—General Schofield, in a despatch dated Newbern, March 12th, states that on the night of the 10th, near Southwest creek, Bragg was fairly beaten; that during the night he retreated across the Neuse at Kingston, and now holds the north bank of the river at that place. Another despatch, dated Newbern, March 15th, says: Yesterday the enemy fell back across the Neuse river after burning the bridge over that stream. It is also reported that they burnt, at the same time the rebel ram which was guarding the bridge. Timber is now going forward to build the bridge. The railroad is completed to within a short distance of the river opposite Kinston. The enemy will not be able to remain in Kinston long, even if they decide to make another stand, of which there is no doubt. Deserters continue to come into our lines.—The enemy suffered most, owing to the repeated charges on our works, in which they were repulsed each time with severe loss. Our troops stand their ground manfully, and are in high spirits over the prospect of meeting Sherman soon. Sherman has opened communication with Wilmington from Fayetteville. He sends word that he is all right, and marching on. We expect to hear some stirring news from him in a few days. Lieutenant Colonel Taft, of Schofield's staff, has just arrived from the front, and reports all quiet to-day. An official despatch received at the Navy Department yesterday from Fortress Monroe says, "Kinston is in our possession," but gives no further particulars, the news having been brought to Fortress Monroe by a vessel from Newbern. A despatch from Newbern, dated the 11th instar, says that the prisoners taken by the rebels, in front of Kinston, have been recaptured; that General Terry had formed a junction with our forces there, and that General Sherman is expected in the rear of the rebels at Goldsborough, on the 11th or 12th instant. The latest advices from General Schofield represented him as still advancing toward Kinston, and there were reports in Newbern, that Bragg had evacuated the town, and that our forces had taken possession of the place.

SHERIDAN.

Deserters who come in the lines of the army of the Potomac report that two brigades of Pickett's division had been sent from Petersburg to reinforce Early, and that Sheridan

had captured one thousand of them, in addition to those before reported. Gen. Sheridan in an official despatch dated the 10th says: After defeating Early near Waynesboro, Custar, accompanied by Merritt, rode over the Blue Ridge and entered Charlottesville without opposition. Devin, commanding 1st division, moved eight miles toward Lynchburg, and having reached Scottsville, situated on James river, de-tailed parties with light equipments to destroy mills, merchandise, bridges, &c. These divisions approached within fifteen miles of Lynchburg, to Dugandsville, but were unable to cross the river, the enemy having destroyed the bridges at that place, and Hardwickville. The 3d division started simultaneously with Devin's command, proceeded to Amherst C. H., destroying the Lynchburg railroad along their route. Fourteen pieces of artillery were found at Waynesboro and Charlottesville; eleven at the former, and three at the latter place. Twelve canal boats, laden with miscellaneous supplies, were captured. Hollins, a commander in the imaginary rebel navy, was shot near Gordonsville, in attempting to fly from our advancing column. The expedition has, thus far, been unprecedentedly successful. Information from the Army of the Potomac says that General Sheridan, after inflicting so much damage on the enemy, is on his way to the White House. His raid is considered by high military officers to be the most important of the war.

GENERAL NEWS.

The army of the Potomac remains quiet, patiently awaiting their turn to strike, in conjunction with Sheridan and Sherman the last blow at Richmond and Rebellion.—The steamer Rebecca Clyde arrived at Fortress Monroe on the 18th bringing 350 prisoners, captured near Kinston, N. C. The prisoners are a fine looking set of men. They belonged to Major General Hoke's division, having been sent from Lee's army only a week since to operate against the advance of our troops in North Carolina.—All the available pontoon trains at Newbern had been sent to General Schofield, and even if Bragg had not evacuated Kinston, there was no doubt entertained that our forces could easily cross the Neuse river and give the enemy battle. Major General Couch's force from Wilmington had reached General Schofield, and his army thus reinforced was deemed amply sufficient to defeat Bragg's army, which was estimated at about 25,000 strong.—An expedition consisting of sixty men, surrounded a barn in Webster, Meade Co., on the 12th inst., and captured Sue Mundy alias Jerome Clark, Magruder and Henry Metcalf, three notorious guerillas. They made a desperate resistance in which three of our men were slightly and one mortally wounded. Magruder is suffering from a wound, and is not likely to recover. Sue Mundy was hung in Louisville, on the 16th.—General Bailey's expedition from Baton Rouge into the interior of Louisiana and Mississippi consists of three thousand cavalry, with a strong support of artillery. At last accounts, the expedition occupied Clinton, La.—Large bodies of troops are leaving New Orleans for the vicinity of Mobile.

LATEST.

Major General Sheridan reports on the 15th inst., from the bridge of the Richmond and Fredericksburg railroad across the South Anna river, that having destroyed the James river canal as far east as Goochland, he marched up the Virginia Central railroad at Tolesville, and destroyed it down to Beaver Dam Station, totally destroying fifteen miles of the road. General Custar was then sent to Ashland and General Devin to the South Anna bridges, all of which have been destroyed. General Sheridan says that the amount of property destroyed in his march is enormous.

The enemy attempted to prevent his burning the Central railroad bridge over the South Anna, but the 5th United States cavalry charged up to the bridge, and about thirty men dashed across on foot and captured three pieces of artillery—20-pounder parrotts.

It is reported that Sherman's cavalry was in Troy a few days ago. One wing of his army is marching on Fayetteville, one on Goldsborough, and a column on Raleigh.

Kinston surrendered yesterday afternoon. It is reported that Sherman is in possession of Goldsborough.

John Brown's daughter is teaching little negroes in Gov. Wise's house.

The Alphabet of Treason—A. B. C. D., Arnold, Burr, Calhoun, Davis.

DESERTERS.—The Provost Marshal General has issued a letter in conformity with the recent proclamation of the President, pardoning deserters on certain conditions, instructing all officers and employees of his Bureau to give prompt attention to the receiving and forwarding of such deserters as may present themselves in accordance with its provisions. The Secretary of War has directed that no reward be paid for the arrest of deserters who may be arrested subsequent to the receipt of this order by the District Provost Marshals.

Local Matters.

"I come! I come! ye have called me long!
I come o'er the mountains with light and song!"

Spring, as fickle as ever, and as chary of her favors as a maiden is of her kisses, has come again, and been whispering honeyed words to the trees and cajoling the hedges, until they have timidly reached out their little buds for her caresses. She has also, like a good housewife, been shaking last year's carpet and enticing the emerald blades and tufts of clover to show themselves. Even her pet minstrels have made bold to visit us, and tune their voices until the air is tremulous with melody.

But Spring is so fickle! Now smiling, warm and condescending, now blustering, enraged and cold, scaring the birds away, and making herself generally disagreeable. She seems to be determined that we shall appreciate her favors and beware of her frowns.

Yes, Spring has come, but the trees must leave!

We noticed at the recent fire, that, although there were a great many females present, the sparks predominated.

There are a great many scrapes that a man may get into which are disgusting, but the scavenger's scrapes in our thoroughfares for the past few days are exceptions.

The number of soldiers leaving the port of New York for the field now averages about 1500 per day.

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 17th, 1865.

Total number of beds for patients,	671.
No. of patients admitted,	26.
do do Returned to duty,	55.
do do Transferred,	6.
do do Furloughed,	2.
do do Discharged,	0.
do do Deceased,	2.
do do Remaining,	1.
No. of patients remaining,	565.

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

Total number of beds for patients,	1288.
No. of patients admitted,	37.
do do Returned to duty,	42.
do do Transferred,	72.
do do Furloughed,	8.
do do Discharged,	2.
do do Deceased,	4.
do do Remaining,	1050.

LOUVRETTURE HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING MARCH 17th, 1865.

Total number of beds for patients,	602.
No. of patients admitted,	6.
do do Returned to duty,	11.
do do Furloughed,	2.
do do Deceased,	3.
do do Remaining,	466.

CLAREMONT HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING MARCH 17th, 1865.

Total number of beds for patients,	164.
No. of patients admitted,	8.
do do Returned to Duty,	1.
do do Furloughed,	2.
do do Remaining,	42.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

Pete-Roleum and Cordelia.

"Oh, why, dear Peter, did you swear
To always love me well,
And whisper in my willing ear,
The words I dare not tell?
Ah, why, dear Pete, are you so mute,
And send no *billet-doux*?
Why is it, I, to questionings,
No answer get from you?
"Why is it, Peter, best of all,
And 'dearest of the dear,'
That I no more, as erst I did,
Your tender whispers hear?
It may be 'other lips and hearts
Their tales of love' have told,
And you have listened to the words,
And grown estranged and cold!
"Day brings no happiness for me,
And night brings only pain,
And day and night drag slowly by,
To usher in again
My pain, experienced week by week,
My wretchedness and woe,
Till heart and spirit seem to sink
Beneath the cruel blow!"
"I'll tell you why, Cordelia, dear,
I love you not the same—
Dame Fortune has, with gen'rous hand,
Poured on me wealth and fame;
The reason why, my Caddy, dear,
On you I do not smile,
Nor pou you tender *billet-doux*,
Is, simply, *I've struck ile!*
"Time was, when I, a shoemaker,
St. Crispin's follower,
Found me devoted to your shrine,
An ardent worshipper;
We both were poor, and I was green,
And on you loved to smile;
But now 'the golden bowl' is smashed,
For, Caddy, *I've struck ile!*
"I may have loved you once, my dear,
The fact I won't deny,
But then, 'twas when we both were 'spoons,'
And 'knew no other joy';
But now, since wealth *pours* in so fast,
On you I cannot smile
As I was wont to smile, my dear,
For, Caddy, *I've struck ile!*"

F. J. W.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

A Keep-Sake.

Oh! keep this cent and remember me,
Through either good or ill;
Pray that what e'er our lots may be,
We'll wait on God's good will.
If present friends in days to come,
Should leave you all forlorn;
Take up this coin and think of him,
Who would such friendship scorn.
We know such friendship as ours,
Is not of frivolous make,
For while we live, tho' darkness lower,
We'll not our pledges break.
So take this coin my best of friends,
And keep it to the last,
Of this dull life, and when it ends,
Our friendship still will last!

W. H. G.

The late Colonel S——, so well known for his Patagonian size and burley deportment, being once importuned by a diminutive tailor for payment of a bill, petulantly exclaimed—

"If you were not such a little reptile, I would kick you down stairs."

"Little reptile?" remonstrated the dun; "and what if I am? Recollect, Colonel, that we can't all be great brutes!"

Motto for an unsuccessful bard—poet, try.

Sense and Nonsense.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

"Ink-brats."

The people have many a tax to pay, but put them all together and they are nothing to the hard tacks of our soldiers.

"Love is a myth," said our sister to her lover who had the misfortune to lisp.

"For that reathon I love a mith."

P. S.—She saw the point and said "yeth."

We have seen a man try and he came out successful. We have also seen pork try and only come out lard.

Said one soldier to another:—

"What are you doing?"

"Don't you see I sew?"

"So I see."

PRINTERS.—We presume that the reason printers are noted for their gallantry to the fair sex, and make such desirable beaux, is from the fact of their being accustomed to "setting up."

ANOTHER.—Why is it that they make good soldiers? Because they know how to handle the "shooting stick."

ONE MORE.—They prate about being poor; how can it be when they have a "bank" and plenty of coins—"quoins."

They say the early bird catches the worm. We know of an Early man, who, instead of gobbling the "worm," got gobbled himself.

The song, "There's no place like home," is being verified by Lee's soldiers—they are striking for their homes and firesides at a prodigious rate.

Fate is the relentless auctioneer over the Confederacy—his hammer is up, he is repeating slowly—"going, going," and the next word, "gone," is trembling on his lips. F. J. W.

SAVE THE BOOTS.—That day, when Porter's Mississippi iron, tin and cotton clads, were pelting away at the Vicksburg water batteries, a scotch steel-pointed chincopin came whiz into one of the Girondelet's midship ports, chipping off just above the knees both legs of a quarter-gunner, who happened to be standing on the port side. The limbs were snicked off as clean as one could chip off a forked raddish with a sharp case knife. The unfortunate gunner toppled overboard and disappeared; but the two legs were driven inboard, and instantly caught up by Bill Lang, who was standing by the breech of the gun. Bill made a dive for the berth-deck with his two spare legs, but was checked up all standing at the gangway by Ensign Wright—

"Hallo! my man, where are you bound with that extra pair of legs?"

"Why, you see, sir, Alf Walker he walked into action with my sea boots on, and as so be he hadn't time to—to pull 'em off, when he went overboard just now, he gave 'em a kick this way, legs and all; and I'm just goin' to stow 'em away, sir, till I get time to pull 'em off."

"All right, my man; bear a hand, and hurry back to your gun."

"Father," said a little boy in a theatre, "what's that place where the musicians are?"

"The orchestra, my dear."

"Oh! I thought it was a *bandbox*."

"Hans, where ish der horse?" "He proke der stable in dwe, klicked der traces open, unt run round der lamp-bost mit der corner Gasthavs—like ten thousand tyvfels."

CONCERNING EDITORS.

At a late printers festival the editorial vocation was thus done brown: The man that is expected to know everything tell all he knows, and guess at the rest; to make known his character, establish the reputation of his neighbors, and elect all candi dates for office; to blow everybody and reform the world; to live for the benefit of others, and the epitaph on his tombstone: "Here he lies at last." In short he is a locomotive running on the track of public notoriety; his lever is his pen; his boiler is filled with ink; his tender his scissors; his driving wheels public opinion; when/ver he explodes it is caused by the non payment of subscriptions.

An old, sedate gentleman who knew Mr. Lincoln out in Illinois, lately visited Washington to see if he could not obtain a certain office. He had the very best of recommendations, but he was unsuccessful. Finally he concluded to call upon the President, who gave him the following prescription: "A manoeuver. Take three pounds of petticoats, four smiles, two tear drops, with gammon at discretion; stir briskly, and apply while warm to the blind side of a secretary, and you have a never failing prescription for getting office." Who dare say, after this, that Mr. Lincoln is not shrewd.

"Well, Doctor," said a chap, suffering with the toothache, "how much do you ax for the job? Guy! but you did it quick, though!" "My terms," replied the dentist, "are one dollar." "A dollar for one minute's work! One dollar—thunder! Why a doctor down t'our place drew a tooth for me two years ago, and it took him two hours. He dragged me all around the room, and lost his grip half a dozen times. I never seed such hard work—and he charged me only twenty-five cents. A dollar for a minute's work! O, git out! you must be jokin'."

The French ladies, it is known, have taken to dyeing their lap dogs to match their favorite dresses. The poodles have protested in painful rhyme. We have secured a verse.—Listen: O mistresses, dye not our hair, your own through dyeing too, tie up our tails with ribbon rare, but paint them not sky blue! 'Tis sad to hang a peagreen bead, a rose bud tail to sway, we feel twere better to be dead than dyeing every day.

Sheridan was once staying at the house of an elderly maiden lady in the country, who wanted more of his company than he was willing to give. Proposing one day to take a stroll with him, he excused himself on account of the bad weather. Shortly afterwards she met him sneaking out alone. "So, Mr. Sheridan," said she, "it has cleared up." "Just a little ma'am—enough for one, but not enough for two."

A celebrated dandy was one evening in company with a young lady and observing her kiss her favorite poodle, he advanced and begged the like favor, remarking that she ought to have as much charity for him as she had shown the dog. "Sir," said the Belle, "I never kissed my dog when he was a puppy." The fellow took the hint, and was off instantler.

Frederick the Great wrote to one of his generals: "I send you with 60,000 men against the enemy." On numbering the troops, it was found there were but 60,000. The officer expressed his surprise at such a mistake on the part of his sovereign. Frederick's reply was, "I counted you for 10,000 men."

An Irish girl told her forbidden lover she was longing to possess his portrait, and intended to obtain it.

"But how if your friends see it?" inquired he.

"Ah, but I'll tell the artist not to make it like you, so they wont know it."

It seems that a lawyer is something of a carpenter; he can file a bill, split a hair, make an entry, get up a case, frame an indictment, empannel a jury, put them in a box, nail a witness, hammer a judge, bore a court, and other like things.

A minister took for his text, "The flesh, the world and the devil." He informed his astonished audience that h^e would dwell briefly in the flesh, pass rapidly over the world, and hasten as fast as he could to the devil.

A wag says it is folly to expect a girl to love a man whom everybody speaks well of. But, get up a persecution, and her affections will cling so fast that a dozen guardians and General Grant cannot begin to remove them.

When you see a man on a moon-light night trying to convince his shadow that it is improper to follow a gentleman, you may be sure that it is high time for him to join a temperance society.

Fernando Wood is said to be on his way to the holy land. He has generally been supposed to be on the high road to a most unholy place.—Prentice.