

# THE CRIPPLE.

UNITED STATES GENERAL HOSPITALS, ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA.

VOL. 1.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31ST, 1864.

NO. 13.

## The Cripple

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U. S. GENERAL HOSPITAL, ALEXA, VA.

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PAYABLE INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

## Poetry.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

### The Tattered Flags.

Stirring music thrilled the air,  
Brilliant banners fluttered there,  
Pealed the bells and rolled the drum,  
And the people cried, "They come!"  
On they came with measured tramp—  
Horses proved in field and camp;  
Banners waved more proudly than,  
Cheered the children, cheered the men,  
Beauty, lover of the brave,  
Frightened with the smiles she gave,  
While the sun, in golden jets,  
Flowed along the bayonets,  
As upon each laurel crown  
Heaven had poured a blessing down.  
All was stirring, grand, and gay,  
But the pageant passed away—  
When, with proud and filling eye,  
I saw the tattered flags go by!

Fancy then might faintly hear  
Hosts advancing, battle cheer,  
Sightless bullets whiz along—  
Fit refrain for battle-song;  
Cannon, with their sulphurous breath,  
Hurling messages of death;  
Whirring shot and screaming shell  
Fluttering where in wrath they fell,  
Opening graves—while purple rills  
Scar the fields and streak the hills,  
See the serried columns press—  
Bold, defiant, merciless—  
On the long and slender line  
Where the starry banners shine;  
With demenciae yells they come,  
Fiercely drive their bayonets home,  
And the arching heavens resound—  
God! our men are giving ground!  
Shouts, and cries of wild despair,  
Mingle in the murky air.  
Now they rally! And our foes  
Reel before their vengeful blows,  
While the wounded pause to cheer  
As they stagger to the rear,  
And the dying catch the sound,  
Clutch their weapons from the ground,  
Struggle up ere life be gone,

Smile, and wave their comrades on,  
Falling with a joyful cry  
As the dear tattered flags go by!

E. H. M.

## Miscellaneous.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

### Life in Alexandria. (concluded)

We have concluded "Life in Alexandria," although it has far from reached our intentions and expectations. It was intended to locate the principle objects of interest in the city, and also to describe them. In this we have in a measure succeeded. There are, however, many things that we have passed over cursorily, too much so, for which we beg the lenience of our readers. In the town-hall, there are enough curiosities to warrant a visit, and we did not take it. Other places the same.

We expected also to give the *inside* of the life as well as the outside. In this we made little progress, but hope what few things we mentioned were interesting. We acknowledge that our title is ahead of our real accomplishment.

The city was resolved upon in the Assembly of Virginia, session of 1747. Two years afterwards a survey was made of sixty acres and over, which were divided up into eighty-four lots and sold.—This was the actual upstart of Alexandria. Residents as well as visitors may have been surprised at the regularity of the streets, and the equality of the blocks, almost all of which are about three hundred and fifty by two hundred and fifty feet.—Washington and Franklin streets are one hundred feet wide. The others, with three exceptions, over sixty. The canal (seven miles long) connects with the Chesapeake and Ohio canal, forming a continuous water communication with Pennsylvania.

There are some residents who have remained through all the vicissitudes of the war. Many of them are inclined to sympathise with the South, and a portion of them yield to the inclination.—Mails have been and, doubtless at the moment we write, are being made up to be sent through the lines by way of Maryland shore, Potomac and Virginia shore. Not only mails, but packages of articles also, destined for southern dear ones. Many deserters from the rebel army have arrived in Alexandria during the year 1864. Most of them had grown tired of the rebel service. A few have experienced *hard times* since their arrival. Suspicious looking faces together with suspicious actions, and, in some cases, overt acts of disloyalty, have carried them into durance vile. Others have settled down peaceably to their avocations, though in some cases they are perfectly careless as to who governs, Federal or secesh.

Some few ladies remain who still turn up their noses at the "Union boys." Yet the sentiment of most is either revolutionized, or they sacrifice politics to affection, for some of the fair ones who sent

off their beaux to fight the Yankees, have broken their plight, and with all their depth of hatred to the Union and its defenders, have joined their hands in marriage with these self-styled defenders.—"Frailty, thy name is woman," says Shakspeare.

We are compelled to acknowledge that there are some residents who have yielded, bit after bit, of their property rather than sacrifice their political principles. We admire their firmness, for they believe they are right. At the same time the waning fortunes of the rebellion and its heartless, conscienceless leaders, we hope will be a convincing proof of inherent unsoundness and criminality.

Business has found a good place to thrive, although few indeed have been the buildings newly erected. The Hospitals have augmented their numbers and capacity, accommodating at present over four thousand patients. "Rum and ruin" are less frequent than in more northern cities. Yet the *accident* is sold, on the sly. The social evil is here, as elsewhere, an ulcer upon the community, spreading disease and death among our soldiery. The city may also be termed the "deserter's home." It is at least a stopping place for a thousand or more.

Hospitality is a feature of the South. We have heard of it, read of it, seen it. Not that the people of the North are deficient in feeling, good nature, &c., but it is less a *custom* there. As regards beauty, we would not subject ourselves to the consequences of expressing an opinion. We should fear, either way, a pull of the ears from the fair ones. But there is a habit more prevalent in slaveholding communities (though Alexandria can scarcely be called one now,) to-wit: that of despising labor. The white fingers dislike soil. Sometimes a lady sweeps with her kids upon her hands. We have seen this fastidiousness carried a good ways though not so far as in a more southern city, where, it is said, the ladies would not pull their heads in from the windows if it was raining. They would needs call a servant to do it.

As for chivalry, we hope the word will be used hereafter only when proper. It can scarcely be applied to a people entire. We know that there are fast youths that have been born and bred in Alexandria. Too fast for chivalry, honesty, &c., to catch up to them. This to their sorrow.

Some of the finest families in the world live here, and many a pleasant evening has the writer of this spent therewith. The city, however, though abounding in churches, is in a measure behind the times. It lacks the co-operating temperance societies, lecture halls, literary rooms, and literary papers. At present it has but one daily and one weekly paper, the former a journal absorbing advertisements; the latter a hospital sheet. There is enough of energy and enterprise to conduct business on a large scale, yet in the matter referred to, exists an "aching void." With this suggestion to "the rising generation," we conclude.

D. S. L.

The Cripple

LEOPOLD COHEN.—EDITOR.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31ST, 1864.



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.

- K. K.—As so many have already gained popularity through the columns of the Cripple, we do not doubt for a moment that you have this time hit the nail on the head and will succeed by writing often. O. K. would be a better *non de plume* for you.
- SANATOSIA—Thankfully received. Will appear in next number.
- C. P.—N.—Where are those communications you promised us? Should be happy to receive them soon.
- C. K. H.—Letter rejected. Is too long for our paper.
- F. J. W.—Our heartfelt thanks for your many acts of kindness and assistance. "Decline in Wool" will appear in next number.
- J. M. P.—Your "Life at Cliffburn Barracks" received. Will appear soon. Much obliged.

The New Year.

Christmas, with all its festivity and merrymaking, has passed away, and we are fast approaching the commencement of a New Year. We naturally (at this time) look back upon the past; think of the events which have taken place, and of the acts accomplished individually and collectively; the little deeds of kindness which require, perhaps, no sacrifice and entail no trouble to the giver, but which afford comfort and happiness to a fellow-creature. With what pleasure we review these actions. They are like rays of sunshine on our path, cheering us in our walk through life, and affording more real gratification to the bestower than to the receiver. But how different is the feeling we experience when we consider our own selfishness and think of the good we might have accomplished, but neglected, and the evil we might have avoided, and yet committed.

The past year has truly been a most important one to the country. During that time its interests, privileges and liberty have been at stake, and its noble Constitution threatened by a rebel foe, who, for the past four years, have been striving with a rebellious spirit to overthrow the just laws and government their forefathers established. For a con-

siderable time their arms prospered, and victory after victory seemed to stimulate them on in this unnatural war; but God will ultimately defend the right. The whole aspect of affairs has been changed; our armics have gained victories which the world marvels at and admires; rebel strongholds have been taken, and marches accomplished which would have done honor to Wellington or Bonaparte.

We have, therefore, much reason to be thankful and happy at this season of the year. Yet there is much more to be accomplished ere peace and happiness reign over the land again. It all rests with yourselves; though weak individually, combined you are strong, and without the individual efforts nothing great or noble can be accomplished. Be determined, each and all, that before the year which dawns to-morrow shall have passed away, this war shall be ended without any surrender of those principles which make your cause a holy and a just one. Let your past successes stimulate you to perform greater ones, and let any reverse urge you on to revenge it with a glorious victory. If you have lost some beloved relative or kind friend in this hateful conflict, let his memory rouse you to action and the fulfillment of one of your most sublime duties, viz: the defence of your country against the worst of enemies—rebels. In such a sacred cause there should be no cowards, and all who can should fight willingly and manfully. Remember that if you do not, the liberties you prize most are in danger; but if you continue this struggle like men, with increased zeal and a firmer determination than ever to terminate it, next Christmas will be the merriest, (and though we wish you all most heartily and sincerely a happy New Year now,) that following the proclamation of peace and conquest of the South will be the happiest in the annals of America.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

"The Young Man."

The world is kindly disposed towards the Young Man. "You are a great fool," said a young man to Paley, with an oath, as he was wasting his time and talents at the University; "you have talents that improved might raise you to honor and distinction; but as for me, by no effort of mine, could I ever make my mark in the world." Paley took the hint thus roughly tendered to him, and rose to honor and distinction among the greatest of England's literati.

The young, on entering the Thermopylae of life have three classes of duties to perform:—1st, his duties to his God; 2nd, to his fellow-men, and 3d, his duties to himself.

The Commandments, given amid the lightnings and thunders of Mount Sinai, were written on two tables of stone. The first, to remind us of our duties to God, His identity; exclusiveness of worship; the honor of His name; remembrance of the institution of the Sabbath; while the 2nd decalogue teaches us our duties to our fellow-men; reverence to parents; sacredness of life; honor of the marriage relation; rights of property; strict regard to truthfulness, and the careful avoidance of the sin of covetousness; while the new commandment enjoins us to love our fellow-man as ourselves. But besides these duties belong those to self. Thus, if the young would rise to honor and to fame, he must cultivate his intellect, and often trim the midnight lamp in his search after knowledge, like a Sir Isaac Newton, whose telescope scanned the heavens. If he would cultivate the fine arts, let him strike the lyre like the sweet

psalmist of Israel, and be a musician like a David; or, if he would be a painter, let him imitate this example of West, whose pencil delineated "Death on the Pale Horse," with his rider, distorted and low, dying on the battle field; or, if he would be rich, follow in the wake of the merchant princes of some of our large cities by sending their richly freighted cargoes to embark in the fur trade, like a John Jacob Astor, of New York, or fill the ocean with the whitened sails of lofty ships, engaging the commerce of the world like a Stephen Girard, of Philadelphia. Let the young man cultivate his mind without the kindlier affections of the heart and infidelity, like an incubus, will settle down upon him, marring every virtue, and like a crushed and blasted flower, wither in the noontide of life. But let him learn to know and love true wisdom by studying to improve the innate principles of the human heart, and to carefully follow the laws of hygiene, to preserve and perpetuate his own health of body as well as of mind, and on all these

"Hang all the Laws and the Prophets."

Dr. O'N.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

A Candidate for Popularity.

MR. EDITOR.—I am a candidate for popularity.—From the earliest period of my recollection I have been a candidate; but, for some cause to me unknown, I have failed—entirely failed. "more than failed." My friends tell me that I am too modest; that I have not a sufficient amount of "cheek"—my cheek is so hard now that beard will not grow on my face. In boyhood I gave my playthings, sweetmeats and pennies to my fellows, but, as I failed to supply all their wants, I failed in popularity. When, in my teens, I tried to please the girls and thereby secure popularity. I partially succeeded in winning the good opinion of a few. (I was handsome then, and for that matter am yet,) but while some praised—jealousy I presume it was—caused others of the fair sex to condemn, and the boys, "dod rot 'em," called me a fool and a slave to petticoats. I did it for popularity only. When, on the shady side of twenty, I thought to gain popularity by becoming, or trying to become, a "family man," I courted a score or more of ladies, with an eye to matrimony, but whenever I paid especial attention to any one lady, other marriageable ones acted distant and unfriendly, and when I tried to divide my affections equally on many, the particular one whom I intended to lead to Hymen's altar, of her own free will and accord, "sundered the silken thread that should have held two loving hearts," and with her I was very unpopular. I have frequently paid marked attention to my friends' wives taken them to places of amusement, made them presents, but I find it rather expensive popularity, for when I have succeeded in becoming popular with the wife I have, in the same ratio, with the husband become unpopular. I have tried popularity in dress, but failed—a poorly dressed man is never popular—and when I dressed expensive my companions cried out, "Poverty-pride," "Too poor to be proud and too proud to be poor." I was once elected to fill a small county office; then I cried Eureka! Eureka! this is my golden opportunity; now, without a shadow of doubt, I will be a great and popular man. My father, peace to his ashes, had early taught me "Honesty is the best policy;" I tried it in politics, but, oh, how I failed. I was a little too honest. The result was, what few political friends I had forsook me and left me a very unpopular man.

Now, Mr. Editor, with your permission, I will

# THE CRIPPLE.

make one more attempt, "sink or swim, survive or perish," popular or unpopular, I will write for the Cripple.

K. K.

## SUMMARY OF NEWS.

[PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

### GIANT!

Unusual quiet has prevailed in the army of the Potomac the past week, the weather being unfavorable for active operations. Deserters in large numbers are bidding farewell to Jeff Davis' Confederacy and coming into our line, a Lieut. and 22 men, in one squad, being among the number.—Christmas passed off very quietly. Many of the Corps commanders ordered their Commissaries to turn in all whiskey remaining in their possession, thus putting a stop to the fun and frolic that usually denotes a holiday in the Army of the Potomac.—The news of Sherman's splendid operations were received on the 20th,—says the correspondent of the Chronicle—"The men laughed lustily, drums beat, bands played and the great guns thundered all along our lines."

### SHERMAN!

The news of Sherman's splendid Christmas gift to the President was received in Washington, on the 25th and a despatch from Fortress Monroe dated Dec. 20th in confirming the reports of the capture of Savannah says: On the 20th Gen. Sherman, having completed the investment of the city, and captured Fort Lee, sent a summons to the Rebel Gen. Hardee to the effect that if the place was not in a certain length of time surrendered, a bombardment and assault would be commenced.—To this summons the wily rebel General sent back a reply that, as his communications were yet open, and his men fully supplied with subsistence stores of every kind, they were enabled to withstand a long siege, and was determined to hold the city to the very last moment, and defend the citizens and the property which had been placed under his protection, until his forces were overpowered and he compelled to surrender.—Every preparation had been made by Sherman to assault the rebel position the next day, but when the morning of the 21st instant dawned, it was ascertained that the enemy had evacuated their entrenchments. Several regiments of infantry immediately advanced and took possession of them, and shortly afterwards General Sherman entered the city at the head of his body-guard, and received from the hands of a deputation of its citizens the surrender of the place.—Genl. Hardee on the night of the 20th seeing the impossibility of holding the city, destroyed the Navy Yard and retreated across the river, in the direction of Charleston. The spoils of the victory are 22,000 bales of cotton, 150 heavy guns, 4 steamers, 13 locomotives, 100 cars, an immense quantity of munitions of war and 800 prisoners.—At last accounts, a part of Sherman's forces had started on an expedition, the destination Branchville, the point of junction between the Georgia and Carolina Rail roads.

### THOMAS!

The Rebel Genl. Hood after being so thoroughly whipped at Franklin, in front of Nashville, commenced his retreat toward the Tennessee river closely followed by Thomas and his victorious army, who are constantly making captures of guns, prisoners &c. On the 21st Hood's advance reached the Tennessee river and on the next day his infantry crossed on a pontoon bridge, which he had removed above the shoals out of the reach of our gunboats. A prisoner states that Hood crossed the Tennessee with 110 cannon, on his retreat he counted 25.

### GENERAL NEWS.

The great Expedition which left Fortress Monroe some time since made its appearance in Cape Fear River, and on the 24th the fleet under Com. Porter attacked Fort Fisher, and bombarded it until night. On the 25th a combined land and naval attack was made on the Fort, but the land forces was obliged to withdraw after capturing the flag from the parapet of the Fort.—Gen. Burbridge has been on a raid from Lexington Ky., to Saltville Va., destroying the salt works at Saltville, the valuable Iron works at Marion, capturing 32 guns, many prisoners and destroying property to the amount of \$20,000,000. Breckinridge was badly whipped and left for North Carolina.—Four more of the St. Albans raiders have been captured, with a considerable amount of money in their possession.

LATER:—A despatch dated Nashville, Dec. 30th, says:—The statement that Hood had crossed the Tennessee river is doubtless untrue. The very latest news from the front is, that yesterday, while Thomas was pursuing Hood on the river bank, he was trying to lay his pontoons, but could not make any progress, as our gunboats were shelling his

working parties.—There is a rumor, this morning that Thomas has attacked, routed, and captured most of Hood's fragmentary army, but it needs confirmation.

## Local Matters.

### Christmas in the Hospitals.

"Christmas Day" was duly observed in the various Branches of the Hospitals in this city, and coming as it did on the Sabbath, quietness and peacefulness prevailed to a great extent. Some few uridians, however, could not contain themselves for joy, and let off more or less fireworks, and made a sort of Fourth-of-July-day of the Sabbath. We would say one word against this practice. We do not think it appropriate to celebrate Christmas with miscellaneous pyrotechny, fire-arms, solos on braying fish-horns, and the like, and would recommend that these ebullitions of rejoicing be reserved for a far different occasion. It appears to us to be as ridiculous and out of place, as it would be to celebrate East Day in the same manner.

We would make a few remarks about the Christmas dinner prepared for our sick and wounded.

The "Hospital Fund" provided the luxuries for the tables, and had our readers witnessed the immense quantity of poultry that found its way to the cook's apartment they would have naturally thought that the soldiers were to have a "duck of a dinner;" but if the pile was "some," the dinner was suspicious, and the men were excusable for betraying their joy at the table so boisterously.—The way they *patiently gobbled down turkeys* was a caution to *chickens*, who must have considered themselves, individually, a "gone goose," and voted the *consumption a foul proceeding*.

If it be not too late, we would wish our readers many a "merry Christmas," and it may not be amiss to anticipate for them a "happy New Year," as it comes close on the heels of Christmas.

MR. EDITOR:—We had the pleasure of attending a Social Party on Tuesday evening last, given by our neighbors of the Mansion House. To say that every thing was *Done up Wright* would be superfluous, for since we "W. Osborn," we do not remember passing a pleasanter evening, devoted to the "Light fantastic toe;" but to cap the whole, the supper was *Magnolia-ous—Frederick* is great in catering for parties, and ample justice was done to his festive board, particularly to that "sixteen-year-old currant wine!" Truly, the cup that mine host passed round was "the cup that cheered but inebriated not!" We wish our friends of the First Division many a Merry Christmas, and "may we be there" when next they give a "hop."

Ed Jay Doubleyoun.

Divine services are held every Sunday at the following places:—

Mansion-house Branch, by Chaplain DREUM, U. S. A.  
Prince St. Branch, by Chaplain McMURDY, U. S. A.  
Old Hollowell Branch, by Chaplain GAGE, U. S. A.  
Slough Branch by Chaplain ELY, U. S. A.  
Louverture Hospital by Chaplain LEONARD, U. S. A.

### FIRST DIVISION HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 30th, 1864.

Total number of beds for patients, . . . . .	753.
No. of patients admitted, . . . . .	11.
do do Returned to duty, . . . . .	12.
do do Transferred, . . . . .	5.
do do Furloughed, . . . . .	4.
do do Discharged, . . . . .	3.
do do Deserted, . . . . .	0.
do do Deceased, . . . . .	3.
No. of Patients remaining . . . . .	645.

### SECOND DIVISION HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 30th, 1864.

Total number of beds for patients, . . . . .	624.
No. of patients admitted, . . . . .	13.
do do Returned to duty, . . . . .	36.
do do Transferred, . . . . .	9.
do do Furloughed, . . . . .	2.
do do Discharged, . . . . .	1.
do do Deceased, . . . . .	73.
No. of patients remaining, . . . . .	733.

### THIRD DIVISION HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 30th, 1864.

Total number of beds for patients, . . . . .	1357.
No. of patients admitted, . . . . .	27.
do do Returned to duty, . . . . .	23.
do do Transferred, . . . . .	12.
do do Furloughed, . . . . .	10.
do do Discharged, . . . . .	5.
do do Deserted, . . . . .	0.
do do Deceased, . . . . .	5.
do do Remaining, . . . . .	1164.

### LOUVERTURE HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 30th, 1864.

Total number of beds for patients, . . . . .	717.
No. of patients admitted, . . . . .	8.
do do Returned to duty, . . . . .	0.
do do Furloughed, . . . . .	0.
do do Deserted, . . . . .	0.
do do Discharged, . . . . .	4.
do do Deceased, . . . . .	8.
do do Remaining, . . . . .	601.

### CLAREMONT HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 30th, 1864.

Total number of beds for patients, . . . . .	164.
No. of patients admitted, . . . . .	1.
do do Returned to Duty, . . . . .	0.
do do Remaining, . . . . .	23.

### List of General Hospitals and their Branches in Alexandria Virginia, UNDER CHARGE OF

**Surgeon EDWIN BENTLEY, U. S. Vol.**

#### 1st Division General Hospital.

THOMAS G. MACKENZIE, Assistant Surgeon U. S. A. Executive Officer.

MANSION HOUSE BRANCH, corner of Fairfax and Cameron streets.

FAIRFAX STREET BRANCH, Fairfax street, between Cameron and Queen streets.

WOLF STREET BRANCH, Wolf street between Saint Asaph and Pitt streets.

KING STREET BRANCH, corner of King and Water streets.

St. PAULS CHURCH, corner of Pitt and Duke streets

#### 2nd Division General Hospital.

W. A. HARVEY, Assistant Surgeon U. S. A. Executive Officer.

WASHINGTON HALL BRANCH, corner Washington and King streets.

METHODIST CHURCH BRANCH, Washington street, near King.

PRINCE STREET BRANCH, Prince street, between Columbus and Alfred streets.

SICKEL BRANCH, outside the city, near Government Bakery.

#### 3rd Division General Hospital.

SAMUEL B. WARD, Assistant Surgeon U. S. A. Executive Officer.

OLD HALLOWELL BRANCH, Washington street, between Queen and Cameron streets, West.

NEW HALLOWELL (Officers Hospital) Washington street, between Queen and Cameron, East.

QUEEN STREET BRANCH, Queen street, between Washington and St. Asaph streets.

GROSVENOR BRANCH, Washington street, between Princess and Orinoca streets.

MCVEIGH BRANCH, corner Cameron and St. Asaph streets.

SLOUGH BRANCH, West end Duke street.

#### Louverture General Hospital.

(For Colored Soldiers.)

corner Prince and Payne streets, W. K. PLENDER Acting Assistant Surgeon U. S. A. chief attending.

GRACE CHURCH BRANCH, Patrick street, near Duke BAPTIST CHURCH BRANCH, corner Washington and Prince streets.

CLAREMONT GENERAL HOSPITAL, (Eruptive Fever.) 3miles South west from Alexandria, J. W. MOGAY, Acting Assistant Surgeon U. S. A. attending.

# THE CRIPPLE.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

## Remember the Brave.

Ye quiet homelody who revel in ease,  
Merely living, and doing only just as you please,  
When you take up your paper to read after tea,  
And read of our victories, on land and on sea,  
And express your surprise at such horrible slaughter,  
Do you ever realize that "blood is thicker than water"?

When you read of the thousands of lives that have  
flown,  
Do you know that each one was as good as your  
own?

That each had its share of this life's smiles and tears,  
But was not commingled with cowardly fears?  
That each was bestowed, as only it can,  
When its owner's a brave and true hearted man?

Though our hearts may be gladdened by victories  
gained,  
How little they seem to us, when the eye is pained  
By long lists of wounded, and missing and killed,  
Till you murmur because the papers are filled  
With nothing but war news. Do you think of the  
fact,  
That just at the moment, while you're in the act  
Of quietly reading, at home with your wife,  
Somebody's husband has just lost his life?

When you glance down the columns and find, with  
relief,  
That they're all names of strangers, don't turn o'er  
the leaf,  
And think that's enough. Just study the list,  
And find there a lesson you liked to have missed.  
Think of your home, with its pleasures and cares;  
Just such a home, perhaps, might have been theirs.  
Look at that name, you called some name or other,  
Some loving sister has lost a dear brother.

Each name tells a story to all who will read;  
Each story's a moral to all who will heed;  
Each moral's a sermon, then pass it not by,  
But think of the soldier, where'er he may die,  
Have you a comrade upon whom you'd depend?  
How many there are who've lost just such a friend?  
Have you a son who is your hope and your joy?  
How many parents have lost just such a boy?

MRS. W. H. C.

## Sense and Nonsense.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,  
Dec. the twenty, 18 hundred & 64.

MI DEER CRIPPLE—Goodness, me! I've ariv  
wunce moor in Washintunn, tho i got hear saif &  
bound without enny ov mi bones broke nor my hat  
smashed in, i jost imagine ime about az fortunat a  
feller az ye ever com akross—we sir mighty smart  
up thair whair I cum from. We kin run faster,  
jump Mor, dive deeper, sta under longer, and cum  
out a kettie drier than enny uther human critter.  
The fact is we're fed on steal springs knockilated  
with Lectricity and wair ingyrubbur overcotes,  
&c., besides wee git up the firste copy ov the year-  
ly Almyknacks and various uther literary fusions.  
bi our A lagnack yeon kin allwase tell when it iz  
rauling caus every boddy will B out with there an-  
brilliers up for fere ov gain damp & dampness all-  
wase make it orfull bad for crinnerline & shiney  
boots, and besides we hev ter turn up our trous-  
sers. Speekin about trousers makes me think to  
tell yeon we hev a kind ov check goods up whare i  
cum from that a feller has ter git 2 pare ov pants

to sho the hull figyout, that's what i call goin the  
hull figyout on trousers. but enuff ov that, fer  
yeon want 2 have sumthin about whats goin on  
hear at the captle. The Congriss fellers hev cum,  
& tha sir makin laus az fast az tha kin. I'll take  
a Fillydelfy lawyer ter keep track on em caus tha  
go from 1 thing 2 another without enny distinc-  
tion to party, but i guess twill cum out awl rite.  
Abe knose his biz—if he dont, yeon nor i kant tell  
him much about it nor what it iz. 1 thing them  
congriss fellers iz doin, & that iz tha're puttin mi  
plimenten throo. General Grant made an awl fired  
patryottick speech to em a few nites ago & tha awl  
swore that tha'd help me, yer se tha knowed i  
was Sum, cause General Grant had a copy ov the  
Alexandry Crippull in his pocket, which was read  
loud 2 the meetin, ov cose that made me feel az if  
i was standin on the north pole with mi hed stuv  
the klouds. the afares ov the hull commonwelth  
sened ter B restin on mi minde, and i cood sa az  
them theater fellers sa when tha broke 4th—New  
is the sumer ov mi discontent maid gloryous bi the  
the winter's son ov New York etc. etc.

I xpect tha'll be sum fitin this winter, for Gen-  
eral Hancocks goin 2 raze a knew army corpse,  
entitled the *Veterin Army Corpse*, komposed ov  
awl the olde solgers who hev faut, bled and dyed  
for there country. I kinder kalkilate it'll take down  
the *Veterin Preserve Corpse* & if tha go 2 the frunt  
yeon'll here ov sum pretty taul fitin. May B Gen-  
eral Grant is goin ter giv me a ofice in that sir ar-  
my. praps i'll be an adjutant general, addy camp  
or a korporal, (Since writing this communication  
our correspondent has received the last responsible  
office—*Ed.*) & tha're awl offices ov grate responsi-  
bilities yeon kno.

But thair gosse a hand ergin & ime perticular fonde  
ov musik, (The rebels have promised to play the  
*hand organ* for him hereafter. We suppose he is  
not very fond of *their music—Ed.*) so yeon'll xeuse  
me now. yeon'll here from me agin soon.

Yeours remarkable,

KNOTT E. T. MISS WARD.

A JUDGE'S CHARGE.—Judge Jonas Jones recently de-  
livered the following charge to the jury, in the case of Elin  
Crunch for stealing, "Jury, yeon kin go out, and don't show  
your ugly mugs here till you find a verdict—if you can't find  
one of your own, git the one the last jury used." The jury  
retired, and after an absence of fifteen minutes returned with  
a verdict of suicide in the ninth degree and fourth verse." Then Judge Jonas Jones pronounced on Elin Crunch this  
sentence: "Elin Crunch, stand up and face the music.—  
You are found guilty of suicide for stealing. Now this court  
do sentence you to pay a fine of five shillings, to shave your  
head with a baggonet, in the barracks, and if you try to eave  
in the heads of the jury, you'll catch thunder, that's all.—  
Your fate will be a warning to others; and in conclusion,  
may the lord have mercy on your soul."

"Did you present your account to the defendant?" in-  
quired a lawyer of his client.  
"I did, sir."  
"What did he say?"  
"He told me to go to the devil, sir."  
"Well, and what did you do after that?"  
"Why then—I came to you."

A peasant having sold the village Esculapius a sack of  
wheat, called upon his debtor for the pay. "Haven't got  
any money," replied the man of physic. "Well, then, give  
me back my sack of wheat." "Impossible; it is eaten up."  
"Then give me a chair, or a table, or something." "Got  
none; I'm flat broke." "Then put some leeches on me any-  
how." The doctor did as was requested, and the peasant  
departed satisfied.

"Mary, my dear," said a doting husband to the lady that  
owned him, "if ever I turn Mormon, and marry another  
helpmate, she shall be a Mary, too, for your own dear sake."  
"Be content with one Mary, my duck," said the loving wife;  
"in my opinion another would be only supernew mary."

A keeper of a boarding house in New Orleans, finding that  
a tall buck-eye was rather severe on his corned pork and  
potatoes, after helping his ravenous guest for the third time,  
thus addressing his western friend:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I should like to know if you  
haven't been in the pack packing business, you seem to un-  
derstand it thoroughly."

A physician, passing by a stone-mason's shop, bawled out,  
"Good morning, Mr. D.—! Hard at work, I see. You  
finish your grave-stones as far as 'In memory of,' and then  
wait, I suppose, to see who wants a monument next?"—  
"Why, yes," replied the old man, "unless somebody's sick,  
and you are doctoring him; then I keep right on!"

Every schoolboy reader of history is familiar with Caesar's  
celebrated dispatch, after encountering and defeating the  
Gauls—"Veni, vidi, vici"—"I came, I saw, I conquered."  
Rivalling this in brevity is the account of one of our "loyal"  
Africans, who was in a late guerilla affair in Tennessee. Said  
he, "We fit 'em, and whopt 'em, and kotch ten of 'em."

A counter jumper sang out to his country cousin, who had  
come down to see the "Hons."

"Why my dear fellow, you look awful green. You look  
as though you couldn't say boo to a goose."

"Boo!" cried the country cousin.

"Ma, why is a postage stamp like a bad scholar?"

"I can't tell, my son; why is it?"

"Because it gets licked and put in a corner."

"Susan, put that boy to bed."

"How are you, John? I am duced glad to see you."

"Very well, Charlie. Come and take a drink, old fellow  
Tisn't often we meet."

"That's a fact, and when we do its meet and drink!"

An editor having read in another paper that there is a to-  
bacco which, if a man smokes or chews, will make him forget  
that he owes a dollar in the world, innocently concludes that  
many of his subscribers have been furnished with the article.

A hooster gal having given her "feller" a slap that made  
him see stars in daylight, exclaimed:

"Deg my cats, if you han't been taking red-eye, old hoss."

An editor down South, who served four days on a jury,  
says he is so full of law that it is hard to keep from cheating  
somebody.

At the theatre of war, it is the easiest thing in the world  
to get both a private box and a ticket for the pit.

There are forty thousand Jews in the Federal army. Do  
they eat their pork rations?

The greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising  
every time we fall.

## Official Directory.

### Surgeon General.

Brig. Genl JOSEPH K. BARNES, Surgeon  
General U. S. A. Cor. 15th St. and Penna. Ave.,  
Washington, D. C.

### Medical Director, Department of Washington.

Surgeon R. O. ABBOTT, U. S. A. 533 14th St.,  
St between G St. and N. Y. ave., Washington, D. C.

### Medical Purveyor.

Surgeon J. SUTHERLAND, U. S. A. G St., be-  
tween 18th and 19th Sts., Washington, D. C.

### Medical Storekeeper.

HENRY JOHNSON, Cor. F and 18th Streets,  
Washington, D. C.

### Paymaster for Discharged Soldiers.

FOR REGULARS.—Major POTTER, Cor. F and  
15th Sts., Washington, D. C.

FOR VOLUNTEERS.—Major TAYLOR, Cor. 13th  
St. and N. Y. Ave., Washington, D. C.

### Transportation Office for Soldiers.

Capt. BURTON, 461, C St., near Baltimore Des-  
pot, Washington, D. C.

### Military Governor, Alexandria, Va.

Brig. Genl JOHN P. SLOUGH, U. S. V. Cor.,  
Prince and St. Asaph Sts., Alexandria, Va.

### Pro. Marshal Genl, Defences South of the Potomac.

Col. H. H. WELLS, King St., between St. Asaph  
and Pitt Sts., Alexandria, Va.