

THE CRIPPLE.

UNITED STATES GENERAL HOSPITALS, ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA.

VOL. 1.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8th 1864.

NO. 1.

The Cripple

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U. S. GENERAL HOSPITAL, ALEXA, VA

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PAYABLE INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

Poetry.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

Acrostic. No. 1.

Tired, leans he gladly
 On his crutch and cane;
How he thinks and murmurs sadly,
 "They will never come again;
Even the days I gambled
 By my mother's knee;
Cheerily through the woods I rambled;
 Gathered pebbles by the sea.
Rushing to the battle,
 When of strife I read,
In the midst of smoke and rattle.
 And the clash of blade to blade,
Pierced by minie flying,
 Prostrate, faint was I;
Pain o'ercame me; I was dying,
 But He willed I should not die.
Life indeed, what's living,
 For support to beg;
Eer to seek a pittance driven,
 For they have cut off my leg!"

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

Acrostic. No. 2. (Reply.)

"Thou thyself didst offer,
 Crippled soldier friend;
Health and limbs, prepared to suffer
 All things that this strife might end.
Even life was nothing;
 In thy country's call,
Canst thou have thy vows forgotten,
 And thy hopes and prayers withal?
Rudely though they push thee;
 They, the grasping crowd;
In the struggle nearly crush thee;
 Oh! let not thine heart be bowed.
Pluck up courage, can thy
 Country thee forget?
Pray on, trusting; for thy manly
 Deeds shall be rewarded yet."
Let a grateful land relieve him,
 Who for us hath lost his leg,
Ever give him home and living,
 Never see him forced to beg.

D. S. L.

Miscellaneous.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

LIFE IN ALEXANDRIA.

The well known though inglorious city of Alexandria still exists, its site unchanged by the onset of its enemies. Washington is also safe. We are still in the UNITED STATES, and therefore can say proudly that "our flag is there." Upon the chess-board of this last invasion our King, surrounded by his bishops, knights, castles and men, has maintained his dignity, and his position immovably.—Strategy and strength have availed little to the Rebel hosts. They came for fleece, and were well nigh shorn. If the material advantage be theirs, the moral is ours. We are not yet ashamed to say that, "I AM AN AMERICAN."

A busy, bustling little place is this, of perhaps ten thousand inhabitants, full of migratory trade—birds particularly hawks and vultures. The beaks of these two latter classes project from scores of cheap clothing shops and gentlemen's furnishing stores lining the thoroughfares and they catch unguarded money purses "right smart" (*southern idiom*.) Their power of convincing that "it is just the fit," is indeed marvellous. Tobacconists, stationers, newspaper venders, photographers, soda-water and ice cream saloons, restaurants, theatres, sutlers, and pedlars of all sorts of wares, spring up like mushrooms. Some wilt down at the rising of the Sun. Others are ousted by more enterprising money makers. Still others of hippopotamus-hide-toughness are invulnerable to all winds and weathers, hard knocks and sharp thrusts. In irregular regularity these step out and another set steps in, and the rotation continues uninterruptedly. *Alexandria still is unmistakably Alexandria.*

"Hold your hoss," says a black little boy, with a bright little face, "Black your boots, only a dime;" chimes in counterpart of little boy No 1. "*Washington Chronicle*," sings out a young urchin supposed to be white, underneath the layer of soil, that so ingeniously saves his face from getting sunburnt. "*Philadelphia Inquirer*" shouts another possessor of the same kind of ingenuity. Then an "Opera" poster is thrust at us, and we read that the most surpassingly beautiful "Celeste," the most fascinating danseuse, the most charming songstress of earth, "will appear for the first time this evening. Come one, come all! "A rare treat promised." All at Dick Parkers' Opera House, and for fifty cents in the Orchestra. We are skeptic a little, for we passed the house last evening and reasoned ourselves to the conclusion that if such singing was allowed in heaven we should select as remote a corner as possible, and try cotton in our ears. In fact we shan't go to the Opera. Here we are at the Theatre. Quite a neat front it has; very like similar places of amusement in more northern cities. Plenty of loafers around and tobacco quids, cigar stumps, and orange peel in abundance straying the

pavement. Men asleep, and men dully awake.—Little boys and abominable curs stretched out on the steps. "Shakespeare saloon" under the east wing, dispensing what we haven't tried, but strongly suspect does little honor to Shakespeare. "*Falstaff*," would be a more appropriate title.

An officer on a tour of inspection, strapped, sworded, sashed and belted, with scabbard flapping, and spurs jingling, gallops past. A newsboy flounders by, a bundle of papers under his arm, and under him, an animal of the genus *Equus*, and species *Boney-part*. Enterprising youth bound for camp and knows that they who make less time, likewise make less money. There at the corner are "a horse and his rider thrown into into the (see) mud." A kind of going into "*thick and thin*," not at all agreeable to the active participants. Crash. There's a wheel off an army wagon. Teamster makes unnecessary profane comments thereon. Gratis distribution of bread to cobble stones, by which if not untouched 'tis untasted. Little boys scattered all round picking up the loose article. Patrol comes along, "Halt! Pass!" Out comes the piece of paper. "By command of Lt. Col. H. H. Wells, Provost Marshal General, Defences South of the Potomac."—"That's the article; without it, we being soldiers, should likely have taken quarters in the "*Slave Pen*," of which more hereafter; suffice now to say that such disposition would be far more agreeable to the disposer than the disposeses."

[To be continued.]

Looking Out for "Sights."

There are some people always looking out for sights. They cannot pay a visit, they cannot receive a friend, they cannot carry on the intercourse of the family, without suspecting some offence is designed. They are as touchy as hair-triggers. If they meet an acquaintance in the street who happens to be pre-occupied with business, they attribute his abstraction to some motive personal to themselves, and take umbrage accordingly. They lay on others the fault of their irritability. A fit of indigestion makes them see impertinence in everybody they come in contact with. Innocent persons, who never dreamed of giving offence, are astonished to find some unfortunate word, or some momentary taciturnity mistaken for insult.

A private soldier in the army hospital at Bridgeport, Alabama, writes to the Nashville *Union* in a joyful strain, having received his back pay and a supply of tobacco. He winds up his epistle with a bit of purely original poetry, thus:

"Pay-day, welcome thrice! has come at last,
 And happy boys are we,
 The thirteen dollars have been increased,
 We get 'an extra 3."

"We see in this kind act at home,
 (And we have longed to see.)
 The North's all right, and always was;
 So is 'the extra 3."

"We love our country, and strongly too,
 For that we want no fees;
 But for tobacco, and—and—and—
 We heed 'some extra 3s."

The Cripple

Saturday, October 3th, 1864.



IN HOC SIGNO VINCES.

To SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscriptions will be received by the Steward of each Hospital.

Communications should be directed: "THE CRIPPLE," Headquarters 3rd Division U. S. General Hospital, Alexandria, Va.

SALUTATORY.

Herewith we commence the publication of a Newspaper called "THE CRIPPLE;" a somewhat odd name, but yet very suitable we think, since it will be published by and for sick and wounded soldiers.

The General Hospital at Annapolis issues a neat little sheet called "THE CRUTCH," but as there is no use for a Crutch without a Cripple, we have decided to call our paper by the latter title; nevertheless we will try our utmost to conduct it so, as to deserve a better name.

It will be issued every Saturday at the Central Headquarters of the General Hospitals in this city.—Every possible attention will be paid to all the hospitals under Dr. BENTLEY'S charge, with impartiality; and we shall try to make it a medium of Friendship and Information, between them, as they are several miles apart.

Literary matter will be given in the form of poetry, sketches, brief communications, and comments on various subjects.

The paper is just born and therefore very small, but we expect it will grow larger and increase in interest and worth, to which ends we shall devote our utmost endeavors.

Contributions will be thankfully

received. Nothing of a political character will be inserted,

Our present number contains the first of a series of papers entitled "Life in Alexandria." Possibly the Author may have been a little too sharp in some of his observations, but he has worked with a loving if with a reproving spirit, and at most we hope no corns will be hurt.—After furnishing the above we expect to publish shorter sketches.

With the above Prospectus we commit our paper to the kind consideration of the public.

Nothing New Under the Sun.

Volcanoes heave and gape and vomit their stony, watery, fiery contents. The Earth quakes, opens and swallows a city, with its fiery, watery, stony contents. "Dust to dust," "Earth to earth." A meteor appears suddenly against the blue, star-lit, moon-lit or sun-lit heavens, blazes with consuming fires, and vanishes. Stars come out in their effulgent glory, and at the dawn flee before the sun.—The sun rides in his flaming chariot, conquers the peopled sky, leaves his domain, and then reappear the myriad stars. An actor steps upon the stage, fascinates an audience, creates an illusive hope within him, arouses envious rivalry, and mayhap, dies an intemperate, apoplectic, all-forsaken wretch.

A world full of beginnings and endings, of longer or shorter duration. Yet there is nothing new under the sun. Once, the use of steam was a novelty, an idea merely, laughed at by (so called) sensible men. Yet even now, it is not new. Noah would have missed both his excursion and menagerie, had not steam, (yelept, fog and mist,) condensed, fallen, and caused an uprising of the elements, against which the wicked world, uprisen against their God, stood powerless. Roger Bacon printed in his cell, for his entertainment, and (they say) astonished old Satan himself, who we all know is full of notions, and up to all sorts of tricks. The German who pressed paper against curiously cut blocks to amuse his children, had no idea beyond that. Conceptive Guttenberg did better. Now, Hoe's Patent turns out the printed sheets as fast as the lips can count. Yet there's nothing new. Only progression is the order. Old ideas divided, sub-divided, modeled and re-modeled. Men are still men, despite fashion's changes, and of a truth "boys will be boys." In Heaven and Earth the great Universe wheel revolves. From top to bottom, and bottom to top all must go.

You are reading our first issue. We have added a new power to our hospital. We intend it as a pull forward, a strong pull, and with your support, a long pull. Since we have started, we are loth to go back. Retreats usually have a bad odor. We will try, not to kill time, but to fight error to the death, throttle prejudice, inspire confidence in ourselves, and whet our dull minds against the stone of knowledge.—With the mythical philosophers stone, we have nought to do. We make no idle nor vague promises, but we will do worthily, or failing in the attempt, receive the merited consignment of ourselves to oblivion. When a thing is resolved, you know it is half done, and the magnitude of our resolution is astonishing. Rest assured, it will not ooze out at our fingers ends. We dont deal in such watery

stuff. Help us then friends. Expect nothing new. But as the French got up such tempting edibles, with ordinary materials, made over: do expect palatable food, for we promise that you will not regret the mite you contribute to our pride, our paper.—It is yours as much as ours.

After the War.

Yes, we begin to talk of "after the war." At least four-fifths of the people of the North believe that peace is near at hand. Scarcely a moiety of them, perhaps, would be able to give a logical reason for the faith that is in them; but they have an impression, a notion, a conviction, that the struggle is nearly over, and that the happy time is near at hand when from ocean to ocean, and from the great lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, the dear old

"Star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Hope and Desire, and an invincible determination on the part of the people to CONQUER a peace, have, doubtless, a good deal to do with this state of feeling; but it seems, nevertheless, to be justified by the facts as they stand. The South is exhibiting palpable evidences of exhaustion. Its armies, weakened continually by the casualties of war, can no longer be reinforced, while the gaps in the Union ranks are filled up as rapidly as they are made.—The reserved strength of the North is being brought out with wonderful promptitude, and is telling fearfully upon the depleted hosts of the rebellion. We have them on the hip now, and it only requires a supreme effort on our part to place them in a hopeless minority on the battle field, to say nothing of the Navy; and as the present campaign has proved beyond all evil that the chivalry are barely a match for us man for man, and that our armies are in every respect handled with at least as much skill as theirs, and in some cases with a vast deal more, the final success of our arms may be considered a mathematical certainty. The only question is as to the time when; and from the present aspect of affairs there is good reason to surmise that the denouement so earnestly hoped for cannot be much longer delayed. North Carolina and Georgia are said to be already knocking loudly at the door of the Union for re-admission, and throughout the South the Re-union party is known to be gathering strength daily.

Here in the North, people are beginning to speculate about the commercial and financial results of peace. The croakers insist that there will be an awful collapse in the money market, to be followed by general bankruptcy, national repudiation, and universal distress. Nonsense! We shall have something of a commercial shock, no doubt, and many speculators will be carried off their legs by it. The labor market, too, will be overstocked for a season, and all classes, in different degrees, will have a taste of hard times. But the storm, though it may be pretty severe, will be short. A year or so will see us through it and once again moving ahead in the old track and at the old pace.—New York Ledger.

The intercourse of friendship is a cordial for the heart. It beguiles the hour of grief; gently weans the thoughts from the selfishness of sorrow, and gives the mourner to feel that earth is not a wilderness.

Literature for war times—Reviews and magazines.

What's the use of a seat of war to a standing army?

Latest News.

OFFICIAL WAR GAZETTE.

SECRETARY STANTON'S DISPATCH.

WASHINGTON, October 8th, 1864—12 o'clock, M.—To Major-General DIX, New York:—This Department has received the following reports of the enemy's assault yesterday upon General Butler's lines, their subsequent repulse and Gen. Birney's brilliant action, driving the enemy to their inner line of intrenchments around Richmond.

Head-quarters of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina, 6.30 P. M., Oct. 7 1864.—Lieut-Gen. U. S. Grant.—At 6.30 A. M., the enemy having moved Field's and Hoke's Divisions from the left at Chapin's Farm around to our right at Darbeytown road, attacked with spirit Gen. Kautz's cavalry in their intrenchments, and drove him back, with small loss of men, but with the loss of his artillery.

The enemy suffered very considerable loss in this attack.

The enemy then swept down the intrenchments towards Birney, who, having thrown back his right, waited their assault, and repulsed it with heavy loss on the part of the enemy.

The enemy in the meantime advanced toward New Market, but were met by a force at the Signal Tower.

At 3 P. M. I took the offensive, sending Birney with two divisions up the Darbeytown road. The enemy has retreated as he advanced, and Birney has reached and occupied the intrenchments which the enemy took from Kautz and were fortifying for themselves.

Our loss has been small, not one-eighth of the enemy's. We have about 100 prisoners.

[Signed] B. F. BUTLER, Major-General.

Head-quarters of the Tenth Army Corps, 10.15 A. M.—Major-General Butler:—I have repulsed the attack of the enemy on our right flank, with great slaughter. The troops seem to be Fields' and Pickett's Divisions.

I send you a batch of prisoners. I am extending my right flank. The enemy seem to be entrenching on Darby road.

(Signed) D. B. BIRNEY, Major-General.

Head-quarters Department Virginia and North Carolina, 10-03 P. M., Oct. 7, 1864.—Lieutenant-General U. S. Grant:—General Birney has regained General Kautz's old position, and holds the enemy in the inner line of intrenchments around Richmond, extending from the Darbeytown road, to connect with Weitzel on the left, near Fort Harrison.

There has been no movement at Petersburg today. We have much the best of this day's work. A thousand at least of the enemy killed and wounded, a hundred prisoners and a bloody repulse.

General Gregg, commanding Field's Division, is reported by a lady who saw the body, as killed.

(Signed) B. F. BUTLER, Maj.-Gen.

No despatches has been received from the commands of Generals Sherman, Rosecrans and Sheridan, later than were reported in my telegram of yesterday.

EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

Southern News.

(From the Richmond Examiner.)

From Petersburg we have no tidings, except the rumor that Grant has worked hard to fortify himself at Fort McRae, and is pushing his pickets a mile further, in the direction of the South Side road. This is but rumor; but it is undoubtedly true that the South Side road is the aim of all Grant's present evolutions. He then will endeavor to run up ten or twenty thousand men in that way to the Danville road, and so accomplish what Sheridan and Hunter failed to do.

A rumor was circulated yesterday morning that the enemy were advancing in this direction on the Williamsburg road. It was ascertained to be without foundation.

The Yankees still occupy Fort Harrison, but certain engineering plans are now in course of execution which, it is believed, will result in their dislodgment from the salient.

Local Matters.

CHANGES.—Rest Hospital Branch First Division has been discontinued, by reason of reopening the Orange and Alexandria Rail Road. St Pauls Church Branch of Second Division, and Kingstreet Branch of Third Division, have been turned over to the First Division.

PRESENTATION.—The patients of Slough Branch have presented Dr. W. G. Elliott their chief Attending Surgeon with a splendid silver service. Dr. Elliott, has been on duty here nearly three years, and well deserves the compliment.

VETERAN RESERVE CORPS.—Six companies of Veteran Reserve Corps, are doing duty in this city; viz: 104th, 100th, 112th, 102d, 116th and 8th Companies; all of the 2nd Battalion. Captain L. G. McCauley, V. R. C., Military assistant to the Surgeon in charge, commanding detachment.

FIRST DIVISION HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 7TH 1864.

Total number of Beds for Patients.....	670.
No. of beds for Patients admitted.....	260.
do do Returned to duty.....	22.
do do Transferred.....	375.
do do Furloughed.....	8.
do do Discharged.....	3.
do do Died.....	3.

No. of Patients Remaining.....658.

SECOND DIVISION HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 7TH 1864.

Total number of Beds for Patients.....	1480.
No. of patients admitted.....	442.
do do Returned to duty.....	29.
do do Transferred.....	105.
do do Furloughed.....	18.
do do Discharged.....	6.
do do Died.....	2.
do do Deserted.....	2.

No of Patients remaining.....1120.

THIRD DIVISION HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 7TH 1864.

Total number of patients beds for.....	1500.
No. of patients admitted.....	374.
do do Returned to duty.....	25.
do do Transferred.....	66.
do do Furloughed.....	9.
do do Discharged.....	4.
do do Died.....	4.

No. of patients remaining.....1356.

LOUVERTURE HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 7TH 1864.

Total number of beds for patients.....	590.
No. of patients admitted.....	15.
do do Returned to duty.....	6.
do do Furloughed.....	15.
do do Died.....	1.

No. of patients remaining.....302.

CLAREMONT HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 7TH 1864.

Total number of beds for patients.....	164.
No. of patients admitted.....	1.
do do Returned to duty.....	1.
do do Furloughed.....	2.

No of patients remaining.....25

FIGHT WITH MOSEBY.—About twenty-five wounded Soldiers have just been received who were wounded yesterday in a skirmish, with Moseby, near Manasses. The rebels were repulsed.

MILITARY PRISONS.—There are at present about 2000 men in the different Military prisons in this city. Two Medical officers are detailed to visit them twice a day.

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

- Mansion-house Branch, by Chaplain DRUMM, 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. (colored.)

List of General Hospitals and their Branches in Alexandria Virginia, UNDER CHARGE OF Surgeon EDWIN BENTLEY, U. S. Vols.

1st Division Gen'l. Hospital.

THOMAS G. MCKENZIE, 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 King and Water streets.

ST. PAULS CHURCH, corner of Pitt and Duke streets.

2nd Division Gen'l. Hospital.

WM. A. HARVEY, Assistant Surgeon U. S. V. Executive Officer.

GRACE CHURCH BRANCH, Patrick street near Duke.

BAPTIST CHURCH BRANCH, corner Washington and Prince streets.

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 Gen'l. Hospital.

SAMUEL B. WARD, Assistant Surgeon U. S. V. 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, 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, (Colored Soldiers,) corner Prince and Payne streets, W. K. FLETCHER, Acting Assistant Surgeon United States Army chief attending

CLAREMONT GENERAL HOSPITAL, (Eruptive Fever) 3 miles South East from Alexandria. J. W. MOGAR, Acting Assistant Surgeon U. S. A. Attending.

Sense and Nonsense.

The following poem was written for us on one of the dog-days last summer. We hope it will be acceptable although out of season.

(ED. CRIPPLE.)

One Hundred Degrees in the Shade.

Let me have air, likewise a fan,
I'll try then to relate,
A very tragic circumstance,
Which happened here of late.

The weather was tremendous warm,
The mercury did show,
Degrees, one hundred, in the shade.
That's very warm you know.

Our people all did gasp and pant,
Like fish, high on dry land,
Puffed, and perspired, and wiped their brows,
As vigorously they fanned.

A stranger in our place was he,
The subject of my lay:
And who he was or whence he came,
I really cannot say.

In shape he was quite puncheon like,
Of course of goodly weight,
But what the size or weight he reached,
Informant doth not state.

His face was red as lobster boiled,
As warm, I'll warrant too,
The one hand held a huge palm-leaf,
The other bandanna blue.

He swung his fan with vigorous stroke,
It cooled him not one jot,
And puffing, blowing, cursing much,
He muttered, "awful hot."

From nose and chin hung dangling drops,
Of pure strength-draining sweat,
He wiped his face, then wiped again,
But soon was dripping wet.

He flung his hat far far away,
His coat threw on the floor,
And then to stop the awful sweat,
Wiped faster than before.

The heat continued to increase,
He tore away his vest;
And still the weakening flood rolled forth,
From face and neck and breast.

All, all in vain he better grew,
The more he puffed and blowed,
And filled at length from numerous streams,
His boots with sweat o'erflowed.

He pulled them off and stood as nude,
As custom would permit;
But after all stopped not the tide,
Grew cooler not a whit.

The sweat in pools stood on the floor,
He stirred not from the spot,
But sweating, puffing, fanning, still,
Kept muttering "awful hot."

At length he grew so very weak,
He could no longer fan;
And then, from out the open pores,
The sweat still faster ran.

His limbs no longer held his weight,
He reeled from left to right,
And faintly murmuring "hot, hot, hot!"
He melted from our sight.

His handkerchief and fan were found,
That night at twilight dim,
But a greasy spot upon the floor,
Was all 'twas left of him.

And as we thought of his sad fate,
And turned to leave the spot,
We fancied we could hear his voice,
Still muttering "awful hot."

P. B. W.

Letter from Our Special Correspondent.

Below we publish a letter from our correspondent, "Knot RTMiss Ward," and think our readers will be convinced by his logic that if he had been made Brigadier General in '61, we would not be at war now. If he succeeds in getting the situation of which he speaks, our readers will enjoy themselves very often in the perusal of his letters. We could not undertake to correct the orthographical errors. [EDITOR CRIPPLE.]

PUNCKINTOWN, Sept. 27th 1864.

DEER CRIPPLE:—Thinkin that yu'd knot object 2 my ritin a few lines, jest 2 get yure paypoor kinder cirkerlated u no; cans if a paypoor ahent cirkerlated, U C, it gese "Ter Smash," and nothin but sardines and sodywater air goin 2 rewive it.—Thems allus good arter a feller gets down-harted.

Az fer noose i am holy destitooto, havin only the passin events of the fwtcher, witch in coarse means "the time to cum," oer in uther wurdz "the time has knot arriv." Cud i only lanch 4th into awl the bootees of Poe-ickry an my partickler favorites, "Jaques Pierre," "Byran" an awl of them fellers, u wood bee astonished at my quarrellif-cashius az a Poe-ick, an i mite kreate a wunderfull censayshun fore i wood hav U destink-ly and Mfaticallely understand that i hav been, an wood bee now, only four this ere crute war, witch smashed mee, "the speshul correspondent of the *Punckintown Gazette*," a monthlee fambee paypoor, devoted 2 the sighense of farmin an so 4th, etc; butt the present Dmands 4 paypoor prevented the Editattur from continuin the sheat, so it has bean suspended 4 the present. Hour paypoor was wideley cirkerlated, 27 cop-peace purr mouth wairt printed, an evry 1 wairt soled. Now if the CRIPPLE will ownly get az wide a cirkerlashun, wot a help it will bee 2 the Pubbleick, praps it May bee the means of puttin down *this ere orful Rebel-Lion*.

I kinder calkerlate that if i hadd my say, if the Punckintown fowkes hadd ownly let mee gone on 2 Washington in '61, this ere war wood knot hev cum; butt they G thar folly now and begin 2 repaint.

Moore than 10,000 of hour feller CTcents hav bean kild since then, yes we awl hav fort, bled an dyed for hour kountroel. Oh!! aint it orful my gentill reeders, U har no ID: it is becond the power of yure imar-generation, how bad it is 2 C sum of hour poor fellers kunnin out, sum without Annie Lakes. Arms or Heads; (U C i keap poasted.)

i wood advise U awl 2 reed the Nuy surk lejer another volable sheat witch was az popler az the *Punckintown Gazette*. it yoused 2 kwote hour poe-ickry & hints 2 retired Brick-gay-deaz Ginerals, 1-Masters & discharged Corpals, an awl of them fellers hoo go round with nuthin 2 do & hav a hird man 2 do it fere them.

The Punckintown fowks air goin 2 cent sum relie-able curespondunt 2 the Army of the Pot-o-Mac & i ain goin 2 dip in 4 a chans, if i shoe-d suck-seed i kinder calkerlate that yull here from mee Okashunalley & praps i may caud & make U a vissitt sum time, do knot bee sirprized 2 C mee pretty

sune.
Hopin that the CRIPPLE will flourish az well az the *Punckintown Gazette* did,—i shoe-d be de-lic-ted 2 Countryboot oecashunalley.

i remane Ures considerabully
Knot RTMiss Ward

JAKE was a contraband, who was notorious for "going by the rules of contrariness," as he expressed it. When Rebel soldiers were going by, Jake was strong Union, and when Federals, he was a violent Seecesh. One day Jake was in the yard when a company of Federal soldiers passed by.—A soldier told him to hurrah for the North; without any hesitation Jake yelled, "Hurrah for Dixie!" The soldier angrily said: "Tuorah for h—ll, you fool." Jake looked around to see if the way was clear, and roared, "Every fellow for his own country, sah!" and skedaddled in haste.

COOL.—A recruit in the Third New Hampshire Regiment, while the "long roll" was beating furiously, and the rebels every moment expected to be in camp, quietly put his head out of the tent, and asked the Colonel, who was standing near, "if they should come out with dress coats or blouses."

Bolus, the doctor, who was very angry when any joke was passed on his profession, once said, "I defy any person whom I ever attended, to accuse me of ignorance or neglect."
"That you may do safely, doctor," replied a wag; "dead men tell no tales."

The Atlanta *Confederacy* says the scarcity of shoes in the army is attributed to the leather-heads at Richmond.

Why is gold like a rocket? It is up one minute, and down the next.

Why is a mean person called "near"?—Why, because he's "close at hand," of course.

Official Directory.

Surgeon General.

Brig. Gen'l 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. 132, Penna. Ave., above 19th St., Washington, D. C.

Medical Purveyor.

Surgeon J. SUTHERLAND, U. S. A. G St., between 17th and 18th 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 Depot, Washington, D. C.

Military Governor, Alexandria, Va.

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

Pro. Marshal Gen'l, Defences South of the Potomac.

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

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Indiana. J. W. MONTFORT, 381, E St.

New York. Col. S. NORTH, 181, Pa. Ave.

Penna. Col. ROBERTS, 486, 11th St.

Mich. J. TUNNICLIFF, Cor. E and 7th Sts.

N. Jersey. Col. RAFFERTY, 252, G St.

Illinois. A. CHESTER, No. 5, Land Office.

Conn. Dr. W. M. WHITE, Willard's Hotel.

Maine. B. C. HINDS, 273, F St.

Vermont. F. HOLBROOK, 456th 14th St.