

THE CRIPPLE.

UNITED STATES GENERAL HOSPITALS, ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA.

VOL. 1.

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NO. 2.

The Cripple

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U. S. GENERAL HOSPITAL, ALEXA, VA.

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PAYABLE INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

Poetry.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

Friends and Trifles.

Lightly tis spoken,
That little word,
Peace now is broken,
Anger is stired.

“Mean” is the little word,
“Mean” the remorseless bird,
Nestling close to his heart,
Pecking its love apart.

How does his heart beat wild!
How does his spirit chafe!
Can they be reconciled?
Oh! is their friendship safe?

See how he looks above;
Hear how he prays for light,
Lo! comes the heavenly dove,
Fills his sad heart with love,
Forgiveness it doth move,
All now is bright.

Trifles, how potent ye,
For good or ill
Happiness, misery,
Our cup to fill.

Softly speak, kindly speak;
Quick words a heart may ache;
Harsh words may friendship break;
Sharp words a foe may make;
Angry words a life may take;
Speak from a heart of love;
Seek for thy strength above.

D. S. L.

Miscellaneous.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

Life in Alexandria. (continued)

“Choo, choo, chooooo,” shrilly sounds the steam pipe. “Go! Ing, guling g-long,” goes the bell clapper. The steamer rounds too at the pier creaks up against the wharf; the rope loop is flung on its fastenings and made taut; the stepping board is swung half up on terra firma, and the decks are soon cleared of passengers. “Carriage! carriage!” cry a dozen Jews, “all in a breath,” each with eager looks, and

swinging whip. “Carry your trunk?” says a dirty faced boy without shoes, only one suspender, and a ribbonless hat slouched over his youthful caput.— A bundle of newspapers appear, attached to a little fellow, who offers them singly at five cents, and usually with the cry of “Great Battle! Rebels Defeated!” Through the admixture of wagons, carts, drays, carriages and the human species, a tortuous course brings us to the sidewalk. A glance around discloses a long line of wharves and shipping, extending northerly and southerly; the wide Potomac glides peacefully past the city; and opposite is the Maryland shore, with a background of woods, and hills, cav. l y camps and cottages.

The noise and bustle of busy life greets our ears, and : n un ending outline of brick and mortar, running parallel with the river side, our eyes.

Warehouses of civilians in abundance, and Government buildings filling up the gaps. We start northerly and a few rods walk finds us at King St. Turning to the left we move westwardly along King, which is the main business street. First crossing at right angles is Union street, and as we come up a train of cars loaded with stores dashes by en-route for the “Rapidan” or stations this side. Next is Water street, and here on the southwest corner is what was once a hat manufactory, and is now a military hospital, the capacious rooms making excellent wards. Next to it are two buildings, forming part of the same hospital, and long years since occupied by the Fairfax family, the grand old family, whose name has been given to the county and county seat, to the railroad station, to the Seminary in the county, and one of the streets in the city of Alexandria. At the time of occupation as a hospital, or rather previously as a barracks, old legal documents and letters strewed the floors, some of them exceedingly interesting. Continuing our walk we next come to Fairfax street. Crossing Fairfax we come to a succession of stores, some of old established, others of recently arrived firms. A couple of antique, apparently Dutch style of houses, attract our attention, and call a smile. At Royal, the next street, is a large dry goods and ladies trimming store, proprietor a Mr. Stewart, thoroughly Union, despite the name. Up stairs are good sized halls, one occupied by Dick Parker’s Opera House, previously mentioned. Across Royal, and we find the Theatre, also mentioned before. At the next street, Pitt, the Marshall (now Ellsworth) House stands, scene of the death of Col. Ellsworth, May 24th 1861, an event and date, never to be forgotten in the annals of Alexandria. With his Zouave followers, at day break, he entered the hotel. Alone he mounted the stairway and tore the Rebel flag from the staff. Wrapped in it, he descended only to meet his death. Jackson the proprietor, roused from his sleep by his slave, confronted the gallant Colonel with his rifle, and in cold blood shot him dead. But as he fell an avenging bullet ended the existence of the notorious Jackson. The wife in agony, sank down beside the corpse of him so lately her husband. The excited

soldiers, though thirsting for further vengeance, slowly and sadly left the wailing woman with her dead.

In the mean time there was hurrying to and fro among the rebels. Their squadron of Cavalry dashed off into the country, while the infantry already on the train, were rapidly carried down the Orange railway, safely beyond the Federal arms. On the 23rd the ordinance of Secession had been passed.— That day the 24th the proscribed Union men were to have suffered death. But the dawn had brought the Union arms to the city, and right well was the fiendish act nipped in the bud. Alexandria still is under Federal rule, yet we lament without a lessening fervor, the death of our noble Ellsworth.

Crossing to the north side of King St., and half way up to St. Asaph, we find what was once a Marine and Fire Insurance Co., and is now the office of the city Provost Marshal; a two and a half story building, situated a little back from the line; up four or five steps of stone to the entrance; guard at the door; inside and turn to the left; here’s a ‘pass’ window. A liberty pole stands in front of the building, with the national stars and stripes at its peak, and a large tree shades the walk and lounging place, for be it known that groups of men, civic and military, and women black and white, are there during the light of day, and occasionally at night.

Next door below is a private dwelling turned into an Office for the Provost Marshal General, Defences South of the Potomac. Here all citizens procure passes, after signing the oath of allegiance.— Some very interesting scenes occur in this office, evidence of the haughty pride begotten in many southern bosoms, and not yet eradicated by the practical inconvenience of martial law. Beauty sometimes seeks to win over the pass officer or clerk, into dereliction of duty. Perhaps it is occasionally successful. Damsels with brothers in the rebel army, fathers in the Old Capitol, and mothers playing ‘carry and fetch’ in traffic with confederate agents, are often very loth to swear or affirm allegiance to the United States of America. By hook and crook they avoid it when possible.

Beyond St. Asaph street, south side, near Washington St., is what is known as Washington Hall Hospital, a spacious brick building, with bold, high front, in imitation stone, accomodating 100 patients.

Arrived at Washington street, we find a broad highway, the Main street, even as King is the business street. Turning northwardly we find on the west side, the Methodist Protestant Church, a taint of disloyalty still clinging to it, and yet having a pleasant people in its membership. Built of brick painted in front, two stories high, having a complete gallery, and of moderate dimensions.

Just beyond, by Cameron street is the Christ Church, (Episcopal service,) still having a double pew in it, for a long time used by Gen. GEORGE WASHINGTON and family. It is a plain edifice of alternate black and red bricks, covered with ivy on

Continued on 4th page.

The Cripple

Saturday, October 15th, 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.

Hood writes:—

"Where are the songs of summer?—With the sun,
Op'ing the dusky eyelids of the South.

* * * * *

Where are the many birds?—Away, away,
* * * * *

The squirrel gloats on his accomplished hoard,
The ants have bunched their garner with ripe grain,
And honey bees have stored

The sweets of Summer in their luscious cells;
The swallows all have wing'd across the main;
But here the Autumn melancholy dwells.

* * * * *

She sits and reckons up the dead and gone."

There is a loveliness in the waving forests of green, a majesty in the rolling river, a youthfulness in the bubbling spring, an energy in the blast of wind. In the verdant field there is modest worth, and in the flowers a childlike innocence, an unfeigned adornment. The birds are angels, ministering spirits. A beauty in nature, and a purity that reflects the transcendent loveliness of the Great Being above.

But now the forests are fast losing their bright garments of green; even the red and yellow leaves are falling one by one; the trees are stripping to meet the storms of winter; sombre is the woods, the dead leaves crackle beneath the tread; a silence full of awe is gathering thereabout, an impressive quiet; Nature is drowsy; her life currents will soon cease to circulate; in the lapse of winter she will sleep; sleep until Spring shall shake off the morphean bonds; the foliage no longer waves in the breeze. But the wind murmurs through the forest, scatters the leaves, and stirs the sleepy branches, so we know that life is still there.

The river banks are bare, and the stream flows with a mournful tone of loneliness. It will soon be locked up in ice, and the warm sun of spring will alone break its fetters. Then in its ecstasy of freedom, how wild, madly, riotously it will career.—majestically it now pursues its course, even though deserted by its lovely companions.

But the spring will flow; in the cleft of the rock, it will perpendicularly gush forth. Though all around be desolation, the verdure all departed, yet it will be youthful, "for it is spring."

The north wind will blow keenly and cold—rising and falling, its wailing murmur will search through the doorway crevices, and beneath the window sashes, like the voice of a sorrowing spirit.

The fields will be brown, and the flowers gone. The birds have flown away, to cheer by their warbling the sunny south. The soft warm haze of the summer sky is dispelled—now the pure blue ether looks clear and bright and cold, and as the night comes on, effulgent stars shine brilliantly, lamps hung in the heavens to enlighten and expand the narrow mind of man, and lead him through nature up to nature's God.

How the leaves flit through the air, and fall to the ground. So we die; our labors done, our hour come, returning to mother Earth. The freed spirit wakes to life in perennial spring; whose air shall be mild, and where all shall be lovely; or else where harsh March winds will pierce, and cold rains ever abide, whose skies shall be gloomy, and all things be untowardly.

Life is a vapor, 'tis said, a fleeting vapor, soon vanishes away. It is a year and has its spring and summer, its autumn and winter.

In its autumn, like the forest, its strength and protection, its beauty are gone. Like the river, friends have deserted its side. The little things that once pleased are now insipid. Little loved ones, like birds, are flown to sing hymns and joyous songs in a brighter, sunnier land. But yet there may be a spring in it, ever gushing forth; gentle, quiet, giving joy and peace.

'Tis the well of water, springing up into everlasting life, going companionably through the winter of death to the spring beyond.

Thirty Minutes at the Provost Marshal General's Office.

Walking down King street a few days since, we stopped at the Provost Marshal General's Office and noticed the various specimens of humanity there congregated.

In front of the office was a large crowd, impatiently waiting to procure passes, without which no one can leave the city. There was the business man, who "must make the next boat" and the clock train to Baltimore; the stranger from the North on a pleasure tour—very anxious to visit the fortifications, but cannot do it without a pass; the countryman, who has twenty miles to travel, ere he reaches home, and has a terrible fear that the Guerrillas will capture his horse, which by the way, a hungry crow would scorn to look at; the colored gentleman and his family, anxious to attend a wedding or a funeral in Washington, but fears the Captain cant see it in that light.

All are pushing, crowding, and cursing the pass system, but the sentinel does his duty, and they are obliged to wait for their turn.

After waiting about ten minutes on the pavement, we walked up the steps and in. The Patrol just come in, and laying loose around the floor were about a dozen prisoners, of all colors. We noticed "the nice young man, with his black moustache and well oiled hair," arrested for a deserter, the working man, who has taken too much lager beer, or Alexandria Strychnine, and lost his equilibrium; the old soldier and green militia man, arrested for being absent from camp (one yard only, they say) without passes; the blue-ruin vender, who is willing to swear that he did not sell a drop, but is eagerly searching his pockets to have the \$100 ready to pay his fine.

All were talking, swearing, and making all the

noise possible.

Leaving these to take care of themselves, we stepped into the Clerk's Room, and in spite of the "no admittance" on the door, were kindly invited to be seated. There is an immense amount of business done here, and more gentlemanly and obliging clerks never entered any office. All were very busy and each had his particular branch of duty as "Pass Clerk," "Property Clerk," &c. Everything is done with a rapidity really astonishing.

Leaving this room, we descended the steps and entered the next building and Ladies' Pass Office. This room was crowded nearly to suffocation, each lady desirous of obtaining a pass, or "have this little bill approved." Capt. W. W. Winship, A. A. A. G., has charge of this room, and too much cannot be said in his praise. The pass clerks were very busy and watched anxiously for two o'clock P. M., at which time the office closes, and they are free for the remainder of the day.

Everything being busy here, we made our way out into the fresh air, resolving never to stray from the path of virtue in a city under Martial Law.

WANDERER.

Local Matters.

A force of about 1500 men employees of the Q. M. Departments, in Washington and Alexandria, went to Manassas yesterday. They were armed variously, some with firearms, and others with axes and kindred implements. Their principal object is understood to be, the cutting down of the woods along the railway, so as to no longer afford protection to guerillas, in attacking trains. Possibly, Sheridan's plan is to be carried out in full.

Lieut. Smith, recently wounded at Manassas, while fighting Moseby, and now in hospital, is doing well.

Patients are being furloughed, and in some instances, transferred to their states, in order to allow them to avail themselves of the privilege of voting. Their right being guaranteed, it is proper to permit them to exercise it.

The disloyal citizens of this city and vicinity will doubtless, soon realize a "winter of discontent."—It is understood to be Gen. Augur's intention to compel a daily detail of them to ride on the trains, thereby rendering future guerilla attacks, next to impossible. Verily, "necessity is the mother of invention."

From press of other printing we are two days behind in our issue. Readers must not be surprised at date of latest news.

Latest News.

OFFICIAL WAR GAZETTE.

WASHINGTON CITY, October 17th, 9:40 P. M. Major General Dix, New York:—

Advices from Gen. Sherman to the evening of October 16th indicate that Hood, after having struck the railroad in the neighborhood of Dalton and Resaca, has fallen back before Sherman without fighting, abandoning his great movement upon our line of communications. He has torn up some fifteen miles of the road from Resaca north, but the injury will be repaired without difficulty.

The interruption will cause no inconvenience to Sherman's army, as his stores of supplies, south of the break as well as north of it, are ample.

Hood has retreated towards the southwest. His rear left Dalton in haste at 5 o'clock on Sunday morning.

Gen. Sheridan reports that the rebel army lately under Early, but now apparently under Longstreet,

T H E C R I P P L E .

having appeared in the vicinity of Strasburg, his forces moved to attack them on Saturday.

Crook, who had the advance, found the rebels drawn up in four lines of battle, but upon his charging them with his accustomed impetuosity they broke and withdrew in considerable disorder without giving the opportunity for any serious conflict.

Sheridan reports them as continuing their retreat in haste far up the valley.

Colonel Gausevoort, commanding the 13th N. Y. Cavalry, has succeeded in surprising a camp of the outlaw and freebooter. Mostly, in the Blue Ridge mountains, capturing his artillery, consisting of four pieces, with munitions complete.

C. A. DANA,
Acting Secy of War.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

GRANT!

At 6 30 A. M., October 7th, the rebels, supposed to consist of two divisions, attacked General Kautz' cavalry in their entrenchments, and capturing his artillery (eight three-inch rifle guns) driving him back, but inflicting small loss of men. The enemy's loss was very considerable.

They then swept down the entrenchments toward Birney, who repulsed them and inflicted heavy loss in the act. Faded here, the enemy advanced towards New Market when General Birney took the offensive, recapturing the entrenchment taken from Kautz, secured one hundred prisoners and reestablished the position of the morning. One hundred killed and wounded are in our hands. The rebel General Gregg was killed and General Bratton wounded. Four hundred will cover our entire loss.

SHERMAN!

October 4th the rebels captured the garrisons at Big Shanty and Ackworth.

October 6th General Smith beat the rebels at Allatoona, under Gen. French, the latter leaving his dead and from 400 to 600 wounded in our hands. Our loss was about 100 killed, and 200 wounded.

It is said that Morgan has Forrest cornered, and has already captured his transportation. The gunboats cut off all retreat across the Tennessee.

Later news is that Forrest has escaped having crossed the river in flatboats, while Rosseau was detained elsewhere by high water.

Sherman is repairing the R. R. in his rear, some 7 miles of which were destroyed by the rebels. He reports the rebels active and appears to anticipate they will attempt a move, as far in his rear as Rome or Kingston; he is closely watching the "varmints," however, and to use his own words, "Atlanta is perfectly secure to us, and the army is better off, out, than in camp."

In the affair at Allatoona on the 6th, the enemy lost about 1200 killed and wounded. Our loss 700.

We have an abundance of provisions in Atlanta and Allatoona.

An expedition under Gen. Burbridge aiming at the capture of the extensive salt-works at Saltville, Va., failed in its object, but had two skirmishes with the rebels, capturing two redoubts, 150 men, and a large number of horses, mules and cattle.

SHERIDAN!

Oct. 5th commenced moving from Crawford, Harrisonburg, &c., arriving at Woodstock on the night of the 7th, previously destroying the grain and forage in front of those points and making the country on the line of his return untenable for a rebel army. He destroyed 2000 barns filled with hay, wheat and farming implements, over 70 mills filled with flour and wheat, secured over 400 head of stock, a large number of horses, and killed and issued to the troops no less than 3000 sheep.

Lt. John R. Meigs (son of Br vet Major General Meigs, Q. M. Gen.) one of the youngest and brightest ornaments of the military service, and Chief Engineer in the Army of the Shenandoah, was murdered near Dayton, for which atrocity all the houses within a radius of 5 miles were burned.

Oct. 9th, Sheridan arrived at Strasburg, from which place at midnight he reports that late on the 8th, all the rebel cavalry of the valley, commanded by Rosser, appeared in his rear, and that at daylight he ordered Torbet to attack and finish the "savior

of the valley," with the following result. The enemy broke and ran, our men following them 26 miles on the jump, through Mt. Jackson, and across the North Fork of the Shenandoah, securing 11 guns, 47 wagons, ambulances, &c., including the head-quarter wagons of Rosser, Louax, Wickham and Col. Holland, besides 330 prisoners.

Sheridan has captured in all since the 19th of September 35 pieces of artillery.

Southern News.

From the Richmond Dispatch, Oct. 12.—All is quiet in the valley, that is in common military parlance; but we may be sure that the enemy is very much disquieted by such men as Mosely and Rosser, who are never quiet; and ere long we will hear of another lot of wagons, &c., turned over to the Confederate Government, and more prisoners gobbled up, though we may be sure that Mosely will not go to any extra trouble to catch prisoners since the murder of his men. It is said that when he heard of it, though pronounced by his physician totally unfit to take the saddle, he set out immediately for his command.

From the Richmond Examiner, Oct. 11 — Grant keeps quiet, that is he is not booming away with his guns, great or small; but he is far from idle. The spade and hammer, and all the machinery and appliances for the construction of fortifications are kept busy, night and day. He is laboring to render Fort Harrison impregnable, while his Lieutenant, Butler, pushed on his great work, the Dutch Gap canal. Our batteries are shelling Fort Harrison, but Grant replies not, his guns being not yet in position.

Until one or the other of these works, Fort Harrison or the canal, are finished, active hostilities on a great scale will hardly be resumed; there may be some cavalry skirmishes and an occasional reconnoissance, nothing more. Just now, from Fort Harrison on the North, to Fort McRae, on the South, the shovel and the pick, the mallet and chisel and saw, have superseded the cannon and musket.

The Yankees in Fort Harrison made such cheering and hurraing at Fort Harrison on Sunday night as to set our troops to conjecturing what is could all be about. The general conclusion was that they had heard the election in Pennsylvania had gone for Lincoln. This was not the cause, as the Pennsylvania election takes place to-day. If there was any cause it must have been some other.

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

- Man-son-house Branch, by Chaplain DRUMM, U. S. A.
- Prince St. Branch, by Chaplain McMURDY, U. S. A.
- Old Hallowell 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 OCTOBER 14TH 1864.

Total number of Beds for Patients.....	960.
No. of Patients admitted.....	273.
do do Returned to duty.....	38
do do Transferred.....	16.
do do Furloughed.....	16.
do do Discharged.....	4.
do do Deserted.....	2.
do do Died.....	5.

No. of Patients Remaining.....319.

SECOND DIVISION HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 14TH 1864.

Total number of Beds for Patients.....	1480.
No. of patients admitted.....	155.
do do Returned to duty.....	22.
do do Transferred.....	18.
do do Furloughed.....	14.
do do Discharged.....	10.
do do Died.....	8.
do do Deserted.....	3.

No. of Patients remaining.....1200.

THIRD DIVISION HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 14TH 1864.

Total number of beds for patients.....	1350.
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No. of patients admitted.....	83.
do do Returned to duty.....	14.
do do Transferred.....	146.
do do Furloughed.....	25.
do do Discharged.....	12.
do do Died.....	11.
do do Deserted.....	4.

No. of patients remaining.....1190.

LOUVERTURE HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 14TH 1864.

Total number of beds for patients.....	500.
No. of patients admitted.....	7.
do do Returned to duty.....	2.
do do Furloughed.....	11.
do do Died.....	3.

CLAREMONT HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 14TH 1864.

Total number of beds for patients.....	164.
No. of patients admitted.....	1.
No. of patients remaining.....	29.

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

MANSON 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.

GRACK 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 Prince 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 west from Alexandria, J. W. MOORE, Acting Assistant Surgeon U. S. A. Attending.

THE CRIPPLE.

the whole northern side, and has a bell tower on the west end. It is surrounded by a churchyard, in which are some very curious epitaphs; a few given below:—

"All you that cums my grave to see,
Prepare yourselves to follow me.
Repent and turn to God in time,
You may be taken in your prime."

Another says:—

"Who affliction sore long time he bore,
Physicians was in vain;
Till God was pleas'd death should him seize
And ease him of his pain."

On another stone appears the following:—

"Sacred to the memory of I— M—,
Of Jarmey, &c., &c."

Rather a curious way of spelling Germany, we think.

A fine brick chapel is situated in the South-west corner Entering from Washington street, we walk up (westerly) nearly to the street in rear, upon which the grounds back, and nearest to which the church is built. A fine shade covers all the space. Turning to the right, we face a large, open portico, its base even with the ground. Directly in front of us is a door and steps leading to the organ loft and galleries, while on our right is an entrance to the body of the church. Entering, we find at the opposite end, in the middle of the building, a small, raised pulpit, and underneath, an altar with reading desk and chairs. The organ faces the pulpit, and from it and the assembled choir, on a beautiful Sabbath morning, we will hear sweet hymns of praise and prayer ascend.

(To be continued.)

Sense and Nonsense.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE]

Receipt for a World.

Take:—

Of good prime scandal
Fifty parts, or more,
Of suicides, and murderers,
Each half a score;
Three, avaricious money lenders
Spice it well with love,
To keep this last in action,
Drop a grain of jealousy above,
A little "sullen thunder"
From some high station hurled;
Mix them well together,
And you'll have a modern world.

SANATOSIA.

FOR THE CRIPPLE.

Passing Away,

In all things around, is this truth to be found,
From the least, even unto the greatest,
Since Creation's first day, we've been passing away.
And will do so until the latest.

I once had a pair of boots, that were fair
To look upon, in their days of prosperity;
But a brace of old legs, and some rheumatic pegs,
Are all that is left to posterity.

The best coat I own, I scarce ever put on,
Without driving my fists through the lining;
And that I believe, with the holes in the sleeve,
Plainly shows that its days are declining.

My coat, and my vest, my pants and the rest
Of my interior and exterior covering;
As day follows day, are fast passing away,
And already o'er extinction are hovering.

When I find every day, a bounteous array,
Of earth's choicest viands before me;
If my stomach contents, but a forewarning sense
Of their annihilation comes o'er me.

And when I put forth my hand, to stay hunger's
demand,
And knife, fork and spoon commence play;
Alas! for their weal, present meat proves real,
For, lo! they are passing away.

The genius mankind, you also, will find,
Has a share in the general movement,
They grow feeble and gray, and at length pass away
Leaving open a place for improvement.

This world, people say, will at some future day,
Become fuel for a grand conflagration,
But at what exact date, we shall lose the estate,
Surpasses all man's penetration.

Feeling that an apology is due for the light manner
in which this subject is treated we most humbly
apologize.—

Most all who essay, this truth to portray,
Dress it up in a sombre material,
And the thing to complete, they one and all treat
It with a dignity almost imperial.

It is well to reflect, on the time we expect,
To have the green sod covered o'er us,
But there's no reason why, because we must die,
That, we send forth these laments so dolorous.

The gifts of his love, from the Creator above,
Far outweighs the sorrows he's given us,
So let us be glad, not mournful, and sad,
Until from His love he has driven us.

SANATOSIA.

GOOD GRACIOUS.—A distinguished New York surgeon, whose love of the art was such that he would at any time sooner amputate a leg than eat his dinner, lately performed an operation of that nature, and was expatiating with great delight on the subject to some friends at Bellevue.

"Then the patient is recovering?" said one of them.

"Bless the man!" replied the doctor. "Why, no patient can survive an operation like that. No, he is dead; but the operation itself was beautiful—lovely!"

In the Fall of 1856 I showed my show in Utika, a trooly grate sixty in the State of New York.

The people gave me a cordyal recepshun. The press was loud in her praises.

I day as I was given a de cription of my Beests and Snakes in my usual flowry stile, what was my skorn and disgust to see a big burly fellow walk up to the cage containing, my wax figgers of the Lords Last Supper and sease Judas Iscarrat by the feet and drag him out onto the ground. He then commenst to pound him as hard as he cood.

"What under the sen air you about!" cried I.
Sez he, "What did ye bring this pussy anermus cuss here for!"

And he hit the wax figger another tremenjus blow on the hed.

Sez I, "Yew egrejus ass, that air's a wax figger—a representashun of the false Postle."

Sez he, "That's all very well fur you to say, but I tell you, o'd man, that Judas Iscarrat can't show himself in Utiky with impunity by a darned site!" with which observashun ehkaved in Judasses hed. The young man belonged to 1 of the farst families of Utiky. I sood him, and tae Joory brawt in a verdict of Arson in the 3rd degree.

Little Freddy, a thoughtful child of between three and four, came in from play one day during the dusty season, and exhibited a very soiled neck to the shocked eyes of his mother. She sent him to the maid, to be washed. On his return to the room she asked if he had been washed clean.

"I can't tell mother," said the boy: "I have not got any eyes behind me."

"But, Freddy, do your think your neck is clean?"
"I don't think about such things as that, mother. My thoughts are upon God!"

His mother had to appear satisfied with this exhibition of early piety

A farmer not posted on modern inventions, received a letter from his son, stating that he, the son, "wanted a new pair of boots, his old shoes were worn out." The farmer procured the boots, and in simplicity of faith hung them upon the telegraph wires and returned home. A sharp young man came along next and immediately conceived the idea of exchanging his old foot covering for the bright attractive pair on the wire; no sooner thought than done, and he went on his way rejoicing. Next day, the farmer came back to see if his boots had gone to their destination, and found the exchange of course; delighted he exclaimed: "By golly, if John ain't smart, here he's sent his old shoes back!"

In Madame C——'s school pails of water stood about in convenient situations, with cocoa-nut dippers, for the convenience of thirsty pupils; but dippers will not bear too rough handling, and the mortality thereof had been irritatingly great.

Madame was upon her knees on the platform, one morning, devoutly conducting the devotions of her hundred pupils, when in the distance was heard the crash of the devoted vessel. There was a pause in the prayer, and these words audibly interlarded by the oblivious speaker, "Good gracious! if there isn't another of my cocoa-nut dippers gone!" and the prayer went on.

Why is Music spelled with an M.—Because if a lady should sit down to play, and the M were left out she would make "you sick"—music.

Biddy was asked if the man cleaned off the sidewalk with alacrity. "No sir, with a shovell," replied she.

What is the reason that ladies never do anything wrong?—Because all sinners are Male-factors.

Is not Mens-u-ration properly a study for commissaries of subsistence?

Does Ge-ology, apply to the management of horses, in turning corners.

History—If written by a woman, should it not be called Her-story.

Moral Science—Who ever heard of an In-moral Science.

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