

# THE CRIPPLE.

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NO. 3.

## The Cripple

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PAYABLE INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

## Poetry.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

### In the Hospital.

I see the time-worn farm-house,  
As I left it years ago,  
Standing on the sunny upland,  
Where the South winds love to blow;  
And the monarch trees above it,  
Reaching out their loving arms;  
And the birds, that love to murmur,  
Morn and eve, their sweetest psalms.

And I see the fruitful orchard,  
And the fields of rip'ning grain;  
The meadow full of cowslips,  
The beach-grove down the lane;  
I see the patient cattle,  
Standing knee-deep in the stream;  
Yes, I see these pleasant pictures  
As one sees them in a dream.

Shall I ever cross the threshold  
Of that farm-house on the hill?  
Shall I feel the breath of South winds  
O'er my senses softly steal?  
Hear again the glad music  
Of the songsters in the trees,  
Sitting 'neath the monarch branches,  
Lost in pleasant reveries?

No; a nameless *something* hovers,  
O'er my senses,—in my heart,  
Telling, that my soul and body  
Soon forever-more must part!  
One more name will then be added  
On the Roster of the brave;  
One more martyr for his Country;  
One more soldier's humble grave.

F. J. W.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

### The Dying Soldier.

Though the rebels are upon us,  
Though their bullets fall around,—  
Comrade, you will never leave me,  
Wounded, dying on the ground!  
Take me up, and bear me gently  
In your arms, so true and strong;  
See! the life blood's flowing from me;  
Comrade, I'll not be here long.

## Miscellaneous.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

### Life in Alexandria. (continued.)

Crossing Cameron street, we find on our left an enclosed space, with tents within; and further on a sutler's shop, with a large quaint looking collection of buildings, all combining to form a hospital. The tents are long, with a row of beds down each side, little stands between them holding medicines, food &c., and occasionally a chair or stool; while nurses move through the wards to and fro, attending to the wants of the sick and wounded. Covered ways connect the wards together. The buildings beyond, comprise one large five story brick structure, running as deep as five rooms on the first floor, steps mounting to the second story, in which is the office of *Third Division General Hospital*; a long one story building on the north; and on the south, with a courtyard and archway connecting, is a two story, old fashioned, brick structure, with a museum and side porch on the second story and a once astronomical observatory immediately in rear. The whole is devoted to hospital use, and including the tents, is called the Old Hallowell Hospital. In olden times it was a brewery, (thirty eight years ago,) next a seminary, and now is occupied by a lay delegation from the armies of the U. S. A. and C. S. A.

Just opposite is the New Hallowell Hospital, a fine brick building, once the residence of Mr. Hallowell, principal of the school. Next north of this is a large old-fashioned two-and-a-half story building, the property of Mrs. Fitzhugh Lee, aunt of Genl. Fitzhugh Lee, C. S. A. At the southwest corner of the next (Queen) street, is a large brick building, with negro quarters and stable in rear, and a fine open lot partly grassed and flowered, on its right. A few years ago, this was occupied by Rev. Mr. Stewart, Rector of St. Paul's Church. Pitt street, from which latter he was ejected forcibly by members of the 8th Illinois Cavalry (then doing Provost duty) for not praying for the President.

Next is Princess street, at the North West corner of which is a large enclosure, containing in its northern part, a fine large square brick building, once the Beverly House, now used as a hospital, and called the Grosvenor House Hospital. A large two-story barracks is erected in the rear.

Just beyond this, on the opposite side at the corner of Orinoka street is the Cazenovia House, an old fashioned building, now used as quarters by a number of Surgeons and their families. Diagonally opposite, are the grounds of a florist; and on the east side beyond, running to the corner of the next street and occupying half a square, is a large factory that was, and that is now a prison for federal deserters.

A broad open plaza is next on the left, terminated by a range of Government stables. Shortly beyond this is the picket guard who turns us back because we have no pass.

Let us stop a moment here by the picket. Directly north of us, a quarter of a mile distant, is the Loudon and Hampshire Railway, crossing the Washington highway, and running northwesterly. If we remember rightly, it was never completed, and is not in use. Toward the west and northwest, are hills. The Capitol at Washington looms up in its ghostly whiteness on the northeast, and a dimness of brick walls and roofing stretches out on its every side, while between all and us, flows the Potomac. Facing to the east, we find at a stone's throw from us the remains of the Georgetown and Alexandria canal, its sides fallen down, its locks well picked to pieces, and like broken cisterns, holding no water. Ichabod. Its glory and its utility are both departed. Civil war, thou art a very destroying angel, slaying not the first-born, but the best.

But there's the sun going down. Let us go down too and get some soda-water.

Let us cut across the lots toward the river down Wythe street. There at our left is a brick-kiln, looking exceedingly as if a 'squatter' had newly settled, and was keeping open house! But its fire is gone out, and all is quiet within and around. The usual appurtenances thereof are found; a shed; a smooth plaza, with yellowish bricks regularly arranged in rows; pools of yellow water; and banks of yellow clay. We presume that we might find an unlimited number of perfect bricks under the shed, many of them probably as tight as a brick; and that suggests to us that for most of our fast gentry, a brick—kil—n, would be a very unsafe accommodation.

But here we walk along the edge of a hill, looking down into a lowland, dotted and lined with shanties, wherein are dusky forms. We believe it has been christened "Petersburg," though why, we know not. There is busy life among the contrabands. "How do they live," we query. Some one at our elbow suggests that they do not 'live,' they only 'stay.' Their little one and two story wooden structures wind up over the hill on its broad top, and around its base.

Down in the hollow we go, passing a piggery, consisting of a main building with outhouses, wherein dwell black pigs and dirty white pigs, young pigs, and male and female patriarchs, long-snouts, and snort-shouts, short snouts, we mean; pigs of all ages, sizes and colors; and one startlingly large fat adult porker of the female persuasion who is unable to move about as to have free run of the premises.—The 'mansion' looks like Uncle Tom's Cabin, and the sentinel strongly reminds us of 'life among the lowly.'

Up the opposite rising ground and more shanties, greet our eyes. We see the 'dark' and 'middle' ages combined. An odor also greets us, we should think the opposite extreme to Otto of Roses.

Leaving it behind us as rapidly as possible, we soon find ourselves by the old Loudon and Hampshire R. R. depot. A long wooden building, with a good sized quadrant shaped brick structure just south and curving west. Detached buildings from

The Cripple

Saturday, October 22nd, 1864.



IN HOC SIGNO VINCES.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscriptions will be received by the Steward of each Hospital, or may be sent direct to these Headquarters.

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

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

Death as a Punishment.

Capital punishment is a theme that has called forth many divers opinions. One class of reformatory philosophers, would abandon it altogether, while a smaller class are disposed to augment some of the minor penalties to that of death. A third class would preserve the present order of punishments.

Not a hundred years back, men and women were hanged for highway robbery, and sometimes even for petty theft. At the present day, so terrible a punishment for those crimes appears monstrous.—This change of feeling indicates a civilized growth, if not in grace, at least in goodness; for it shows that a higher value is placed upon life. The death penalty is now inflicted in civilized countries, for deliberate and malicious murder alone.

There are some who regard it as but slight punishment, others as none at all. They cry out: "Solitary confinement for life at hard labor."

Medical men state that solitary confinement for so long a time, is indeed a terrible punishment, and a very little intelligence will admit the statement as true.

The fact of hard labor, however, palliates the horror of the confinement; for it affords scope for thought, occupying the mind as well as the body.

Possessing life, the prisoner has also opportunity in all civilized countries to reflect upon all that he has done sinfully. He may repent, be saved, and when death comes, be prepared for it.

On the contrary supposing a man to be hanged for a crime, let us estimate the degree of punishment inflicted. The right to so sentence, can hardly be questioned, since it is sanctioned by many examples and ordinances of the Scriptures, based on the retaliatory right, "eye for eye" "tooth for tooth" "life for life" &c.

The condemned man has but a short time to live after sentence has been passed upon him. From our inability to read the future, we are lulled into contentment by the many days that may elapse before we shall be called to give up the ghost. But there is a peculiar horror, a terribly painful certainty to the criminal on the fact that in such a day he will be hanged by the neck until he is dead. How

often have we been more prepared for an occasion, when it comes in the shape of an emergency than when we are to meet it on a particular date. How many misgivings and painful doubtings are saved us by the simple ignorance (blissfully so) of the future fact.

In this light we must consider the slight probation of the prisoner. 'Tis true he has time, an eleventh hour in which to prepare for the change. He is permitted religious advice and advisers and all is done that he may meet a just God with a hope of eternal life.

But in the second place, the mere fact that he must die for a crime is a great punishment. He wants to live. How often has he attempted to bribe his keepers, and in a dozen other ways sought to escape from his prison house. To the last he hopes for a reprieve, and when he sees there is no hope, how crushing is the feeling of utter forsakenness. How his limbs tremble, his face pales, his breath comes thick and short. Is he not suffering terribly. Life, everything for life is his every feeling, his every thought. And if he is hardened, seemingly careless, how plainly does a close inspection show him, tortured with the pangs of illusive hope or dark despair.

And again, what more dreadful punishment than to fling a man into eternity, where his soul must ever remain. How if that soul be unprepared, would a million years of solitary confinement, be felt as a drop in the ocean of his future woes? Verily, our readers, is not death the most severe of all punishments? And looking the fact, and connective issues, squarely in the face, would not a christian spirit abrogate it forever from our code of laws, and penalties.

Is not solitary confinement a paradise compared with this; where a thousand fears and doubts, dark and horrible, are crowded into a few days previous to the severing away of the spirit.

A deserter has been recently executed in our city, a bounty jumper, a \$7,550 man, who deserted seventeen times. He was shot to death. He evidenced at the time a total disregard for the future. If there was a God in all his thoughts, it was Mammon. The true God he worshipped not. He shed no blood, yet stern military law, said that he should die.—What was gained by his death? First he was terribly punished, how much so, God alone can determine, it is beyond the estimation of man. Secondly a deterring example of a malefactor executed, was set, saying to the would-be criminal that, "your life will be forfeited."

But does the example deter offenders from their ways. Verily and sadly must we admit that it does not. It is a terrible realization, but strictly true, that executions of criminals, but add to the number of them, incite to evil rather than deter. Statistics throughout the world show this to be true.—A thirst for notoriety is created. Men look on and women too, as at the butcher slaughtering his ox, and never a whit of good seed is sown.

What is gained by his death? The good of society! To us such language seems absurd. The good of the criminal! Not a bit. Both are worse off for the punishment. The purposes of the Government are not attained. The offender can no more offend 'tis true; but in solitary confinement, he would benefit society pecuniarily, if put to labor; and again 'twould be a life, perhaps a soul, saved.

We meet an enemy on the field, one who seeks our life, (honorable we call him.) We shoot at him, and he of us; perhaps we kill, perhaps only wound him. If wounded, do we not at once seek to allay his sufferings, and recover him. And this careful

the remainder of the combination. Going around into Water street, in front, we glance up along the river and a dozen rods away, see a large coal wharf, and fastened to it, a number of hospital transports and other vessels.

Opposite the depot, we find a most curious intermixture and disarrangement of shanties and sheds, forming apparently a section of "Petersburg," placed on the wrong sandbar. Right here on the corner (Orinoka street,) is the Gas-works, a rectangular hollow cube of brick, with its frame and receiver in the centre, and smoke stack looming up in the twilight like a ruddy giant. Rather a fine looking building. If the article produced were not at so high a rate we should expect to see the establishment impressed into the current political canvass, where already its many brothers and sisters are in full operation.

Here by Princess street, is the Quarter-masters Department. Storehouse, a Noah's Ark, with side buildings projected toward the west. Opposite it on Princess street is the Government Fire Apparatus. Quite a neat place, within and without, things tidy and apparently ready for work. The Quarter-masters Department office is here at Fairfax street, a fine looking, good sized square brick, with a long frame attachment running north to the next square.

Up Princess street and we pass scores of Contrabands and their mimic houses, usually one storied and one roomed, serving the quadruple purposes of parlor, dining-room, kitchen, and bed-room, not to mention cow-house &c. Here by St. Asaph street is the Alexandria Jail, a high wall circumscribing it, except on the front, where a series of old fashioned bricks, perform the duties of office, kitchen and other specialties. We have never been inside. Externally it is very repulsive. We know not of its internal horrors. It was not built for our own particular personal benefit, and therefore we shall not be quick to avail ourselves of its lodging-room and board.

But:—  
The setting sun betokens parting day,  
A lonely cow walks slowly o'er the lea,  
So we will homeward take our darksome way,  
And leave the scene to night birds and to thee.  
(To be continued.)

Captures.—J. Burns, 6th Virginia cavalry, and Charles Houdershal, guerrilla, were captured yesterday Oct. 14, at the front, and were sent in this morning to Captain Winship, Acting Provost Marshal General. They were sent to the slave pen, to be used as a train guard on the Orange and Alexandria and Manassas Gap railroads.

The following named members of Moseby's Light Horse Artillery were sent in on Saturday, and will be used for the same purpose: Wm. H. Musser, H. A. Wharton, David L. Smith, E. M. Jones, John Aylor, and Hugh Chin. Morgan and American Davis, brothers, were captured at White Plains on Saturday, and arrived here yesterday. One of them was formerly a clerk in Entwistle's drug store, on King street.—American was sent to the Old Capitol, and Morgan to the slave pen, to be used as a train guard.—Alexandria Gazette.

The Wrecks.—The wrecks of the locomotives "Union" and "Minot," recently thrown from the track of the Manassas Gap railroad, were brought in this morning. They are completely demolished, and it will be necessary to entirely rebuild them.—Alexandria Gazette, Oct. 20.

General Slough, acting under special orders from the War Department, arrested a number of well-known rebel sympathizers in this city, for the purpose of sending them out on the trains of the Orange and Alexandria and the Manassas Gap railroads, in order to secure their safety against guerrilla attacks. The following persons were arrested under this order: John Daingerfield, Edgar Snowden, Jr., Dr. J. B. Johnson, Dr. F. B. Robertson, Arthur Taylor, James A. English, Rev. C. C. Biting, Dr. D. M. French, J. W. Stuart, and James McGraw.—Gazette.

The widow of the brave Colonel Mulligan has received the horse of her late husband, with the saddle used by him at the time he received his death-wound—cherished mementoes of the loved one.

# THE CRIPPLE.

## Local Matters.

### Obituary.

Died, at Briggs Barracks, Alexandria, Va., on the 17th inst., after an illness of one month, Mr. HENRY VAN DE WATER, at the age of 45 years.

Mr. V. was an old member of the 1st D. C. Infantry, having enlisted in that regiment at the time of its original organization in 1861.

He was for the last two years of his life a clerk in the office of the Provost Marshal General, in this city, where his business qualifications and gentlemanly deportment secured for him a host of admirers and friends, who will mingle their tears with those of his widow and children, in mourning his untimely death.

At 2 o'clock P. M. on the 18th inst., his remains were taken to his cousin's, (Mr. Corbett,) near Fort Barry, Va., escorted by a detachment of the 5th Mass. Heavy Artillery, and interred in the family burying-ground, with religious, and military honors. *Requiescat in pace.*

**OUR BAND.**—About 8 o'clock on the evening of the 18th inst., we were agreeably disturbed in our reveries, by a sudden burst of harmony, that broke on the stillness of the night; an event so unusual in our immediate neighborhood, that it brought us to our feet "standing," and influenced us to make rapid motions toward the spot whence the sounds proceeded; whither arrived we at once recognized the form of Mr. Chadwick, as leader, amidst a band of ten musicians, directly opposite Headquarters.—A kindly feeling went forth toward that gentleman, as in the occasion we beheld a successful consummation to his labors in organizing the 3rd Division Band.

The members deserve great credit for the proficiency already exhibited, acquired as it has been, under many difficulties. Their early success is a happy augury for the future, and we hope to hear from them favorably and often.

John J. Ashby, a rebel sympathizer and supposed to be connected with Mosby's guerillas, was captured recently and brought to this city. While coming in on the train he was wounded in the left ear, and side of the head, by the accidental discharge of a rifle. He is now in Hospital. A couple of requests from rebel officers were found on his person.

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.

#### FIRST DIVISION HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 21ST 1864.

Total number of Beds for Patients.....	980.
No. of Patients admitted .....	27.
do do Returned to duty.....	14
do do Transferred.....	26.
do do Furloughed.....	23.
do do Discharged.....	3.
do do Deserted.....	4.
do do Died.....	10.
No. of Patients Remaining.....	838.

#### SECOND DIVISION HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 21ST 1864.

Total number of Beds for Patients.....	1480.
No. of patients admitted.....	129.

do do Returned to duty.....	27.
do do Transferred.....	28.
do do Furloughed.....	6.
do do Discharged.....	5.
do do Died.....	6.
do do Deserted.....	9.

No. of Patients remaining.....1258.

#### THIRD DIVISION HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 21ST 1864.

Total number of beds for patients.....1353.

No. of patients admitted.....	46.
do do Returned to duty.....	39.
do do Transferred.....	16.
do do Furloughed.....	5.
do do Discharged.....	6.
do do Died.....	5.

No. of patients remaining.....1174.

#### LOUVERTURE HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 21ST 1864.

Total number of beds for patients.....500.

No. of patients admitted .....	8.
do do Returned to duty.....	5.

No. of patients remaining.....293.

#### CLAREMONT HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 21ST 1864.

Total number of beds for patients.....164.

No of patients remaining.....26.

### 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.

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

kindness is to him, who strikes a blow at our very heart.

Is life so vain a thing, and trifling that we hesitate not to kill; and yet so valuably sacred, that if we wound, we seek to save? This is military practice, where the great design is to destroy.

How then, when the end is to save and preserve, should we not follow the same christian prompting? Reward evil with good, even when we punish; and then let us not tear away all hope, life itself, but afford the largest term of existence possible, and goodly counsel withal; that by love, the sinner may be won from his sin. "In wrath, remember mercy."

### SUMMARY OF NEWS.

#### GRANT!

**PETERSBURG.**—The enemy is strengthening his right wing. Picket firing takes place regularly every night. The air is cool. Artillery duels occur, inflicting slight damage on both sides. Marching and massing of troops with other symptoms of early fighting, continue

#### SHERMAN!

On the 16th inst., Hood was about Lafayette, (Ga.) and thence moved southward next morning. His force was estimated (excluding cavalry) at 30,000. In this raid, he destroyed twenty-three miles of railway between Tunnel Hill and Resaca, at Big Shanty and Allatoona. Resaca was summoned to surrender, but refusing, the rebels withdrew. Dalton was captured without a shot, no resistance being made. Tunnel Hill was unmolested. Severe fighting took place at Snake's Creek Gap; the rebels were driven out, and retreated southward via Bloomtown Valley. Hood was last reported at Somerville, his militia men having deserted, and no reinforcement having arrived. The country is barren of support for his or any other army. Beauregard is reported as Commander of the Army of Mississippi Hood having command of the Department.

Sherman captured Ship's Gap on the 16th, with part of the 24th N. C. Regt. He is in pursuit of the enemy. Communications are all open. Gen. Slocum is all right at Atlanta, with plenty of subsistence.

Gen. Stoneman has been exchanged, and has arrived at Atlanta.

#### SHERIDAN!

On the 18th, the rebels under Longstreet attacked the 8th Corps at Cedar Creek, seventeen miles south of Winchester and captured twenty guns, and some prisoners and wagons, driving our forces this side of Newton. Sheridan arrived shortly after from Winchester, reorganized the command, and drove his enemy beyond Strasburg, capturing forty-three pieces of artillery (including the twenty previously lost,) a large number of wagons and ambulances, and two thousand prisoners, among the number, Gen. Ramseur. He lost Gen. Bidwell, killed, and Generals Wright, Grover, and Ricketts, wounded—Wright slightly wounded.

#### LATEST.

The latest news received from Sheridan is to the effect that his success on the 19th inst., was more glorious than at first stated. He captured fifty guns, instead of forty-three.

The number of prisoners captured is more than 900. The rout of the enemy was complete, Sheridan pursuing and attacking. The fields and roads over which the enemy retreated were strewn with wagons, caissons, ambulances, muskets, and equipments of all sorts, abandoned by the panic-stricken rebels.

It is not certain Longstreet commanded the rebels. The more news we get from the valley the better grows.

Sense and Nonsense.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE]

My Love Letter.

INSCRIBED TO FRANK.

Loved Frank, those gentle words of thine,  
Which fell so sweetly on mine ear,  
Have found within this heart of mine,  
An echo glad and most sincere.  
I marveled much that thou had knelt—  
To lay the tribute at my shrine,  
And yet each tiny word I felt—  
Thy truthfulness in every line.

Although in fancy's airy bowers,—  
I love with way-ward step to rove,  
And dream among its precious flowers,  
Culling some blossoms as I roam;  
Yet do I never soar so high,  
Upon the wings she loans to me—  
So near unto the azure sky—  
As to forget dear friends like thee.

No, welcome kindly words of cheer,  
I'll treasure thee with fondest care;  
And thou shalt prove a balm when near,  
To gladden hope, expel despair.  
Thou'rt prophet-like, and it may be,—  
Thy brilliant eyes serenely blue;  
Have scanned the future carefully,—  
And thy prophetic words are true.

Earth's dreams, however bright they seem,  
Are often-times dissolved in tears;  
And yet we love to muse and dream—  
On what they'll bring our future years.  
Oh! what would be the birds so sweet—  
The tender clouds that bend above,  
The flowers that blossom at our feet—  
Did we not know the power of love?

In vain, all vain—yet He who gave,  
To earth these gifts divinely fair,  
Hath given each a heart to crave,  
These heavenly gift-things of His care.  
And He who gave to Earth these things,  
So freely from His home above;  
From whose hand each blessing springs,  
Has bid us one another love.

"May He grant thee every blessing, love,  
He always keep thy steps with care;  
And lead thee unto Him above—  
At last," is Frank, my fervent prayer,  
But words seem meaningless and cold.  
Oft-times will those seem thus to you?  
I trust not, for I would not mould  
One wish for thee, but that was true.

We'll meet again in fancy's bowers,  
And 'mid its many blossoms stray,  
And pleasant rambles shall be ours,  
No matter what the world may say.  
Whether I shine a peerless star,  
Or in oblivion's dark sky set,  
To those, who kind and true friends stay,  
I would be simply "little Madge May."

MADGE MAY.

October 17th, 1864.

A clergyman married a couple, and was afterward asked how the couple appeared, who were severally named Benjamin and Anna, "both Annie-mated and Bonny-fitted,"—anniminated and benefitted—said he.

Why are pretty girls like oatmeal cakes? Because they give the heartburn.

FOR THE CRIPPLE.

A Scrap, with a Moral.

A story is told of a young swain, who in his wooing, was one day with his beloved; and it being customary to set forth the good things of the house for the guests to partake, the lady descended 'below,' to provide the drinkable beer. While drawing from the wooden faucet, the entire plug of the barrel escaped, and of course, like "Jill with Jack, the beer came pouring after." Full of excitement, the damsel placed her hand over the hole, and held it there; the beer squirting out between her fingers, and she screaming at the top of her voice, (and country girls usually have stout lungs.)

Her cries of course quickly brought down, not the house, but the gentleman up stairs, with:

"What inarnation's the matter Sue?" answered with a loud and prolonged "Oh!" from that lady.

It being evident at once, what was the matter, the astonished gentleman next asked:

"What under the sun you doin' Sue? Why dont you put in the bung there, and stop your squallin'?" and suiting the action to the suggestion, the distressed maid was greatly relieved, and in reply to the last interrogatory, stated that:—"I didn't think of that."

The gentleman was so mortified at this evidence of something lacking in the lady's knowledge-box, so different from others of her station, that he at once broke off the engagement. Shortly afterward however, he fell in with a good natured shoemaker, and getting acquainted, was invited to call. Arriving, he was very much surprised at finding in the bottom of one of the doors, two semi-circular holes, one larger than the other; and upon inquiring their use, was informed that the big hole was for the cat to go through, and the little hole, to subserve the same accommodation for the kitten. Our friend suggested that one hole might have served for both the pets, but was answered with a look of amazement, and: "Can the big cat go out that little hole, do you think?" "No!" was the reply, "but the kitten could go through the big one." The cobbler scratched his head. It was decidedly a new idea to him, and he at once resolved "to cut the little hole out."

The young swain did not stop to see the operation. Soon after he came across a farmer trying to decide on the easiest way in which to get his cow upon a shed, to eat off the moss. The idea of gathering it and bringing it to the cow, had not occurred to him. Again, meeting a sailor, newly-shipped, who had a piece of rope too long for the purpose intended, he was greeted with the remark! "If it was too short, I could splice it, but now I dont know what to do."

Thus finding that there were some short-thinking people in the world beside the one he loved best, he reversed his decision of breaking the engagement, but was greatly surprised to get the mitten. A less precise admirer had wooed and won the lady. Compelled to acknowledge a great lack of foresight in his own self, his troubles increasing, and life becoming burdensome, like many others before him, he added suicide (Sue-I-sighed) to the train of evils, and thus appears his epitaph:

"Here lies his head upon a lump of dirt,  
A youthful swain to fortune all unknown,  
For though 'faire lady' smiled upon him once,  
At last Miss-fortune marked him for her own."

&c., after the manner of Gray, in his el-e-gy. Shortsighted people should wear spectacles, or "helps to see." The moral is plain, we think.

When is beet not beer. When is a little tut.

JUST IN TIME LOUISVILLE TO CINCINNATI.—A

good story is told of a Washington countryman, who on his way to Cincinnati became somewhat elevated by sundry "drinks" but as good luck would have it, found a boat at the wharf and was quickly on his way.

Soon after leaving the wharf, a man came around for his fare. Horrall handed out a five dollar bill, and received four dollars and ninety-five cents in change. He rammed it into his pocket-book with great eagerness, supposing the clerk had made a mistake. That done he leaned back into his chair and fell asleep. A little while, and he was pinched awake by the same man, who again demanded fare. "Discovered the mistake," thought he, holding out a handful of change. The man, as before, took only five cents, and Horrall again went into a doze. Ere he had got fairly into dreaming of home and friends far away, around came the collector again, and thus it went on for a long time.

At last Horrall thought it very inconvenient, and concluded to vote the collector a nuisance, and give him a bit of advice besides; so he said:

"Is-hic- this a da-n-ger -hic- ous bo -hic- boat?"

"By no means," said the man. Bran new."

"Then, by gummy -hic- why do -hic- don't you collect all the fa -hic- hair at once—not bother a fel -hic- heller for it every mile as it comes due?"

"Really," said the man, where do you think you are going?"

"Cincin -hic- hinnati," said Horrall.

"Cincinnati," said the police conductor; "why you must be sadly out of your reckoning. This is the ferry-boat, and all this afternoon you have been riding to and fro between New Albany and Portland."

That night Horrall stayed in Louisville.

An officer, who was inspecting his company one morning spied one private whose shirt was sadly begrimed.

"Patrick O'Flynn?" called out the captain.

"Here, your honor?" promptly responded Patrick, with his hand to his cap.

"How long do you wear a shirt?" thundered the officer.

"Twenty-eight inches," was the rejoinder.

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