

# THE CRIPPLE.

UNITED STATES GENERAL HOSPITALS, ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA.

VOL. 1.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5th 1864.

NO. 5.

## The Cripple

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PAYABLE INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

### Poetry.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

#### Westward, Ho!

SOUTH BEND, INDIANA, Sept. 29, 1864.

DEAR GEORGE,

I'll try to indite  
A few lines to night,  
To acquaint you with facts,  
The thoughts and the acts.

Of your humble servant since leaving his home,  
As far in this wild western region to roam.

But, wild, did I say!  
Excuse me I pray,  
I did not quite mean it,  
For yet I've not seen it

As wild as many would have me believe,  
But just the reverse, as you will perceive.

When further you read,  
The while I proceed

To relate a few items all tending to show,  
How well I am treated wherever I go.

It would be well  
Perhaps to tell  
Just what befell

The writer, and what did attend  
His trip from Philadelphia to South Bend.

Time rapid sped  
And as I fled

Towards the cars, with fear and dread  
Of being left, I turned and said  
"Good-bye," and quickly moved ahead.

Having said good-bye,  
I then did try  
(And wondrous spry)  
With nimble feet  
To gain a seat;

Which, I discovered was not quite  
The easiest thing to do that night.

So on I hopped  
But sudden stopped;  
The car dorr slammed,  
"This car is jammed!"

Was uttered in a surly tone,  
Ther'pon I let that car alone.

Another voice  
Then gave the choice,  
(In accents loud  
To the waiting crowd)

There to remain without a seat,  
Or 'take a car out on the street.

A sudden push,  
Then one grand rush,  
And speedily the crowd dispersed,  
As prompted all  
Or great or small,

One universal wish indeed,  
Each, trying to outvie in speed  
The other, and to get there first.

I followed fast  
And many passed,  
Soon gained the car  
Which was not far  
From being filled as was the rest,  
With company none of the best.

A cry we heard,  
Of all aboard!  
A welcome sound;  
Now on we bound  
With ringing bells, and clattering feet  
Of horses, straight out Market street.

The bridge soon crossed  
No time is lost.  
But with a twitch  
They shift a switch,  
Which turns our train out on the road  
Where waits the engine for its load.

Compelled to wait  
To make all 'traight,"  
This living freight  
Was started late.  
In making time then to succeed,  
The furnace well they had to feed  
To bring the engine up to speed.

The whistle blows  
The engine goes,  
And now our train  
Is off again,  
And owing to our rapid flight,  
The city soon is lost to sight.

While on we bound  
I'll look around,  
And give a glance  
Or two, perchance,  
At every body in the place,  
Hoping to see a friendly face.

But strange to say,  
Whichever way  
I turn my eyes,  
I recognize  
Among them all, tis even so,  
I recognize, nor friend nor foe.

I deemed it best  
To seek some rest,  
So down I lay  
To sleep till day  
Should furnish light  
To aid my sight  
And judgement of those in the car,  
To learn what kind of folks they were.

\* \* \* \* \*  
The morning dawned,  
The people yawned  
As though their sleep  
Had not been deep.  
You'd surely think such was the case,  
If you were here to see the face  
Of one and all  
As up they crawl  
With hair all mussed,  
Clothes filled with dust,  
Complaining each with many aches,  
Caused by the cars unceasing shakes.

The sun at length  
In all its strength  
And beauty, 'peared  
And truly cheered  
The hearts of all; its warm caress  
Restored them all to consciousness.

'Twas then I took,  
My little book,  
And thus I wrote  
What I did note

Of scenes transpiring near and far  
Around me in this railway car.

A maiden gay  
From Iowa,  
In all her pride  
Just occupied  
The seat behind; alone awhile,  
But soon a son of Erin's Isle,  
With radiant face  
Approached the place,  
Espied the seat  
And did entreat  
The lady, there that he might rest.  
At once she granted his request.

A scene that would  
Have done you good,  
At once ensued  
And if I could,  
I'd undertake to draw for you  
A graphic picture of the two.

The man though "tight,"  
To be polite  
Did try his best,  
But, with a zest  
He plied his questions, where? and whence?  
With characteristic impudence.

She was not loth  
To tell him both,  
Her verdancy  
Astonished me,  
For soon her business she had told  
Replying to his questions bold.

At length o'ercome  
By power of rum,  
He ceased "his clack,"  
And soon fell back  
Asleep, and while he thus remained,  
With curiosity unrestrained,  
I looked around,  
And thus I found  
The sleeping pair  
Reclining there.  
The lady had her shoulder made,  
A pillow for his drunken head.

I leave the twain,  
And turn again,  
And here I see  
In front of me,  
A man and wife, a jolly pair,  
Both corpulent and very fair.

Two chubby girls,  
The precious pearls,  
A lovely pair,  
With golden hair,  
These doting parents sat beside,  
The mother's joy, the father's pride.

These parents keep  
Watch while they sleep,  
And when they wake,  
They fondly take  
Them in their arms, and warmly press  
Them to their hearts, in loves caress.

Attentively  
And silently,  
My gaze takes in  
This happy scene,  
And overhearing what was said  
Discovered where their journey led.

I ascertained  
They came from Maine  
And also learned  
They'd just returned  
From thence, bound homeward full of joy,  
Far out in western Illinois.



The Cripple

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5TH, 1864.



IN HOC SIGNO VINCES.

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

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

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

Our issue this week has been unavoidably delayed by the absence of our printers on furlough. We hope this unforeseen trouble will not occur again, and beg the kind consideration of our readers.

"Westward Ho!" a lengthy piece of poetic narrative, is found occupying a large part of our sheet. There are some amusing and instructive points contained in it that will not fail to interest.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

Life in Alexandria. (continued.)

At St. Asaph street, fronting on Prince, (N. W. corner) is a church of the Presbyterian denomination. It has a descent of steps into a basement, and a central ascent into the nave. It is of ordinary size, has a grey stucco with occasional white alternations of woodwork, and two small pillars supporting the porch of entrance. A belfry is at the peak. The building, for a couple of years, has been used by the military authorities, and for the past nine months has been occupied by a detachment of Veteran Reserve Corps.

Immediately facing this is the Post Office, a high, square building; foundations of rough stone, superstructure of stuccoed brick. The appointments inside are apparently very convenient and directly to the purpose, resembling most other post offices. Up-stairs is the Custom House. An enclosure surrounds the building, and contains tents used by a company of the 1st D. C. Infantry.

Just below the Post Office is a large double brick dwelling of handsome appearance, lately the property of a Mrs. Baldwin, we have understood, possessed by the United States because the owner was in rebellion. A fine garden is on the south. The office of Military Governor (Brig. Gen. Jno. P. Slough, U. S. Vols.) is in the first building.

Immediately opposite the Post Office is a plain, grey painted brick dwelling, used as an office by the U. S. Mil. Telegraph. North of Prince, on St. Asaph, is a neat building, used formerly by a fire company,

Just below Pitt street, north side of Prince, is a good-sized brick, formerly the Farmer's Bank, occupied variously by the medical officer of the Small-pox Hospital, Judge Advocate General Dep. South of Potomac, and now by the Auditor of Public Accounts. The Virginia Legislature held its sessions there when last convened.

Below Royal street is a building, occupied formerly by the Relief Fire Co., now by the military band attached to Gen. Slough's brigade. At the N. W. corner of Fairfax street is The Sumter House, used as a depot, &c. by the U. S. Christian Commission.

Diagonally opposite is a large four storied parallelogramatic brick, until recently a cabinet ware manufactory, proprietor a Mr. Green. It is now used as a military prison for Federal deserters.

At the N. W. corner of Water street is the "Old Dominion Bank," now used as an office by the Post Commissary. A plain reddish stuccoed brick, with four doric pillars supporting the entablature in front, and the building of rather less than ordinary size. Directly opposite (S. W. corner) is an unpretending greyish painted brick, called the Exchange Bank, the only institution of the character now in the city.

Passing on toward the river, we find a succession of dwellings and warehouses, the buildings mostly of an old fashion. Along the wharves and through the near streets, these storehouses, &c., continue; some unoccupied, and others used by civilians or by the Quarter Master and Subsistence Departments. Alleys, blind and open, cutting it into small blocks. Here is a blacksmith shop, with a corner knocked off, its chimney in imminent danger of falling, and a great sinking in its centre, strongly reminding us of a symptom called goneness at the stomach. At Duke street is a great pile of hay, covered with canvas, and a large shed for storage purposes. By the pier is a high and large brick building, with engine and tall smoke stack attached, as also a grain elevator, all betokening business on a large scale. As we pass along by the wharf, a brawny fellow sings out, "No business there," very unceremoniously. Provoked at it, our irritation gets the better of us, and we persist in going that way. We find a guard is placed to protect the hay, but do not think he can possibly be on all sides of the pile at once, and therefore conclude that the protection is very insufficient.

We pass along the railroad to Wolf street, seeing little else but a shed for empty barrels, a few dilapidated shanties, and a yellow bank of earth. In the vicinity of Wolf street wharf are quite a number of tumble-down buildings, looking as if they had suffered by shell, shot, earthquakes, hurricanes and fire. On the wharf is a forage storehouse, the best part of which are the contents and roof, for the sides of it look as if they had been patched up and together for centuries unnumbered. The group of buildings behind would look like the "Deserted Village" if they were not densely populated by contrabands. "The Schoolmaster is abroad." Crossing back to Union street, we notice the following items;—Close by us is an oven and tapering chimney, nearly as large as the house to which it is attached, and much more prominent, apparently the salient of the position. A negro exhibits a glorious set of ivories, peering around the corner. Ahead of us are three chickens feeding, and a track of earth sparsely vegetated; on our right, a clay bank, nibbled out beneath by the sticks and oyster shells of idle boys. Two gabbling geese are to the left of us, and beyond them

Again I change,  
And in the range  
Of vision see  
Opposite me

A negro bridegroom and his bride,  
Who lovingly sat side by side.

At least to me  
Such seemed to be,  
As he embraced  
His ebony faced

Companion, and when he had placed,  
His brawny arm around her waist  
Did not resist,

Nor when he kissed  
Her, did she then the act resent,  
Oh! what a scene it did present.

Had that been me,  
Why don't you see,  
Than in a car,  
I would by far

Some strictly private place prefer,  
To manifest my love for her.

Tastes vary, and  
In every land,  
Or black, or white,  
Each thinks he's right.

"Each to his taste, no matter how,"  
The woman said who kissed her cow.

These notes I take  
Amid the shakes,  
And jolts, and jumps,  
And jerks, and thumps,

While swiftly onward still we move,  
Through hill and valley, field and grove.

Trains, ordered down  
By th' whistle's sound,  
With slackened pace,  
We 'proach a place.

And 'tis announced that all who feel  
Like eating, here can get a meal.

The town is named  
Altoona, famed,  
Since railway car  
Have run thus far.

In serving up meals by the score  
In "twenty minutes" less or more.

'Tis done with speed,  
'Tis true indeed,  
All's very nice  
Except the price.

And that I think was very large,  
Indeed "three-quarters" was the charge.

Breakfast obtained  
Our car cognized,  
With haste had all  
Obeyed the call

Of ringing bell and whistle's sound,  
A puff, a jerk, and off we bound.

I looked around  
Again, and found  
That through the place  
A cheerful face

Was worn by almost every one,  
Result of treatment undergone  
At the Hotel,

Where fared so well,

These hungry ones, who seemed to feel  
The better for a hearty meal.

We traveled on,  
And on—still on,  
From early light,  
'Till late at night.

Apon, we reached our journey's end  
This quiet "village" of South Bend.

Much more transpired,  
But I'm so tired

I will no more relate to night,  
I hope, however, soon to write

To you again,  
I promise then

A longer letter, one replete  
With what of interest I may meet.

Regards to friends  
Herewith I send,  
Kind wishes too  
Dear George for you.

And hoping this will find you well,  
I remain yours truly

C. M. I.



# THE CRIPPLE.

a kind of plain, dotted with shanties at all manner of angles with each other, defying the best topographers to define the position. On the opposite side of the railway is a range of half-a-dozen bricks, with clapboard backs, and stove pipes sticking out all over the latter, like the noses of frogs above the surface of a pool. Windows are ornamented with hanging curtains, to-wit: gaudy colored blankets and quilts hanging from the sills, and which, it strikes us, are warranted not to fade, for they very likely will never be washed. They cannot be said to have any specific original color, and therefore are of a color *decidedly* original.

Item further, is a small frame house, having a semblance of a porch, threatening to be overturned into the street, and a mackerel barrel obstructing our way, which is certainly a high-way, for it is a continuous getting up hill. Three woc-begone cows appear at this moment around the corner of Water street and Wolf, so we stop stopping and 'standing not further upon the order of our going,' 'go at once.'

(To be continued.)

## SUMMARY OF NEWS.

### GRANT!

Matters are generally quiet. By a recent movement, our lines were extended about three miles, to Hatcher's Run, on the Duncan road, discovering the exact position of the enemy's line, and obtaining a more complete knowledge of the country, the enemy were strongly entrenched, but would not offer battle.

### SHERMAN!

Hood attacked Decatur three times on the 29th and 30th, and was handsomely repulsed each time. Granger captured four pieces of artillery, spiked two, and took one hundred and thirty prisoners, the rebels are retreating from Decatur, but are reported to have passed the Tennessee at the mouth of Cypress Creek. Rebel prisoners and contrabands report that Beauregard and Hood are both with the rebel army. Hood in a general order assures his men that Sherman's whole army does not exceed thirty-five thousand men. Atlanta is still held firmly. Forrest is destroying vessels in the Tennessee river.

### EAST TENNESSEE.

General Gillen has defeated Breckenridge at Norris town capturing nearly five hundred prisoners, and the celebrated McClung's battery.

### MISSOURI.

In the late battle, Price left three hundred killed and twelve hundred wounded, on the field.

### GENERAL NEWS.

Secretary Seward in a dispatch to the Mayor of Buffalo, gives information of a recently discovered plot to burn Northern cities on the day of the Presidential election.—Col. North N. Y. State Agent, and others, implicated in a charge of endeavoring to stuff the ballot box with fraudulent soldier's votes is in confinement, awaiting trial.—The body of the Rebel General Ramseur, killed recently in the Valley, has been sent to Richmond.—Large numbers of furloughed soldiers are going home to vote.—Dr. J. W. Ross, a clergyman who arrived at Beaufort N. C. on the 28th ult, direct from Raleigh, reports that State alive with deserters from the rebel army, who are in most cases organized and armed, and able to protect themselves, especially in the western portion where they have successfully resisted all attempts at capture, an extensive conspiracy against the Confederate Government, has been discovered at Raleigh, implicating many prominent officers.—The pirate Tallahassee is again on the coast, and has destroyed, according to her own report, five vessels within a few days.—On the night of the 27th ult, Lt. W. B. Cushing ascended the Roanoke river—N. C.—and blew up the rebel ram Albemarle, with a torpedo, killing a large number of the enemy. By this act, the sounds of North Carolina are free to the operations of our fleet, being relieved from all floating enemies.—Yellow fever is still prevalent at Beaufort.—It is reported that the pirate Semmes has arrived at Havana, in the English packet So. lent.—Nevada has been admitted as a State.

The commercial depression in England remains unabated. The British Government lately refused the U. S. Steamer Sacramento a supply of coal, as she had been previously applied within three months.

The Palmetto Herald of Port Royal publishes a letter from a soldier who escaped from the rebel prison at Andersonville. He gives the most terrible account of the sufferings of himself and his fellow prisoners, and states that in August there were three thousand deaths, a great part from starvation.

According to a California paper they have a queer currency in Owensville—acorns. Business men got along very well until the Indians began to lay up their winter stores, when the currency became deranged, and a panic ensued.

There are sixty thousand officers and men now in the U. S. Navy.

POOR FELLOW.—A man in Hartford, imprisoned for adultery and polygamy, committed suicide in his cell. With manly generosity he left a paper on which he had written, "A woman is responsible for all that happens to me."

Twenty-five thousand women, who have been made widows by the war, are now receiving pensions from the government.

Recruits for the naval service will not now be enlisted for a period less than two years.

## Local Matters.

A large number of soldiers have been and others are still being furloughed home to vote.

The 42d Mass. Vols. left the city on the 31st ult. for Boston, to be mustered out, their term of service having expired.

The Presidential election in the hospitals of this city will take place on the 8th inst. For Pennsylvania a large tent will be pitched between Cameron and Queen streets, on Washington. Ohio soldiers will vote in the different hospitals set apart by the military agent of that state. The New York men here generally send home their votes.

It is stated that Mosby was accidentally wounded recently in the foot, the wound being of a very painful nature.

### Public Sale.

Will be sold at Public Sale, at the Headquarters of Third Division General Hospital, Alexandria, Va., on Tuesday, the Sixth (6) day of December, 1864, a lot of Blankets, Dress Coats, Great Coats, Trowsers, Shirts, Drawers, Socks, Bootees, Boots, Watches, and a variety of other articles too numerous to mention. Sale to commence at 11 o'clock, A. M., on said day. Terms Cash, in Government funds.

EDWIN BENTLEY,

Surgeon, U. S. Vols.

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

Mansion-house Branch, by Chaplain DRUM, 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 NOVEMBER 4th, 1864.

Total number of beds for patients,	600.
No. of patients admitted,	48.
do do Returned to duty,	3.
do do Transferred,	12.
do do Furloughed,	463.
do do Discharged,	1.
do do Deserted,	1.
do do Deceased,	1.
No. of Patients remaining,	467.

### SECOND DIVISION HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 4th, 1864.

Total number of beds for patients,	1328.
No. of patients admitted,	90.
do do Returned to duty,	14.
do do Transferred,	25.
do do Furloughed,	359.
do do Discharged,	5.
do do Deserted,	2.
do do Deceased,	25.
No. of patients remaining,	884.

### THIRD DIVISION HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 4th, 1864.

Total number of beds for patients,	1350.
No. of patients admitted,	40.
do do Returned to duty,	9.
do do Transferred,	12.
do do Furloughed,	418.
do do Discharged,	7.
do do Deserted,	0.
do do Deceased,	9.
do do Remaining,	884.

### LOUVERTURE HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 4th, 1864.

Total number of beds for patients,	600.
No. of patients admitted,	235.
do do Returned to duty,	2.
do do Furloughed,	1.
do do Deceased,	6.
do do Remaining,	480.

### CLAREMONT HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 4th, 1864.

Total number of beds for patients,	194.
No. of patients admitted,	8.
do do Returned to duty,	1.
do do Furloughed,	3.
do do Remaining,	80.

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

UNDER CHARGE OF  
Surgeon EDWIN BENTLEY, U. S. Vols.

### 1st Division General Hospital.

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

MANSION HOUSE BRANCH, corner of Fairfax and Cameron streets.

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

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

KING STREET BRANCH, corner of King and Water streets.

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

### 2nd Division General Hospital.

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 General 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. MOGAE, Acting Assistant Surgeon U. S. A. attending.



[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

Two Trios. (after H. Z. K.)

BY D. S. L.

Three soldiers sat in the sun one day,  
Sat in the sun as their tent went down:  
Each thought of the gale that was blowing away  
Their bedding, and leaving the hard, bare ground  
For men must live, and men must sleep,  
And a shelter have, and a tent to keep  
Away the winds that are blowing.

Three horses looked out of their stable door,  
And neigh'd aloud as the tent went down;  
Neigh'd at the sorrowful men of war,  
Who shivering looked at the hard bare ground.  
For horses must live, and horses must sleep,  
And a shelter have, and a stable to keep  
Away the winds that are blowing.

Three horses lay on the open field,  
In the open field as the sun went down;  
And gladly three soldiers were clapping their hands,  
For now they had not to lay on the ground.  
For men are more worthy than horses to keep,  
And the sooner the change, the sooner to sleep  
And farewell to the high winds blowing.

Ventilation of Audience Rooms.

EDITOR OF THE CRIPPLE.—Dear sir.—We wish at the present time to give a growl upon this outrageously disregarded subject. We have not attended a public meeting of any kind for months, where the room was anywhere near filled, and had the privilege of *breathing* while there. It is surprising, how little fresh air people are content to put up with; ladies and gentlemen who are neat about their persons, and delicate and even fastidious about everything else, are satisfied to breathe over and over again, air, contaminated by having already been breathed by hundreds of others—charged with carbonic acid and the exhalations from the bodies of a crowded audience, and all this borne and welcomed rather than have the slightest draft in a room, because *they might take cold*. But air may be let into a room without creating any dangerous amount of draft, and no room is properly ventilated unless a motion of the air can be felt.

On this point we have the testimony of one who is no light authority in such matters—Florence Nightingale, the world famed nurse of the Crimea—who says, "no room containing the sick is sufficiently ventilated, night nor day, unless the nurse can feel the air moving about his or her head." If then, an invalid can bear thus much of the air of heaven without detriment, certainly a company of persons in full health and dress, under the excitement of public exercises in a lecture-room or church, need not be afraid of a little fresh air.

We hereby and herein respectfully and earnestly appeal to clergymen and conductors of public meetings to give us sufficient fresh air to prevent us from going to sleep under their ministrations, and from sickening under the effects of poisonous air physically, mentally and morally, to a degree which will require much moral power on their part to counterbalance.

Sextons we appeal to you to give us air, unless you are in a hurry to officiate at our funerals.

If the foregoing is ill-natured, rambling and incomplete, it must be attributed to an influenza, cold and sick headache, (under which we are laboring while writing this,) brought on by attending several meetings lately, where the laws of health were ignored in the particular above discussed.

Will some one else give us a blast or counterblast on this subject. We are confident that we have fellow sufferers from this wholesale poisoning, as no person of a morose temperament can sit for an evening in an audience room vitiated by the breath of several hundred persons, without an immediate headache, or more distant but not less serious effects.

Yours respectfully, L. M. P.

Sense and Nonsense.

A LETTER FROM A SECHS SOGER TO HIS BETTER HALF.

Camp of 1st C. S. Graybacks, before a Swamp,  
And behind Petersburg, or thereabouts,  
July 31, 1864.

Beloved of my Soul:—Your war-worn husband takes his pen in a strange land on a foreign strand under the command of our mutual friend Colonel Pluck Bussard, of Rainwater Courthouse, S. C. My ink is pale and I have no ale. My pen is poor, and I have no grub. My quarters in camp are passable, but the quarters in my pocket are not. Last night I had a mud puddle for my pillow, and covered myself with a sheet of water. I long for more whiskey barrels and less gun barrels, more biscuit and less bullets. How I wish you were here. The farther away I get from you the better I like you. So that you may know how I work here in defiance of the cursed Yanks, I send you a what d'ye call it—a dairy of my daily labor.

5 o'clock.—Called up from a roll in the mud by a roll of drums. No prospect of a roll of bread. Shoulder spades.

5 1/2 to 6 A. M.—I dig and throw up the earth. Get sick, and throw up my yesterday's rations.

7 o'clock.—Another roll of drums. Filing off into line and defiling my inexpressibles with mud and other sacred soil; drawing raincoats but no pay. No shelling out by government, but a cursed sight too much shelling out by Grant.

9 o'clock.—More drilling, but not of the cotton kind, wherewith to increase my present supply of one shirt.

10 o'clock.—More digging. Spadular researches into the geological formation of the earth. Find it to comprise alternate stratas of sweat, sunstroke, swearing and blisters.

12 o'clock.—Evidence of dinner. Saw Captain Yawslack picking his teeth with a ten penny nail, and the corporal taking a chew of tobacco.

Oh, Marjia, if you only knew what I have suffered to save you from being bombarded by the diabolical Yanks? Rather than any of the Northern scum should blockade my dear Marjia, I'd divorce her. Colonel Pluck came very near being shot in the neck by one of his own officers.

The Colonel had just got his staff together, and struck his noble steed with it, when Captain Swipes levelled a bottle at him. Fortunately the contents missed his jugular, and went down the natural way. I am reduced to a skeleton. My eyes are sunk so far into my head that I can look down my windpipe, clean through my entire interior. If there was a hole in the top of my head I'd make a first-class telescope—I've got the glasses in me now.—My chin is so sharp that it shaves itself. I'm going on picket duty to-night. Picket duty is awful hard work. Almost every night a picket's gun goes off, and when we go to look for him, we find that he's gone off too.

Ever your dear husband,  
BUCKHORN HANDEL.

P. S. If you and father has drank up all that tanglefoot juice I left at home, I'll cram the demijohn down his throat and cork him up with a boot heel. That's so, Marjia.

A Friend who has been under fire, states that he recently applied for a commission in the Corps de Afrique, and reports the following questions and answers:—

Colonel.—"What is the position of a soldier?"

Candidate.—"About the same as that of a deck hand on a steamboat."

Col.—"How do you form a company?"

Can.—"Get out big handbills, offering \$13 a month \$100 bounty \$25 down, and a month's pay in advance, and \$2 premium. Say something about our glorious country, free institutions, and Fourth of July, and you will soon have your company formed."

Col.—"When you have formed your company, what do you then do?"

Can.—"Wear shoulder straps and draw \$120 per month."

Col.—"How do you instruct men to mark time?"

Can.—"By cutting a notch in a stick for each day—two notches for Sunday."

It is better that the foot slip, than the tongue.

Ike heard from Mr. Parlington discourses concerning Ike: "Betsy Jane writ to you about poor Isaac bein' grafted into our noble army; it was during the late prevailing restriction. I've been so dreadful uneasy, laws a me! But Dan'l at last we've heard of him by a neighbor who is home on a furrow. He—poor innocent! at on's' took his place so neighbor Tibbins says, as First Corporal, and soon proved so deficient that he was promoted to be an Ordinary Surgeon—poor child! But what the blessed dear knows about taking up arterials, and computation of limbs, and the like, surpasses me. Howsawever, if he can be the humble implement in the hands of the Lord of saving the lives of the gallus fellows whose heads have been desimated by the bursting open of pontoons and things, why, we must see if we can free him, and may the Lord have mercy on his solar system."

A correspondent in the army now in Georgia writes:—  
A deserter had come into our lines a few days ago, and was passing to the rear, when one of our fellows hailed him with:—

"Hello, Jonney, where are you going now?"  
"Well, General Hardee made a speech the other day, and told us to strike for our homes and firesides; and as I live in Tennessee, I concluded to strike for mine across lots!"

Dear to me is my friend; yet my enemy is useful too. While my friend shows me what I can do, that which I should do is taught me by mine enemy.

Of all the sad inventions a female to annoy,  
There's none a mother mentions as equal to a boy;  
Consistently pursuing of mischief all day through,  
He's done it, or he's doing, or else he's going to.

If you had a daughter called Julia, and wanted her to catch a female servant, how would you word the order so as to pronounce the name in full of one of the most celebrated Roman Emperors?—Julia seize her!

A Dutchman describes New Yorkers as "very fine people who go about der street, scheating each oder, and de call dat piziness."

A Military definition of a kiss.—A report at headquarters.

The disrobing of a young lady is called the "sweet peel of belles."

Boy.—"Please, sir, tell me the time?"  
Crusty Old Gent.—"Yes, sir—bed-time."

Sheridan's Motto—fight Early and fight often.

Official Directory.

Surgeon General.

Brig. Gen'l JOSEPH K. BARNES, Surgeon General U. S. A. Cor. 11th 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 8th Streets, Washington, D. C.

Pay master 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. 46, 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.

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