

THE CRIPPLE.

UNITED STATES GENERAL HOSPITALS, ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA.

VOL. 1.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12th, 1864.

NO. 6.

The Cripple

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U. S. GENERAL HOSPITAL, ALEXA, VA.

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PAYABLE INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

Poetry.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

HOME.

Slowly in the west is sinking,
Days bright sun;
Soon the twinkling stars besprinkling,
Heaven's dome,
Bright appear, and set me thinking,
Of my home.

Now the moon's soft light is streaming,
In my room;
So like seeming, starts a dreaming
(As I rest in peaceful sleeping,
God above my spirit keeping,
Of the cheerful fire blazing,
On the hearth at home.

As the stars gathered are,
Around the moon,
So at the leaping flames are gazing,
Silently the near ones,
Near ones and the dear ones,
There at home.

Now I hear them merry laughing,
At some flash of wit, and having
Lively chat on this and that;
Next a well known song are singing,
On the air I hear its ringing,
Chords within my heart are thrilling,
And my eyes with tears are filling,

As I hear the melody:
"Do they ever think of me?"

Ceases song and silence broken,
By my name by one outspoken,
With the query, that: "I hear he
Safely reached his post again!"
"Yes!" "How is he!" "well and busy
Both in body and in brain."

"I remember last September,
When he bade the folks good bye,
Cordially the hands were shaken,
And the last embraces taken
With the tears in every eye."

Quick as thought, at once I bound in
To the midst of them surrounding
That bright hearth
Hands once more in friendly grasping
Forms once more in joyous clasping,
Oh! the pleasure beyond measure

Of thus meeting and thus greeting
Dearest ones of all the earth.

But the silvery stars are hiding
And pale Cynthia too subsiding,
Like them now are disappearing
Friends and hearthstone so endearing.
Day is breaking, and awaking
To the sight of sunbeams streaming
In my room,
Vanishes this pleasant dreaming
Of my home.

D. S. L.

Miscellaneous.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

Life in Alexandria. (continued.)

On Fairfax, near Wolf, west side, is the First Presbyterian Church, founded in 1772, and built two years afterwards. An ordinary brick, with bell-tower in rear. Passing into Duke street, we find, near Royal, the residence of the officiating father at St. Mary's Church, a unique, neat little building, rather picturesque; a garden in front and a belfry in rear, with open grounds connecting with the church. The latter, on Royal street, below Duke, makes a fair appearance; is of a rusty color, except the spire, which is brown. A building after the minaret style, with gothic windows and stuccoed walls. A neat enclosure of grasses, flowers and trees encircles it. Within it is very prettily appointed and commodious. It is Roman Catholic. The services are imposing, and the singing, in particular, is excellent. A brick (ground plan a cross) stands at the corner of Wolf street. It was founded as a charitable institution by the young catholics of St. Mary's Church. When last seen by us, it showed signs of the playful spirit of Young America, in the matter of broken window panes.

Westwardly along Wolf street, toward Pitt, is a queer, indescribable shaped building, connected with two plain ones in projecio, all used as an asylum for orphan children. Just above Pitt are two very fine bricks, with brown stone alternations, splendid lawns surrounding, flower gardens in rear, cupolas, porticoes, broad stairways, and verandahs. One of them belonged to a Dangerfield, a lawyer, we believe a descendant of that illustrious old family. He is now reported in Secession. The buildings are models of beauty and comfort. Both are peculiar in structure, apparently no ordinary plan being followed. They are now being used as hospitals, and serve the purpose well.

Just opposite the further of these, on the corner of St. Asaph street, is the old Quaker Meeting House, also used as a hospital. It is queerly partitioned within, and plain without. Large trees shade the south side.

On Washington street, north of Wolf, and west side, is a double dwelling, which, after serving several military purposes, is now used as a dispensary for contrabands. Its glory is departed indeed, for

the front has grown dingy, and of a truth its inside shows marks of (ab) use.

The next thing of interest, except a few very fine houses, is the Baptist Church, a high spired, brownish stuccoed building, near Prince street. It is of good size and commodious, and is now used as a hospital. On the opposite (west) side, at the corner of Prince street, is the Lyceum Hall, also a hospital. It is granite built, square, of good size, and having a portched entrance supported by four doric pillars. Within is an amphitheatrical hall, now used as a ward, though once for lectures, exhibitions, &c.

The St. Paul's Church, near Duke, on Pitt street, was taken for hospital use in the summer of 1862. It is a large building, stuccoed like most of its kind, with two plain pillars supporting the triple arched entrance; commodious, having an organ-loft, with instrument, galleries, &c. On the corner is the chapel, a neat brick, recently used as a ward for sick and wounded, but now vacated. Episcopal service was held here, and from it, in 1861, Rev. Mr. Stewart was ejected, as previously mentioned.

At the corner of Fairfax and Royal streets is a frame building—a schoolhouse for the children of contrabands. (To be continued.)

STORY OF A QUAKER.—A returned soldier, who fought at the battle of Gettysburg, tells the following story about a Quaker:—

"A Quaker, who had never fired a gun in his life, joined one of the Pennsylvania regiments at the battle of Gettysburg. When the order was given put to fire, his musket refused to obey orders. Thinking he had too small a load in, he said, "Thee won't go, hey? well, I will give thee another dose," and down went another load. He tried again, but it was no use, so he kept on loading and trying until he had seven cartridges down, when one of his comrades, on examination, found the tube obstructed, and told the Quaker what to do. So following his advice, he soon put his gun in trim. By this time the order was given to fire, and he did, at the same time turning two or three somersaults. The captain noticing this strange manoeuvre, walked towards him, at the same time picking up the musket. By this time the Quaker raised himself up, leaning on one elbow, and seeing the captain take up the gun, exclaimed, at the top of his voice, "I pray thee, captain, touch it not; it will hurt thee. I have put seven loads in it. It will fire six times more, as sure as there is a God in Israel!"

Behavior in Society.

If your language be good, your knowledge creditable, your personal appearance devoid of eccentricity, and if you have learned to avoid making yourself 'conspicuous' there is no reason why you should not be firm and assured anywhere. Do not vex yourself with thoughts of inferiority, but "be yourself to yourself," and a little familiarity with the world will soon teach you the absurdity of timidity. Ease rapidly brings grace, if any effort whatever be made to say and do kindly things in a cheerful and conciliatory way.

Exercise your attention and your thoughts when you are in company. If you find that bashfulness and embarrassment, without cause, occasionally afflict you in society, banish them by finding something to do or say forthwith. Do not stop to argue with yourself, but act promptly.

The Cripple

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12TH, 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 narrative character, are respectfully solicited.

Although we will not admit party politics to a place in our paper, since it is intended to represent the interests and feelings of soldiers, we do not break the rule in calling attention to one fact in connection with the recent election. In the autumn of '61 and into the spring of '62, we were with Gen. McClellan, in the field. Never was Napoleon regarded with a devotion greater than McClellan received from the rank and file of his army, we among the number. Nearly 200,000 men have served under his immediate direction, and other hundreds of thousands in the west and centre, under his direction, not so immediate.

On the 8th inst. these soldiers declared against him by a heavy majority, compelling us to the inference, that either the voting was unfair, or else that faith of the army in their former commander had diminished. We are averse to believe the first supposition, because our observation has been direct to the contrary. The government appeared to make itself cognizant of the one fact, that each man should vote as he wished. It would be equally painful to us to be assured of the second as true.

Placed in a dilemma with two such horns, and fearing we might be drawn into the vortex of political discussion, we leave the subject as it is, for all to contemplate and explain for themselves.

We have had exceedingly fine weather throughout the present season. With the exception of a few days in September and a week or so this month, almost every morning has dawned brightly, and the moon at night has shone with unobscured splendor.

The air has been clear, and of a very even temperature. No snow has as yet fallen, and but one cold rain. It has been just cool enough to require fire during a few weeks past. We may expect, however, spanking breezes from the north soon. The trees are already bare, though the grass is yet green. Nature is assuming a wintry aspect, and will quickly compel us to the realization of a wintry feeling.

The days of snow-men are past with us; and in this season we would not likely have that one would stand a week's consecutive weather. But the mem-

ory of those days is pleasant. As we coasted along and flew down the lilly bed of ice and snow, or sped over the pond by the mill, our blood was warm, and our lives very bright. Soldiering has closed in on our amusements, even of the present day. The family circle is a past acquaintance to us, for long since it was broken up. Harsh are the outlines of our life now. With the stern realities of war we are dealing. A momentous period is passing over our country and us.

Forsoaking all things, the winter evenings, when, with games and ake, we whiled away the time; the gunning in the autumn forests; the sail upon the lake, and fishing and berrying; all these things that we may swell the ranks of that host, marching forth conquering and to conquer. Let us in all our sacrifices, remember what would have been sacrificed had not the "Union been preserved."

Communicated.

Since our last issue, two of our hospital buildings have been restored to their original proprietors. We refer to the St. Paul's Chapel and Friends Meeting House. Mention is made of them in the present number of "Life in Alexandria." Within our recollection, strenuous efforts have been made to secure the restoration of other public buildings, as well as private residences, which are now used to accommodate sick and wounded. Now, the era of disintegration seems to be inaugurated. Since a trifle over a month ago, the hospitals have experienced a loss of about eight hundred beds.

The return of many families from the South and arrival of many new ones from the North, render house-room, in this non-building age of Alexandria, exceedingly desirable and very limited in supply. The growth of the city in population, surpasses its increase in size, if we except the *Shanty* portion, devoted mostly to Contrabands. As a consequence of the above, there is great competition among arrivals for houses and rooms; and among the more wealthy class, there are those, to whom the fine, well-appointed, and healthy buildings, now used as hospitals, appear very inviting.

The churches are in demand also, for nearly similar reasons. It cannot be supposed that a city will increase in the number of its inhabitants, and not commensurably require houses of worship; and therefore we find a request, made and accorded to, for the restoration of the buildings to which reference is made in our commencement.

In viewing the gradual loss of dwellings, &c., as hospitals, it is a matter of congratulation that extensive barracks well fitted for hospital wards and storerooms remain. Alexandria is a city of hospitals, and estimating its resident population at ten thousand, it accommodates over four thousand patients, making the proportion of sick and wounded to the people proper, nearly as one to two. Its nearest proximity as a loyal city to the scenes of active field operations, makes it desirable as a permanent post for the treatment of those disabled by field service. It is accessible by rail from the valley, and by water from the James, and around Richmond. While therefore accommodations for sick and wounded are lost by the accession to their original proprietors of the permanent buildings, the loss is partly and can be fully made up in the erection of barracks.

One year ago, but one barrack hospital existed in the city, to wit: Grosvenor House Barrack Branch of Third Division, and that of but comparatively small dimensions. In May last, the Soldier's Rest, rendered of no further military use as a rendezvous,

by the transfer of General Grant's base of operations to the James, was turned into a hospital. The movement at nearly the same time to the front, of regiments of Veteran Reserve Corps, vacated Slogh and Sickles Barracks, and the requirements of the emergency compelled their occupancy by the Medical Department. We must not omit to mention that in January of this year, the Louverture Colored Hospital, also a barracks, was built up. An addition of twenty-five thousand beds had been thus added to the hospitals, which was reduced last month by the evacuation of Soldier's Rest and restoration of it to the immediate military authorities, as a Rendezvous for men in transfer to the army in the Valley.

So far these barracks, (including the hospital tents,) have well-served their purposes. They are roomy, and can be kept healthful and comfortable in all weathers. Less labor is required to keep them clean and neat. They are easily lighted at all times, are cheap in their construction, and in them, we avoid flights of stairs, which is a decided advantage. They are mostly situated in open, healthy locations. We believe that where a small number of patients are treated, a substantial and permanent dwelling, designed for the particular purpose, and possessing all conveniences, is preferable. But the ordinary buildings in this as well as in all other cities, are entirely unfitted for hospital use, and all the transformation made cannot make them approach in utility and accommodation, the hospital barracks or combination of tents.

These remarks are our own ideas, and are not colored with a thorough medical knowledge of the subject. They are merely the results of our observation.

In concluding, we would observe that in the capture of Richmond, a new Department would be created. That city would become, for future campaigning, a depot for stores, relieving Washington and Alexandria of the roll of wagon trains through the streets, of the presence of many government employees, and of bodies of troops, and setting free almost entirely the buildings now occupied by the Government. Richmond would have a permanent General Hospital, receiving sick and wounded from its immediate front, and returning them, cured to duty. Alexandria would cease to be a post of great importance, and its accommodation for sick would be very likely reduced to the barracks before mentioned. The city would be a way-station between Washington and Richmond.

Not only does the vice of intemperance betray the hidden faults of a man, and show them in the most odious colors, but it often occasions faults to which he is not naturally subject. Wine throws a man out of himself, and infuses qualities into the mind, which she is a stranger to in her sober moments.—Addison.

The first newspaper known to history, was published in London, and dated July 23, 1588, called "The English Mercurie," and it was issued by the Government during the progress of the Spanish Armada, to prevent the circulation of false reports. The printer's name was Christopher Barker.

It is impossible to look at the sleepers in a church, without being reminded that Sunday is a day of rest.

The giant boy, Joseph Lake, of Chichester recently died. His chest was thirty-two inches across and nineteen inches deep. It took one hundred and fifteen and a half feet of timber to make his coffin, and the body had to be carried outside the house to put it in the coffin. The lad weighed three hundred and eighty-five pounds.

THE CRIPPLE.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

GRANT!

There was lively picket firing on the night of Friday, the 4th inst. On the 5th, heavy artillery firing on the Jerusalem plank road. Picket firing again at night, ending in an attack by the rebels, which was repulsed handsomely. All quiet north of the James. The canal at Dutch Gap is rapidly nearing completion. The election on the 8th inst. passed off quietly. Firing, on both sides, almost entirely ceased.

SHERMAN!

Hood has attempted to cross the Tennessee, but has been repulsed. The Federal gunboat Undine, and transports Venus and Cheeseman have been captured by Forrest. The gunboats Key West and Edin fought the enemy, but were repulsed, badly damaged. From Florence, news comes that Hood's army is out of rations and clothing, and is subsisting on the country. Reports are current that Sherman has burned Atlanta, has left two corps in Tennessee to hold Hood in check, and is marching with five corps on Charleston, S. C.

SHERIDAN!

Early has been reorganizing at New Market. Reinforcements in large numbers have rejoined him. It is reported that he has been succeeded by Ewell, and is marching toward Maryland, compelling Sheridan to retreat to Winchester. Sheridan and a portion of his staff, were recently poisoned at Winchester, but antidotes were taken, and they have nearly all recovered.

GENERAL NEWS.

All is quiet at Mobile.—The Florida was captured on the 7th inst in the harbor of Bahia, Bay of San Salvador, Brazil, by the U. S. Steamer Wachusett.—A rumor is afloat of the capture of the pirate Tallahassee.—An exchange of 10,000 prisoners, is proposed to take place soon at Savannah.—Gov. Brown of Georgia advocates the right of each State to negotiate peace for itself.—Jefferson Davis in his message, proposes emancipating and arming 200,000 slaves.—Major General Barlow has sailed for Europe, in consequence of wounds and disease. He commenced his military career as a private.

FOREIGN NEWS.—A terrible hurricane passed over Calcutta, October 5th. One hundred and ten ships were wrecked and twelve thousand persons drowned. Estimated loss of property 200,000,000 francs.—London is now connected with Jerusalem by telegraph.—The subject of universal language is now exciting considerable attention in England.—The allies have silenced the Japanese forts, and the authorities of that country have sued for peace.

The latest election returns foot up as follows:

Union Majorities.

Maine	17,994
New Hampshire	2,000
Vermont	30,000
Massachusetts	71,591
Rhode Island	5,961
Connecticut	2,541
New York	7,000
Pennsylvania	17,500
Delaware	4,500
Maryland	26,000
Ohio	180,000
Indiana	32,500
Illinois	23,000
Michigan	12,500
Wisconsin	10,000
Missouri	3,000
Iowa	50,000
Minnesota	5,000
Nevada	2,500
Oregon	1,700
California	20,000
Total	330,087

Deduct New Jersey, dem. maj. 5,500

375,587

These are only an approximation. Sometimes will elapse before the corrected result can be obtained. Some of the above are over, and others are under estimates. From some of the states there are no definite returns, and in others the soldier's vote has not been counted. The re-election of President Lincoln is an undoubted fact.

A drafted man in Ohio recently cut off his thumb, believing that he would be thus exempt from the draft, but they held him.

The 19th day of November has been set apart by Jeff Davis as a day of thanksgiving, humiliation and prayer, with something more, we doubt not, than the usual fasting to the unfortunate. But we apprehend that the case of poor Jeff, in paying for southern independence is like that of the old lady whose horse ran away down the mountain with the wagon, and left her crippled and helpless among its broken fragments. "Why didn't you pray," said a sympathizing neighbor, "while the horse was running off." "Well, I did pray," was the response "until the breeching broke, but then, you know, the case was settled."

The horse of the late General Welles is now at Bayton, under treatment for his wounds. Unluckily he bore his brave rider through the severest fighting in Virginia, from the first battle of Bull Run until General Welles was transferred to the Shenandoah Valley. He has passed through twelve battles in the Shenandoah since April. At Cedar Creek after receiving two wounds, the horse still bore his brave rider until he fell pierced by the fatal bullet.

Local Matters.

The Friend's Meeting House, situated at the corner of St. Asaph and Wolf streets, has been restored to its members. For a long time it has been used as a hospital, forming part of the Wolf Street Branch of First Div. Genl. Hospital. The capacity was 165 beds.

The St. Paul's Church Lecture Room, or Chapel, has also been restored to its congregation. The church building proper is still retained as a hospital.

The election, on the 8th inst., for President and Vice President for the ensuing four year term, passed off quietly in the hospitals of this city.—Good order, little excitement, and no electioneering prevailed. The Third Div. Hospital Band discoursed excellent music during the day beside the Pennsylvania tent, put up in front of Old Hollowell Hospital.

The consolidated return for the city hospitals is Union, 356; Opposition, 157.

The Alexandria Gazette, conducted by Edgar Snowden, Jr. has been suspended indefinitely, by reason of the editor being detailed as a train guard on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad.

NOTICE.—On and after Thursday, the 17th inst., the Medical Director's office will be at No. 578 14th street, between G street and New York avenue, Washington.

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, Frowers, Shirts, Drawers, Socks, Booties, 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 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 NOVEMBER 11th, 1864.

Total number of beds for patients	930
No. of patients admitted	20
do do Returned to duty	11
do do Transferred	1
do do Furloughed	3
do do Discharged	1
do do Deserted	0
do do Deceased	0
No. of Patients remaining	321

SECOND DIVISION HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 11th, 1864.

Total number of beds for patients	1318
No. of patients admitted	70
do do Returned to duty	1
do do Transferred	0
do do Furloughed	0
do do Discharged	1
do do Deserted	1
do do Deceased	101
No. of patients remaining	629

THIRD DIVISION HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 11th, 1864.

Total number of beds for patients	1256
No. of patients admitted	98
do do Returned to duty	7
do do Transferred	0
do do Furloughed	0
do do Discharged	0
do do Deserted	0
do do Deceased	0
do do Remaining	648

LOUVERTURE HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 11th, 1864.

Total number of beds for patients	500
No. of patients admitted	33
do do Returned to duty	0
do do Furloughed	0
do do Deceased	18
do do Remaining	440

CLAREMONT HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 11th, 1864.

Total number of beds for patients	194
do do Remaining	88

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 BRANCH, Queen street, between Washington and St. Asaph streets.
- GROSVENOR BRANCH, Washington street, between Princess and Orange 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.

Sense and Nonsense.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

Something to Eat, Waiter.

A PARODY.

Forward, haste forward, oh, Time in your flight,
Hurry up supper time just for to-night.
Most excellent cook, oh, make me once more
Those "goodies" you've made me so often before,
Wipe from my forehead the moisture-drops there,
Bring there by hunger too pressing to bear;
Lay out the table, bring me a seat,
And something to eat, waiter! something to eat.

Roast meats, and pastries put here at my place,
Let their rich fragrance arise in my face,
Ever, hereafter, with blessings I'll greet
Something to eat, waiter! something to eat!

Forward, bring forward, the excellent cheer,
I am so weary of waiting it here.

Patience unrecompensed, all, all in vain,
Bring me, oh, bring me roast turkey again.

I have grown weary of all the delay,
Weary of flinging my breath all away.

Weary of calling for bread, and for meat,
Something to eat, waiter! something to eat.

Roast meats, &c.

Tired of promises, all hollow, untrue,
Muffins, oh, muffins, my heart calls for you.

Many, and long, the hours have been
Since the face of that rascally waiter I've seen.

Oh, with strong appetite and hungering pain,
Long I to-night for rich dumplings again.

Come from the kitchen so clean and so neat,
Something to eat, waiter! something to eat.

Roast meats, &c.

Over my stomach in the time that has flown,
No appetite like that of to-night ever has grown.

No other torture so hard to endure,
Like that which only good living can cure.

Naught like good roast-pig living can cure,
And fill my gaunt stomach to fulness again.

Slumber's soft calm is oftentimes most sweet,
Now, something to eat waiter! something to eat.

Roast meats, &c.

Waiter, dear waiter! the hours have been long
That I have waited the sound of the gong.

Sound then, and unto my soul it shall seem
A pleasant awakening from a horrible dream.

Roast meats, &c.

SANATOFIA.

TALENTED YOUTH.—A good anecdote is told of a housepainter's son, who used the brush dexterously, but had acquired the habit of "putting it on too thick." One day his father, after having frequently scolded him for his lavish dabbling, and all to no purpose, gave him a severe flagellation.

"There, you young rascal," said he, after performing the painful duty, "how do you like that?"

"Well, I don't know, dad," whined the boy, in reply, "but it seems to me that you put it on a thunderer's sight thicker than I did."

GLAD TO GET HOME AGAIN.—At the reception of a recently returned regiment, the commanding officer, who is a blunt old fellow, was congratulated by an ex-officer, who left the regiment before it saw any very active campaigning, and who was more anxious to get home out of harm's way than to stop and fight. "How are you? I am glad to see you safe home again." "If you are only half as glad to see me safe back again, as you was to get safely home yourself, I thank you," responded the commander.

In the Paris chapels crinoline is to pay double price for admission. This is the first time we ever heard of angels being charged for admission

A retired butcher, who had made a large fortune, was in company with several ladies at a game of whist, where, having lost two or three rubbers, one of the ladies, addressing him, asked, "Pray, sir, what are the stakes now?" To which, ever mindful of his old occupation, he replied—"Madam, the best rump I cannot sell lower than eleven-pence-half-penny a pound."

TRAIN.—George Francis Train, in one of his wild-est letters to General McClellan, commences—"Caesar had his Brutus, Charles I. his Cromwell, and George, if you keep on as you have begun, in November you won't have anybody."

A gallant was lately sitting beside his beloved, and being unable to think of anything to say, asked her why she was like a tailor? "I don't know," said she, with a pouting lip, "unless it is because I'm sitting beside a goose."

"Yes, ma'am, that's a crack article," said a storekeeper to a lady purchaser. "Oh, mercy," cried she, "if the thing is cracked, I don't want it."

The way to put down butter—Spread it on nice, sweet, fresh bread.

AN ATTACK ON A LUMINARY. While the Federal forces were encamped near Kenesaw Mountain, General Sherman, strolling about one evening, observed a light on the mountain opposite. Thinking that it was a signal-light of the enemy, he remarked to his artillery officer that a hole could easily be put through it.

Instantly the officer, turning to the corporal in charge of the gun, said:

"Corporal, do you see that light?"

"Yes sir."

"Put a hole through it," ordered the captain.

The corporal sighted the gun, and when all was ready he looked up and said:

"Captain, that's the moon."

"Don't care for that," was the captain's ready response; "put a hole through it anyhow."

GENERAL GRANT AND THE IRISHMAN. A rollicking Irish soldier was once trudging along the road to Petersburg with a pig on a string behind him, when, as bad luck would have it, he was overtaken by General Grant. The salutation, as may be supposed, was not the most cordial.

"Where did you steal that pig, you plundering rascal?" said Grant.

"What pig, General?" exclaimed Pat, turning round with the most innocent surprise.

"Why that pig you have behind you, you villain!"

"Well, then, I vow and protest, General," rejoined Pat, nothing abashed, and turning round to his four-footed companion, as if he had never seen him before, "it is scandalous to think what a wicked world we live in, and how ready folks are to take away an honest boy's character. Some blackguard, wanting to get me into trouble, has tied the baute to my cartridge box!"

A SEAMAN'S PRAYER. While the Federal fleet, under Farragut were approaching to attack Fort Gaines at Mobile bay, the Lieutenant of the "Hatford," on going round to see that all hands were at quarters, observed one of the men devoutly kneeling at the side of his gun. So very unusual an attitude exciting his surprise and curiosity, he asked him if he was afraid.

"Afraid!" answered the tar, "no, your honor; I was only praying that the enemy's shot may be distributed in the same proportion as the prize-money—the greatest part among the officers!"

A SCENE AT THE POLLS.—A Soldier voter—minus one leg and one arm—I challenge that man's vote. He is an Englishman, and he made application for exemption from the draft on the score of being an alien.

Indignant Englishman—Yes, but blast my bloody eyes, y'know that was before I knew the bloody draft wouldn't take place! I don't mind votin' in the blasted country, y'know, but thunder me blind if I care about fightin' for it in the bloody hexcy!

BREVITY THE SOUL OF WIT. The commandant of Libby Prison issued a stringent order that Union prisoners must limit their letters to six lines. The following is a specimen—

My Dear Wife:—Yours received—no hope of exchange—send corn-starch—want socks—no money—rheumatism in the left shoulder—pickles very good—send sausages—God bless you—Kiss the baby—Hail Columbia!

"Your devoted husband."

HINTS TO DOCTORS.—Remember, no doctor can succeed if he has a quick temper, but with plenty of patients he is sure to get on.

When small-pox is prevalent, and he is called in a number of directions at the same time, he should go from one to the other as quickly as possible. Of course, no man, not even a doctor, can be upon a number of spots at the same time; indeed, in such cases he is as much to be pitted as the patient.

In case of boils, never get in a stew; but if you have any doubt about the matter, apply the Lancet.

In cases of scarlet fever, in order to make your patients appear deep red, let them study the natural history of the Lobster and Crabbe.

In cases of diphtheria, which generally prevails at this time, don't press the patient to swallow everything you may say; it might hurt his or her feelings.

In cases of fits, if you don't quite understand them, send off for the nearest tailor, who will soon make up something for the patient.

In cases of teething, if the mama objects to the use of the lancet, have a slight altercation with her upon the subject for things of this sort generally come right through a little law.

In cases of blood to the head, apply a blister to the back of the neck, or nothing; when the blister is well up in all kinds of matter, put several questions to it, then cut it.

In cases of cataract, send the patients to sea; this is a notion that has never been known to fail.

WEBSTERIAN DEFINITIONS, WITH ANNOTATIONS. A thick, heavy stick, is a club, but the frequenter of clubs is a clubber.

A sore tumor is a boil, but a vessel in which steam is generated is a boiler.

An excavation in the earth is a mine, but a person under age is a minor.

A lighted candle is a light, but an open flat-bottomed boat is a lighter.

A very small insect is a mite, but a bishop's cap is a mitre.

A short, sharp blast of wind, is a puff but a man who advertises with noisy commendation is a puffer.

A small bag in which money is carried is a purse, but the officer who has charge of a ship's provisions is a purser.

A lad came in great haste into a drug store, and, half out of breath, exclaimed: "Mother sent me down to the pharmacy pop to get a thimbleful of pallegoric. Bub's as thick as dicke nth—not expected to live from one end to t'other!"

"This is what I call capital punishment," as the boy said when his mother shut him up in the closet among the preserves.

A cotemporary, noticing the marriage of a deaf and dumb couple, wittily and gallantly wishes them "unspeakable bilies."

Official Directory.

Surgeon General.

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Surgeon J. SUTHERLAND, U. S. A. 7 St. between 17th and 18th Sts., Washington, D. C.

Medical Storekeeper.

HENRY JOHNSON, Cor. F and 8th Streets, Washington, D. C.

Paymaster for Discharged Soldiers.

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

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

Transportation Office for Soldiers.

Capt. BURTON, 45, 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, Kin St., between St. Asaph and Pitt Sts., Alexandria, Va.