

THE CRIPPLE.

UNITED STATES GENERAL HOSPITALS, ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA.

VOL. 1.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19th, 1864.

NO. 7.

The Cripple

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U. S. GENERAL HOSPITAL, ALEXA, VA.

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PAYABLE INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

Poetry.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

Wounded.

Am I awake! or is it but a dream?

Why, am I here upon the hard damp ground?

Why do I so weak and nerveless seem?

Why is all so dark and still around?

Where are my comrades?—have they left me here?

Can they have fled in fear the battle's tide?

No! they must yet be somewhere by me near.

I'll rise—ha! why this sharp pain in my side!

Ah! I remember now—the rebel traitors came.

And with stout heart we fought them long and well.

But in the midst of battle, smoke and flame

A whizzing bullet struck me and I fell.

But who lies here beside me, prone and still?

With hands and garments stained in gory red.

His life-blood for his country he has spilled.

His eyes are closed—he breathes not, he is dead.

Eut, ah! I feel my gripping wound again.

It's gnawing at my vitals, and my breath

Comes thick and heavy, with the torturing pain.

Oh! can it be that this will end in death?

And, do I fear to die? No! Life is sweet;

But yet how glorious *thus* one's life to yield.

Still oh, how dreary, *here* alone, to meet

The grim death-angel on the battle-field!

Would you were with me, mother, sisters, now,

That I might see your *dear, loved* forms again.

That your soft hands might cool my fevered brow;

And your kind voices soothe away my pain.

Dear mother, little think you that to night

Your boy lies helpless, praying you to come.

Else would you, with a fond affection's might,

To cheer his longing heart, leave friends and home.

I'm very weak! this pain o'ertasks my strength.

I'm fainting!—oh, we fought them long and well,

And *victory* shall be ours at length—at length—

I'm going!—mother—comrades—all, farewell!

* * * * *

Thus, as he swooned, they found him

At the early dawn of day,

When Life's fast ebbing fountain

Had almost passed away.

SANATOSIA.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

Life in Alexandria. (continued)

There is an old, long, one-story, dingy-looking brick building on Washington, east side, below Wolf street. Prior to 1862 it was used as a school-house, and in that year was taken by the military authorities as a rendezvous for soldiers going to the Army of the Peninsula. Recently it has been re-occupied for school purposes, for which it seems well adapted, barring the dirty and dilapidated appearance it has. In its present outer condition, it is a disgrace to the surrounding negro slanties. A trifle of expense would be well laid out in clearing it, and a trifle more would beautify it, we believe.

A row of neat contraband dwellings, one of which, however, seems just set on half a dozen pegs ready to go over with the first gale of wind, completes the block to the railroad. A pile of ready-mixed mortar ornaments the sidewalk immediately fronting one of these houses, evidence, we infer, of a back building building back, to wit: "a chimney." At the corner, south east of Wilkes street, is a large tannery, with large main and connected brick buildings, shed, and broad drying grounds in rear. Of course a tan-ic odor prevails in the vicinity. Going down the railroad toward the river, we find, at the corner of St Asaph street on our left, the small camp of the 104th Co. V. R. C., and at the corner, on our right, a large storehouse. Further on is a large brick building used as a kind of depot by the railroad company. A tunnel commences at Royal and runs through to Water street. Quite a spacious and well-lighted one. We remember having seen the sun rise up seemingly from the river, and blaze through the cut from end to end. That was in the summer, however, when the sun and we both got up early. This place was once, not a six-month ago, the scene of one of the most atrocious homicides ever committed here. One of our soldiers, while intoxicated, was murdered there, in the twilight, for the paltry sum of twenty-five dollars.—The offender has never been discovered, but if his memory is good, the fiendish act must be an everlasting torture, so cold-blooded and deliberately was it done.

At Royal street, northeast corner, is a large storehouse for hay and grain—proprietors White & Co. On the opposite corner is Jamieson's machine works and foundry, a large collection of buildings appropriate to the purpose. Farther on, past Fairfax street, is a *combination* dwelling, to-wit: a lawn and garden, a large house, and a small one on each side. We notice the Palmetto growing in the garden, and a few rustic seats, somewhat decrepit.—Next to this *combination*, and a kind of spiteful offset to it, is a little bit of a shed-shanty, with a board stuck up on its front, having the word "Alexandria" painted thereon, and evidence of something else having been scratched or worn out. We would caution strangers against mistaking this building for the real city.

At Water street we trudge down hill, and as we go, see the mouth of the tunnel gaping like a hungry dragon. We nearly stumble over a little brown house, cozily set in the side of the bank, and having a seeming conduit traversing space above, telegraph-wire fashion, as far as the branch railroad. Arrived at the latter place, we are enlightened by discovering that the conduit contains wires, governing signals put up by the roadside. Around us we find many little contraband dwellings, models of economy of space. The *packing*, not exactly *tenement* system, is here adopted. Here is a negro astraddle the gable end of a new house, roofing it, while others are boarding in the inside, whether there will be boarding in the inside particularly *their* insides, may or may not be doubtful, as regards the coming winter.

Across the railroad, and all around us, we find railroad sleepers, ties, and rails, in abundance, to us, in surprising abundance, piled here and there, and wherever available space has been found. Now and then, there is a heap of the crookedest imaginable rails, seemingly a group of *ferris*-fied snakes.

Going southwardly, we soon come to a large planing mill, and it is interesting to stand by the door and see the rough boards go through the quick process. A large amount of shipping is collected around the docks here. Occasionally an old hulk is seen sticking up from the mud and low water, looking like the ribs of a mammoth fish. Farther down, the railroad curves to the left upon a large wharf, apparently built by the government. Here are more piles of ties, and beams, and rails. It would seem that the military authorities had prepared to construct any number of miles of railroad at short notice. On the upper side of the wharf is a boat building establishment. On the wharf proper are many crossings and re-crossings of railroad tracks, flanked by carpenter shops. Car trucks, loaded with rails, are being rapidly run up from the laden ship at the end of the wharf. Here is an immense pile-driver, whose ascent looks like a short cut to the tower of Babel, so high it looms up in the air. Hard by, is an idle colored girl, with chip-basket upon arm, saw-sawing on a lonely board, projecting from the pile. Canal boats, bound together by heavy beams, apparently the support of cars, are fastened to the wharf.

Passing from this busy scene, we come across a cavalry camp, the tents pitched in what might have been once a woods, and is now a grove, a very bare one too, for there are not now, apparently two leaves on the trees, they all, doubtless, having yielded to an inclination to leave for warmer quarters. The tents look dismal, cheerless and uninviting.

To be continued.

☞ An old maid who was over-nice in regard to cleanliness, once scrubbed her sitting room floor until she fell through into the cellar.

☞ Garden Sauce from the Shenandoah Valley—Early beets.

The Cripple

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19TH, 1884.



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.

Twenty-three Hours from Washington to Philadelphia.

We arrived at the depot, and had fortunately signed our request for transportation previously. Through the little gangway we hurry, heedless of all around, intent only on the immediate receipt of our ticket. Under the arch, out on the platform, drop our baggage, slow our furlough, and then for the cars.

Our seat secured, we look out upon the busy preparations for departing. The engine is taking in its supply of fuel, and the clunk, chunk of the piling wood is distinct in our memory. "Fizz-zz" goes the cylinder escape, and shrill sounds the surplus steam, rushing through the waste pipe. The black smoke encircles the stack, and curls gracefully, but darkly up into the air.

Passengers hurry along. Seat after seat is taken. Gradually all are filled. Fresh arrivals stand up in the aisles. Now and then a seat is vacated for a lady or a feeble old gentleman. The newsboy cries his papers outside. The sentinel paces his beat slowly, occasionally admonishing some refractory one, and restlessly seeing that "All's well."—Three P. M. arrives. Slowly the ponderous engine takes its place at the head of the train. "All aboard" is the cry. The whistle sounds "up brakes"; the bell clangs; jerk-jerk-jerk, and we are off. Slowly at first, but soon rapidly the train moves, gradually shutting out the capitol from our sight, and soon changing the view to the open country, with its dotting cottages, green fields, purling brooks, autumn wood, and cattle grazing quietly.—Beautiful scene. The red and yellow tinted grasses and leaves look bright and pretty. It is a cloudy day. Sometimes it rains. But here in the car all is comfortable.

A glance around reveals an apparent collection of voters, bound homeward for the purpose of depositing their ballots in their own election district. A motley collection it is. Beside us sits a middle-aged man, decidedly a man of business. In front of him, his friend, of a less decided stamp, and beside the latter, a nobody in particular. Behind

us are two gents who pass their time in vulgar joking, blowing offensive segar smoke about our nostrils, taking occasional glances from a suspicious looking bottle in one's pocket, collecting pools of spittle about their feet, and interarding their conversation with an abundance of oaths. In the aisle beside them stand two more of the same class. We infer that they are either government clerks, Washington employees, or political ballots *in actum*.

Another glance reveals but one lady in the cars. We turn to our "Atlantic" and busy ourselves in its pages, occasionally being disinterred by the delectably realizing evidence of humanity around us. We will take the ladies car next time.

Time speeds on, and so speed we. Gaily are we running, all expecting to be in Philadelphia that night by 10 o'clock. But suddenly our train slackens speed, runs along slowly for a while, and finally stops. Our first thought is "a station," but we weary ourselves in trying to catch a glimpse of it. What is our dismay on learning that a cattle car is smashed up just ahead, and we must wait until the track is clear. We accordingly wait. An item, "three horses killed," finds its way into the car.—Finally, the down train passes us with a rush, and backing, we are soon running rapidly forward on the other track. We reach Baltimore about 7 P. M. Clatter, clatter, jingle, jingle, we go through the streets, pass the large warehouses, the shipping, and dwellings. The cow-horn blows loud and long. Finally, the opposite depot is reached, and we prepare ourselves for a half night's ride. Dismayed again are we as the lighter-up enters the car, and tells us that the train will start at just 10 1-2 P. M. Though provoked, we bow our head in resignation, and our bodies to an uncomfortable nap. Many seek supper and rest away. We are content to remain and avail ourselves of an opportunity to sleep, rather than trudge out in the rain. Hour after hour passes. Eleven P. M. arrives, the cars again are full, and off we start anew. On and on, rapidly we go, the darkness becoming more dense, the rain beating sharply against the window panes. Rattling over bridges, through excavations, now and then as we peer out into the gloom, find ourselves running along the very edge of the embankment, seemingly being precipitated down its sides into the valley below. We look at our watch and find it near 12 P. M. Our eyelids are heavy, and we soon fall into a doze.

Suddenly we feel an unusual rocking from side to side, rather rougher than ordinary. Our half-sleep is broken up. The next moment, as we catch hold upon the seat-back in front of us, we feel a plunge, then another, and a third, over and between the cross-ties. The truth has flashed upon us. We are off the track. Another rock and a plunge. The lamp upsets. Varieties shoot over the floor. Our baggage goes about seeking rest and finding none. Crash—the car turns half over on its side: our own seat goes through the bottom; the truck snaps off the body, and we are half pendant; above, around, beneath, nothing but air, and the seat-back to which we are clutching. But the car has stopped. A hasty glance shows us either the yellow water of the Gunpowder river, or a sand bank, below, and, running all risks, we "drop through," and land safely.

There's a half silence for a moment. Above is the murky sky. Around is impenetrable darkness. "Lights! lights!" calls everybody, and the suggestion is acted upon at once. Destruction reigns.—Car truck and body are massed together in a common ruin. Here, as the light reflects upon it, we

see a gore-marked face and a senseless body, mangled and mangled. The helpers grow clamorous. "More lights" is cried. "Start a fire," is next happily suggested, and soon the dry wooden car frames are roaring, and crackling, and blazing in the deep gloom. As the glare lights up all around, we find that we are in the woods, with a small ascent of bank to the railroad. Here are two cars turned on their sides, and flung square across the track. In front are two more lying beside the road. Behind, another two like the last, and a third twisted into the air. A half dozen cars in rear remaining safely on the track, completes the train.

Trusting our trunk and umbrella to the honesty of our fellow-sufferers around the fire, we ramble off, to prospect. We find the telegraph partially down. The engine is gone to Havre-de-Grace, six miles away, to get another train, or something. (It did not get back till morning.) Here, by the road, we find a lady reclining, seemingly bruised by being thrown violently against the side of the car. Her husband, unhurt, is repelling the rain with his umbrella, and making her as comfortable as he can.—Here, again, are others bruised, sprained, or otherwise injured. An officer with his leg broken in the same place in which he had been shot previously. Saddest of all, we come across a soldier on the ground; around him gathered a half dozen, ministering to his wants, both temporal and spiritual, of which latter he seems to stand in most need.—Painfully to us is the sight of the surgeon touching his shattered limbs and gashed features. No hope of life is there. Tenderly as women do those rough men essay, uselessly to relieve his sufferings.—With God-given faith, the Chaplain points him heavenward. We leave him with sorrow for his dying, and hope for the future.

Breaking in upon the hush and almost silence of this group, are shouts of drunken soldiers and citizens, whose access to spirituous liquors renders them oblivious of propriety. Thanking God for our own deliverance, it arouses our indignation to hear fellow-beings around us venting curses upon the train's delay. "In the midst of death, we are in life," and with painful evidence there, think we.

One poor fellow, with face and hands chilled a deep red by his narrow escape, and a severe stroke on the temple rendering him slightly dizzy-headed, is giving all sorts of general, and profitless information, improved not a bit by occasional helps from a bottle in his pocket. The next we see of him, he has borrowed a light to hunt up his luggage among the rubbish. Here is a young fellow without a hat, who says he was flung into a ditch of water. He is now drying his greenbacks before the fire. Others are grouped around the cheerful blaze, lying, standing or sitting. We sit on a box before the fire, our umbrella above our head. Now and then our head nods, our hat drops off, and the umbrella makes a sudden descent.

So, dismally pass the hours till 6 A. M. The excitement over, conversation is brisk on all topics, and it seems more like a drawing-room company, than a collection of luckless wights in a dark woods, on a chilly night, without shelter, and in the rain. A train from Washington arrives. Another from Havre-de-Grace comes down as the day dawns.—Passengers change cars, and we take the down now the up train. Gradually the cars are again jammed, all regardless of the disaster lately befallen us. A puff, a shriek, and we are off. After waiting at Havre-de-Grace till late, we are rapidly whirled onward, without accident further, until we reach Philadelphia, and find that we are 23 hours from Washington. D. S. I.

Now.—But we voted that day.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

GRANT!

A slight snow storm occurred at City Point on the 12th inst. The rebels have been building a dam in front of our works near the Appomattox, threatening to force back our line to a dangerous extent. Genl. Egan has devised counteracting works. A sharp fight occurred on the night of the 11th, with no noticeable result. The iron-clad double-turreted Menadcock arrived at Fort Monroe on the 14th. The pirate Florida is at anchor near her. Generals Burnside and Butler have arrived at the front.

SHERMAN!

The Richmond papers show great anxiety about Sherman. Reports from our own officials agree as to his ability to take care of himself and Hood also. The rebel army is reported at 30,000, and concentrated about Florence, Alabama. One corps is on this side of the river. They are quiet, the roads being unfit for military operations.

SHERIDAN!

The rebels made an advance upon our lines on the 12th inst, but were repulsed with great loss, being driven through and beyond Front Royal, losing two guns and one hundred and fifty prisoners.

FOREIGN.—The armistice between the allied German Powers and Denmark has resulted in peace. The treaty was signed at Vienna on the 1st of October. Jutland is to be evacuated and restored to Denmark.

GENERAL NEWS.

Capt. Winslow, hero of the capture of the rebel pirate Alabama, received an enthusiastic public reception on Thursday in Boston. The capture of the Florida in Brazilian waters by the Wachusetts is pronounced illegal. The disposition of her is as yet unpublished. The Compensated Freed Labor plan of General Banks, in Louisiana is approved by old-established planters. General Sheridan when a lad, supported his widowed mother and sister, by the proceeds of his labor as clerk in a dry-goods store. Large bands of counterfeiters have been broken up, and portions of the gangs arrested, by Col. Wood, Superintendent Old Capitol Prison, Washington P. C. Heavy forgeries have been made on some of the Baltimore Banks. Estimated amount \$0,000. Lieut. Governor Jacobs of Kentucky is under arrest, as a political prisoner. The gunboat Tullip was blown up on the 11th on the lower Potomac, all on board save ten, perished. Rear Admiral Pearson took command of the United States squadron in the Pacific on the 25th ult. General Canby was seriously wounded from a shot by a rebel sharpshooter on the 6th, while ascending White River, Arkansas, on the gunboat Cricket. His recovery is doubtful. The examination of the raiders upon the St. Alban's banks is taking place at Montreal. The Richmond Examiner stamps the recent message of President Davis, as his first step toward a dictatorship. Large reinforcements for Sherman's army are leaving Indianapolis. The people of the border counties of Pennsylvania have organized to repel the raids of Guerrillas. A conspiracy to release rebel prisoners from Camp Douglas, near Chicago, has been discovered, and many persons implicated, arrested. The Monitor Cananche has been launched at San Francisco. The resignation of Genl. McClellan, as Maj. General, dated the 8th inst., has been received, and accepted by the President. Philip Sheridan has been appointed Major General U. S. Army to date from the 8th inst. Nearly two hundred men and boys are employed in Washington, in the Navy Yard. Gold is gradually falling. The flag-of-truce fleet off Port Royal S. C. expects to return in a few days, with exchanged prisoners. The rebel pirate Chickamauga has arrived at Halifax with three prizes. The dry-dock at Cairo was destroyed on the 15th, by being forced by the current from its moorings. Loss, 50,000 dollars. The planters of the southern counties of Maryland have agreed to pay their former slaves annual wages, from sixty to one hundred and twenty dollars. It is reported that Hon. Robert J. Walker is to be Secretary of Treasury, Mr. Fessenden resigning; and that General Banks will be either Secretary of War or the Navy. Three brewers having large establishments have been arrested in the 9th Congressional District of New York for distilling without making returns or paying tax. If convicted, their whole stock will be confiscated.

PACKAGES OF SOLDIERS.—A large number of packages intended for the army arrived at the Washington Post Office with the wrappers destroyed, or the address so mutilated that they cannot be forwarded, and are, therefore, sent to the dead letter office. It is officially suggested that persons sending packages write on a card the full address, and fasten it securely to the contents of the package inside the wrapper, and this will secure prompt delivery.

Local Matters.

ABANDONED.—Camp Stoneman at Giesboro Point, where all the remounting and equipping of dismounted cavalymen from the front, has been carried on during the past eighteen months, has, by an order from the War Department, been abandoned. The breaking up of this camp does not affect the Giesboro station of the Cavalry Bureau or the Quartermaster's Department. Col. Gamble, who has had charge of this for a long time important post, has been ordered to Fall's Church, and those of the twenty-one hundred men now at the camp, who are not prepared to go "to the front," will, it is said, be sent to Camp Distribution.

COMMISSARY GENERAL OF PRISONERS.—Brigadier General H. Wessels has been assigned to duty in Washington as Commissary General of Prisoners, vice Col. W. Hoffman; relieved and ordered to the command of all prison camps and hospitals west of the Mississippi. Gen. Wessels will have command of all prisoners east of the Mississippi. Col. Hoffman has been breveted Brigadier General for meritorious service.

Soldiers in large numbers, are returning back from their furloughs. An order from the War Department, terminated the furloughs of all men fit for duty, on the 14th inst., and rendered liable to arrest, all who overstayed that date. The reason given for the order, is to secure the efficiency of the army.

All the citizens who have recently been employed as train guards, have been released, and heavy details from the guerilla prisoners in our hands will in future be used for the same precautionary purpose.

The Thomas Colver is now running to and from City Point, as a U. S. Mail steamer.

James J. Moore has been appointed Genl Supt. of U. S. Military Railroads in Virginia.

George Peterson, a supposed Rebel spy, has been arrested, while trying to pass our lines.

A number of regiments doing duty at this post, have been ordered away.

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 DRUMM, U. S. A.
Prince St. Branch, by Chaplain McMURDY, U. S. A.
Old Hallowell Branch, by Chaplain GAGE, U. S. A.
Slough Branch by Chaplain ELY, U. S. A.
Louverture Hospital by Chaplain LEONARD, U. S. A.

FIRST DIVISION HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 18th, 1864.

Total number of beds for patients,	750.
No. of patients admitted,	243.
do do Returned to duty,	14.
do do Transferred,	2.
do do Furloughed,	0.
do do Discharged,	5.
do do Deserted,	0.
do do Deceased,	2.
No. of Patients remaining	511.

SECOND DIVISION HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 18th, 1864.

Total number of beds for patients,	1818.
No. of patients admitted,	880.
do do Returned to duty,	4.
do do Transferred,	7.
do do Furloughed,	1.
do do Discharged,	8.
do do Deserted,	0.
do do Deceased,	11.
No. of patients remaining,	883.

THIRD DIVISION HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 18th, 1864.

Total number of beds for patients,	1350.
No. of patients admitted,	289.
do do Returned to duty,	19.
do do Transferred,	1.
do do Furloughed,	2.
do do Discharged,	6.
do do Deserted,	0.
do do Deceased,	2.
do do Remaining,	902.

LOUVERTURE HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 18th, 1864.

Total number of beds for patients,	500.
No. of patients admitted,	51.
do do Discharged,	3.
do do Deceased,	5.
do do Remaining	483.

CLAREMONT HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 18th, 1864.

Total number of beds for patients,	164.
No. of patients admitted,	2.
do do Furloughed,	1.
do do Remaining,	81.

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 Princes 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.

Sense and Nonsense.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

THE NICE YOUNG MAN.

His shop 's a grocers,—a snug genteel place,
Near the corner of Pitt St. and King;
He can dress, dance and bow to the ladies with grace
And sports an elaborate ring.

He's asked to all parties North, South, East and West.

That take place 'tween the railroad and ferry,
And when he's been absent full oft has the "best Society" ceased to be merry.

And nothing has darkened a sky so serene,
Nor disordered his beauship's Elysium,
Till among our *elite* this season there's been
What is called by the Clergy—a Schism.

'Tis all about eating and drinking—one set
Gives sponge cake, and kisses or so
And's refreshed after dancing with classic sherbet
Sublimed—(see label) with snow.

Another insets upon punch and perdrix,
Lobster sallat, Champagne, and, by way
Of a novelty only, those pearls of our sea,
Steamed oysters from *Van Pypens'* bay.

Miss Frounce the young milliner, blue-eyed and bright

In the front parlor over her shop,
"Entertain," as the phrase is, a party to-night,
Upon cookies and prime ginger pop.

And Miss Fleece, who's a hosier and not quite so young.

But is *wealthier* far than Miss Frounce,
She "entertains," also, to night, with cold tongue,
"Mix'd candies," and Mild Cherry Bounce.

In praise of cold water this nice young man spoke,
Though he *inwardly* longed for his wine,
But Miss Frounce is a Pindar in cashmere and cloak,
Miss Fleece is an angel divine.

Supreme do the Montagues Fairfax street grace,
In King street the Capulets reign,
A limonadi re is the badge of one race,
Of the other a sip of Champagne.

Now as each the same evening her soiree announces.

What better he asks can be done,
Than drink water from eight until ten with the Frounces,
Then wine with the Fleecees 'till one.

L. M. P.

"Well I couldn't help it."

BY SMART MAN.

"Pity the sorrows of a poor old man."—Old Ballad.

I am a wretched man; I am a victim, a martyr,
to that abominable combination of words, "I couldn't help it," and "I didn't mean to do it." Of all the horrible sentences in the vocabulary of English, French, Dutch or Chinese languages, "I couldn't help it" and "I didn't mean to do it" are *par excellence* the most villainous and torturing.—The "couldn't help-it-ness" and "didn't-mean-to-do-it-ness" in others has been the bane of my life; even in my earliest infancy, ere my swathing clothes were removed to give place to "petticoat, bib and tucker," I was the subject of its atrocious persecutions. My nurse (Heaven save the mark; she ought to have borne the appellation of *baby dropper*;) made it a part of my infantile education by ever and anon allowing me to slip from her lap into the near-

est spittoon or coal hod, and then when my screeches alarmed the neighborhood, the abominable old Papsull insultingly tried to soothe me by whining out, "Poor little popsy; I didn't mean to do it;—Nursey couldn't help it." Yes, that's the way she tried to gammon her "precious charge," as she hypocritically called me. I have a distinct recollection of once, after my maternal parent had inflicted upon her "darling" the usual morning ablutions, I was positively bundled up in a shut-up-bedstead by that careless old harridan nurse—only fancy the terrible chaos of bed, blanket, bolster and baby—and when providentially rescued from this avalanche of feathers and flannel, the only satisfaction I had was "Lor, mem, I didn't know he was there; *I didn't mean to do it*," I am sure "*I couldn't help it*." I once had half my front teeth knocked down my throat by a brick hurled by some careless fool at an unsuspecting rat; he, too, was one of the "didn't mean to do it" school. How I escaped annihilation during my adolescence, is to me a perfect mystery. I often wished I could be "gathered to my fathers," "I couldn't help it," for I was the mark and butt of everybody's "didn't mean to do it-ism." At length "a change came o'er the spirit of my dream." I fell in love; of course "I couldn't help that," and in the charming society of my adorable Evangeline, I almost forgot my juvenile woes. The day arrived when the idol of my soul was to discard her Squash-pupian cognomen and assume that of Muffichop.—The wedding ring! that mystic circle so emblematical of eternal love, everlasting fidelity, endless bliss, &c. I had confided to my charmer's care—"the church was gained, the priest and clerk prepared to turn a blushing twain to one," when lo! good gracious! oh! the ring was gone! horror of horrors! The truth—the fatal truth—flashed upon my mind—the Squashpups were first cousins to the "couldn't help its!" Yes, she, my adorable, "didn't mean to have a hole in her pocket." Dreadful fate! I couldn't keep a clergyman waiting while I went ten miles to buy another (I dont mean another clergyman, but wedding ring.)

What was I to do; borrow one, said stern necessity, and the mandate was obeyed. I did borrow one from an old apple woman who was present at the ceremony. And such an one! it ought to have been gold, but it had a suspiciously brassy smell, and it was big enough to encircle the marital finger of a feminine Rhinoceros! She only charged me five dollars for the loan thereof, but I suppose its size bestowed upon it that mysterious value. Well, the bridal cake was cut—so was my finger, the bridesmaid "didn't mean to do it," on no!—"The guests and dancing girls had all retired, &c." &c. I think this is rather Byronic, but I didn't "mean to do it." Well, well, our honeymoon passed, as most honeymoons usually do in kissings, snarlings, coaxings, poutings, crockery smashings, and such like fancies, when, after fifteen or sixteen months I was presented with the perfect image of myself by a very respectable member of the medical or obstetric profession, who declared 'twas the finest baby that ever breathed; and, between you and I depend upon it, he told the truth, for it was de facto my veritable double,—only a little younger.—I revelled in the idea of being a "pa;" but my joy was soon turned into mourning. For the life I led to prevent the baby from being sacrificed to "I didn't mean to do it," and "I am sure I could not help it," was truly horrible.

I am now sitting on the sofa with a pair of boiled legs—humane ones, I mean,—because my cara sposa "couldn't help" pouring the scalding coffee upon them, as she was startled by the shrieks and squalls of baby, who had rolled out of his cradle and jammed his finger in the crack of the door but am sure I did not mean to bother you about my troubles, I really "couldn't help it."—Temperance Reformers.

That must have been a very tough rooster that crowed after being boiled two hours, and then, being put in a pot with potatoes, kicked them all out.

Why is Abraham Lincoln like a bad Christian? Because he takes his Tod in church.

SOUND OF SUNSET.—On the arrival of an emigrant ship, some years ago, when the war vessel North Carolina laid off the Battery, an Irishman, hearing the gun fired at sunset, inquired of one of the sailors what that was. "What's that? Why that's sunset!" was the contemptuous reply. "Sunset!" exclaimed Paddy, with distended eyes; "sunset! Holy Moses! and does the sun go down in this country with such a clap as that?"

On the reception of the news of Sheridan's victory at one of our popular saloons in this city, the following colloquy occurred between the barkeeper, whose name was Dan, and a customer named Jim: "Good morning, Jim." "Good morning, Dan, what's the news?" "Another glorious victory—what will you drink?" "Sherry, Dan."

A Maine Journal becoming ambitious to get up a potatoe story which shall equal its cotemporaries both as a potatoe and as a friend of theirs is digging round a large potatoe to get it up, but that it will be much diminished in size, because a yoke of oxen have been feeding upon it for several days.

Some time since a man in Maine, wanted to exhibit an Egyptian mummy, and went to the court-house for a license. "What is it?" asked the judge. "An Egyptian mummy may it please the court, more than three thousand years old," said the showman. "Three thousand years old!" exclaimed the judge, jumping to his feet, "and is the critter alive?"

During the recent performance of "Romeo and Juliet" at a provincial theatre, the fair Juliet's question, in the soliloquy before taking the sleeping draught, "What if this mixture do not work at all?" was answered by an urchin in the gallery, "Then take a dose of pills."

A very small officer struck an old grenadier of his company for some supposed fault in performing his evolutions. The grenadier gravely took off his cap, and holding it over the officer by the tip, said: "Sir, if you were not my officer, I would extinguish you."

Newton's nephew was a clergyman. When he had performed the marriage ceremony for a couple, he always refused the fee, saying, "Go your way, young devils; I have done you mischief enough already."

A prominent lady of Memphis left her husband twenty-seven months ago, and the other day gave birth to three boys. Colonel Pat Richardson says: "That is right; three times nine makes twenty-seven."

"Clear the Track, Nigger!" said a rude white boy to a small American citizen of African descent. "Now you jest luff me lone," said Sambo. "I guess you'll wish you was a nigger afore dis war's over."

A friend said to an Irishman: "It's pretty slippery this morning." "Be jabbers, it is; for I slid down three times this morning, without getting up once!"

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