

THE CRIPPLE.

UNITED STATES GENERAL HOSPITALS, ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA.

VOL. 1.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26th, 1864.

NO. 8.

The Cripple

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U. S. GENERAL HOSPITAL, ALEXA, VA.

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PAYABLE INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

Poetry.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

A Song for Our Banner.

How dear to my heart is our grand old banner,
Proudly floating from liberty's tree.
Forever, forever, an emblem of freedom,
Waving over the land of the free;
Three cheers for our banner,
Our star-spangled banner,
O long may it wave o'er the land of the free.
Though traitors and tyrants may seek to crush it,
The God of our fathers its keeper will be.
In the dark hours of trial, he ever hath kept it
That glorious ensign of our liberty.
To the breeze fling our banner,
Our proud floating banner
Of freedom the ensign where'er it may be.
Let each one arise in the night of a freeman,
Declaring a stain on our flag shall not be.
We will fight till it waves o'er our country, victo-
rious,
From the North and the South, and from centre
to sea;
Taen up with our banner,
Our dearly-loved banner,
The terror of tyrants, the joy of the free.
The light, even now, of a brighter morning,
Breaks over our banner, borne on by the brave;
And soon may the flush of each day's crimson
dawning,
Find it waving aloft over treason's dark grave.
Then we'll hail that dear banner
With cheers for the heroes
Who have planted it, waving, o'er treason's dark
grave.
When from the last conflict, proudly returning,
All blood stained, we'll hail it with greater de-
light.
Each stain on its folds proving it has been earning
A triumph for liberty, truth and the right.
Then we'll hail our dear banner,
Our blood-preserved banner,
The ensign of freedom, of truth, and the right.

W. T.

One of the *Pill-grim* fathers—Brandreth.

Miscellaneous.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

Life in Alexandria. (continued.)

A railroad track leads up from the wharf to near the First Wisconsin Heavy Artillery, at Battery Rodgers, near Lighthouse, or Jones' Point. This is, perhaps, the prettiest spot in the city. The grounds are laid out finely. Everything is neatly and beautifully done. The cannon at the gateway; the gateway itself, with the tasty sentry-box at the side; the sodded banks and gravelled walks within; the six bright brass pieces opposite, with unmuzzled mouth, seemingly ready to pour forth destruction; the rising beyond, with the white tents dotting it, and walks winding up its green sides; all is neat, and the effect is happy. In the battery is a gun of about twenty-five tons weight, throwing a four hundred pound shot. Below the battery is a fine spring of water, and just beyond, the Commissary slaughter-house. A low strip of land curves round to Lighthouse Point, where, of course, is a lighthouse, a neat one too, with out-buildings, as boat-house &c. There was once a rope-walk here, but no remains of it now exist.— Across the river, and a little below, is Fort Foote. About eight miles' down from this is Fort Wash- ington, nearly opposite Mt. Vernon.

The scenery around is very pretty. Rolling land, brooks, trees, quasi-bridges, and a few farm-houses. Beyond all is the Catholic cemetery, which we will visit another time, as the "across lots" here is sub- versive of boot-blacking. We return southwardly of the artillery camp to Fairfax street, and pass, on our left, a row of one-story shanties, a little neater than ordinarily; with here and there a brick pave in front, and rough essays at modern conveniences, in the shape of exceedingly rustic chairs, and ingen- iously transformed kegs and barrels. One thing we must not forget to mention. Coming suddenly upon a soldier and his wife, standing in front of one of these houses, we saw a tableau, very similar to "Sailor Jack and Black-eyed Susan" parting for a year or so, as represented in picture-books. In fact, it was nothing more nor less than they were kissing each other, while the lady's arms were lock- ed around his waist-belt. They appeared to be en- joying the acting, and we were certainly amused with the seeing.

At the next street we turn westward, leaving on the corner a pump, which seems to be liberally pat- ronized, and in the vicinity a large community of one and two-story dwellings, where contrabands stay indefinitely. A bevy of little Africanians are playing "knuckle down" and "sen-ats," on the side- walk, strongly reminding us of our own days of patched-knees and earthy-fingers. We pass next, at Pitt street, a neat little house, with very pretty surroundings, except a huge crop of weeds growing flagrantly (not fragrantly) close by the edge of the brook running peacefully by. Here again, on the north side, is a succession of contraband stay-

ing places, of numberless variety in shape and size. Opposite St. Asaph street is a lonely-looking brick dwelling, two trees standing beside it, like last and fast friends, and a few acres of untilled land surrounding it.

At Washington street we turn northward. And- ing, on our left, a fine large brick mansion, sur- rounded by very tastily grassed, flowered, and shrubbed grounds. On our right, we soon ar- rive at the Colored M. E. Church, a plain neat brick, standing a little back from the line. The mellow light of the setting sun falls on its sides and reflects golden rays from its windows. At the next corner we find the town pump, the inevitable, the ubiquitous corner pump.

Along the south side of Franklin, and west side of Washington street, there is the nucleus of another Egypt. Scarcely two of these contraband's shan- ties are alike—each appearing to be built after a sep- arate design. They swarm with life as lives with honey-bees, perhaps not so sweetly; and a bird's-eye view would show them as a very irreg- ular checker-board. Their habitants lives are che- quered enough.

Passing on southwards, leaving a few country houses on our right, and tilled land on the left, we come to the Catholic Cemetery. The streets here, though very distinctly laid down upon the map, are altogether invisible, from the fact that they do not exist. The Cemetery is prettily situated, and at present bears a neater appearance than it did quite recently. It is divided into four sections, equal in size, or nearly so, and having a large cross erected upon a mound of earth, in the centre. Many of the graves are evidently uncared for, having briars and bushes growing rankly by them, in some places com- pletely hiding the monuments from view. Some of the stones set up are very neat, and their inscrip- tions appropriate. We were struck with the very common expression "Rest in peace," with occasi- onally an affix, or a prefix. Certainly excellent in it- self is it, yet losing its impressiveness by the repe- tition. Another thing could not escape our atten- tion, and that was the large proportion of the de- ceased who had come originally from Ireland.

Opposite to the Catholic Cemetery, is one set apart for colored soldiers, simply an enclosed piece of ground, which, we think, not a tree to shade it. If we are right in that, the suggestion that young trees might be planted, and in a few years, shed a pleas- ant shade over the graves, is not out of place. Just South of there, separated only by south St., a sim- ple rough road, is Penny Hill, which runs down into a point, and is lost in Hunting Creek.

To be continued.

"AT MY FATHER'S TABLE."—"Tell me," said a gentleman to a poor drunkard, when urging him to give up the intoxicating cup, "where was it you took your first steps in this intemperate course?"

"At my father's table," replied the unhappy young man; "before I left home to become a clerk, I had learned to love the drink that has ruined me. The first drop I ever tasted was handed me by my now broken-hearted mother."

The Cripple

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26TH, 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.

Thanksgiving Day.

By proclamation of the President of the United States, Thursday last was set apart and duly observed as a day of Thanksgiving. Throughout the whole Union and may we not hope, through some of Rebellom, praise and prayer were offered, the one for past mercies, the other for future ones. In this city, general quiet prevailed. The church services in the morning were well attended. We were at the M. E. Church, and after the usual opening exercises, listened to an edifying discourse, commentary upon the proclamation. The gain in territory by our forces in the field, the firmer establishment of our free institutions, the terrible results of slavery in the South, were well remarked upon.—Extracts from rebel papers were read showing their abhorrence of even the word 'free,' and their strong attachment to the institution working death and destruction not only in their own households and in the morale of society, but extending into our own free states, and even to the countries of Europe. Particularly against free schools are the viperous tongues of Rebel journalists directed, fortunately with no effect upon that one charter of our liberties. To confine intelligence and knowledge to the chosen few, is their aristocratic desire. Mr. Buckingham closed with the sentiment: "Long live free schools," in which we heartily coincided. The gentleman who followed him, offered three arguments favoring the preservation of the institution of slavery, and then pulling them to pieces, proposed the erection of a monument, to perpetuate the fame of President Davis; to consist of skulls heaped high, and the apex crowned with the skull of the arch-traitor himself; that the memory of the peace and happiness and lives destroyed by this war in which he is leader, against our liberties and rights, might never fall nor fade.

In the evening the places of public amusement were open, and we opine, densely crowded. We hope that the feeling of thankfulness was sincere generally, as we hate *mecca* forms. Alone they are a mockery.

We must not forget to mention the dinner at Soldier's Rest, given by both civilians and those-in service here, to the Christian and Sanitary Commission delegates in this city. It was well gotten up, and doubtless appreciated.

Throughout our hospitals, there was a general feeling of contentment, as a more than ordinary dinner was served up. Through the benevolence of the Boston public, all the hospitals in the Department, were supplied with Poultry and other edibles, for a Thanksgiving dinner. Such an oasis in a desert was indeed refreshing. The day was more thoroughly national for this reason, the distribution of the supplies being impartially regardless of states. The Hub of the Universe will always be gratefully remembered by us, and we doubt not by many others throughout the army.

The day itself was very fine, the sky clear and the atmosphere cold.

The Situation.

We think the present situation of affairs, both military and political, very cheering. A glance at our army, in front of Richmond, shows it steadily holding its own, repulsing the occasional attacks of the enemy. Our troops are in good condition.—No sick nor wounded are now sent north (to our knowledge,) the hospitals at City Point sufficing to care for them all. The Dutch Gap canal is nearly completed, shortening the route to the city, and rendering impotent the obstructions in the James, by Fort Darling. The iron-clads have gone up from Portress Monroe, and are ready to fight the rebel batteries as soon as they can be got at, which we think will be very soon. Reinforcements are being continually sent to Gen. Grant, enabling him to assume the offensive with great hopes of success. The fact that Petersburg is evacuated, if really true, gives us great strategic advantage over the enemy. Richmond correspondents of foreign papers speak of Lee's army as worn out, and their own journalists say that Gen. Lee himself "can't stand the pressure" much longer. Certainly this position is satisfactory and cause for thanksgiving.

In the Valley, Early is completely held in check by Sheridan, and must certainly be incompetent to give us any trouble. The guerillas are our most uncomfortable foes, though comparatively but few in number.

In Tennessee, Gen. Burbridge is found equal to the emergencies, and the engagements there are but minor, and local in importance.

Sherman, leaving Gen. Thomas to keep Hood back, has made a sudden movement southeasterly. Already having performed a hundred mile march, he is found at Macon, prepared to attack. Howell Cobb's militia are defeated. But little force, other than that, remains to oppose us. Our columns are moving on Augusta and Milledgeville, provisioning upon the country, and without doubt freeing hundreds of negroes, who have, by the encroachments of our army, been crowded into the Atlantic border. Thus its great labor support, as well as the harvest, the result of that support, are by one stroke, a masterly one, lost to the Confederacy. Beside this, the 10,000 of our captured soldiers at Andersonville, and many others at other way points, are in imminent danger of being released, fed, clothed, armed, and attached to the victorious columns.—Such danger, doubtless, they (our captured soldiers) are prepared to meet. Already part of the Georgia Legislature has been captured at Griffin. Our army is seemingly destined, under its able leader, to reach Charleston, Savannah, or Pensacola, perhaps

all three, an ultimatum, that thrills us with joyous hopes. In the meantime, latest reports represent Hood as in a precarious situation, for attack, defense, and even retreat; and further than this, the Thomas is preparing to attack him. All this is certainly good news, and cheering.

In Mississippi, the rebels are gathered in some force. Forrest, with his cavalry, being at Corinth. Very little of general importance, however, will take place there; it is probable Gen. Canby is now able to transact business, and may commence active offensive operations soon. Arkansas and Missouri are pretty quiet, Price having been so badly whipped, recently, that he very likely will not make another show for some time to come.

On the frontier the Indians are quiet; and throughout our free states there is no danger of an insurrection, nor other trouble, except, perhaps, an attack from the Canada side by traitor and hirelings conjointly. Of this, however, we have no fear, as the authorities there have taken measures that will ensure the attempt coming to grief if made.

Our navy at present is quiet, except in the capture of blockade runners, in which they are doing an active business. We have now access to the waters of North Carolina, which, with the prevalent union sentiment thereabout, looks hopeful for some successful movement. The Florida is captured, though, perhaps, illegally. Appearances, however, seem to indicate that the pirate Semmes will soon make himself known on the high seas, at his old trade.

The political horizon of our country is clear. The immense majority of votes (estimated at 500,000,) lately cast in favor of President Lincoln's reelection, is a strong endorsement of his policy heretofore, and also shows a striking unanimity of sentiment among our people. Witness the unprecedented quiet of those previously turbulent and insurrectionary ones. We notice that Vallandigham has resumed the practice of law. The ship is cleared for another struggle, a grand one, with the rebels. Our resources are still great; our population is still large; our patriotism is still in the ascendant. We should have no fears of success, no doubts about the issue of events, for as He hath so far been with us, He will go with us to the end.

Some boys were playing marbles in Fifth street, Cincinnati, the other day, when a gentleman stepped on a marble, and slipped against a lady, who fell on a hog, which fell between a man's legs, who, falling, clutched a kite string, bringing down the kite before a span of horses, which took fright and ran down an alley, alarming a man in a carpenter's shop, so that he dropped a match with which he was lighting a cigar, among a pile of shavings, which ignited, fired the store, caused an alarm of fire, and brought out an engine, which ran over a fireman, breaking his arm.

As many of our readers may not be aware that our issues are wholly made up and printed at the Third Div. Hospital Headquarters, we would assure them that such is the fact. The printing office used for the purpose is small, but well stocked both with men and material, and in the interim of the required hospital printing, "The Cripple" is struck off. We take some credit to ourselves in this matter, knowing that most of the hospital papers issued, have been printed at offices of publication of other newspapers.

In England a boy of fifteen is undergoing five years' imprisonment for forgery.

THE CRIPPLE.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

GRANT!

There was heavy firing on the night of the 17th in front of Butler's forces at Dutch Gap. The rebels attempted to force our picket lines, but were repulsed; loss unknown. For several days past, the firing has been renewed, heavily.—Dutch Gap is now nearly finished. The iron-clads at Fort-meas Monroe have gone to the gap, giving indications of a movement.

There was a good deal of firing on the 19th in front of Petersburg, on the Appomattox river, with no noticeable result. Deserters report the withdrawal of all the rebel troops on the James, and also that Petersburg was being evacuated. This is scarcely reliable. For a few days the enemy refused to exchange papers, the inference by us being that the news was unfavorable to them.

SHERMAN!

The rebels report a fight at Rough-and-Ready, Georgia, between the state troops and our forces, defeating us. They also report Hood at Tusculum with two divisions, two more having crossed the Tennessee. Atlanta was attacked on the 12th by 1,500 of the enemy's cavalry, who were repulsed.—The government buildings in Rome have been destroyed by Gen. Corse. Hood and Beauregard, according to our own advices, are still near Florence, Ala. It is stated that either an attack or withdrawal by Hood would be a very delicate operation. His forces are stated at 35,000. Gen. Thomas is holding him in check, and, at last accounts, was preparing to attack him.

Reinforcements continue to be sent to Sherman. He was at Kingston, Georgia, on the 12th, fitted out for a hard and rapid winter campaign. On the 19th he was on the outskirts of Macon, having marched 104 miles in five days. It was but 89 more to Savannah. Gen. Howell Cobb's militia were unable to resist successfully. Our forces spread out, occupying about forty miles of the country along the route, gathering provisions, and creating a panic. Part of the Georgia Legislature was captured at Griffin. A column of our forces was moving on Augusta and Milledgeville. The news is mostly through rebel papers.

SHERIDAN!

Gen. Jubal Early is retreating to Staunton. There was a skirmish on the 15th inst. near Luray, between Gen. Powell's cavalry and that of the rebels, both in small force. The enemy were driven back toward Mt. Jackson. A fight occurred between Mosely, with 200 men, and Capt. Brasher, with sixty, near Winchester. Twenty-two of our men were killed, eight wounded and the rest captured, some of whom have recently escaped. Other skirmishes with guerillas, in the same vicinity, repeatedly occur.

GENERAL NEWS.

From the southwest we have advices that Gen. Canby has recovered sufficiently to attend to business. By way of Memphis it is reported that Beauregard is at Corinth in large force with Forrest, there are 4,000 rebels at Mt. Pleasant, Miss., twelve miles from Colliersville. Chalmers and Longstreet are at Holly Springs.

There is a rebel report of a fight between Gen. Breckenridge and Gen. Gillem, near Bull's Gap, Tennessee, Gillem being defeated, losing 400 prisoners. The enemy's attacking force was stated at 10,000. Our own reports from that quarter are that Gen. Burbridge was at Bull's Gap, expecting an attack from Breckenridge.—The Richmond correspondent of the London Times says "Lee's army are almost worn out, while signs of exhaustion are everywhere apparent." This is significant.—Gen. Pope reports from the northwest that there are no indications at present of an Indian war in that section.—Mr. Lincoln's majority is estimated at 500,000. The vote cast in the ten seceded states in 1860 is less than that in New York state alone, at the last election.—There was a monster Union celebration at Memphis on the 16th. The crew of the steamer Cheseman arrived at Memphis on the 15th, as paroled prisoners.—The captain of the gunboat Panther is under arrest for offering to surrender it to the rebels for \$200,000 in greenbacks and a thousand bales of cotton.—St. Peter's and St. Paul's Cathedral, Philadelphia, has been consecrated with imposing ceremonies. It has been some twenty years in building.—The enemy attacked our forces at Strawberry Plains, 18 miles from Knoxville, on the 28th, but were repulsed.—Maj. Gen. Meagher is ordered to report to Maj. Gen. Stedman, to command the 15th and 17th corps in the district of Louisville.—In Richmond hotel board is \$50 per day. Bacon sells at \$10 per pound, and flour \$350 a barrel.—The leader of the lake pirates, Capt. Bell, has been arrested.—The resignations of McClellan and Fremont make Gen. Halleck the senior Maj. General in the regular army.—Gov. Waters, of Alabama, is in trouble with the conscripting officers.—It is reported that Burnside is not to have a command in the Army of the Potomac.—Col. Ja-

cobs, Lieut. Gov. of Kentucky, has been sent through the lines by Gen. Burbridge.—Some thousands of deserters in Canada, have petitioned the President to grant them leave to rejoin their regiments, without punishment.

FOREIGN.—The treaty, Dano-Prussic, has been approved by the lower house of Denmark.—Great floods, with much destruction of property, are reported in Florence and vicinity, Italy.—The capture of the Florida is strongly denounced by English papers.—Lord Woodhouse has been inaugurated Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.—The inland sea of Japan has been opened by the allied fleet, and it is believed that the Japanese government will be able to keep the unruly nobles in check.

A pretty young woman at Jackson, Michigan, has been carrying on the recruiting business in a novel manner. She marries a man on condition that he will enlist and give her his bounty.—She being strikingly handsome, the man consents. After he has gone she marries another. Four men has she married and sent to the army. On the fourth occasion she was detected.

Local Matters.

Thanksgiving day was well-observed. The stores were closed, and the quiet of the Sabbath reigned. We saw but one or two men drunk, and heard of no disturbance. All the patients in the hospitals received a dinner of fowl, and side dishes were plentier than ordinarily. They are indebted for it to the good people of Boston. We heard of no meetings, celebrative of the day, except those in the churches in the morning, and the dinner &c., at Soldier's rest, given to the members of the Christian and Sanitary Commissions, on duty in this city.

A light fall of snow occurred on the 22d inst. For some days past, it has been quite cold, the water freezing in the runs and ditches. The ground is hard, and where the recent rains left it muddy, it is rough and jagged, very unpleasant for walking.

A festival is being held over the Post Office, in the Court Room, under the superintendence of the ladies of the Methodist Protestant Church.

The M. E. Church gave an interesting exhibition of singing and speaking on Thanksgiving night.

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 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 25th, 1864.

Total number of beds for patients,	753.
No. of patients admitted	218.
do do Returned to duty,	34.
do do Transferred,	10.
do do Furloughed,	0.
do do Discharged,	5.
do do Deserted,	1.
do do Deceased,	2.
No. of Patients remaining	707.

SECOND DIVISION HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 25th, 1864.

Total number of beds for patients,	1243.
No. of patients admitted	217.
do do Returned to duty,	89.
do do Transferred,	88.
do do Furloughed,	14.
do do Discharged,	3.
do do Deserted,	1.
do do Deceased,	6.
No. of patients remaining,	988.

THIRD DIVISION HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 25th, 1864.

Total number of beds for patients,	1350.
No. of patients admitted,	200.
do do Returned to duty,	63.
do do Transferred,	7.
do do Furloughed,	9.
do do Discharged,	2.
do do Deserted,	0.
do do Deceased,	2.
do do Remaining,	1919.

LOUVERTURE HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 25th, 1864.

Total number of beds for patients,	501.
No. of patients admitted	27.
do do Returned to duty	5.
do do Deceased	6.
do do Remaining	501.

CLAREMONT HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 25th, 1864.

Total number of beds for patients	104.
No. of patients admitted,	4.
do do Furloughed,	0.
do do Remaining,	35.

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. MOORE, Acting Assistant Surgeon U. S. A. attending.

Sense and Nonsense.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

"Do Nightingales Sing in Alexandria?"

IN ANSWER TO AN INQUIRY FROM "LILLY LOVELL," OF NEW YORK.

"Do nightingales in Alexandria sing"? Aye, of course they do!

But widely different notes you hear, as you go the city through;

A moment list to me while a rhyme or two I string,
Then ask if nightingales in Alexandria sing.

One kind we have, (and their numbers are not few.)
With beaks like glittering steel, and a plumage wholly blue.

They are mostly northern birds, and here were once quite rare

But now in countless myriads they swarm the southern air.

They are Uncle Sam's pet songsters, and beneath his kindly eye,

They are reared in freedom, taught to live in liberty, or die.

And with their joyful accents they make the welkin ring,

For Liberty and Union are the only songs they sing.

Another species, too, we have, in sable plumage draped.

With harsh, discordant voice, and form ungainly and ill-shaped;

And like the owl, it shuns the light, the craven, guilty thing,

And of treason and disunion most dolefully does sing.

They are very rarely seen; now and then a lonely bird

Rears aloft its ugly head, and tries to make its croaking heard.

But soon, throughout our land, the joyful news shall ring,

That the Union nightingale, alone, can, in Alexandria, sing. SANATOSIA.

Mince Pies vs. Tracts.

A rebel lady visited the hospital at Nashville one morning with a negro servant, who carried a large basket on his arm, covered with a white linen cloth. She approached a German and accosted him thus:

"Are you a good Union man?"

"I ish dat," was the laconic reply of the German, at the same time casting a hopeful glance at the aforesaid basket.

"That is all I wanted to know," replied the lady, and beckoning the negro to follow, she passed to the opposite side of the room, where a rebel soldier lay, and asked him the same question, to which he very promptly replied: "Not by d—d sight." The lady thereupon uncovered the basket and laid out a bottle of wine, mince pies, pound cake and other delicacies, which were greedily devoured in the presence of the Union soldiers, who felt somewhat indignant.

On the following morning, however, another lady made her appearance with a large covered basket and she also accosted our German friend, and desired to know if he was a Union man.

"I ish, by Got; I no care what you got; I bese Union."

The lady sat the basket on the table, and our German friend thought the truth availed in this case, if it did fail in the other. But imagine the length of the poor fellow's face when the lady uncovered the basket and presented him with about a bushel of tracts. He shook his head dolefully and said:

"I no read English, and, peside dat rebel on 'se oder side of 'se house need tem so moré as me."

The lady distributed them and left.

Not long afterwards along came another richly dressed lady, who propounded the same question to the German. He stood gazing at the basket apparently at a loss for a reply. At length he answered her in Yankee style, as follows:

"By Got, you no got me dis time; vpt you got mit the basket?"

The lady required an unequivocal reply to her question, and was about to move on when our German friend shouted out:

"If you got tracts, I bese Union; but if you got mince pie mit pound cake and wine, I be zesuch like de tibel."

Soldiers have little desire to read tracts when they are furnished for the want of those little delicacies so conducive to the recovery of hospital patients.—When our ladies visit hospitals with tracts, we should suggest the importance of accompanying them with a basket of provisions; they will be better appreciated.

The following anecdote is told of a prisoner, a Union soldier, a droll-looking fellow. I accosted him with, "Well, my fine fellow, what are you in here for?" "For taking something," he replied. "What do you mean?" "Why," said he, "one morning I did not feel very well, and went to see the surgeon. He was busy writing at the time, and when I went in he looked at me, saying, 'Well, you do look bad; you had better take something.' He then went on with his writing, and left me standing behind him. I looked around; and saw nothing I could take except his watch, and I took that. That's what I am in here for."

The following story is told about a drunken captain who met a private of his company in the same condition. The captain ordered him to "halt," and endeavoring in vain to assume a firm position on his feet, and to talk with dignified severity, exclaimed: "Private Smith, I'll give you 'l-hic-four o'clock to gissober in." "Cap'n," replied the soldier, "as you'r -hic-d—d sight drunkerniam, I'll give you 'l five o'clock to gissober in."

Drake of the Tremont House tells a story of one of his waiters that would have fitted Sam'l Lover's Handy Andy.

"Bring me the castor," said a traveller to a newly imported table servant. The boy rushed about in a spasmodic and obviously distressed manner, and finally returned with the answer, "It's all ate, sir!"

A man who had brutally assaulted his wife was brought before Justice Cole, of Albany, lately, and had a good deal to say about "getting justice."

"Justice," replied Cole, "you can't get it here.—This court has no power to hang you."

"John," said a dotting parent to her gormandizing son, "do you really think you can eat the whole of that pudding with impunity?"

"I don't know, ma," replied young hopeful; "but I guess I can with a spoon."

In describing the difference between aristocracy and democracy, it is wittily said of Cincinnati:—The democracy are those who kill hogs for a living; the aristocracy those whose fathers killed hogs.

The liberal and patriotic citizen who has been drafted has purchased a gun which he says is very sure to go off—on another man's shoulders.

With a little house well filled, a little land well tilled, a little wife well willed, a husband well skilled, and servants well drilled—a little time may be well killed!

Sidney Smith compares the whistle of a locomotive to the squeal of a lawyer when Satan gets him.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.—A young minister went out to preach and observed, during his discourse, a lady who seemed to be much affected. After meeting, he concluded to pay her a visit, and see what were the impressions of her mind. He approached her thus:

"Well, madam, what were you so affected about to-day, during preaching?"

"La me," said the lady, "I'll tell you. About six years ago, me and my husband moved to this place, and all the property we had was a jackass. Husband he died, and me and the beast were left alone. At last the beast died, and to tell you the truth, your voice put me so much in mind of that dear old critter, that I couldn't help taking on and crying about it right in meetin'." No more questions were asked.

Tom bought a gallon of gin to take home, and by way of a label wrote his name upon a card—which happened to be the seven of clubs—and tied it to the handle. A friend coming along, and observing the jug, quietly remarked:

"That's an awful careless way to leave that jug of liquor."

"Why?" said Tom.

"Because somebody might come along with the eight spot and take it."

"If you go on in that way, sir," said the prisoner in the dock to his counsel, who was defending him with force and fury, and abusing Judge and Jury in set terms—"if you go on in that way, sir, they'll hang me, I know they will."—"Never mind, my boy," replied the counsel, an Irish gentleman, carried away by his own eloquence—"never mind, my boy; let them hang you, and I'll make them repent it."

The following was told of a soldier wounded by a shell from Fort Wagner. He was going to the rear with a mutilated arm.

"Wounded by a shell?" he was asked.

"Yes," he coolly answered, "I was right under the darned thing when the bottom dropped out."

AN IRISHMAN'S BULL.—A teetotaler asked Pat, the other day, if he ever saw a teetotaler drunk.

"Och!" replied Paddy, with great earnestness, "I've seen many a man drunk, but I couldn't tell whether he was a teetotaler or not."

A young man at Pittsfield, who went in for exemption from the draft, and who was asked by the examining surgeon upon what grounds he claimed exemption, told him that "he never felt hungry after dinner."

A wonderful story-teller, addicted to humming an air, beginning "Strike the Lyre," was much surprised when one of his acquaintances, taking him at his word, knocked him down.

Official Directory.

Surgeon General.

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Capt. BURTON. 461, 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.