

THE CRIPPLE.

UNITED STATES GENERAL HOSPITALS, ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA.

VOL. I.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17TH, 1864.

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The Cripple

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PAYABLE INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

Poetry.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

Sleep, Sister Sleep.

Sleep, Sister Sleep, though dark the night,
And not a star looks forth above,
Around thee beams a holy light
From Heaven's own star, the star of Love.

Sleep, Sister Sleep, the night is still,
The breezes scarce a leaflet move,
Yet tones to which thy pulses thrill
Are floating round thee, breathed by love.

Sleep, Sister Sleep, those breathings bear
My spirit in its raptured flight,
To murmur in thy dreaming ear,
A brother's passionate good-night.

C. P.

Miscellaneous.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

Life in Alexandria. (continued)

The Slave Pen consists simply of a centre and two wings. The building forming the centre comprises an office below and a room above for confining special criminals. It is used at present for women, of whom there are a few degraded as much as men, and who are incarcerated there for civil-military crimes. The west wing was, until recently, an open space walled in. Now a good roof with ventilator is put on. A flooring laid around the room, and a stove in the centre, makes the place reasonably comfortable. Along the inmost side is a tier of cells, most uninviting places. They are simply parallelogrammatic spaces, with a brick paving. The east wing is entirely open above, and admits, of course, all the elements. We presume that no body is confined there. In the west wing, there are accommodations for a full company. A shower bath is convenient, too much so for the comfort of many inmates. The sight of manacles, fetters and chains is not an inspiring one.

The Slave Pen is notorious. Its name has gone far over the nation's extent. It is synonymous with degradation and punishment. In its first use as a military prison there are memories of poor wretches, who perished through the inclemency of the weather and insufficiency of protection. The idea of a

man, even though drunken, being placed in an enclosure, with the sky for a roof, the bricks for a floor, and the driving snow pelting in upon him, is revolting. We are glad to record a better state of things. The criminals, however, are not less intensely wicked. Of a truth, some of the lowest dregs of humanity that exist, are there confined.

The Prince Street Military Prison has, on the first floor, a ward containing some seventy-five men, and up-stairs other wards *accommodating* more. There is a large kitchen in the open rear, enclosed between the buildings. Close by it are the poles where the prisoners *swing* sometimes. A chain is attached to the foot and waist belt, and at the end of six feet more to a heavy ball. The hands are tied behind, the ball thrown through a loop on the pole, and the criminal pulled off of his foothold. Other men are compelled to pace up and down the yardway to the monotonous tones of the clanking chain and rolling balls at their heels. In the wards, one thing is evident. Fresh air is never breathed. Put seventy-five men in a room, where, when they lie down, there is no vacant space. It does not look much like ventilation. The number of deserters is large, and accommodations small. Some of them have been in confinement a six-month and more. This should not be, and we understand that a reform is to be introduced. Some of these men are fine looking, intelligent and energetic. But when they get here, one and all, if *not* hardened, go rapidly through the process. Nevertheless, there is perfect order among the men. Yet the fact of barred windows, and bolted doors, and iron gratings, and a sentinel outside with loaded musket, is sadly conducive of crime and punishment.

The Odd Fellow's Hall, on Columbus street, between Cameron and Queen street, is also a Military Prison. Below stairs it is used as a guard room. Above, where the *Odd Fellows* used to meet, now deserters do congregate. The canopy at each end of the room no longer look down on officers of a civil society, but on a society of men who have broken faith with the government. There are some reckless ones there, and others who are feelingly aware of their degradation. Perhaps a hundred are gathered together there, comprising all against whom charges are sufficiently grave to warrant a court-martial. The building itself is brick, two-story high, and commodious. At present it looks very neat, an improvement which has been made by Government.

A visit to these prisons is less terrible than it would seem, but the terrors of an incarceration can scarcely be over-imagined.

King street is a busy street throughout. The Central Market is just above Washington street. Opposite it is a rustic looking restaurant. At the corner of Columbus street is a building occupied by a detachment of the 1st Michigan Cavalry. At Alfred street is a large cabinet ware-room, in fact one of the large business places—a three-story brick. Toward Prince street, on Alfred, is the Friendship Fire Co. No. 1, presumably the oldest in Alexandria.

A vacant lot is at the corner of Patrick street, recently occupied as a circus and menagerie. Next is the railroad, on Henry street, on one corner of which is an old brick building, used variously as restaurant and otherwise. It has a great gape in the north side, as if a shot, fifteen feet through, had penetrated it. If not pulled down pretty soon, we think, it will save doing so altogether. On the opposite corner, west, is a large brick building, to be occupied, probably, by the hospital department as a laundry. At Fayette street a road takes off diagonally to Duke street. An old brewery stands on the corner, strongly reminding us of the "Old Brewery and Five Points, New York City." Next is Payne street, on one corner of which stands the Somac mills that were. Next is West street, and just beyond, on the right side, the Peyton grounds. Before the war this was a fine place, having a mansion house and smaller houses adjoining, for the entertainment of excursionists. Beautiful and tall trees shaded the lawns and walks, and many a happy party has gathered under the leafy branches. The grounds are extensive, occupying the space of nearly two ordinary blocks. It has in its enclosure, at present, stables erected, and the whole place is used for the accommodation of cattle. For the latter purpose, it has been extended to Orinoco street. Above the Peyton grounds are two dwellings, both prettily surrounded, and beyond them the open country.

Between the railroad and West street there are thick settlements of negroes. Mushroom shanties everywhere present. Sometimes, up a rickety stair to what seems a good-sized pigeon house, and we find a family within, not of pigeons, however, but specimens, undeniably, of the human race. They are seemingly a harmless, do-little people. There are some very pretty and neat residences below the railroad. Here and there one. Most of the dwellings, however, are recent, and built for temporary use. At Patrick and Princess is what was a church, a frame structure. We think it is now used as a schoolhouse. Little attention seems to be paid to the fact that window lights are better than paneless sashes to keep out the cold. On the block running west from Alfred, between Queen and Princess, are the ambulance stables, quite a large establishment. The Court House is on Columbus street, south of Princess. It is a large brick building, two and a half story high, with columns and spiral outer stairways in front, and surrounded by extensive grounds, though unimproved. The court room is in the second story. The back of the lot has on it two barracks for the Veteran Reserve Corps attached to the 3rd Division Hospital.

to be continued.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE]

A SURE THING.—If there is any one who doubts that Richmond will be captured by the Union force now arrayed against it, let him read the following passage of the Scripture. Proverbs X: 24, in which the event seems to be foreshadowed.

The fear of the wicked shall come upon him, but the desire of the righteous shall be granted.

The Cripple

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17TH, 1864.



IN HOC SIGNO VINCES.

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

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

Contributions, especially of a narratory character are respectfully solicited.

One additional copy gratis will be given with every ten to one address.

To Correspondents.

- C. P.—Prose as acceptable to us as poetry.
- Dr. P.—Happy to welcome you among our Correspondents.
- Dr. N.—Our thanks. Please continue to contribute to our paper.
- ZENAS—Where are you? Have you spoiled your pen? If so, you may have a new one by calling at this office.
- Miss SARAH J. C. WHELLESY—Poetry received, with thanks. Will be published in next number.
- P. M. L.—Poetry very good. Will publish it as soon as possible.
- F. W.—Dialogue, &c., will appear in next number. You will be "a literary man" yet.
- R. W. B.—"The Rose" rejected. If poetry is not your forte, try prose.
- D. S. L.—Much obliged for many acts of kindness shown to us. Should like to hear more from you.
- W. H. B.—Your "Summary of News" is done up brown. Our thanks.
- SANATOSIA—Our "long, short and particular" thanks. Will appear in next number.

Communicated.

On my arrival in America, about a month ago, I was aware, in some measure, of the feeling existing in this country toward the English government and people; and, on the other hand, I am thoroughly acquainted with the true state of feeling in the mother country concerning this great and disastrous war; its cause, the object to be gained by it, and also in what direction the sympathies of the really English people tend.

The misunderstanding which exists on both sides must be most distressing to every true Englishman or American. Did the same feeling exist between two nations of distinct races, different principles, and having no ties in common, we should not wonder so much; but when a people (like the American)

descended from English ancestors, whose fathers and forefathers were inhabitants of that little island whose renown and glory has filled pages in history, pages which bear undeniable testimony to her greatness in arms, and in no less a degree to the unselfish greatness of mind and nobleness of action of the English, the subject has quite a different aspect.

A nation, like an individual, is often in the wrong. Men, however faultless, are still mortal, and the best of our race are sometimes found guilty of actions the reverse of right, and which astonish us.—The people of a land are not to be held responsible for all the deeds which diplomatists, with their strictness of justice, perpetrate, nor with the utter disregard to that principle sometimes shown when the interests of a nation are concerned.

The customs of the Americans, their institutions, actions and dispositions, all show their affinity to the English. The only real difference is in the country they inhabit; and no one will attempt to argue that for this reason we should hate one another. On the contrary, the mighty ocean which covers us should, at the same time, bind us together in the common work of civilization, enterprize, and the mutual increase of our greatness, only to be obtained by the perfect and hearty union of two such nations. Consider the ties which connect us. There are few in this country who cannot name some dear one separated by the vast Atlantic; and, instead of viewing each other's successes with narrow-minded jealousy, we should frankly acknowledge, what we really feel, that we are proud of one another.

My intention in writing these few lines is, if possible, to show your readers that, though many in the old country (in fact, I may say the majority) sympathise with the South, yet this does not for one moment prove that the sympathies of the English people are against the North. If you review your own countrymen, investigate their opinions and sentiments, you will find that two-thirds are entirely ignorant of the matter they speak about. One takes one view of the question because he knows somebody with more intellect than himself who thinks the same way, and another has a different opinion probably because he wants to be remarkable. The opinion of such people you consider worthless, and would value that of an intelligent person more than a multitude of the characters I speak of. It is exactly the same in England and every other country. Ignorance has been and, in all probability, always will be in ascendency—at least numerically; but what such people think is neither of consequence or effect. I may divide the opinion of people in Great Britain concerning the American question into three, as representing three distinct sets of people. First, there are the merchants, traders and others, who were amassing or had amassed great wealth by trade with the South; they find commerce seriously damaged by this war; they see very little money coming into their once well filled coffers. The cause of all this is the blockade in the Southern ports, and, therefore, whilst apparently sympathising with the South, the real sympathy is for themselves and their own empty pockets. They care not which side is victorious so that they are prosperous, and their sympathies extend no further than their interests are concerned.

In the second place, there is a class of people who do not understand the real nature of the question which this war involves. They do not consider it as a war for the abolition of slavery, and, without

questioning any farther, side with the South because they fancy them the weakest.

I have now disposed of two classes, which include the majority of the English people—the ignorant and those who strive to maintain their interests at the cost of their principles.

I will now briefly describe that portion of the community who have Northern sympathies—sympathy which would do credit to any loyal American. They are the prop and support of our country; men who despise rebellion and hate rebels, who revere their time-honored institutions, and who, next to God, love their country, love the purity of which cannot be surpassed, the strength of which is unequalled, and which every man of principle and noble aspirations must admire.

These are the Northern sympathisers, the men who by their conversation and every justifiable means in their power, defend the just policy of the North. They hate rebellion themselves unless tyranny has been practised, and then, instead of rebels, we have a noble band of patriots. The South had just laws and privileges, and were in power when they rebelled. Knowing all this, they sympathise with you because they know there was no just cause or pretext for rebellion. In addition to this, they look upon this war as one which will abolish forever from this continent an institution which is disgraceful to any civilized country, viz.: Slavery. For years past this detestable and unchristian traffic in human flesh has been the blackest blot on civilized America; and now, when she attempts to wipe out that stain from her otherwise noble constitution, and to make it a thing of the past only to be thought of with disgust, she deserves and will have the sympathy and blessing of every upright man. You will now see that all the sympathy worth having is on the side of the North. Englishmen love freedom and liberty. They are their greatest blessings and are synonymous with the word Briton. The men who wish your cause ill, though they and their parents before them were born in England, are not Englishmen. The very words they speak are a libel to that name. It requires something more than birthright to make them true citizens of that country—it requires integrity of principle, nobleness of action, love for everything that is pure, noble and free, hatred to everything servile, base or tyrannical. The former class are your friends in England, true and hearty friends, who pray for your cause daily.

I shall feel delighted if these few plain but sincere and true remarks can do anything towards rendering the feelings of some few Americans more friendly towards my country. Combined we can do much, united we can accomplish almost anything, but estranged in feeling and divided by jealousy, we can do naught but injury to one another and to the whole world. W. H. P.

NOTICE.

A meeting of Hospital Stewards, on duty in Alexandria and Fairfax Seminary, will be held at Hd-Qrs, 3rd Division Hospital, Alexandria, Va., on Monday evening, Dec. 19th, 1864. All are earnestly invited to attend, as business of importance will be brought before the meeting.
LEOPOLD COHEN,
H. S. U. S. ARMY.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

[PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

GRANT!

Whatever mystery has been attached to Gen. Warren's movement is now removed. He has been on a rapid, a rather extensive one also, and the result of his labors may be summed up as follows:—He destroyed twenty miles of the Wilson rail road and as many of telegraph wire. Horses and cattle were brought in, and thousands of barrels of corn given to the stricken. By all accounts the expeditionists had an exciting, and lively time, and their casualties were considerable; but all must admire the rapid and complete manner in which Gen. Warren performed his work. There is little doubt but that its importance will early be manifested in events now foreshadowing.

SHERMAN!

A Rebel paper, speaking upon Sherman two weeks since predicted the following:—"His forage and provision trains being full he will mass his entire army at Millen. Then throwing his cavalry in the rear, he will put his wagon train between the two wings of his army, and march in compact column, steadily but cautiously, towards the city of Savannah." It calculated he would reach the place, "if not checked" by the 9th of December.—On the 7th he was twenty-five miles from Savannah.—On the 6th an expedition, naval and land, started from Port Royal, and destroyed the Pecotaligo bridge, which action severed connection between Charleston and Savannah, and destroyed all chances of the latter city being reinforced from any point north.—On the same day it was reported that scouts, from Gen. Foster had communicated with the army of Sherman.—On the 14th news came to hand, that the latter had actually arrived within 8 miles of Savannah, and that this army was in line of battle at that point.—The following however, published in our dailies of the 15th is we believe the first official news that has been received from Sherman and embraces all that was known of his movements up to that date.—No reliance should therefore be placed upon the sensational stories which make their appearance, as they owe their origin only to the vivid imaginations of those that promulgate them.—Hilton Head, Dec. 12th: Captain Duncan of Gen. Howard's—commander of the right wing of the army—scouts, has just come in. He left the army on the evening of the 9th. Sherman's whole army was then within ten miles of Savannah advancing to attack it. The enemy's works, five miles from the city, were probably attacked yesterday, as heavy firing was heard in that direction. Captain Duncan represents the army to be in the best spirits possible, and in most excellent condition. Very little opposition had been met with on the march as the enemy could not tell which route would be taken.—The army has lived off the country, and had accumulated a considerable number of horses and cattle.—News of the capture of Savannah is momentarily looked for.

THOMAS!

Col. G. M. S. Johnson has received the highest praise from his commanding General, for the manner in which he handled his troops at Mill Creek, station No. 2, having gallantly kept the enemy at bay for sixteen hours and finally fought his way out and reached Nashville with a loss of 115 men killed and wounded.—2165 was our total loss in the battle of Franklin instead of 500 as was first reported.—The following good news has heralded itself in time for this week's issue.—This Department has just received unofficial despatches from Nashville, announcing that General Thomas, with the forces under his command, attacked Hood's army in front of Nashville at 9 o'clock this morning, and, although the battle is not yet decided, the whole action to-day is described as "splendidly successful." Our line advanced on the right five miles, the enemy were driven from the river, from his entrenchments, from the range of hills on which his left rested, and forced back upon his right and centre, and the centre pushed back from one to three miles, with the loss of seventeen guns and about fifteen hundred prisoners, and his whole line of earthworks, except about a mile on his extreme right, where no serious attempt was made to dislodge him. Our casualties are reported to be light. Hood's whole army, except the cavalry and a small force near Murfreesboro, was engaged.

GENERAL NEWS.

The Confederate steamer, Armstrong, of 630 tons measurement, described as beautiful, very fast and new, was captured by our vessels on the 4th inst.—Opposite Bruinsburg, Miss.—On Nov. 22d Lieut. Wright of the steamer Avenger, captured a Rebel captain a Commissary Sergt. and a private together with 255 enfield rifles and accoutrements, seventeen tales of wool and destroyed fourteen shirts and two wagons.—Capt. Summe's new ship the Sea King, has been wrecked off Madeira, so says rumor.—The greatest estimate of our loss in the Grahamsville fight is 1000, killed and wounded. We

captured and lost a few prisoners. The rebels had works prepared to fall back to, and our heaviest loss occurred in their attempted capture.—Gen. Fiana has been heard of on at Vicksburg. He destroyed 30 miles of rail road above Big Black Crossing, in building the long bridge at that place. 2500 bales of cotton and \$300,000, worth of other public property. His loss was 5 killed and 41 wounded and missing.—A large too stock blockade-runner was run ashore and destroyed off the entrance to Cape Fear river, on the 3d inst. She was loaded with arms and ammunition.—The steamer Maria exploded near St. Louis on the 11th inst., killing 25 men and wounding 30, and destroying 187 government horses and mules. There were 80 soldiers on board who lost everything, and some of whom were among the killed and wounded. The boat was entirely new and valued at \$40,000.—There was great excitement in Memphis on the 9th on account of a report that Beauregard was approaching with a heavy force and large guns.—150 negroes went in chase of 21 rebels who made their appearance on the river's bank opposite Memphis, which resulted in the negroes being led into an ambuscade, and nearly all were slaughtered, seven only were known to have returned.—The St. Alban raiders have been released by the Canadian authorities. This act has called forth an order from Gen. Dix, which authorizes in the event of any repetition of these raiding expeditions from Canada, the shooting down of the guilty parties in the commission of their crimes, or if it be necessary for their capture to follow them into British territory, not to hesitate; and on no account to give them up to any foreign authority.

BALTIMORE, December 16.—The American has just received a despatch from Annapolis, stating that the steamer Varuna had just arrived from Charleston.

There was a report by the flag of truce boat that Sherman had captured Savannah, with eleven thousand prisoners, after eight hours fighting.

Local Matters.

The Surgeon General has ordered that no more Hospital Stewards of the U. S. Army be appointed.

The steamer State of Maine stopped here yesterday, from City Point, with about four hundred sick and wounded soldiers on board. The colored ones were taken to Louverture General Hospital, and the rest were sent to Washington.

Notice—Public Sale.

Will be sold at Public Sale, at the Headquarters of 2d Division U. S. General Hospital, Alexandria, Va., on the 20th day of December, 1864, a variety of articles belonging to deceased soldiers, such as Great Coats, Dress Coats, Wool Blankets, Shirts, Stockings, Trowsers, Watches, and a variety of other articles. Sale to commence at 11 o'clock, A. M. Terms of sale, Cash.

EDWIN BENTLEY,
Surgeon U. S. V., in charge.

Washington and Alexandria Military Railroad Line.

TIME TABLE, to take effect on and after Wednesday, December 4th, 1864.

TRAINS LEAVE

Alexandria for Washington—8:30 a. m., 3:05 p. m., and 6:45 p. m.

Washington for Alexandria—10:00 a. m., 4:30 p. m., and 8:30 p. m.

P. McCALLUM,
Superintendent, Alexandria, Va.

Divine services are held every Sunday at the following places:—Mansion-house Branch, by Chaplain DRUM, U. S. A. Prince St. Branch, by Chaplain McMURDY, U. S. A. Old Hallowell Branch, by Chaplain GAGE, U. S. A. Slough Branch by Chaplain WLY, U. S. A. Louverture Hospital by Chaplain LEONARD, U. S. A.

FIRST DIVISION HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 16th, 1864.

Total number of beds for patients,	753.
No. of patients admitted,	33.
do do Returned to duty,	49.
do do Transferred,	4.
do do Furloughed,	2.
do do Discharged,	3.
do do Deceased,	4.
No. of Patients remaining	609.

SECOND DIVISION HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 16th, 1864.

Total number of beds for patients,	928.
No. of patients admitted,	63.
do do Returned to duty,	52.
do do Transferred,	6.
do do Furloughed,	11.
do do Discharged,	3.
do do Deserted,	0.
do do Deceased,	2.
No. of patients remaining,	856.

THIRD DIVISION HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 16th, 1864.

Total number of beds for patients,	1250.
No. of patients admitted,	31.
do do Returned to duty,	22.
do do Transferred,	11.
do do Furloughed,	19.
do do Discharged,	3.
do do Deserted,	3.
do do Deceased,	5.
do do Remaining,	1198.

LOUVERTURE HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 16th, 1864.

Total number of beds for patients,	717.
No. of patients admitted,	9.
do do Returned to duty,	6.
do do Furloughed,	24.
do do Deserted,	2.
do do Deceased,	10.
do do Remaining,	617.

CLAREMONT HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 16th, 1864.

Total number of beds for patients,	164.
No. of patients admitted,	1.
do do Returned to Duty,	2.
do do Remaining,	31.

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.

- MANSON 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.

- 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.

(For Colored Soldiers.)

- corner Prince and Payne streets, W. K. FLETCHER, Act'g Assistant Surgeon U. S. A. chief attending.
- GRACE CHURCH BRANCH, Patrick street, near Duke
- BAPTIST CHURCH BRANCH, corner Washington and Prince streets.
- 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 Trials of a Literary Man.

Of all misfortunes mortals know,
Or all they ever can,
The greatest, hardest is, to be
A literary man!

Now, once, when tender youthful years
Sat lightly on my brow,
I said that I would famous be,
And sealed it with a vow.
So I looked over all the list
Of great men in the van,
And made my mind up, then, to be
A literary man!

The first lines of my maiden muse,
An Editor refused—
Oh! how I tore my Byron locks,
To be so much abused!

My rhymes were all symmetrical:
"Flows" went quite right with "glows,"
And "'spose" "Rose" "knows" "those"
"beaux" "foes" "blows"
Will jingle well with "nose."
But 'twas no use. At last I hit
Upon another plan—
I'd write blank-verse, and learn to be
A literary man!

I studied well my book of words,
A ponderous dictionary,
And scorned to use those smaller than
"Plenipotentiary."

Six days and nights I studied hard,
And four more, ditto, spent
In writing off my theme, and then
Straight to the printer sent;
And feverish with expectancy,
I even then began
To feel myself quite famous, and
A literary man!

But ah, my labor was in vain,
This was rejected too;
And once again I brought my mind
To venture something new,
I studied modern novelists,
Until I knew by heart,
The role of ev'ry heroine,
And ev'ry hero's part—
I vowed, if *verse* was not my forte,
I'd yet rank 'mongst the clan.
A novel-writer, is, you know,
A literary man!

I drew my plot, and sketched the parts,
And kept them in my head;
I wrote, dear me, till nearly blind,
And scarcely went to bed.
At length, a month of labor hard
Brought forth the book complete,
Save covers, binding and the print,
To dress the precious feat.
I mailed it to a publisher,
The manuscript to scan;
He wrote—"An ass will never make
A literary man!"

This constant being so repulsed,
Caused oft a cruel pain,
And writing for the printer-men,
I never tried again.
Yet once, I tried an Album piece,
For my betrothed Louise,

And got the mitten, just because
I rhymed her name with "sneeze!"
Since this "unkindest cut of all,"
I've placed in awful ban
On authors, and I would *not* be
A literary man!

F. W.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD "CANTEEN."—The word "canteen" has had a curious history. It is perhaps the only word in our language which, originally English, passed into a foreign tongue, and was afterward taken back in a modified form. As originally spoken by the Saxon, it was simply "tin can;" but the Gaul, as is his wont, placing the noun before the adjective, and pronouncing the letter "t" as "ee," brought it out as "camin," pronounced "canteen." Adopting a thousand other French military terms, the Englishman took back his own original word in a new shape, without any inquiries on the subject; and hence we now say "canteen" instead of "tin can."

Our Fat Contributor in the Home Guard.

The moment the Flag was threatened, large bodies of men were called upon to rally in the defence. Being a large-bodied man, I rallied, and enrolled myself with the Home Guards. The drill is very severe. I am constantly reminded that one of the first requirements of a soldier is to throw out his chest and draw in his stomach. Having been burned out several times while occupying rooms in an attic, I have had considerable practice in throwing out my chest, but by what system of practice could I ever hope to draw in my stomach? I can't "dress up"—it's no use trying. My vest buttons are in line, I am far in the rear; and if I toe the mark, a fearful bulge indicates my position.—There is no room for an argument in regard to my sentiments, everybody can see at a glance just where I stand.—One evening we had a new drill-sergeant, who was near sighted. Running his eye down the line, he exclaimed, sharply: "What is that man doing in the rank with a bass drum?" He pointed at me, but I hadn't any drum—it was the surplus stomach that I couldn't draw in. I am the butt of numberless jokes, as you may suppose. They have got a story in the Guards, that when I first heard the command, "Order arms!" I dropped my musket, and taking out my note-book, began to draw an order on the Government for what arms I wanted. They say I ordered a Winans' steam gun, with a pair of Dahlgren howitzers for side arms! Base fabricators! My ambition never extended beyond rifle cannon, and they knew it. Al though in respect to size I belong to the "heavies," my preference is for the light infantry service. My knapsack is marked light infantry. One evening the spectators seemed convulsed about something, and my comrades tittered by platoons when my back was turned. It was all a mystery to me until I laid off my knapsack. Some wretch had erased the two final letters, and I had been parading all the evening labelled "Light Infant!" The above is one of the thousand annoyances to which I am subjected, and nothing but my consuming patriotism could ever induce me to submit to it. I rallied at the call of my country, and am not to be put out by the rallying of my comrades. I overheard a spectator inquire of the drill sergeant one day: "Do you drill the whole of him at once?" "No," he replied in an awful whisper, "I drill him by squads!" I would have drilled him if I had had a bayonet. Specifications have been published in regard to my uniform, and contractors advertised for.—The making will be let out to the lowest responsible bidder. In case the Guards are ordered to take the field, a special commissary will be detailed to supply my rations. That reminds me of a harrowing incident. On last drill night, an old farmer, who dropped in to see us drill, took me aside, and said he wanted to sell me a yoke of oxen. "My ancient agriculturist," said I smiling at his simplicity, "I have no use for oxen." "Perhaps not at present," quoth he, "but if you go to the war you will want them." "For what?" said I, considerably annoyed. "Want 'em to draw your rations," said he. The Guard paid me a delicate compliment at the last meeting. They elected me "Child of the Regiment," with the rank of first Corporal, with the pay of chief "Blower." I was about to return thanks in a neat and appropriate speech when a reporter, who was present, assured me it was no use—he had got the whole thing in type, speech and all, and I could read it in the evening paper. He said they kept a "neat and appropriate speech" standing in type continually. I got his views and held my peace.

Yours for the Union, including the Stars, also the Stripes,
FAT CONTRIBUTOR.
Cleveland Plaindealer.

An Indian had gone to Albany one cold winter's day, and got very drunk. On his way home, he became completely overcome, laid down and was frozen to death. His tribe were at that time much disposed to imitate the habits of white men, and accordingly held an inquest on the dead body. After a long pow-wow, they agreed to the verdict that the deceased came to his death "by mixing too much water in his whiskey, which had frozen in him and killed him."

In conformity with the old custom of advertising from the public sign-post all intentions of marriage, the following announcement was made:

"Marriage is intended between Mr. Williams, of Williams-town, and Miss Betsey Williams, of Williamsbridge."

A mischievous wag, to make it still more explicit, wrote underneath:

"For particulars, see small Bills next year."

An Irishman had one child buried in the old country and one in this, and in a spirit of economy he thought one tombstone might answer for both. So he erected one with this inscription:

"Here lie my two children dear,
One in old Ireland and 'tother here."

The following is dedicated to Johnnies:—

There was a little monkey sat on a little tree;
He sate there as long as he wanted for to be;
And when he got tired, he got down, don't you see,
And went and sate on another little tree.

A Danish writer speaks of a hut so miserable that it didn't know which way to fall, and so kept standing. This is like the man who had such a complication of diseases that he did not know what to die of, and for that reason lived on.

An Irishman, taken insensible from the ruins of a recent smash-up, near Dunkirk, New York, after awaking to consciousness, said: "By the powers! an' wasn't it a know-nothing I was for a few moments, glattleman?"

A old lady who imagined that the sea must be very dirty because so many bathed in it, was consoled on being informed that it washed upon the beach every morning.

Why was the inventor of steel pens a most immoral person? Because he made men steal—steel—pens, and told them they did right—write.—

Country lady, approaching facetious cabman: "Pray, sir, are you engaged?" "Och, bless yer soul, ma'am! I have been married this seven years, and have eight children."

When does an example of good conduct strongly resemble its opposite.—When it is a Miss-behaving.

Official Directory.

Surgeon General.

Brig. Gen'l JOSEPH K. BARNES, Surgeon General U. S. A. Cor. 15th St. and Penna. Ave., Washington, D. C.

Medical Director, Department of Washington.

Surgeon R. O. ABBOTT, U. S. A. 538 14th St., St. between G St. and N. Y. ave., Washington, D. C.

Medical Purveyor.

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

Medical Storekeeper.

HENRY JOHNSON. Cor. F and 18th 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. 461, C St., near Ballimore 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.