

# THE CRIPPLE

UNITED STATES GENERAL HOSPITALS, ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA.

VOL. 1.

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## The Cripple

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U. S. GENERAL HOSPITAL, ALEXA, VA.

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" " One Month.....	10

PAYABLE INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

## Poetry.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

### The Temple of Old Time.

BY SARAH J. C. WHITTLESEY.

The black crape hangs at the close-shut door,  
Of the *Temple of Old Time*,  
For many sleep there who will wake no more,  
Ah! many dear ones of the days of yore!  
Where the deep dark night of the *Now* is o'er,  
And the mellow Peace-bell chimes.

When I go back to my home again,  
And stand at the *Temple gate*,  
Old Heartache will open his portals of pain,  
And usher me in where the loved have lain,  
And out in the dark of the grave-heaped plain,  
The wo of woes relate!

Ah, me! to stand in that *Temple* and see  
The lights burn low in the hall—  
To listen to long-ago Love's melody,  
In welcoming ripples from old friends for me,  
And know they are under the cyprian tree,  
Shut up from the yearning call.

Of a suffering heart that has come one more,  
To walk in the old time ways—  
How the breast will bleed and the brain run o'er  
With fiery tears, for the friends of yore,  
Who have gone from the *Temple* and come no more,  
To golden the dusk of the days!

## Miscellaneous.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

### Life in Alexandria. (continued.)

Along Henry street (north of King) are many small houses. Now and then a larger one breaks the monotony. The locality is not a desirable one in which to live. An open lot bounds the interval between Queen and Princess on the west. From that to Orinoco street is a block comprising an immense wood pile and the Government Bakery. As the name of the latter implies, it sends forth bread to the troops and hospitals in the vicinity. We do not know the exact amount issued daily, but it is immense, and doubtless, startlingly so. The building is as neat and pretty as we have ever seen one of its kind, and most temporary structures of the government is a simple frame. It appears to have

everything convenient to the conduct of so large an establishment.

Opposite this, east, is an enclosure used for herding cattle and horses temporarily. On Orinoco street, north of the bakery, is the "Mason" House, a substantial central building, with wings and out-houses, with a pretty garden in front and another in rear. Directly west of this is a barrack square, with a line of tents in the centre, the whole used as a hospital, and named in honor of Gen. Sickles. It is large, accommodating some six hundred patients. In the open space are neat arrangements of grass-plots, mounds, &c. During the summer this is a beautiful place, and healthy withal. In winter, the "northern breezes blow" a lively tune around, and, despite the carpenter's skill, search out hidden crevices and get within by the fire. Outside of the square are a few large barracks used for washing, drying, and the like.

A slope takes off westwardly, terminating in Hooff's Run. An opposite one rises thence, and reaches a moderate elevation.

Through Henry street runs the railroad track, and by the Bakery it is tripled, while cars, empty and laden, give an air of business to the place.—Between Alfred and Patrick, north of Orinoco, is a barracks and a battery of artillery. Near Wythe street is a mule carrol and wagor yard. It is fun to see a mule shod, if he is of the *wild* ones. We would recommend a walk in this direction to our invalid readers. They would be well repaid.

Toward the west end of the city, we find King street turning southwesterly after reaching the commencement of uplands. Further on it joins the Little River Turnpike, which leads to Fairfax Court House. A branch, however, from King st., turns northwesterly, and about two miles out is Fairfax Seminary. A short distance beyond the bisection is Shuter's hill, the summit of which is crowned by Fort Ellsworth. Beyond, westerly, is rolling land, and, saving the destruction of the fine forests that once adorned the country, the landscape is very beautiful.

Duke street, after reaching Hooff's run, becomes the Little River turnpike, why so named we cannot tell. Above the run are some very neat dwellings, with a rustic admixture in their surroundings. On the rising beyond, and south of the railroad, is Slough Hospital, a barrack square, with an outer semi-circle of tents on the east side. Barring the marsh around the outlet of Hooff's Run, the location is fine and healthy. Nearly a thousand men can be accommodated here. Beyond, westerly, and at the head of Hunting Creek, is the city water works, a very simple yet sufficient establishment. Adjoining it is a grist mill. Cameron Run is the name of the stream supplying the thirst of the city. Its mouth is the head of Hunting Creek. The scenery around here is very pretty indeed.

Going out the Turnpike beyond the junction of King St., we find a succession of dwellings of old

and new fashioned types, some neat and comfortable looking, others not so neat and comfortable.—A few hotels or rather inns are scattered here, ready to furnish entertainment for man and beast. The City reservoir is built on other side of Shuter's hill, and is very prettily surrounded. Upon the hill mentioned is a house, reputed to be the residence of Genl. R. E. Lee, of the rebel service. Here also are camps of troops, and here two years ago, Colonel Belknap had his well-known Convalescent Camp, long since broken up.

A few miles out of Alexandria westerly, is an old-fashioned stone-built house, the property and residence at one time of Commodore Rogers, (now a rebel.) It is and has been for a couple of years used as a Small-pox hospital.

Concluded next week.

[FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

## DIALOGUE

BETWEEN A SANITARY COMMISSION AGENT AND PRIVATE MOORE, A WOUNDED MAN.

SCENE—In Hospital.

AGT.—(A good hearted old gentleman, standing by the bedside of Moore, who has a bad bullet-wound on the head.)—"What a frightful wound!"

SOLDIER.—(A brave and whole-souled fellow, an inveterate joker and a punster.)—"Yes, quite *gash-tly*."

AGT.—"Poor fellow! you must suffer great pain?"

SOL.—Well, I reckon I do, right *smart*; couldn't suffer much *Moore*."

AGT.—"You seem to be very cheerful; and I understand you bore your part in battle like a hero."

SOL.—Well, I was never *backward* in going *forward* into a fight; and never turned my *rear* to the *front*; but the little joker that struck me *bore* its part as faithfully as I did mine, to all appearance. I've sent many a *bullet* home to its mark; but I'll be *shot* if I ever got hit by a *ball* from any Johnny that ever rammed a *slug* down a *minié*, until I received this."

AGT.—"You're a queer fellow; are you married?"

SOL.—"So are you; but your question is a *queerer*, (query.) No, I'm not married, and when I went to the *front* I did not leave 'a girl behind me.' I once *Sally-ed* forth to get *Mary-ed*, but the lady told me my manners were not *Polly-shed* enough to *please* her, so I withdrew my *suit*, and Abraham took me to his bosom, bed and board, and I'm *regularly* his four years to come. However, if I haven't got a *sweetheart*, I've got as *tough* a heart as you will meet with in any *rank* or *file* of society."

AGT.—"Well, my dear fellow, good-bye; I must talk with some of the other sick and wounded."

SOL.—"They'll be glad to see you, and you'll find them very *patient*. Call in when you come *out* this way again. Good-bye."

(Exit Agent—quiescent Soldier.)

F. J. W.

## The Cripple

LEOPOLD COHEN.—EDITOR.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24TH, 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.

Contributions, especially of a narratory character are respectfully solicited.

We have the pleasure of publishing this week a poem by the able Miss Sarah J. C. Whittlesey, and one from our well-known poet "Sanatosis;" also a dialogue by Mr. F. J. W., one of our most valuable contributors, and other original matter.—"Life in Alexandria" is yet continued, but will come to a conclusion with next number; and we are happy to inform our readers that the author has promised to continue equally interesting contributions, and hope they will find as many friends and admirers as "Life in Alexandria."

We publish, also, another communication from our friend from "Great Britain," W. H. P., which we hope will give the same satisfaction as his communication of last week.

Three months ago, when we started this paper, we had no idea that it would meet with the success it has. It is equally well patronized by officers, soldiers and citizens, and we are glad to see our humble efforts thus appreciated. It has always been our endeavor to please, and to do our utmost to relieve the monotony of sick and wounded in hospital; and if we have, in some instances, hurt the feelings of one or the other, we assure them it has occurred without intention, and that we have always acted with a loving, if sometimes a reproofing spirit. Deficiencies must be kindly overlooked, as the Editor has more arduous duties to perform and can only devote his spare hours to edit the paper.

Thanking our patrons for their kind support, we assure them that it will always be our utmost endeavor to please them as far as it is in our power, and to make our paper a medium of Friendship, Instruction, Amusement and Information to the patients in the hospitals, for whose particular benefit the paper was established.

Our thanks especially are due to the Surgeon in charge for his generosity and assistance; also to the Executive Officer of Third Division. Without their support we would have been unable to make our paper what it is, or to publish it at all.

As many subscriptions close with this number we hope they will be speedily renewed.

### Communicated.

It is quite natural that a stranger in this country should expect to find business greatly injured, the daily avocations of life in some measure interfered with, and in every street to notice some signs of the great war which is devastating this portion of the continent; but, whilst he does remark some changes, they are so slight in comparison to what he expected that he is naturally surprised.

It is almost impossible to realize the fact that a war is raging whilst walking along Broadway, viewing the signs of wealth and prosperity on every side; the idle frequenters of that renowned thoroughfare still promenading, to gaze and be gazed at; the busy hum of the multitude pursuing their every day routine of business; the various means of obtaining a livelihood, from the merchant to the shoe-black, still busy—some plodding, others going on in the same matter of fact way, as if nothing had happened; the opera houses, theatres, and other places of amusement were never so crowded; never was gaiety so rife, and never was so much money spent in useless frivolity. Here and there we meet a few soldiers on furlough, and occasionally a poor veteran who has lost a limb in the service of his country; but these have both become so common, such every-day sights that they are unnoticed. The war is hardly ever spoken of unless to ascertain the effect some great battle has on the price of gold, or the probability of obtaining a government contract.

Come nearer to the seat of war—to the capitol—and we find things much the same as they used to be. Provisions, apparel, and all the other etc. are raised in price, it is true; but salaries are raised proportionally, (at least the salaries of those who are not in government employ.) Occasionally we see a few ill-fated rebels marched off as prisoners of war to pay, "too cheaply," by a temporary imprisonment for the foul wrong they have perpetrated; but the peaceful citizens are quite accustomed to this. Some gaze on them with sympathy, (for a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind,) and would express that sympathy openly were it not for the fear of detection, and others shudder when they think of the horrors they have caused.

Let us proceed further; we want to go to Alexandria. We walk down to the pier and are politely halted by a sergeant, who asks for a pass. This entails the trouble of going into town again, and an additional half hour's walk; but finally we arrive safely at our destination, and take our abode in a town ruled by martial law. Everything seems peaceful and quiet. We have certain restrictions to bear, it is true. There is some difficulty in obtaining that class of fluid called ardent spirits, and the effort to do so may justly be called an arduous task. In place, however, of these we have the grateful beverages called lager beer, Philadelphia ale and cider, and can regale ourselves plentifully on oysters steamed, stewed, fried and raw, as the sign-boards on every second house fully testify—the shells, which are cast aside, affording a splendid opportunity to any one fond of conchology to study.

We have also to bear the cold looks of the rebel fair ones, who do not seem to regard favorably the dark, or even light, blue uniform. It is probable they have a decided preference for the dirty russet gray, which is every day approaching nearer to a green shade.

These are some of the personal disadvantages we labor under, but the slight inconvenience we suffer from these is amply repaid by the good order, dis-

cipline and perfect tranquilly reigning everywhere. Walking through the town we notice that most of the mansions are appropriated to purposes they were not intended for. Instead of affording shelter to Southern sympathisers, they are now used for nobler purposes—as hospitals for wounded heroes, men who have fought for their country, its laws, and freedom; who have nobly defended the flag they love, and who will consider themselves amply repaid for all the suffering they have experienced by a nation's gratitude and the final achievement of the principles they have fought for.

The reason of the slight effect this war seems to have on the country is obvious. Its extent is so vast that few besides those actually engaged in warfare are brought in contact with its horrors; the emigration is so great that it is an easy matter to obtain recruits, and though there are numbers fighting for their country's cause whose death would bring sorrow and anguish to many a family now living in comparative happiness, yet there are many of the poor soldiers who have few, if any, relatives in this part of the world to mourn after them.

It is also easy to account for the gaiety which exists in many of the large cities, but it is impossible to approve of it. I do not intend to say that you should all go into mourning, suspend your daily pleasures and wear a mournful face, but the lavish expenditure of money on superfluous articles of dress, jewelry, &c., not useful or necessary, but valued only because they are costly; and the enormous cost entailed by giving sumptuous entertainments is both unnecessary and hegrless when we consider what comforts, (could be purchased with the money,) small in themselves, perhaps, but speaking volumes in the sympathy they show, and the kind thought they suggest for the poor suffering ones exposed to all the inclemency of a winter campaign.

Most of the people who are thus enjoying themselves belong to that most respectable body of men called army contractors, who are reaping an abundant harvest and making splendid fortunes by the prosecution of this war. Doubtless they are good Federals, and, although they are benefitting themselves at present, most probably honestly wish for the termination of the war; but I speak not of them particularly, nor of the great number of Southern sympathisers living comfortably in the North unmolested and at their ease, but of that class who are American born, and men who profess, or really have, loyal feeling. If they are true Federals they will not content themselves with reading the papers, taking side with their government, but each, in argument according to his abilities—if he is young and active, with his life, if aged and rich, with his money, and if poor and helpless, by his prayers and sympathy. Each and all will strive to bring this accursed rebellion to a speedy termination. The cause is a noble, a sacred, and a just one. The man who loves not his country is worthless and unchristian. The man (if able) who will not fight for and defend it is a coward and devoid of every ennobling quality which should make him respected and honored in this world, and which, with his Christian duties combined, will insure everlasting happiness and a beautiful reward for his patriotism hereafter.

W. H. P.

The President yesterday approved the bill establishing the grade of Vice Admiral in the navy, and immediately nominated to the Senate Rear Admiral Farragut for the position. The appointment was at once confirmed, and Vice Admiral Farragut notified of the promotion.

## SUMMARY OF NEWS.

[PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE CRIPPLE.]

### GRANT!

In forcing a man of Lee's calibre to remain in a state of "mastealy inactivity" shut up in Petersburg, Grant is doing well. His able Lieutenants strike blows in other localities that will soon force the rebellion on its "last legs" and his army may well afford to stand by and watch, while its cotemporary are as leaving the grand o'jct in such a glorious way and at a cost so comparatively trifling.

Well, it appears to us will it be, if the warriors of the army of the Potomac, are never called upon for more active work. Let events flow in their current way and instead of approaching their goal over a field of blood and carnage, Richmond will come to them.

### SHERMAN!

Genl. Sherman writing on Dec. 13th stated that at 5 P. M., of that date; Genl. Hazen's division of the 15th Corps, captured by assault Fort McAllister with the entire garrison and stores, and thereby removed all hindrance to communication with the fleet.—Savannah had previously been invested and all the railroads leading thereto had been destroyed.—He says: "Our march was most agreeable, the weather was fine and supplies abundant, and we were not at all molested by guerillas. We have destroyed over two hundred miles of railroad, consumed stores and provisions that were essential to Lee's and Hood's armies, and gathered in a large supply of negroes, mules and horses. We have also captured two boats on the Savannah river, and prevented the enemy's gun boats from coming down."—He estimates the population of the city at 25,000; and the garrison at 15,000, and regards Savannah "as already gained."—Colonel Mackland special agent of the P. O. Dept. delivered 236 of the largest sized sacks of mail matter to Sherman's army on the 16th inst.—The first mail to that army since the commencement of its memorable march.—This said, the agent sold in one half hour one hundred dollars worth of postage stamps, and could have disposed of double the amount. He brought back 2,000 letters and the following news, which is the latest—General Sherman is within three miles of Savannah. His army was in the best of spirits. The sanitary condition of his men was never better. He can have possession of Savannah whenever he is disposed to take it.

### THOMAS!

In the words of the Washington Chronicle "The last achievement of Genl. Thomas, promises to be one of the most brilliant and important victories of the war." He has not only relieved Nashville of the immediate presence of a powerful and haughty foe, but the indications are that all of the State of Tennessee will quickly be freed from the rebels grasp. The battle before Nashville commenced on the 15th inst., and from that time up to the night of the 19th Thomas' men had made prisoners of nine thousand rebels, including four Major Generals and several Brigadiers. Hood had 65 pieces of artillery when we commenced the attack, of these 61 have been taken from him. Our loss in killed and wounded will not reach 3,700, and it is supposed that the enemy's may be a little less. At last accounts, Hood was still being pursued, and losing in prisoners all the time. He had been driven some forty miles from Nashville, and but for the unpropitious weather it is supposed his whole army would have been totally annihilated—as it is the remnant is now fleeing in all directions and comprises but a demoralized rabble.—In East Tennessee Generals Stoneman and Burbridge have routed the rebel Breckenridge's forces and captured the greater portion of his artillery.—General McCook is in pursuit of the detachment of rebels from Hood's army under Genl. Lyon, who moved into Kentucky, and it is presumed that the most of them will be made prisoners.—In the defeat of Forrest on the 15th inst., near Murfreesboro, his loss was 1500 in killed and wounded who fell into the hands of Rosseau's men.

### GENERAL NEWS.

Six of the St. Alban's raiders have been recaptured by the Canadians and rewards have been offered for the remainder. The best understanding exists between the two governments.—Rumors that more incendiary plots are hatching in New York and Boston, are afloat.—Mr. Dayton our Minister to France is dead.—The mortality by the yellow fever, has been very great at Galveston, Texas.—The prize money in Mobile Bay amounts to one year's pay to every man engaged in the fight.—In one day 200,000, damage was inflicted on steamers in the harbor of St. Louis by moving ice.—The President has made another call for 300,000 men.—An order is published making it compulsory for every man fit for duty to be returned to his command. It reads that, "Every effort must be put forth to fill up the ranks, strengthen the armies, and aid the patriotic and gallant troops now meeting the receding enemy with victorious blows."—In furtherance of this order, Veteran Reserve Corps men of the 2nd class, are nearly all to be used for garrison duty.

## Local Matters.

**MUSICAL.**—We have frequently noticed, of late, the performances of the Hospital Department Headquarters band, as being of a character of excellence seldom met with in any musical organization. This band was organized, but a couple of months since, from the musicians in the various hospitals of the city, under the direction of Mr. J. M. Chadwick, one of the most versatile and accomplished musicians that it has ever been our pleasure to meet. Under his direction and tuition, the band has improved with wonderful rapidity, until it has arrived at a degree of perfection which stamps it as one of the very finest in the service. They perform at the different hospitals alternate evenings, in fine weather, and by their delicious music enliven many an hour which would otherwise hang heavily over the wounded or sick sick soldier's couch.—State Journal.

We were just going to heartily endorse the above from the *Journal*, when our devil (metaphorically speaking, for we do not "plead guilty" to the soft impeachment "of associating with his Satanic Majesty") protruded his grimy face over our shoulder and whispered:—"Mr. Chadwick puts me in mind of the snow-storm we had recently." Of course, as we didn't see the *drift* of his remark, we asked:—"Why?" "Because," he replied with a ghastly smile, "it was a regular *blower*." We instantly reproached him with a withering glance and made reply as follows:—"We should much prefer a *blast* from his hand than a *blow* from old Boreas," "so long as he keeps on the even *tenor* of his way," sagely remarked the imp, "and makes the *base* of his operations in proximity to this Office, occasionally, as heretofore, there is no reason in the world why he shouldn't eventually gain a name, fame, and have no *trebble* (trouble) in *raising the wind*." We handed him some copy when he departed to the shades—of the office.

Two hundred and twenty men of the Veteran Reserve Corps, on duty at the hospitals here, have been transferred to the First Battalion, and left on the 22nd to do garrison duty around Washington.—We noticed in the number several of our correspondents, conspicuous among whom was the veritable KNOR R. T. MISS WARD. He has at last received his *reward*, and will probably at once enter upon the field of his duties as Gen. Grant's Chief of Staff! We are sorry to lose him from our midst, and find ourself repeating the words of the song

"We shall meet, but we shall *Miss* him."

He must *Knor* fail to keep our readers posted as to his future brilliant career; and the other of our correspondents will please remember us and keep us informed of their movements. Our best wishes accompany them.

The "State Journal" says that extensive preparations are being made in other cities for providing the soldiers in hospital with Christmas dinners, and presumes that they will also be handsomely remembered in this city.

The Journal presumes correctly, as we have already purchased (from our hospital fund) a large quantity of poultry, and a substantial dinner will be served in each hospital.

The Surgeon in charge has been ordered to inform the patients under his care that the assumed firm of *Randolph & Co.*, Government Solicitors, Post Office Box, No. 38, Washington D. C., are swindlers, and take such measures as may be necessary to stop their thieving operations. Patients in our hospitals are warned accordingly.

Divine services are held every Sunday at the following places:—Mansion-house Branch, by Chaplain DRUMM, U. S. A. Prince St. Branch, by Chaplain McMERDY, 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 DECEMBER 23rd, 1864.

Total number of beds for patients.	753.
No. of patients admitted.	29.
do do Returned to duty.	15.
do do Transferred.	4.
do do Furloughed.	9.
do do Discharged.	4.
do do Deserted.	1.
do do Deceased.	3.
No. of Patients remaining.	661.

### SECOND DIVISION HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 23rd 1864.

Total number of beds for patients.	952.
No. of patients admitted.	9.
do do Returned to duty.	29.
do do Transferred.	6.
do do Furloughed.	15.
do do Discharged.	4.
do do Deceased.	0.
No. of patients remaining.	829.

### THIRD DIVISION HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 23rd, 1864.

Total number of beds for patients.	1350.
No. of patients admitted.	51.
do do Returned to duty.	45.
do do Transferred.	14.
do do Furloughed.	24.
do do Discharged.	2.
do do Deserted.	0.
do do Deceased.	6.
do do Remaining.	1122.

### LOUVERTURE HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 23rd, 1864.

Total number of beds for patients.	717.
No. of patients admitted.	20.
do do Returned to duty.	0.
do do Furloughed.	13.
do do Deserted.	1.
do do Discharged.	4.
do do Deceased.	6.
do do Remaining.	611.

### 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.

WASHINGTON HALL BRANCH, corner Washington and King streets.

METHODIST CHURCH BRANCH, Washington street, near King.

PRINCE STREET BRANCH, Prince street, between Columbus and Alfred streets.

SICKEL BRANCH, outside the city, near Government Bakery.

#### 3rd Division General Hospital.

SAMUEL B. WARD, Assistant Surgeon U. S. V. Executive Officer.

OLD HALLOWELL BRANCH, Washington street, between Queen and Cameron streets, West.

NEW HALLOWELL (Officers Hospital) Washington street, between Queen and Cameron, East.

QUEEN STREET BRANCH, Queen street, between Washington and St. Asaph streets.

GROSVENOR BRANCH, Washington street, between Princess and 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. PLESTER, Acting 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.]

### SLEIGHING.

*A description of Northern pastime, in long, short and particular metre, taken on the spot by your humble servant,*

THE AUTHOR.

Jingle! jingle! hurrah! here's the sleigh  
at what's this? I say.  
Throw those seats overboard, out of the way,  
Cold, stiff-backed foes, to comfort are they.  
Now in the sleigh;  
Throw, loose, some hay.  
Then let each beau  
Bring a warm "buffalo."  
Help in his fair one; that's right, there, so.  
Jump in beside her, *that* you, of course, know.  
Jingle, jingle, jingle, and away we all go.

"Now, for a glorious time;"  
"Oh? isn't this prime?"  
Shout voices above the bell's musical chime;  
And "it's not a bit cold,"  
So you're told,  
By a voice away down in the "buffalo's" fold.

Your feet are stowed warmly and snugly away  
Somewhere, in the sleigh,  
You scarcely know where;  
And would not much care  
If you *never* again found the two that would pair.

The laughing and talking, at first general and furious,  
Soon dwindles (how curious)  
To whispers away;  
And the medley of heads, to judge by their action,  
Have found some attraction,  
Which is giving their owners immense satisfaction,  
For, from sleigh-front to rear,  
They in *couples* appear,  
As is perfectly right.  
On such a cold night.  
It is cold, and in couples they sink out of sight.

"Say, driver, alone up there in the cold,  
Look around and tell me what you hear and behold."  
"A number of small restless hillocks I see,  
But, my soul, can it be!  
That they are the beings who went riding with me?  
But, what's that I hear,  
Very near,  
In *this* bundle here?  
Sounds like cracking of whips,  
Or smacking of lips;  
Something is broken by *that* explosion, I fear.  
Occasionally, broken sentences come unto me—  
Says one voice, 'My choice,'  
And another, 'Ask mother;  
I am perfectly willing if she will agree.'  
Hark! a deep rumbling noise. I listen,  
And wonder  
If it thunders.  
I listen again—  
'Tis a musical couple 'doing' 'Old Hundred.'"

The driver, all this time looking behind,  
Does not mind  
Which way he is steering,  
And is nearing  
A ditch,  
Into which,  
With cries of "good gracious" I "the d—!" "my!"  
"oh!"

Sleigh, hay, and humanity, are *captized* in the  
snow.  
Dresses tearing,

Geats swearing,  
And, all laughing at their impromptu airing,  
Forms a scene, with which none else bears com-  
paring.

But all fears quieted, which had been excited;  
The sleigh quickly righted,  
And a "rein-strap" appointed  
To mend a whiffletree disjointed.  
The whole party now re-enter the sleigh,  
And laughing, and joking, proceed on their way.

After this sudden spilling,  
The ladies feel chilly, and also quite willing  
To nestle to your side.  
Where, of course, you provide ———!  
Ah, well! never mind! if you've been there, you  
know

The joys of a ride o'er the bright, sparkling snow.  
SANATOSIA.

**FROGS.**—Frogs are among the greatest delicacies of the table—for those who like them. They are now being brought into the Albany market in considerable quantities, and are eagerly "gobbled up" at the restaurants by the frog eaters—so that the supply, though liberal, does not exceed the demand. "A frog," says Professor Bump, "is an amphibious animal what lickers on cold water, and consequently invented the teetotal society. He always walks with a jump, he does; and when he sets down he has to stand up. Being a lover of native melodies, he gives free concerts every night, he does himself. He provides music for the million, which has been so called, because it is usually heard in the mill-pond. He is a warmint what aint so bad when broiled on a gridiron."

### Josh Billing's Tablow in 4 Acks.

**Ack First.**—Enter a lap Dorg, carrying a boarding school Miss in his arms, about 16 hands high—it makes the dorg puff—the dorg lays down the boarding school miss, and orders mint jewleps for 2, with the usual suckshun. The dorg begins tew loll, the boarding school miss tells him tew dry up,—in French,—and the dorg sez "he be darned if he will,"—in Dorg,—Great sensation among the awjence, with cries, "put him out!"—Finally a compromiz is affected, the boarding school miss kisses the dorg, with tears in his eyes. Konclusion—lap dorg discovers a wicked flee at work upon his tail—puraues him—round and round the go—dorg a leetle ahead—somebody hollers out—"mad Dorg!"—boarding school miss faints standing—the curtain drops.

**Act number 2.**—Curtin highats—several blind men in the distance, looking thru a key-hole—one of them says "he don't see it!" A shanghi ruster cums out, with epauletts on, and crews Yankee Doodle—music bi the band. The shanghi lays an egg on the stage, about the size of a wasp's nest, and then limps oph, very much tired and rebused. Curtin falls agin.

**Ack number 3.**—Curtin rises sloly—big bolona sarsage on a table—bolona sarsage lifts up her head, and begins tew bark—band plays "Old dorg Tray." Cat cums in—cat's tail begins to swell bad—bologna sarsage and cat has a fight—they fite 14 rounds—the stage is kivered with cats and dorgs. Konclusions—they awl jine hands, and walk to the foot-lights—an old Bull Terrier reads the President's call for "300,000 more; band plays "Go in Lemons!" a bell rings, and the curtain drops.

**Ack number 4.**—A scene on the Eri kanall; a terrible storm rages; the kanall acks bad; sevral line boats go down head fust, with all their boarders on board; kant make a lee shore; tha drag their ankers; some of the captains tri tew pray, but most of them hav the best luck at swearing; the water is stredw with pots and kettles; sevral of the cook maids swim ashore with their cook stoves in their teeth; tha have tew draw oph the kanall to stop the storm. Konclusion—men are seen along on the banks of the kanall spearing ded bosses and eels; band plays "a life on the oshun wave." Amid tremendous applause the curtain falls, and awjence disperse, single file.

"God and the Doctor, we alike adore,  
Just on the brink of danger—not before;  
The danger past, both are alike requited—  
God is forgotten, and the Doctor slighted."

"First class in Oriental Philosophy stand up, Thibbets, what is life?"  
"Life consists of money, a horse, and a handsome wife."  
"What is poverty?"  
"The reward of merit received by genius from a discriminating public."  
"What is religion?"  
"Doing unto others as you please, without allowing a return of the compliment."  
"What is fame?"  
"A six line puff in a newspaper."

An officer of very small stature, but very hasty temper, was one day vehemently scolding at the first soldier of his company, a man of uncommon size. The soldier for some time endured patiently, and even unconcernedly, the storm of vituperation rising up to him from his diminutive chief. Finding, however, that instead of abating, the rage of his officer went on increasing, he quietly said to his next man, "John, go and fetch him a stool; I believe he wants to give me a box on the ear."

"Why," said a physician to his intemperate neighbor, "don't you take a regular quantity every day? Set a regular stake that you will go so far and no farther." "I do," replied the other, "but I set it down so far off that I get drunk before I get to it!"

Says Blobs—'I'm glad that winter's come,  
I'm fond of ice and snow.

Says Stubbs—"Friend Blobs, I'm there with you,  
We've had a jolly snore,—snower."

The rebels are much in want of salt, but when they are mustered in front of our brave boys at the season they generally get well peppered!

An Irishman going to market saw a farmer with an owl. "Say, Mister, what will you take for that big-eyed turkey?" "Tis an owl," replied the astonished farmer. "Divil the bit do I care whether it is owld or young!"

They hung a contractor out in Indiana a few days since. He had contracted so much that it was thought advisable to stretch him a little.

What is most appropriate to a doctor's house? Blue Pills in front.

Wanted immediately—The man with a "piercing eye" to penetrate an oil claim.

"Why are performers on brass instruments like teachers?" Because they are tooters—tutors.—

"Oh happy be thy drams," as the toper sang when taking the last drop from his "smuggler."

Query—Why is it that our soldiers are so cheerful, when everybody knows they are always seen with the blues on?

## 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.

### Pay master for Discharged Soldiers.

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

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

### Transportation Office for Soldiers.

Capt. BURTON. 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.