

Roars of laughter and congratulations followed, the latter of which our singer gracefully disclaimed with the modest assertion that "some men had the knack at remembering things that stood 'em instead of genius." But dinner was over and we took up our line of march from the regions of eternal night, singing as we went for lack of thought. Reaching camp we found the tents all struck, our horses saddled, and our small Picks and Gumbos running in dire dismay into every cranny and crevice of the adjoining rocks, in the hope of find us. "Lor massa," said one small specimen, about as high as a grasshopper, with his legs in about the same graceful proportion to his body as those of that insect, and forming a very respectable parenthesis in their efforts to reach his nimble little body, "Lor, massa, I thought you'd be leff sure, and wha'd Pick do wid dem two debbil horses?" and Pick, in the ecstacy of relief from his consternation, wiped his shining countenance with the blue and black smoking cap I had received from home a week before, and which had disappeared mysteriously in the interim. What, oh! what would Dulcinea say to see the work of her dainty fingers cooling the brow of her "dusk brother?"

But Pick anticipated the violent remonstance, which he saw trembling at the end of the cane I had cut upon the mountain, and broke out, in unfeigned horror, "Bress the Lor', massa, if dere aint yer smokin' cap, yer done gone loss las' Sunday mornin'! Whar he come from? I do d'clar I don't know nuffin' 'bout him: debbil hab him, sure." Where did the cap come from? Not out of Pick's pockets, certainly, as I had had frequent ocular demonstrations that those receptacles were like the pit in the Apocalypse, bottomless. We left the question unsolved, and rode on with the advancing line. That night we slept beneath our shelter tents, near Trenton, Ga., among a people still bitterly and unreservedly secesh, because they had not yet felt the ravages of war, and learned with what a tender care their beneficent Government protects her suffering children.

Some of the exquisite stalactites which I brought from the cave adorn my desk this moment, serving as weights to keep down the bulky official documents that would otherwise make this strong South wind their post-horse, and fly, like run away slaves, to the mountain fastnesses. I wish I could transfer them to a table in the Great Central Fair, in dear old Philadelphia. But the "General" has rung out on the soft May air. It says "we start in exactly one hour," and I have only time to say all success to the Fair, and undying gratitude to its managers from those of us who have enjoyed already, and the many around me, who must soon be applicants for its bounty.

HOOKER AND SICKLES.

At the time of the late advance of General Sherman towards Atlanta, our regiment was

at Rossville, a town about five miles southeast of Chattanooga, consisting of one house, a few negro cabins, and three large barns. Our headquarters were in the old house, occupied "lang syne" by the original and paternal John Ross, Chief of the Cherokee nation, who, by the way, must have been quite a civilized man. We were just at the foot of Missionary Ridge, and at the entrance of the gap through which runs the Ringgold road. A fine spring is hard by, and it is an excellent place for troops to halt for rest and water. One day Geary's division had just passed by on its way to the front; the balance of General Hooker's corps was following, and "Old Joe," with General Sickles, was sitting on our porch, when a paymaster rode up with a rueful countenance, and told General Hooker that he was at a loss what to do with his money; had \$250,000 for Geary's division; didn't know where Geary was; might be in the face of the enemy, etc. etc., and would like to get rid of the money. The General's eyes twinkled. "My dear sir," said he, "nothing easier than to relieve you. None of the gentlemen present, I am sure, would object to an equable distribution." "Not at all," said Sickles, gravely shifting his crutches, "it would not only relieve our friend the Paymaster, but also our own necessities." Hooker finally told the puzzled Paymaster "that General Geary's division had gone on, but that he could pay it when it went into camp that afternoon; that he had no doubt the men wanted the money, and he would afford him every facility to pay them. Orderly, bring up the horses." Then they mounted, and Sickles, giving his crutches to an orderly, screwed his stump to the saddle, and they were soon out of sight.

SMALL ITEMS OF THE FAIR.

We owe many thanks to the *Evening Bulletin*, as indeed to *The Press*, *North American*, and nearly every journal in Philadelphia, for favors shown to our little sheet. But special gratitude is due to the proprietors of the newspaper first mentioned, from the fact that they have every day sent promptly to our table several copies of their second edition, all of which have passed from the hands of our Daily Fairies like hot cakes. As this phrase is French we will not apologize for it with quotation marks.....Apropos of those same Fairies, one being asked why all were dressed in black and white, remarked briefly: "Printers ink on paper.".....The Delaware dames have certainly contrived to put some very fascinating specimens of Blue Hen's Chickens on guard over their goods. *Our Daily Fare*, is, we believe, not bad, but if it required any additions it should certainly be from such poultry, to be treated, of course, *en gallant ine*. There now, get out your cook-books!

.....Those who would remember the Fair, and show *savoir faire* and good taste together,

should wend their way to the book table and buy "Flowers from the Battle-Field," a charming little volume, winsome without and wondrous sweet within, by M. T. C. Busy as *Daily Fare* is, we have found time to read nearly all the delightful lyrics in this most delightful book, and have—*parole d'honneur*—but one fault to find with the volume. It is not one-twenty-fifth part as large as it ought to be. "The Duchess of Marlborough's Revenge" is one of the upper five hundred of English poems, and will live after cotemporary volumes now believed to be immortal shall have been forgotten.....Mr. Croaker has several times visited one of the tables in Union Avenue, but made no sign of serious purchasing intentions. Taking up, the other day, a large family pin-cushion, got up in the round solid-shot style, he inquired, "And pray, now, what can that be for?" "For you, of course, Mr. Croaker." In the twinkling of an eye Mr. Croaker was observed carefully loading his hat with that solid shot, using his left hand and arm for a rammer.....We are requested to notice that "T. Borradale, opposite the Post Office at Mount Holly, N. J.," has come forth with the following:

The undersigned, a veteran of 1812, and prisoner of war in one of the "floating hells" of England, in 1813, proposes to be one of a club of one hundred men, or ladies, Heaven bless 'em! "Last at the Cross and first at the Sepulchre!" to contribute \$10 each—\$1,000—for one hundred tickets of admission to the County Fair grounds on the 18th instant, to be "donated," NO! Perish the thought—in such a sacred cause! to be paid to the SANITARY COMMISSION, as a small instalment of the countless debt we already owe the brave defenders of "our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor," and who are now pining in prisons and in hospitals.

God save the Union. T. BORRADALE.

—*Prison ships.
Well, Borradale, we agree with you in saying perish the word DONATED. Never having seen it used in any connection in which given, or, at worst, presented would not better answer the purpose, we quite coincide with this strong utterance—and may "proven" and "in our midst" pass away to oblivion with it. Advance, oh Borradale!

The polished stranger who enquired at the perfumery table for cologne made from farina, was referred by a fair attendant to the Corn-starch department, but soon returned with the observation that he wished the extract of flowers and not flour. He explained that he "wanted the Rhenish perfume from the most celebrated houses of Cologne on the Rhine, the fascinating sweetness of which is not approached by any of the imitations which flood our market with their sick-famile libels." He meant fac-simile labels; but he had been placed in such an awkward position owing to that farina, and be hanged to it! that his little error was at once overlooked. He obtained the genuine Francois Marie Farina extract, and departed perfumed and happy.