

From this point there is a fine view of the cave, which presents the illusive appearance of being an extended cavern or subterranean passage underlying the whole mountain. The music of the trickling water falls pleasantly on the ear, and the lights, seen in the distance, lend enchantment to the view. The second section of the central figure is a faithful representation of a white-pine forest, the profile of the ground or side of the hill being in strict congruity with the trees and vegetation. The third section is a scene in Norway. A belt of dark green native forest trees, with occasional patches of grass, where the deer browse, give variety and relief to the scenery. The fourth section is an elaborately cultivated French garden. A parterre, with flowers, sections of turf, statuary, vases, all the choice productions from every clime, fountains, the whole crowned with a splendid specimen of the *Agave Americana*. This is a fair illustration of what landscape gardeners would term an irregular taste, but producing, by great profusion and variety, a charming effect. The fifth is an exhibition of an iron and coal mountain. Rough sandstone formation, slate, coal and iron ore, with laurel and hemlock, are its particular features.

The design in this instance is forcibly carried out. The last section is intended to convey a topographical appearance of a hemlock region. Broken shade, tumbling debris and decaying matter, fully continue the harmony of the natural proportions. Surmounting the central picture there is a rustic summer house, which is reached by winding steps, formed out of the projecting rocks.

There are no less than thirty light "booths" or halls in the Pittsburgh Fair, each filled with articles of utility and beauty. In the Curiosity Shop, and the Mechanical Department, there is much not only to interest and to instruct, but also to excite the admiration and sympathy of those who have been steadily working from the beginning for the relief of those who are fighting in our stead.

The pecuniary result of the patriotic effort of our Pittsburgh colleagues is, of course, not yet known, but the indications are ample that it will be highly creditable.

ITEMS BY A CAVALRY MAN.

BUZZARD'S ROOST, May, 1864.

On the march from Stevenson, Alabama, to Bridgeport, in September, 1863, the wagon trains passed by way of a pontoon bridge across the Tennessee, while we forded the stream several miles above. The ford was the deepest we had ever seen, our horses swimming for many yards, while we sat like monkeys on the saddles, with our legs curled under us. Now and then a plunge, and a volley of not very suppressed execrations, told of a drenched soldier and dripping baggage, lost frying-pans or escaped housewives. Tired and wet, we encamped for the night at Cave Springs, at the foot of Raccoon Mountain, a spur of the since famous Lookout. The next morning a party of us set out to explore Hill's Cave, which was discovered last spring, and might pass for the original of Cudjo's Cave,

did it not labor under the disadvantage of being some miles south of that classic rendezvous. Provided with torches, we descended into the habitation of the gnomes, and paused in the gothic chamber, which is hung with exquisite draperies of stalactitic formation, upon which the effect of the torch-light is enchanting. There are windows surmounted by the gothic arch, at irregular intervals around the room, upon whose architraves the newly forming stalagmites look like pale roses blooming, silent blossoms, white, rigid, odorless, moist with eternal dew. We were silent for a moment after entering the room; then Lieutenant W. quoted:

"Deep in the earth,
Lies the land of the gnomes;
In that country
Are neither stars nor meadows;
Moonlight and starlight
Shine not upon them.
Birds do not sing there;
Barley does not grow there;
Bees and flies
Saw I never there.
They see no clouds,
Yet sometimes rain
Falleth upon them
Down through the rocks.
But it is very light
In the land of the gnomes,
For they have bright stones
Which flash in the dark
Like the eyes
Of an angry wolf;
So the house is lighted."

The echoes of his voice died away slowly, and as we listened for the answering song of the Melusina of this cave, the light of coming torches shed its thousand hues upon the walls of a distant passage. Each crystal burned like diamonds as the lights came near, and a loud hallo! was answered by our own. Away rolled the voices into the "white darkness" of the unexplored cavern, and out trooped a little party with our dear old General Rosecrans at its head. They had been lost in these catacombs for nearly an hour, and their bronzed faces had already begun to reflect the pallor of the surrounding walls. Happily we had not lost our clue, and piloted to the upper end the man who then held the key of Tennessee in his strong grasp. Returning, we passed through the Spring Chamber, in which was a fluted column (stalagmitic) 15 feet high, and about 4 in diameter, very symmetrical in its proportions. Further on is the bar room, in which is a bar, and one side of it an entrance into what we called the Wine Cellars. Here, having by strict investigation discovered the presence of a few "hard tacks" and some cigars, we resolved to lunch, if that may be called a lunch which is to be followed by no dinner.

Seating ourselves upon the dwarf stalagmites that clustered around one of larger dimensions, we felt like immortals "sitting on golden stools at golden tables!" Our ambrosia was hard tack, and of nectar we only dreamed, as "floods of Chian" rarely flow with an army on "the advance." But the flow of soul amply atoned for the slight deficiency. Then, perhaps for the first time, the world-old rock vibrated to the sound of Yankee voices,

and then and there we gave a toast: "Vicksburg and Charleston; long may their sieges live in song and story! and may Americans never forget Grant and Gilmore!" which was gravely eaten in a stout "McClellan pie." The bulletins had deceived us; Charleston was not yet ours, but none the less honor to Gilmore, and may he prove as efficient in Virginia as he did before Charleston! Then followed a song from our two Yale boys, who had thrown away their hopes of the "wooden spoon," and have since laid them down to sleep—one under the willows of Mount Auburn, beside quiet friends; the other on the stony face of old Lookout, wrapped in a comrade's blanket, among hundreds of his powerless enemies. But no thought of death was there as the old college song rang out, with its air, we all know now as "Maryland, my Maryland:"

Lauriger Horatius, quam dixisti rerum;
Fugit Euro citius tempus edax erum;
Ubi sunt, o pocula dulciora melle?
Rixae, pax et oscula rubentis puellae?
Crescit uva molliter, et puella crescit,
Sed poeta turpiter sitiens canescit.
Quid iuvat aeternitas nominis, amare
Nisi terrae filias licet et potare?

Then arose a gallant captain, who had captured more prisoners than any other man in the regiment. A fearless, genial fellow, who had proved himself such a magnet to all soldiers that, in engagements, he is often sent to the rear to rally stragglers. At the first sound of his cheery voice, at the first sight of his uplifted sabre, these weak fringes of the army cluster around him as if he were their flag, and back he rushes into the heat of the conflict they have just fled, his little legion behind him, echoing his shouts with all the enthusiasm his courage has inspired in them. Now, the captain knows about as much Latin as the King of Dahomey—*E Pluribus Unum, lex talionis, vi et armis, veni, vidi, vici, and et tu Brute* comprising about his whole stock in the language.

"Gentlemen," he said, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, "I rise to a point of—eloquence. Allow me to propose that the soul-inspiring song we have just heard under circumstances of such peculiar interest, be sung in the vernacular for the benefit of the illiterati who may be present. I offer you a translation, whose crowning merit is that it is purely literal, and as it was written by a friend some years ago, I may mention that it is an impromptu."

Hurras greeted the proposition, and the following was given:

Laurel-crowned Horatius, listen to my story,
Time flies by on eager wing—with it war and glory.
Soon will come, O, brothers, dear! lips of sweetest honey,
Peace and kisses, blushing girls—yes, and piles of money,
Grapes are growing home for us, maiden's love is near us,
White-haired poets sing our deeds, country's love must cheer us;
Soon will come, O, brothers, dear! lips of sweetest honey,
Peace and kisses, blushing girls—yes, and piles of money—