

Some tell me 'tis a burning shame  
To make the naygurs fight;  
An' that the thrash of bale 'kilt  
Belongs but to the white;  
But as for me, upon me swell!  
So liberal are we here,  
I'll let Sambo be murdered in place of my self  
On every day of the year!  
On every day in the year boys,  
And every hour in the day,  
The right to be kilt I'll divide wid him,  
An' d'ave a word I'll say.

In battle's wild commotion  
I shouldn't at all object  
If Sambo's body should stop a ball  
That was comin' for me direct;  
And the prog of a Southern bagout,  
So liberal are we here,  
I'll resign and let Sambo take it  
On every day of the year!  
On every day in the year boys,  
An' wid some of your nasty pickin',  
All my right to a Southern bagout  
Wid Sambo I'll divide.

The men who object to Sambo  
Should take his place and fight;  
And it becoms to have a naygur's heart  
Than a liver that's wakened white;  
Though Sambo's black as the ace of spades,  
His finger a trigger can pull,  
And his eyes stare straight on the barrel sights  
From under his titch of wool!

So hear me all, boys, darlings,  
Don't think I'm dippin' you short,  
The right to be kilt I'll divide wid him,  
And give him the largest ha'f!

## Miscellaneous.

## MARRYING A FORTUNE.

BY BELLE KUTLER.

"Who is she, Ned— that lovely lady with Dr. Campbell?" inquired Philip Otis of his friend Ned Leland, who stood beside him at the source given him by his friend's mother.

"Oh, she is the doctor's niece, Miss Campbell, whom she has adopted, I understand; and the other lady you see with them is also his niece, Miss Barton, a cousin to Jenny Campbell, and an heiress of fifty thousand," answered Leland.

"But she is decidedly plain, notwithstanding she is an heiress. What horrid red hair and rudely complexion, and what a showy dress—bright yellow! She certainly has no taste!"

"What a duced pity, now, that that charming creature, Miss Campbell, hadn't the money instead of her tawdry cousin!" said Mr. Fitz Simmons, an exquisite of the first water, who, joining them, had overheard the conversation of the two gentlemen.

"For I do really think I should cultivate the lady's acquaintance if she had, but it would never do for Mr. Fitz Simmons to throw himself away on a poor girl! His relatives in England would cut his acquaintance instantly!" he added in a drawing tone, twirling his faint moustache in his delicately gloved fingers.

"I will be presented to the heiress, Mr. Leland, though she is rather singular in her tastes and appearance!"

"Oh, certainly, Fitz Simmons, you shall make the acquaintance of the lady. Come I'll present you." And Ned with a merry look at his friend Otis, left him, and proceeded to formally introduce Fitz Simmons to the lady in question, while Philip Otis sought Dr. Campbell, and was introduced to Jenny Campbell, the poor cousin.

"Miss Barton," said Ned, as he approached the heiress of fifty thousand "permit me to introduce to you Mr. Fitz Simmons—an English gentleman of rank—who is desirous of making your acquaintance."

"Now, I am happy to make your acquaintance, Miss Barton. Hope you're well this evening?" said Mr. Fitz Simmons, extending the tips of his gloved hand as he spoke to her.

"Pretty well, I thank you," exclaimed the young lady addressed, in a loud tone, and giving his hand a tremendous shake. "I hope you're well, Mr. Fitz Simmons, though you don't look amazing smart!"

"Oh, I assure you my health is very good, Miss," said Mr. Fitz Simmons, lowering his voice as he spoke, for her loud tones grated harshly on his refined ear and delicate sensibilities.

"Well, I'm dreadfully glad to hear it, for you do look masterly slim!"—and here the eyes of the girl wandered over the slender, willowy figure of Fitz Simmons. "But then it's the fashion to look like a candle, uncle tells me," continued the girl, "and I must try and stint myself in eating, for I want to be fashionable and citified; 'cause I'm an heiress, you see, and have got my market to make."

Ned Leland, who had stood by during the above conversation, cast a queer look on the girl, and with a smothered laugh, left them, while Fitz Simmons gazed at the plump figure and frizzly hair, before him, and sighed heavily.

The loud voice of the heiress shocked him, and he was on the point of making a precipitate retreat as he noticed they were attracting attention; but then the vision of the fifty thousand rose up before him, and he resolved to overcome his feelings in hopes of winning its possessor.

All that evening the elegant Fitz Simmons remained at the side of the heiress, and in his soft tones talked sentiment to the girl, who in her seeming simplicity, sat with open mouth, apparently devouring each word from the exquisitely moustached lips of her admirer. But at supper Mr. Fitz Simmons again was still more shocked by her ignorance of everything before him.

"Shall I help you to some of this jelly?" he inquired, as he stood beside her, ready to do the agreeable.

"What is it made of?" she asked.

"I never eat anything unless I know what it's made of. Do you know what it is?" she inquired of a gentleman who stood beside her.

"It is calves'-feet jelly, miss, I believe," he replied, with a smile.

"Calves'-feet jelly! Well, I believe I won't have any, for it can't be very clean if it is made of calves'-feet, for our calves never had clean feet, and 'taint like city ones have, running round these black streets."

"Mr. Augustus Fitz Simmons was nearly dying with mortification at her verbiage and the attention it attracted, and throughout supper his face was equally as rosy as his partner's."

At length Dr. Campbell came for her,

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saying the carriage was ready, and poor Fitz Simmons felt infinitely relieved; and after bowing her out, he wiped his heated forehead with his perfumed handkerchief, and, taking leave of the lady of the house, departed to his hotel.

As he entered his rooms at the first class hotel in B—, he threw himself upon the sofa as if completely exhausted from the evening's exertion; and then, fearing no interruption, gave vent to his thoughts in this wise:

"She is 'gawky,' but I can't stop to be squeamish now! I must make a strike with the girl while the iron's hot!" he said, "for fifty thousand is a nice little sum. Here I am in such a duced fix that I can't stir out unless I'm damned at every step for my bills. There's that confounded tailor and the shoemaker, and then that old wenchy woman was here twice yesterday, and again to day! And the landlord is getting suspicious, and won't wait much longer. There's nothing left for me but to marry the confounded dowdy country girl; and then—once let me get that fifty thousand into my hands, and won't I show 'em a light pair of heels? Deuced pity to sacrifice myself, but it can't be helped, under the circumstances!"

Thus, weaving plans for the future, Mr. Fitz Simmons passed the remainder of the night; and the next forenoon he called on his moustache, and, arranging himself, sought the house of Dr. Campbell to inquire after the health of the heiress.

As soon as Mr. Fitz Simmons had handed the heiress to her uncle's carriage, where Jenny—who had been escorted thither by Philip Otis—was waiting for her, and her uncle had sprung in, the door was shut, and merry peals of laughter rang out on the night air from the two ladies, in which Dr. Campbell also joined heartily.

"Well, girls, a pretty rig you are leading your uncle!" he exclaimed, merrily. "Here's Kate making a perfect fright of her pretty self with that shock of red hair and this horrid red dress! I declare I don't wonder she frightened all the beaux away!" laughed the doctor.

"But you forget Mr. Fitz Simmons," laughed the girl. "I'm sure he played the agreeable, notwithstanding it cost him a master effort; and Jenny here didn't suffer, if she did enact the role of 'the poor cousin,' or she had one of the most gentlemanly attentions in Mr. Otis's declaration I'd give half my fortune (if I had) to see him, if Mr. Otis had been as attentive to me; but I plainly saw that he didn't care for money, and so despaired of attracting his attention."

"Well, Kate, I must confess you made a capital country girl!" responded Jenny. "I thought I should fairly expire with laughter to hear you go on at table; and uncle—I thought he would never get over it. Kate, you have certainly found a most ardent admirer (of your fortune!) in Mr. Fitz Simmons, who is certain to be at your feet from this night!"

"Well, girls, I see you are bent on having your own way, and your old uncle will have to give up to your mad capers; though 'tis a pity to spoil Kitty's looks, for she did look like a downright fright to-night. And Jenny here, what would your charming city friends say, I wonder to see the rich heiress in such plain attire, and occupying the place of a poor dependant?"

The next morning, the two cousins—Jenny and Kate—were sitting in their room at Dr. Campbell's elegant residence on H— Avenue, when the servant brought up the card of Mr. Fitz Simmons.

"There, I knew he would come this morning to inquire for your health, after last night's dissipation, Kate!" exclaimed Jenny.

"He is doubtless smitten with my auburn curls, Jen. Do pray help me fasten them on I and that short, gray-colored dress. I must wear that! You must come down, Jen, and see how I torture the poor fellow's delicate nerves with my contrived tones and manners!" And, so saying, the gay girl descended to the parlor, and in a short time was followed by her cousin.

"Mr. Fitz Simmons, this is cousin Jenny Campbell," said Kate, as Jenny entered the apartment. Mr. Fitz Simmons was about to rise when the door opened; but seeing no one but the poor dependant, as he supposed, merely bowed, by way of acknowledging her presence.

"Did you see my cousin Jenny?" asked Kate, somewhat tartly.

"Yes, O yes; I recognized her," said Mr. Fitz Simmons, looking coolly at her as he spoke.

"Well, then, why don't you shake hands with her, as if you were glad to see her? I thought that was city fashion. Ain't it, Jenny?" turning to her. Jenny bit her lips to hide a smile, and then answered:

"I believe so, cousin Kate; but then people often omit the custom."

"Yes, I expect so; I rather guess it's only intimate friends who shake hands. Ain't it, Mr. Fitz Simmons?"

"Yes, I think so," murmured that confused gentleman, "or those who are engaged."

"But you shook my hand last night," continued the malicious tormentor, "and—"

"—and we ain't yet."

"Nobody knows what may be, most adorable creature!" whispered Mr. Fitz Simmons, in his softest tones, as he moved nearer her on the sofa.

"Oh, Jenny, did you hear that—what Mr. Fitz Simmons just said to me?" exclaimed the wicked girl, not believing poor Fitz Simmons's reddening face, and faint whispers of don't, don't, I beg of you!

"He called me an adorable creature," and looked dreadful tender at me. Is it

love, Jenny, to talk and look so?" case I want to know if I'm made love at."

Jenny had turned away as Kate commenced speaking, and now stood at the piano with her back towards them. With face convulsed with laughter, she went over the music, not appearing to heed her cousin's words.

Swallowing his chagrin and confusion (for the sake of fifty thousand,) Mr. Fitz Simmons asked:

"Do you sing, Miss Barton?"

"Well, yes, I do sing some. I sing 'Old Hundred, and the 'Doxology,' and Greenland's Play Mountains. Now, Jenny sings and plays on the pianer beautiful, and I'm going to begin to take lessons right off. Uncle says I must, to be fashionable, so can play afore folks when they ax me. But perhaps you'd like to hear me sing?"

Zeebedee Hall used to admit to hear me, and said I beat all the girls in our town; but then I guess he was a flatterer, for he wanted to spark me awful bad. That was after I had my fortune left me, you see."

She added, "and I told our folks that I didn't want a farm—I meant to go down to the city to Uncle Campbell's, and get a city chap mabe; but about singing—shouldn't you like to hear me sing, Mr. Fitz Simmons?"

"If you'll pitch the tune, I guess I can sing the 'Doxology.'"

"You must excuse me, Miss Barton. I do not sing the tune you mention, replied the gentleman, nervously.

"O la sakes! I thought everybody knew that, and pennyral tunes; but I'll get Jenny to pitch the air on the 'pianer.' But just then the door closed on Jenny, as she left the room with her handkerchief to her face, and a faint sound of suppressed laughter, smote their ears. "I rather guess cousin Jenny's got the toothache," said Kate, "for her having her handkerchief to her mouth I expect these jibes and rich 'lectionary people eat at parties destroy the enamel of the teeth, and makes folks lose 'em young." "Now," taking care to be good and sound, and I don't mean to spoil on getting much of the pesky stuff when I cat 'severals'."

Mr. Fitz Simmons, who had been decidedly uncomfortable while Jenny was in the room, and had been on the point of retreat at the first opportunity, now settled himself comfortably again in the large arm-chair; then, mastering his aversion to the red hair and loud tones, tried to look over-like on Kate.

But Kate was determined to display her powers of singing; and so, after a preliminary humming of the tune, she favored him with 'Old Hundred' and 'Greenland,' much to the apparent pleasure of Mr. Fitz Simmons. Just as she finished the last ballad, and Mr. Fitz Simmons, rising hastily, excused himself on the plea that he had business down town, and must then leave, but he should do himself the honor of calling again on her very soon; and with a tender pressure of the hand he left her. On the steps he met Philip Otis, who saluted him with—

"Ah, you've been taking time by the forelock, I reckon," and then entered.

As the door closed on the retreating figure of her admirer, Kate threw herself upon the sofa and burst into merry peals of laughter, from which she was aroused by the entrance of the new caller. She started up in confusion; and recovering in a moment, said:

"Mr. Otis, I believe? I will call my cousin Jenny," and left the parlor.

As she spoke to him, and passed him on leaving the room, Mr. Otis thought her not so awkward as she had appeared on the evening previous. He was interrupted at this point by the appearance of Jenny Campbell, to whom he had lost his heart on that evening; and he was soon chatting pleasantly with her.

"I believe the lady whom I met just now was your cousin?" he said. "I have not yet been presented to her."

"O yes; she will be down directly," Jenny replied, and soon Kate made her appearance; and notwithstanding that she continued to enact the country lass, Philip Otis said that, despite the country tone and manners, she was a girl of uncommon good sense and character. Still, the poor cousin was more attractive in his eyes than the heiress of fifty thousand, and he left Dr. Campbell's more thoroughly in love with Jenny than on the previous evening.

An hour later, the heiress and the poor cousin sat together in their room.

"Jenny," exclaimed Kate, "tell me if I enacted my role of the country girl to perfection, for I thought Mr. Otis regarded me somewhat closely, as though he suspected something of the kind."

"Perfect, perfect! I couldn't have been better!" exclaimed Jenny, with tears of laughter in her eyes. "Why you ought to have been an actress, cousin Kate! Poor Fitz Simmons! ah, how I pitied him when you exposed his innocent love-looking, and when you insisted on singing the 'Doxology,' I was forced to apply my handkerchief to my mouth, and make my exit. And you kept such a sober face all the while?"

"Yes, Jen; and I told Mr. Fitz Simmons you had doubtless got the toothache from eating sweets last evening. I managed to keep a smooth face till he left, though, when Mr. Otis came in, I was laughing most immoderately, and I suppose he thought I was quite insane."

"A month went by, and still the two girls kept up the farce. Mr. Otis was very attentive to Jenny Campbell; and she felt that with him she could be very happy, for he had not sought her, for her wealth, as others had often, and as many there would have done had they known she in reality, was the heiress instead of her cousin Kate.

But the reputed heiress, notwithstanding her fifty thousand, did not abound in admirers. Two or three gentlemen had,

at first endeavored to approach her "with matrimonial intent," but the frogy head and red face had daunted them, and so they withdrew, sighing over the loss of the fortune with such an "inoubrance."

Yet one had remained besides Fitz Simmons—Ned Leland, a young man of sterling integrity of character and quiet exterior, who saw that beneath Kate's awkward manner and uncouth ways there was much to respect and admire. And, somehow, in his presence the loud voice and uncouth manners softened, and she came near betraying herself several times.

Mr. Fitz Simmons still continued his attentions, and so the time glided on. At length his landlord grew more impatient (notwithstanding poor Fitz Simmons promised to pay "when he remittances from England arrived") and threatened him severely; and the tailor and washerwoman thrust their bills into his face each day; and so Fitz Simmons grew desperate, and found that he must at least bring matters to a crisis with the heiress.

So, one evening, dressing himself with unusual care, he went his way to Dr. Campbell's.

Upon admission by the servant, he found, to his joy, that there was no one in the parlor but Miss Kate Barton, who was seated on the sofa with an extra frizzle in her red hair, and arranged in brilliant red dress which harmonized (?) with her rudely complexion most wonderfully.

His heart whispered that she was expecting him, and he imagined the fifty thousand and already in his possession—No more threatening landlords, and insolent tailors, and whining washerwomen; already, "beyond the seas" he was riding in his own carriage, his dowdy wife—well, I fear me that she did not mingle very largely in the gentleman's anticipations of the future!

"Aw, my dear creature!" exclaimed, in most tender tones, seating himself beside her, after the salutations of the evening, "were you expecting me?"

"Well, I don't know as anybody else was expecting you but me!" he replied.

"Yes; you are the only one, dearest," murmured Fitz Simmons, in tender tones; the only being whom I could wish to expect me, desire my coming; and, most anxiously, I have come to night to pour into your listening ears the secret which I have kept hidden in my heart since the night I first beheld you. I can keep it there no longer. It has burst its bonds, and must be released. Can't you hope that my wild worship is rewarded by you, most adorable girl? and will you after hand as he spoke, and raised it to his lips.

"There, I believed it!" exclaimed Kate, "I know you loved me, and told me so, when he said the bank had failed where all my money was put. I told him I knewed there was one heart that was true—that would stick fast when money had took wings and flown away."

But, what is the matter, Mr. Fitz Simmons? you look dreadful pale, and kinder tremble all over! I'm afraid you're took sick. I'll get some camphire, and mabe you'll feel better to rights."

"No, no, I thank you, Miss Barton, I am better already; but I think I must be going. I don't feel very well. I wish you a good evening. And, in an astonishingly short period—short as his last exclamation!—he came—the confounded gentleman found himself on Dr. Campbell's front door steps."

As the street-door closed on him, Kate gave loud vent to her laughter; and, as usual before, the bell rang again, and Mr. Leland was ushered into her presence.

Kate rose to meet him with fluttering heart and downcast eyes, for she trembled for the effects of the same knowledge of "the loss of her property" on him; and she felt that it would be a hard struggle to give up his acquaintance as easily as she had Fitz Simmons. And so, when Ned Leland avowed feelings similar to those she had heard from Fitz Simmons, her voice trembled as she told the same tale of the loss of her property.

"It is not your wealth I care for, Kate; it is not that I would wed, but your own self, *inward the point and red wig!*" he answered, smilingly.

Kate started up in astonishment, and unconsciously grasped at the offending wig; but it was there, too securely fastened to be easily removed.

"O, Kate, I have known it all along—from the first—that you wore a wig, and used paint, you wretched girl!" he exclaimed, with a hearty laugh; and though others were deceived, I saw through the disguise at once. Look at his sharp eyes, you see, Kate," he added, drawing her to him.

"Kate, tell me if you love me, or that odious Fitz Simmons, who is always in your presence. I must know which, this night!"

"There was no need for other answer to the young man than the uplifting of the blue eyes, and the shy but happy laugh that followed."

And when, a few minutes later, Kate descended to the parlor from her own room, whither she had retired, what a complete change had taken place in her. Hair of the richest brown had usurped the place of the red wig, and from her delicate complexion all traces of paint had vanished; while, tastefully clad in a becoming dress, she stood before her astonished lover.

"I had thought you passable, Kate," he murmured, as he met her, "but now you are more beautiful than a dream. Can it be that you are the country girl who but just now left the room?" he asked, fondly.

"Yes, the same, dear Edward; the same, but minus the 'fifty thousand,' as before, for that belongs to my cousin, Miss Jenny Campbell, who is the heiress, while I am only the adopted child of my Uncle Campbell. Can you take me as I am?" she asked, roguishly.

"All I ask is you, Kate," he murmured,

fondly drawing her to him.

After a time, Kate related the interview with, and abrupt exit of, Mr. Fitz Simmons, earlier that evening; and a merry laugh followed at the fortune-hunter's expense.

The next day, Ned Leland had a consultation with Dr. Campbell, to whom he told his love for his niece, and its return, asking his consent to a certain extent in the immediate future; and the old doctor only said:

"Yes, very pleasantly, asking with a smile, 'if he knew that Kate had lost her fifty thousand?'"

And it furthermore happened that, on that same forenoon, Philip Otis also sought the doctor on a similar errand; and he, too, went away very happy in its results.

"There, girls!" exclaimed the doctor at dinner, "here I've had two consultations without a single fee, this morning—both on your accounts, you naughty girls! But then I administered the right potions, and the patients are doing finely, and I think will be out soon, and able to come here to speak for themselves."

Soon after, two weddings took place; and the astonished world of B— learned that Jenny Campbell was the real heiress, while Kate proved to be the handsome lady in the town, and niece to the old doctor.

Mr. Fitz Simmons was not seen in B. after that night. He probably stepped out inconspicuously for the landlord of the A—House was heard making inquiries for him, together with the tailor and washerwoman, and various other creditors, who I may fear, cherish his memory to this day as the gentleman who promised to settle certain bills 'when his remittances arrived from England.' Possibly, in the mother country he has replenished his purse by 'marrying a fortune.'

## THE FIRST TIME ON SKATES.

BY A LADY.

I am not usually carried away by any new and fashionable pastime, however alluring it may be, but I certainly have had a strong penchant for skates, only increased by intense longing gazings into show windows where those trench-delftful articles are for sale, or tip-toe glances from car windows at the skaters themselves, who seemed to enjoy it thoroughly—so that at last I concluded to actually try the sport in propria persona, and I still live to write about it.

I actually bought a pair of skates, though it was the most difficult thing I ever did—next to wearing them. The obliging shop-keeper would insist on my selecting from half a dozen different kinds, as if I could tell, by instinct or intuition, the best looking pair, and paid for them, swinging them on my arm, as if I had seen ladies in the cars do. Oh, that five dollars!

Well after tea I started for the Park. My escort had an idea that I could skate—so had L. Arrived there, we found an immense crowd dispersed through the warm building, getting on skates, chatting sociably, and chatting about, kate-discope fashion—some in plain bloomers with tartan scarfs and gay little caps, with streaming ribbons and jaunty red leathers; others in fur hoods and common attire; young ladies with long curls, attended by smart young cavaliers, displayed the daintiest feet imaginable, as they were about steel; in and amiable mammae talked housekeeping to each other at the stoves, while fatter watched Seraphine from the corner of his eye, as she flirted with young Fitz Allen over her muff. It was a pretty, suggestive scene, and I thought skating must be a fine thing.

When my turn came I sat down and submitted my feet to a colored individual, feeling very much as one does who mounts a dentist's chair, in happy ignorance of the fate awaiting him. I tried to act naturally and indifferently, and when the last buckle was adjusted, sat unconcernedly looking at the stove, in no hurry to move. I had dismissed my cavalier, telling him I would meet him on the ice, though I had not the faintest idea how I should ever get there.

At last I stood up—I mean I intended to stand; but the floor I stood on was so narrow I concluded to sit down again, which I did, wondering if the clogs our grandmothers wore were anything like skates.

I have no idea, now, how I got to the ice. I think it was by putting one foot forward, and planting it firmly there, then dragging the other up to it. By repeating this I finally reached the ice, and saw my gallant waiting with a fair damsel in plaid. I concluded to take him by surprise; for I felt confident the moment I touched the ice I should be all right. I did not attempt to make a display at first; my skates were new, and rather stiff; so I stepped carefully from the platform, letting both feet come down at once. "I sat a little," to begin with—Then I started forward; I knew I ought to keep my arms going, to maintain my equilibrium, and I was doing nicely, when some one must have touched me, for I fell flat on the ice, merely saving my "love of a bonnet" by "hardening" both elbows.

I got up gradually—indeed, I am not sure that I should have been up yet, all the way, but as a stout lady came past I caught frantically at her dress, and assumed my perpendicular. She looked fiercely at me, and I have no doubt oertrified a home audience that night by relating how narrow she escape having her pockets picked by that "dreadful woman!"

My escort now sought me, to say that the "Champion of the World" was going to perform "diables" on the ice, and volunteered his assistance to get me there. I hung on bravely, and flirted my skates as

if we were on the best of terms, till the band struck up a lively air, and I essayed to "take a step" to the music. The step took me!

Ice is cold, particularly at this season of the year—it is hard, too, and liable to injury, if taken in large quantities; but it seems to have been an attainment for me, and as I went down I enjoyed a delightful view of the stony world, and it seemed as if I could almost grasp the "dipper" by the handle. I got up and concluded to rest a while.

The "champion" was starting it, a *la Cuban*, on the surface of an ice sheet, his skates were good for something—he could go backwards and forwards on them, sideways and round-about, and stand on their toes, and dance, and do all sorts of gymnastics with them, as easily and gracefully as possible. He attempted to show off a novice, but he failed there! I could have beat him at that!

I think I should have said there till the Fourth of July melted the ice, if I had kept those skates on. I could not stand on them, nor walk, and I was miserable. I sat down. I felt like a Chinese.

Skating is not my "fort." It may do for some people—perhaps they like it; but I felt like a new creature when I took them off, "waved" again on *terre firma*. It is a comfort to be able to stand alone, and on good footing, and not feel creation sliding from under you, and the sky collapsing like a big umbrella.

Skates were great institutions when brother Sam went to see Deacon Holt's daughter, a long time ago. I was sixteen then—I think I must be about that now!

Well, I hope the dear creatures who delight in that imaginative sport will not catch their death of cold, nor sprain their delicate ankles or spines before repair I think, myself, house cleaning is a much more rational amusement, and vastly less perilous, but then it isn't so fashionable, by a good deal.

My bonnet has a soft crown now—a style that's a little out of date, but no matter—I am glad it wasn't my head.

I presented my skates to our errand boy, Pat, the moment I reached home. He turned a somersault and pronounced them "bully," I think.

But this morning capped the climax; I made my appearance at nine, in a comfortable delaine wrapper, with a plaster at my side, and my face swelled out of recognition with neuralgia; one eye was totally oblivious of the light, and had a blue spot under it, that made me think of Hecuba.

I felt a strong inclination for the hot test side of the stove, and had an admission of age. I did not heed the door bell when it rang, and when Bridget informed me that the "magazine man" was in the parlor, I wished him at the North Pole, or the Skating Pond. But I wanted Godey and Harper, so I walked resolutely in, though my gait was still on the skates—skatey. Good gracious! the Young McLaughlin, an exquisite of the choicest Broadway style, rose to meet me with the *Atlantic*, still uncut, in his hand. It was his first call since his arrival, and he was got up dazzlingly. His handkerchief wafted subtle perfumes of frangipanni; mine smelt strong of camphor!

Well, it's all over. I went to the Park and skated—somewhat. It may be very delightful, very healthy, very intensely fashionable, but I fail to observe it. If there is but one step from sublime to the ridiculous, I certainly took that step, and no other.—*Chicago Journal*.

A Day in the Commissary at Chattanooga.

A correspondent writing from Chattanooga, Tenn., gives the following account of what he saw at the Commissary:

I visited the post of Bridgeport a day or two since, and remained several hours with Col. McDougal, of the One Hundred and twenty-third New York, who is in command. Witnessing a crowd of females around the commissary I inquired the cause.