

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

[Two Dollars per Annum.]

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STAR OF THE NORTH

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Choice Poetry.

THE SENTRY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF LOTHER.

They're gone—the watch fires they have set
Glow round the mountain passes yet;
Out through the darkness of the night
They flash a silent, flickering light.

They shine upon victor's distant track,
Whence none, alas! for me comes back;
They let me bleed to death in night,
True sentry, on the field of fight!

Heard in the tumult of the fray,
The powder smoke is blown away;
Faint broken shouts fall on my ear,
My comrades are all far from here.

Yet, though my comrades all are far,
There gleams fall many a golden star,
And angel bands light up on high
The eternal watch fires of the sky.

On, comrades, brave, to victory!
Farewell, ye banners, high and free!
I can no longer be with you;
Another camp is near in view!

White banners, in the moonlight spread,
Float through the heavens above my head,
Slow sinking now I see them wave,
And flutter o'er a soldier's grave.

O loved one, 'tis the thought of thee
Alone weighs down this heart in me;
Yet weep not, love, be this the pride
That bravely at my post I died!

The Lord of Hosts, unseen on high
Leads on the armies of the sky;
Soon shall He call my name out clear,
And I, true sentry, answer: Here!

C. F. KNAPP, Esq.,
Secretary of Van Camp Lodge,
No. 140, I. O. of O. F.

Sir:—According to a resolution
passed at Van Camp Lodge No. 140, I. O.
of O. F., Jan. 14th, 1862, I would say that I
have, with great reluctance, concluded to
comply with the request of the brethren as
sembled on that day.

In doing this, I am guided more by their
wishes than confidence, on the merits of
the remarks. Still, if in their judgement its
publication will promote the objects of the
Order, I submit it to your disposal.

Most respectfully, yours in F. L. and T.
E. OPPENHEIM

BROTHERS:—According to your wish I con-
tribute before you on this occasion to encour-
age my feeble talent to your enterprise. I
very much regret that the offering is so un-
worthy the occasion, as the time did not
permit me to do more, therefore the most I
can promise, is an inadequate expression of
my interest in the prosperity of Odd Fellow-
ship, and the high regard I have for the
honor of being associated with you in the
bonds of a fraternal brotherhood. In becom-
ing an Odd Fellow there is an intrinsic
charm which lures and enchants its votar-
ies. Odd Fellowship is loved for the prin-
ciples it possesses and the unqualified pos-
session of those principles is a sufficient
reward of toil.

Odd Fellowship opens additional sources
of enjoyment, fills the soul with new beau-
ties and the most ecstatic delights. It en-
ables the possessor of its true principles to
travel through fields of amaranthine flowers
and constantly inhale celestial fragrance.—
It draws the curtain from the past and
spreads before its members the grand pan-
orama of six thousand years. It throws
wide open the gates of nature's vast temple
the gigantic proportions of which, the true
Odd Fellow alone can survey with a proud
satisfaction that he is treading familiar
grounds and

"With a propriety which none can feel,
He calls the beauties scenery all his own;
His are the mountains and the valley's his,
And the respondent rivers his to enjoy;
And with a filial confidence inspired,
He lifts to Heaven his supplicatory eyes
And smiling says, my Father made them all."

If in this iron age of cold blooded utilitarianism
meets with a man whose only
divinity is Hammon, and who deems nothing
important unless it enter for his appetites
or pander for his passion, who can ap-
preciate neither his labor nor his motives,
he can retire and wrap himself around with
the mantle of his own thoughts and say,
"Procul O Procul este profani!" He has
within himself the elements of substantial
happiness which time cannot corrode nor
adversity destroy. This is a rich remunera-
tion for all time and labor expended, in
the attainment of the principles of Odd Fel-
lowship which we denominate Fraternity.
There are certain objects upon which the
age of the true Odd Fellow is ever fixed.—
Considering it a false humility, that seeks
never to be seen, and wishes never to be
mentioned, he places his mark high upon
the pinnacle of human influence, and use-
fulness and seeks to form for himself a
character in which shall centre the con-
vulsed eyes and blend the varied lines of
every human excellence. He wishes to
stand among the great benefactors of his
race, that when his brilliant career shall ter-
minate, he may leave behind an example
worthy of imitation, and a name that shall
be associated by succeeding generations,

with most endearing recollections of the
past. And what better, nobler objects can
man propose for himself? Others there
are. He may live for wealth and

"Throw up his interest on both worlds,
First starved in this, then damned in that
to come."

He may live for fame. But how capricious.
"Whom she praised to day,
Vowing his ear with acclamations loud,
And roaring round him with a thousand
tongues,
To-morrow blamed and hissed him out of
sight."

He may live for power. But
"He that ascends the mountain tops shall
find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds
and snow;
He that surpasses, or subdues mankind,
Must look down on the fate of those below.
Though high above the sun of glory glow,
And far beneath the earth and ocean
spread,
Round him are icy rocks and lonely blow
Contending tempests on his naked head,
And thus reward the toils which to those
summits led."

I am addressing a society whose imposing
motto tells me its highest ambition is good-
ness and the object it most highly prizes
the best means of attaining it. What more
fitting than a declination of the noble means
by which this noble end obtains. This, then
shall be my theme. Suggested as it has
been by the of your association, the age it
represents and the character it
deserves.

It will hardly be expected that I should
give a minute detail of the rise and progress
of Odd Fellowship on the American Con-
tinent. That is a matter that has passed in-
to, and become a part of the history of our
country. It is sufficient to say, that on the
26th day of April 1819, the first Lodge of
Odd Fellows was organized, on the continent
of North America. It was then in its
infancy. The first Lodge only contained
members enough for a quorum, for the pur-
pose of transacting the necessary business
of the Lodge. Now the members of the
Order are counted by thousands. Its pro-
gress has been unparalleled in the history
of this country. The organization as such
has contributed vast sums of money, bor-
dering upon millions towards the relief of
the widow, and education of the orphan, in
our own country, while the orphan's cries
have been stilled and the widow's tears dried
by corresponding relief bestowed by the
organization of the old world. Now in the
struggle of our country, we are separated
from thousands of our brethren in the south-
ern part of this Union, some of these breth-
ren might be bodily lost from us, but in the
principles of Odd Fellowship they will be
united with us forever, for principles are
imperishable, time may change, men may
change, the universe itself may change, but
principles never change. The principles of
Odd Fellowship are as firm as the deity
from which they emanate, it were principles
of sound morality that called Odd Fellow-
ship into an existence. In vain may we
search those imperishable men who brought
such principles from darkness to light—
Where are the founders of our Order? Where
are the patriots of the Revolution, who
seemed almost immortal on the field of bat-
tle? Go read their destiny upon their tombs.
Their slumbering dust is beneath our feet,
their voices are suppressed in death; but I
would hold on high, before their beam-
ing example, to guide like a pillar of fire
your triumphant march to eminent usefulness.

But let us turn from the history of the
past to the scenes as enjoyed by us. The
nineteenth century has been characterized,
"the age of associations" or "the age of
societies," and yet out of the hundred and
one "societies" that are now putting forth
pretensions to public favor, there are but
few worthy of the name of "charity," and
entitled to the aid and sympathy of humanity.

Whilst we have our forms and cere-
monies—our signs and passwords, whereby
we recognize each other, ours is no fancy
association with gow-gaws to attract and
catch the silly and thoughtless; but it ad-
dresses itself at once to the nobler and high-
er attributes of our nature. It is the high
if not the distinguishing characteristic of an
Odd Fellow to believe that among the most
acceptable services which man can render
his God, is relief to his fellow man; and
the exercise of this unselfish philanthropy
is emphatically his mission. Yes, Odd Fel-
lowship is founded upon that eternal prin-
ciple, which recognizing man as a constitu-
ent of one universal brotherhood, teaches
him that, as he came from the hands of a
common parent, he is bound to cherish and
protect his fellow man. It thus presents a
broad platform upon which mankind may
unite, no offices of human beneficence.—
Based upon certain truths, which are alike
axioms among all nations, to tongues and
creeds, its sacred tolerance presents a nu-
cleus, which by its gentle influence gathers
within its orbit antagonist nature, controls
the elements of discord, stills the storm
and soothes the spirit of passion, and di-
rects in harmony man's united efforts to
fraternize the world.

Like truth, Odd Fellowship cannot lose
by investigation and comparison, and must
finally triumph and prevail. And it fittingly
becomes us to render homage and adoration
to the Supreme Grand Sir of the Universe,
for his continued approbation and protection
to us and to that noble Charity for which
we are laboring, for without his Fatherly
care and love our beloved order could not
be so few years have grown from weakness
to strength, and from poverty to wealth, and
from one man, now to number hundreds of
thousands.

Therefore, brethren, the study of the holy
Bible, of which a copy is found in every
Lodge, is necessary of a true Odd Fellow,
practice its precepts, for without a due ob-
servance of the lessons taught in the Bible
our Order could not exist a single hour.
Study it, for it contains priceless truths. It
is the substratum upon which Odd Fellow-
ship rests, and upon which "it is destined
immovably to repose amid the wreck of
matter and crash of worlds." Bind its holy
principles as an amulet about your hearts;
you will find it touched with more than
human influences over your coming vic-
itudes. It is charmed with supernatural
power that can lift you to the skies. This
freighted, you shall ride safely the storm
my ocean of this world, thus armed,
you will be prepared for Life's great
trials, and easily repel all the darts of your
enemies. Thus qualified, with powers so
perfectly balanced, you can ascend with ease
and certainty the hill of renown, which I
have supposed to be your highest ambi-
tion as an organized body, and you will
then stand

"Like some tall cliff that lifts its awful
form
Swells from the vale and midway cleaves
the storm."
Though round its breast some transient
clouds are spread
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

So shall you rise, and on the highest
watchtower of human benevolence, and
charity, firmly stand. Deep, heartfelt ven-
eration like the atmosphere shall encircle
you, earth's highest praises shall throng
cluster upon your immortalized name,—
garlands of the richest laurel shall entwine
around your time honored brow,—peaceful
and triumphant shall be your passage to
the tomb,—solemn, "as it were a pause in
nature," shall be your transit to eternity,
thronged by the shade of sainted heroes
shall be your approach to the Grand Lodge
above,—prans and the songs of angels
shall precede the opening of that Lodge
beyond the stars—Glory, that is un fading,
and sun like benevolence that is unclouded,
and God like pleasures that swells out
from the throne of the Noble Grand in that
celestial city, into a boundless ocean of
fruition, shall be your rich and eternal in-
heritance

More of the Army Frauds.
IN CONGRESS.
Speech of Mr. Daves,
Republican member from Massachusetts, in the
House of Representatives, Washington, Jan.
13, 1862.

THE FRAUDS IN THE WAR EXPENDITURE, ETC.
The House resumed the consideration of
the amendments, reported to the House
from the Committee of the Whole or the
State of the Union, to the Civil Appropria-
tion bill.

Mr. Daves, (rep.) of Mass., from the
Committee of Investigation on Government
Contracts, in resuming his remarks com-
menced on Friday last, said—Sir, I have not
failed to notice, and I believe the committee
of which I am a member have not failed to
notice, in common with the whole country,
that for some unaccountable reason the
charges upon the national treasury, at this
time of war, have been such as to reach
nearly the bottom of the public chest. Dur-
ing our investigation startling facts have
come before the notice of this committee, &
to the notice of the whole country, touching
the mode and manner of the expenditure of
the public money. Some of these items I
propose call public attention to, and then
to ask gentlemen the plain question, when
they propose to meet this question, if at all
and if so, how, when and where? The first
contract entered into by this government
after the troops had left their homes to come
here, in April last, to defend the Capitol, by
which they were to be fed, was a contract
entered into for cattle. It was not made
with a man whose business it was to supply
cattle to the market, not with a man
who knew the price of beef in the markets
of the country, but was entered into by the
government here with a man well known in
this, and the other branch of Congress, for
the last ten years, as an old political specu-
lative—one of the class of men who, in times
past, made their money by such operations
as buying the certificates of members for
books at a discount and then charging the
full amount. This contract was made so
that the first twenty two hundred head of
cattle furnished was charged at a rate which
enabled their original contractor to sublet
it, in twenty-four hours after, to a man in
New York who did know the price of beef,
so that he put into his pockets, without
stirring from his chair, thirty-two thousand
dollars, and the men who actually furnish-
ed the cattle in question put into their pocket-
s twenty-six thousand dollars more, so that
the contract under which these twenty-
two hundred head of cattle were furnished
to the army was so made that the profit of
58-thousand dollars was realized over the
fair market price. It takes a longer time to
enable a thousand head of cattle to reach
this city from the states where they are
purchased than it takes the army to consume
them. I ask the House, at this rate, to con-
sider how long the most ample provisions
of the Treasury would be able to meet the
simple demands for the subsistence of the
army. Sir, poorly as the army is sup-
plied, a million of shoes have already been
worn out, and a million more are being
manufactured, and yet upon every one of
these shoes there has been a waste of sev-
enty-five cents. Three quarters of a million

of dollars have been already worn out, and
another three-quarters of a million of dollars
upon shoes is now being manufactured.—
In that department of the government con-
tracts have been so plenty that government
officials have gone about the streets with
their pockets filled with them, and of which
they made presents to the clergymen of
their parishes, and with which were healed
old political sores and cured political feuds.
Even the telegraph has announced that high
public functionaries have graced the love
feasts which were got up to celebrate these
political reconciliations, thus brought about
while the hatchet of political animosity was
buried in the grave of public confidence, and
the national credit crucified amongst male-
factors. We have reported to us the first
fruits of one of these contracts. A regiment
of cavalry lately reached Louisville, one
thousand strong, and the board of army
officers there appointed for the purpose
have condemned four hundred and eighty-
five out of the thousand horses as utterly
worthless. The man who examined these
horses declared, upon his oath, that there
was not one of them that was worth twenty
dollars. They were blind, spavined, ring-
boned, afflicted with the heaves, with the
glanders, and with every disease that horse-
flesh is heir to. These four hundred and
eighty five horses cost the government, be-
fore they were mustered into the service,
fifty-eight thousand two hundred dollars,
besides more than an additional thousand dol-
lars to transport them from Pennsylvania to
Louisville, where they were condemned and
cast off.

Mr. Mallory (Union) of Ky., asked what
regiment these horses belonged to, and who
furnished them?

Mr. Daves—They belonged to Colonel
Williams' regiment of cavalry, and they
were purchased in Pennsylvania, from
which State they were forwarded to Louis-
ville, where they were condemned. There
are eighty three regiments of cavalry to-day
one thousand strong. It takes two hundred
and fifty thousand dollars to put one of these
regiments on foot before it moves. Twenty
million of dollars have thus been expended
on these cavalry regiments before they left
the encampments where they were mustered
into service, and hundreds and hundreds
of these horses have been condemned and
sent back to Elmira and to Annapolis, and
to this city, to spend the winter. Any day
hundreds of them can be seen round this
city, chained to trees, where they were left
to starve to death. Gangs of two hundred
horses, in various places, have been thus
left to die and rot, till the committee on the
District of Columbia have called for a mea-
sure of legislation to protect the city from
the danger to be apprehended from these
horses gathered. An ex-Governor of one
State offered to an ex-Judge of another
State five thousand dollars to get him per-
mission to raise one of these regiments of
cavalry, and when the ex-Judge brought
back the commission the ex-Governor takes
it to his room at the hotel, while another
plunderer sits at the key-hole watching like
a mastiff while he inside counts up forty
thousand dollars profit on the horses, and
calculates twenty thousand dollars more
upon the accoutrements and the details of
furnishing these regiments. In addition to
the arms in the hands of the six hundred
thousand soldiers in the field, there are nu-
merous outstanding contracts, made with
private individuals—not made upon adver-
tisement, not made with the knowledge of
the public, but made by ex-members of
Congress, who know no more of the differ-
ence between one class of arms and another
than does a Methodist minister. There are
outstanding contracts for the manufacture
of Springfield muskets, the first one of
which cannot be delivered in six months
from this day. There is a contract for the
supply of one million and ninety thousand
muskets at twenty eight dollars apiece,
when the same quality of muskets is manu-
factured at Springfield for thirteen and a
half apiece, and an ex member of Congress
is now in Massachusetts, trying to get ma-
chinery made by which he will be able to
manufacture in some six months hence, at
twenty one dollars apiece, these rifled mus-
kets manufactured to day in that armory for
thirteen dollars and a half. Providence,
before six months, will dispose of this war
or he will dispose of us. Not one of those
muskets thus contracted for will be of the
slightest service in this emergency, or be-
fore the Providence of God, whether for
good or for evil, will dispose of it. I ask
my friends from the North and Northwest
how they expect to benefit by an armory at
Chicago, at Rock Island and at Quincy,
where a million and ninety-two thousand
muskets will, according to this contract, be
thrown upon the country, and that after war
is over, and at such an enormous price, in
addition to other outstanding contracts for
the manufacture, sometime hence, of two
hundred and seventy two thousand five hun-
dred rifles. Besides there are seventy five
thousand five hundred and forty three sets
of harness, to be delivered by and by, at the
cost of one million nine hundred and sev-
enty eight thousand four hundred and forty-
six dollars. I have not time to enumerate all
these contracts. When we appropriated,
at the last session of Congress, for this pur-
pose twenty millions of dollars, thirty seven
million and some thousand dollars had
been already pledged to contractors—not
for the purchase of arms or the men in the
field, not to protect them in fighting their
country's battles in this great emergency
and peril, but for some future occasion,
or to meet some present need of the

contractors, I don't know which at this
moment. And not only the appropriation of
last session has been exhausted, but seven-
teen millions put upon it. The riot of the
19th of April in Baltimore, opened this bill
and on the 21st of April, in the city of New
York, there was organized a corps of plun-
ders of the Treasury. Two millions of
dollars were entrusted to a poor, unfortu-
nate, honest but entirely incompetent edi-
tor of a paper in New York, to disburse it
in the best manner he could. Straightway
this gentleman began to purchase linen
pantaloons, straw hats London, porter, dried
herrings, and such like provisions for the
army, till he expended in this way three
hundred and ninety thousand dollars of the
money, and then he got scared and quit—
(Laughter.) There is an appropriation,
also, for the supply of wood to the army.—
This contractor is pledged the payment of
seven dollars a cord for all the wood deliv-
ered to the different commands, wood col-
lected after the labor of the soldiers them-
selves had cut down the trees to clear the
ground for their batteries, and then this
contractor employs the army wagons to
draw it to the several camps, and he has
no further trouble than to draw his seven
dollars for a cord, leaving the government
to draw the wood. [Laughter.] It costs
two millions of dollars every day to support
the army in the field. A hundred mil-
lions of dollars have thus been expended
since we met on the 22d day of December,
and all that time the army has been in re-
pose. What the expenditures will increase
to when that great day shall arrive when
our eyes shall be gladdened with a sight of
the army in motion, I don't know. Another
hundred millions may be added to those be-
fore the 4th of March. What it may cost
to put down the rebellion, I care very little,
provided, always, that it be put down ef-
fectually. But, sir, faith without work is
dead, and I am free to confess that my faith
sometimes fails me. I mean my faith in
men, not my faith in the cause. When the
history of these times shall be written, it
will be a question upon whom the guilt will
rest most heavily—upon him who has con-
spired to destroy, or upon him who has
proved incompetent to preserve, the institu-
tions bequeathed to us by our fathers. It is
no wonder that the public treasury trembles
and staggers like a strong man with too
great a burthen upon him. A strong man
in an air exhausted receiver is no more
helpless to-day than is the treasury of this
government beneath the exhausting pros-
tration to which it is subjected. The mighty
monarch of the forest himself may hold at
bay the fiercest, mightiest of his foes, while
the vile cur coming up behind and opening
his fangs gives him a fatal wound, and val-
iently he may struggle on boldly and val-
iantly, the life blood is silently trickling
from his heart, and he is at last forced to
loosen his grasp, and he grows faint and
falters and dies. The Treasury notes issued
in the face of these immense outlays, with-
out a revenue from custom houses, from
land sales, from any source whatever, are
beginning to fall in the market. Already
they have begun to sell at six per cent. dis-
count at the tables of the money changers,
at the very time, too, that we here exhibit
the singular spectacle of fraud, and of a
struggle with the committee of ways and
means itself, in an endeavor to lift up and
sustain to government of the country.— Al-
ready the sutler—that curse of the camp—is
following the paymaster, as the shark fol-
lows the ship, buying up for four dollars
every five dollars of the wages of the sol-
diers paid to them in Treasury notes. I
have no desire to hasten the movements of
the army, or criticize the conduct of its
leaders, but in view of the stupendous
drafts upon the Treasury, I must say that I
long for the day of striking the blow which
will bring this rebellion to an end. Sixty
days longer of this state of things will bring
about a result one way or another. It is
impossible that the treasury of the United
States can meet and continue to meet, this
state of things sixty days longer, and an ig-
nominious peace must be submitted to un-
less we see to it that the credit of the coun-
try is sustained, and that, too, by the con-
viction going forth from this hall to the
people of the country that we will treat as
traitors not only those who are bold and
manly enough to meet us face to face in the
field of strife, but all those also who clau-
destinely and stealthily suck the lifeblood
from us in the mighty struggle. Whatever
measures may emanate from the Commit-
tee of Ways and Means to meet and re-
lieve this state of things, they will but fall
like a dead pall upon the public unless
they give this assurance, that these extraor-
dinary and extreme measures to resuscitate,
revive and replenish the treasury, are not
made to fill farther and longer the already
gorged pockets of the public plunderers.—
How then are we to contribute in this mat-
ter to revive public confidence in our pub-
lic men here, if it be not when these appro-
priations come up that we probe them that
we ascertain whether there be anything in
them that at this moment can be spared.—
Our pressing duty now is to protect and
save the treasury from further wholesale or
other system of plundering. In conclusion,
he argued against paying for printing the
Treasury notes, on the ground that the con-
tract was improperly obtained.

"Is anybody waiting on you?" said a
poite dry goods clerk to a girl from the
country. "Yes, sir," said the blushing
damsel, "that's my feller outside. He
wouldn't come in."

THE DREAM.

I sit in my chair by the blazing fire
And doze away my life
And the laughing flames leap higher and
higher,
As I dream of a little wife;
On my shoulder I feel a pressure sweet,
And arms like the snow—on, whiter!
About my neck in a warm-clasp meet,
And the flames flash brighter and brighter.

And ringlets of gold pour over my face,
As my head to her bosom's pillow,
Sinks down in a cloud of perfumed lace,
That heaves like a foam on the billow;
And I hear her warm heart's quickening beat,
And her eyes glow bright as fire,
As my lips are covered with kisses sweet,
And the flames leap higher and higher.

News From The Himalayas.

The efforts which have been made for
several years to recover the lost records of
the intrepid and accomplished Asiatic ex-
plorer, Adolph Schlagintweit, have at last
been crowned with success. It will be re-
membered that, with his brothers, Herman
and Robert, he set out in 1854, under
the patronage of the East India Society, to
explore the mountain system of the Hima-
layas and the adjacent regions. They were
provided with the best instruments, traveled
wherever it was possible with a little army
of domestics and coolies, ascended the
peak of Hi Gamin, in Thibet, to a height
of 22,260 feet, greater elevation than Hum-
boldt attained in South America, and had
communicated the most valuable results to
the learned societies of Europe before the
return of Hermann and Robert, in 1857.
Adolph pursued his explorations alone,
advanced in a northwesterly direction into
central Asia, went beyond Yarkand into a
region that has been described by no sci-
entific traveler since Marco Polo, and reached
the walls of Kashgar. There he perished in
a melee between the native savage tribes,
after having triumphed over the greatest
difficulties of his perilous journey. The
English authorities of India, prompted by
the universal interest of savants, have from
that time been energetically endeavoring
to recover his papers, and to save to science
the great amount of knowledge he had
accumulated. A communication from Sir
R. J. Murchison, in a late number of the
London Times, announces the gratifying in-
telligence that his journal has been recov-
ered through the agency of the Civil Com-
missioner in Cashmere; that it contains
full records of his discoveries up to the
time of his death, and that it will be in-
corporated in the splendid narrative of his
travels which the surviving brothers Schlag-
intweit are now publishing.

A Joke all Around.

There is a quaint humor attached to
somebody connected with the Rochester
Express that breaks out in spots occasionally
in that sheet as witness the following:
"A gentleman, (whose name we sup-
press for 'obvious reasons,') while return-
ing home with the family purchases on
Saturday evening, stepped into an oyster
saloon on Main street to refresh himself
with a stew. While thus engaged a friend
who had followed him in, abstracted from
his groceries a package containing a pound
of ground coffee, and having emptied it
refilled the paper with saw dust, and restor-
ed it to its original place. The mistake
was not discovered until the following morn-
ing, when the wife of the injured man
prepared his breakfast. Laboring under
the misapprehension that the grocer had
swindled him, the husband returned the
sawdust in the morning, and indignantly
demanded, and finally received, its equi-
valent in Old Java. The unhappy grocer
who is notoriously subject to fits of 'absent
mindness,' declared most solemnly that it
was unintentional and, that, really, it was
a little the worst mistake he ever committed!
What renders the transaction still more
perplexing is, that "for the life of him he
can't remember where he got the sawdust!"

Vanity of Life.—When I look upon the
tombs of the great, every emotion of envy
dies within me; when I read the epitaphs
of the beautiful, every inordinate desire
goes out; when I meet the grief of parents
on a tomb stone, my heart melts with com-
passion; when I see the tombs of parents
themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving
for those whom we must quickly follow;
when I see kings lying by those who dis-
posed them, when I consider rival wits
placed side by side, or the holy men
that divided the world with their contests, I
reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the
little competitions, factions and debates of
mankind; when I read the dates of the
tombs of some that died but yesterday, and
some six hundred years ago, I consider
that great day when we shall all be cotem-
poraries and make our appearance together.

In Connecticut they find a use for almost
everything. An old lady in the State is
collecting all the daily newspapers she can
lay her hands on to make soap of. She
says "they are a deusip sit better than
ashes they are as good as clear fire."

A Funny Auction Sale.

The Providence Journal thus records
one of those funny affairs—a sale of
unclaimed packages:

Mr. Sheldon sold yesterday at auction the
various packages which have lain in the
office of the Express Companies, unclaimed
for and unclaimed, for the last two or three
years. There were some two hundred lots
or more, of all shapes and sizes, and they
were offered without reserve, for cash, to
the highest bidder, the auctioneer adding
to his general terms the wise provision
that each package was to be paid for before
it was opened and delivered. Quite a
numerous company attended the sale, and
the idea of buying a "pig in a poke" and
every body into a pleasant humor of excite-
ment and fun. The packages were mostly
brown paper parcels, some small, some
large, some uncomfortably heavy, some
remarkably light, with an occasional sprin-
kle of keys, boxes bottles, and broken
varieties. The first lot put up was a wooden
box, No. 131, contents unknown, and this
was purchased for two dollars and a half
by H. L. Foster, Joseph Belcher bought the
next lot, No. 103, at the same price, and
sale continued until the last lot found a
purchaser, the various packages bringing
various prices, from 12½ cents to \$10, as
their outside looks seemed to indicate
their value. Among other things we noticed
a bundle of hoop skirts, patent floor spring
skirts we presume with all the latest
improvements, the grace of the tulip
combined with spiral accorpaniments and
graduated expansions. There was no ex-
ception in favor of these womanly ele-
ments. "Saw-eight," cried Mr. Sheldon.
"One dollar, a quarter d'ear it," he did
hear it, and the hoop skirts were sold for
one dollar and a quarter in the general limbo
of sacrifice. Altogether the auction was an
amusing occasion. The bidding was quite
spirited, and several individuals ventured
their luck in numerous purchases. It
seems a pity that the packages could not
have been opened on the spot: as they
were sold. The best part of the entertain-
ment was lost through the provision that
every lot should be bought and paid for
without a look at its contents. Now we
shall only know who made good bargains.
The poor bargains the buyers will gener-
ally keep to themselves.

One gentleman, however, who was quite
liberal in his purchases, buying some eight
or ten packages at a dollar apiece and up-
wards, has confided to us his experience in
breaking the seals and strings. One pack-
age was filled with "Tribune Campaign
Documents" for 1856 in German and Eng-
lish, in another were carefully packed
two small cotton samples; another inclosed
two dagnertotypes; another contained
a grape vine, dry and withered; and in one
portly bundle was done up with all a muci-
cian's tenderness, a brass trombone, some-
what worn and dented by use, and without
a mouth-piece, but still, so much of it as
was left, a powerful instrument. Our
friend still recognizes that the owners have
claims upon these valuable articles, and
very liberally, we think, offers to give them
up on payment of expenses.

The Female Prisoners at Washington.

Yesterday afternoon, at five o'clock, the
female prisoners, Mrs. Greenhow and Bax-
ley, who have been confined for some time
past at the Sixteenth street prison (Mrs.
Greenhow's former residence), under the
care of Lieutenant N. E. Sheldon, were by
order of Brigadier General Andrew Porter,
removed to the old Capitol prison, where
apartments have been provided for them.
At half-past-four o'clock a carriage was
drawn up in front of the door of the prison,
and at the hour first named, the prisoners
left the house on their way to their new
quarters. Before leaving the house, how-
ever, the ladies took occasion to shake
hands with several members of the guard
who stood to the left of the house, when
the prisoners came out. Mrs. Greenhow
was the first to advance, and taking one of
the soldiers by the hand, said to him,
"Good-bye, sir. I trust that in the future
you may have a nobler employment than
that of guarding defenceless women." As
she dropped the hand of the guard and
walked towards the carriage, we noticed a
nervous twitching at the lips, and a watery
look about the eyes.

Mrs. Baxley also shook hands with the
guard, and, without speaking, entered the
carriage. She was followed by little Rose
Greenhow, the daughter of Mrs. Greenhow,
who will, at the request of her mother, be
incarcerated with her. The carriage then
drove off, followed by an army wagon,
drawn by six horses, containing the lag-
gage of the prisoners. Lieut. Sheldon also
took a seat in the carriage with the
ladies.

Arriving at the jail, the prisoners were
delivered to the charge of the parties having
control there, by whom they were con-
ducted to their quarters. At this point,
both Mrs. Greenhow and Mrs. Baxley took
leave of Lieut. Sheldon—their parting being
of the most touching nature. Both the
ladies expressed their thanks for the cour-
tesy and kindness with which they have
been treated by the Lieutenant since their
incarceration; while little Rose threw her
arms around the Lieutenant's neck and
embraced him.

On Monday morning, Mrs. Ellie Poole,
one of the women confined at