

MISCELLANEOUS.  
THE WAY THEY INITIATE AN ODD FELLOW.

The following was furnished us by a member of the I. O. O. F., after a promise on our part, that we would never divulge his name. We shall keep our promise sacredly. Mr. Jenks took a notion to join, and his lady being in the habit of wearing the unbecoming, would not consent without the promise recorded below:

Very well Mr. Jenks, you know my opinion of secret societies.

Perfectly, my dear, perfectly, said our friend, thrusting his hands in his pockets. And you will join?

Don't you think it best?

No, sir, on any account, I do not.

Consider, my dear, if you should be left a widow, with nothing to support—

Now what a ridiculous argument. You suppose, Mr. Jenks—

My dear?

Mr. Jenks?

Will you listen, for a moment?

Certainly.

Well then, much as I respect your wishes, and you know I love you dearly, it will be impossible for me to oblige you in this instance. I have sent in my document, and to-night am to be initiated.

Mrs. Jenks opened her handsome eyes in amazement, and for a moment lost in wonder.

And so you're actually going to be initiated?

Yes, my dear.

Well, you tell me all about it when you come home?

Perhaps so.

Comforted with this assurance, the lady offered no further opposition, and our hero took his departure. About the hour of eleven he returned, a wiser, if not a better man.

Well, my dear, exclaimed Mrs. Jenks, what did they do to you—what was it like—were you much frightened? Come, come, tell me all about it.

Don't ask me, gravely said our friend, I beg you won't ask me.

Why not? I'm your wife you know, and wife and husband are one. Why not?

Hark! said Jenks, did you hear nothing?

Silence, my dear. Remember what Shakespeare says about sermons in stones, birds in running brooks. If I should divulge he might hear of it.

Who my dear?

The patriarch of the lost tribes. Even now he may be at our window.

Mercy on us, ejaculated Mrs. Jenks, how you terrify a body. I-I-I-I-shiver all over.

If you don't wish to be killed outright, ask no more questions.

Surely you can tell me something about it—an idea or two—that wouldn't be divulging you know.

What if you should, in an unguarded moment, let the secret out?

Oh, trust me, it will be safe in my keeping. You will never tell?

Never.

Not even to your great-grandmother? You know how gossipy some old ladies are. I'll never open my mouth on the subject. Hark! exclaimed Jenks with a theatrical start—heard you nothing?

Nothing, replied his wife, with unfeigned alarm.

Was only the wind, mused our friend. I thought it might be the patriarch or his grand boy, armed with his circumlocution, covered with curious devices by the order. Now listen, and if you love me—for the sacrifice I am about to make is great—and you must seal your lips forever on this subject.

Well, my dear, said the lady, with a long drawn sigh.

You have often heard of the cat being let out of the bag?

Yes, yes.

Well, I saw that cat to-night.

A real live cat?

Yes, and an immense cat at that—a monstrous cat. But you shall hear. You shall know all. Let me begin at the beginning.

That's right, exclaimed Mrs. Jenks, breathless with interest.

On my arrival at the hall, I was immediately seized by about four dozen smart fellows and taken upon the roof of the building. Here I was tongue tied and compelled to answer about a hundred questions, all having a direct bearing on the science of astronomy.

What a queer proceeding, exclaimed Mrs. Jenks.

How I answered the questions must ever remain a mystery to myself—certain it is, however, I did answer every one—although I did not know until to-night that there was a great bear, a dipper, and chair, and a four horse team, and I don't know what else in the sky. Is it not a pity that this beautiful science is so neglected?

Well, what, then?

Why the next question is too absurd to be repeated.

What was it?

They wanted to know if I took a newspaper, and if so, how much I owed the printer. Well, I never exclaimed Mrs. Jenks? What an influence these newspapers do exert to be sure?

Exactly. But scarcely had I answered satisfactorily, when an immense flame shot up and we were quickly shot down.

What—through the roof?

Oh, no, I suppose we took the stairs, but I was so securely bound and tied I hardly knew how we got down. The apartment into which I was ushered was pitch dark, and a strong odor of brimstone pervaded the room.

Brimstone, my dear?

Yes, it must have been brimstone, for nothing else could have caused so stifling a sensation.

Well of all things.

Then began the roar of artillery with an occasional volley of small arms. In the midst of the tumult, I heard a love sweet voice chanting a hymn of peace. Man shall love his fellow, sang the angel. Cruel war shall be waged no more—peace shall reign—slavery shall perish—industry meet its reward—charity fill the hearts of men. When this happy singer had ceased, a loud cry for cheap postage rent the air.

PROPOSALS FOR INDIAN GOODS.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.  
Office of Indian Affairs, Sept. 25, 1850.  
SEALED PROPOSALS will be received at the Office of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, at Washington city, until ten o'clock on Saturday, the second day of November next, for furnishing the following Indian goods, viz:

Class No. 1.—BLANKETS.

2,100 pairs 3 point white Mackinac blankets, to measure 66 by 72 inches, and weigh eight pounds.

1,900 pairs 2 point white Mackinac blankets, to measure 54 by 66 inches, and weigh six pounds.

1,175 pairs 2 point white Mackinac blankets, to measure 42 by 56 inches, and weigh five and a quarter pounds.

950 pairs 1 1/2 point white Mackinac blankets, to measure 30 by 50 inches, and weigh four and a quarter pounds.

900 pairs 1 point white Mackinac blankets, to measure 32 by 46 inches, and weigh three and a quarter pounds.

400 pairs 1 point scarlet Mackinac blankets, to measure 66 by 72 inches, and weigh eight pounds.

300 pairs 2 point scarlet Mackinac blankets, to measure 54 by 66 inches, and weigh six pounds.

100 pairs 3 point scarlet Mackinac blankets, to measure 66 by 74 inches, and weigh eight pounds.

300 pairs 2 point green Mackinac blankets, to measure 60 by 72 inches, and weigh eight pounds.

250 pairs 2 point green Mackinac blankets, to measure 54 by 66 inches, and weigh six pounds.

100 pairs 3 point gentianella blue Mackinac blankets, to measure 66 by 84 inches, and weigh ten pounds.

400 pairs 2 point gentianella blue Mackinac blankets, to measure 60 by 72 inches, and weigh eight pounds.

300 pairs 2 point gentianella blue Mackinac blankets, to measure 54 by 66 inches, and weigh six pounds.

Class No. 2.—DRESS GOODS.

1,005 yards scarlet straws

800 do blue straws

1,500 do fancy list cloth, blue

350 do fancy list cloth, scarlet

350 do fancy list cloth, green

1,000 do gray list cloth, blue

3,000 do saved list cloth, blue

1,600 do saved list cloth, scarlet

800 do saved list cloth, green

225 do worsted yarn, 3 fold

100 dozen cotton flag handkerchiefs

250 do cotton Madras handkerchiefs

175 do black silk handkerchiefs

30 do 8-4 cotton shawls

80 do 6-4 cotton shawls

63 do 4-4 cotton shawls

40 do 8-4 woolen shawls

430 pounds linen thread

80 do sewing silk

700 pieces ribbon, assorted

150 gross worsted knitting

34 dozen silk handkerchiefs, bark and bandanna

Class No. 3.—DOMESTIC GOODS.

33,000 yards domestic calico

10,000 do domestic calico

3,500 do domestic calico

8,000 do domestic calico

4,000 do domestic calico

1,600 do domestic calico

4,500 do domestic calico

1,000 do domestic calico

300 do domestic calico

7,000 do domestic calico

7,000 do domestic calico

15,000 do domestic calico

15,000 do domestic calico

8,000 do domestic calico

1,500 yards flannels, assorted

1,600 flannel shirts

600 calico shirts

400 dozen pool cotton

550 pounds cotton thread

400 dozen pool cotton

2,980 pounds butter, kettles

276 dozen butter knives

28,000 gross flints

23 gross square awls

7,000 fish hooks

25 dozen fish lines

25,000 needles

100 dot combs, assorted

10 dot scissors, assorted

10 gross gun worms

1,050 tin kettles

76 new Japanese kettles, 8 in a nest.

Class No. 4.—AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

200 drawing knives, 12 inches in length

700 axes, in equal proportions of 1 1/2, 2, 3, and 4

150 pairs hammers

750 pairs trace chains

1,500 wedding bows

175 hand saws

40 cross cut saws, 7 feet in length

40 cross cut saws, 6 feet in length

100 hand saw files

100 cross cut saw files

40 log chains, to weigh 25 pounds each

600 wire fence cards, No. 10

600 quarters socket chisels

90 planes, fore and jack

Class No. 5.—AXES.

73 dozen axes, to weigh from 4 1/2 to 54 pounds

81 do half axes, to weigh 34 pounds

40 do hatchets, to weigh 14 pounds

25 broom axes

Class No. 6.—NORTHWEST GUNS.

650 northwest guns, two-thirds of which must measure 36 inches in length of barrel, and one-third 40 inches in length of barrel, to be delivered in New York or Philadelphia, as may be required.

Samples of all the above articles are deposited in the office of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and may be proper to request that those of the agricultural implements and northwest guns, are entirely new, and of better quality than the articles heretofore furnished under former contracts.

The proposals may be divided into seven parts, viz:

1st. Blankets.

2d. Dress Goods.

3d. Domestic Goods.

4th. Hardware.

5th. Agricultural implements.

6th. Axes.

7th. Northwest guns.

The lowest competent responsible bidder will receive the whole or any part of the contract according to the above scale, the Department reserving the right to determine whether the bidder is competent and responsible or not.

The whole amount in money to be applied to the purchase of goods will be about \$90,000, but the Department reserves the right to increase or diminish the quantity of any of the articles named, or substitute others in lieu thereof, or to require, at similar prices, such goods as may be wanted for presents or other purposes, in the administration of the affairs of the Department. Goods of American manufacture, all other things being equal, will be preferred; but as the samples of blankets and cloths are of foreign manufacture, it will be necessary, when a domestic article is bid for, that a sample of it should accompany the bid, to enable the Department to decide whether it is of equal quality with the samples to be exhibited.

The party proposing to supply the articles will make an invoice of all the items embraced in the above list, and affix the prices, in dollars and cents, at which he or they will furnish them under each class separately, deliverable in New York, (or if the contractor prefers it, about one-half of the quantity may be delivered in St. Louis, Missouri, free of expense to the Government,) on or before the 15th day of May next, assuming the quantity of each article as specified in this advertisement, and extending the cost, making an aggregate of the whole invoice constituting the bid. The goods will be inspected in New York (and in St. Louis, if any portion of them should be delivered there) by an agent of the United States, who will be appointed by the Department for the purpose, and to ascertain the conformity of the articles purchased with the samples exhibited, when the contract shall be made, and with the terms of the contract itself, which shall contain a clause that if

LEATHER BELTING.

N. Hunt & Co.,  
No. 26 Devonshire Street, Boston.  
Manufacture and keep constantly on hand, for sale,  
Best Oak Tanned Leather Belting,  
BELT RIVETS AND BUCKS,  
SUPERIOR BELT CEMENT,  
AND EXTRA QUALITY LACE LEATHER.  
Belts Made to Order and Warranted.  
N. H. & Co. respectfully refer to the following, touching the quality of their quality.  
We the undersigned, having in use the Oak Tanned Leather Belting, manufactured by N. Hunt & Co., No. 26, Devonshire Street, Boston, do cheerfully recommend it to Manufacturers and Mechanics, and have no hesitation in saying, that for quality of stock, uniformity of thickness, being thoroughly stretched, the superior manner of its manufacture, and its durability, it is equal to any we have ever used.  
South Boston Iron Co., South Boston.  
Seth Wilcox, Union Works, South Boston.  
John Southern, Globe Works, South Boston.  
Seth Adams & Co., Steam Engine and Power Press Builders, South Boston.  
Hinkley & Drury, Boston Locomotive Works.  
Wm. Washburn, Sewing and Planing Mill, Boston.  
A. C. & W. Curtis, Paper Manufacturers, Newton.  
J. F. Falls.  
John E. Wilder, Salamander Safe Manufacturer, Boston.  
W. M. Alcott, Supr. Safford Flour Mills, Boston.  
Henry Brevort, Agent Glendon Rolling Mills, East Boston.  
Thomas Dutton, Boston Sugar Refinery, East Boston.  
F. Main, Superintendent Marblehead Cordage Co. Davenport & Bridges, Car Builders, Cambridgeport.  
Edw. Lang, Supr. of Spinning Room for Sewall, Day & Co., Cordage Manufacturers.  
Lem. Crehore, Paper Manufacturer, Newton Low-Falls.  
Orris Traft, Steam Engine Builder, East Boston.  
N. HUNT & CO. are agents for SWINGLES' MORTISING MACHINES.  
April 30, 1850. 35 cm

NEW STORE.

EVANS & WILLIAMS  
WOULD respectfully inform their friends, and the public generally, that they have opened a Store on Fayetteville Street, one door above Richardson's, where they will keep constantly on hand a full supply of  
DRY GOODS, HARDWARE, CUTLERY, GROCERIES, &c.  
And indeed every thing usually found in similar establishments. They present the following as specimens of the Stock:  
Broad French Cashmere,  
Embroidered Silk and Crapes, and Norwich lustrs, Chamois Ties, Silk and Poplins,  
French Cashmere and Delaines,  
Chamois, Figured and Black Alpaca,  
Velvet Neck Ribbons and Belts,  
French worked Collars and Cuffs,  
Embroidered Ribbons and Velvet Trimmings,  
Scalloped Linen Cambric Handkerchiefs and Kid Gloves,  
Bonnets, Ribbons, and Artificials,  
Ginghams and Calicoes, a large lot,  
French Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings,  
Beaver Cloth, Tweeds, and Kentucky Jeans,  
Red and White Flannels, Linseys and plaid Shawls.  
Kerseys, Negro and Bed Blankets,  
Brown and Bleached Domestic, Bed Ticking,  
Table Cloths and Dispers,  
Ladies' Cotton, Merino, and Silk Hose,  
Also,  
Ladies fine Walking Shoes and Gaiters,  
1 Miles & Son's fine pegged Boots,  
Calf, Kip, and Coarse Brogans,  
A good assortment of Hats and Caps of every description,  
Brooms, Crockery, Spades, Shovels, Trace Chains, Jaws, Lagunas and Rio Coffee, Loaf, Crush, Clarified and Brown Sugar.  
Together with a number of other articles not enumerated. The subscribers respectfully solicit a share of public patronage. They will sell good Bargains for Cash, or on short credit, to punctual dealers.  
H. L. EVANS,  
JOHN G. WILLIAMS.  
Raleigh, Sept. 17th, 1850. 74

THE FOUNTAIN HOTEL.

THURSTON'S  
Head of Light, near Baltimore St., BALTIMORE.  
THE increased patronage of this long established and popular Hotel, under the management of its present proprietor, has inspired him with further energy and determination, and no expense or attention of his or that of his Assistants will be spared, to maintain the patron of the "Fountain" the reputation it held all over the country, in its "palmy days" of Baltimore's conductors.  
To increase its former attractions and comforts, during the past season, the Hotel has undergone many changes, the Proprietor having made heavy outlays in introducing some of the best and latest improvements, which, together with its central position, being located in the very heart of the business portion of the city, and near the centre of Baltimore Street, and within a few minutes walk of all the Depots and Steam Boat Landings, it invites the Merchant, the Farmer, the Artist, as well as the Man of Pleasure to make the FOUNTAIN HOTEL his home during his sojourn in Baltimore.  
The Ladies' Department.  
Containing, Private Parlor, Saloon, Reception Room, Ordinary, and extensive suite of large and airy Chambers, fitted up in a style and elegance that cannot fail to give satisfaction and comfort.  
FURNITURE are attached to the "Fountain," who may be recognized by the Badges on their Hats, and are always in the attendance at the different Depts. and Steamboat Landings, who will receive Checks, take charge of the Baggage and convey it to the Hotel.  
PHINEAS THURSTON, Proprietor.  
Feb. 26th, 1850. 17

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THE GRAVES OF THOSE WE LOVE.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.  
The grave is the ordeal of true affection. It is there the divine passion of the soul manifests its superiority to the instinctive impulse of mere animal attachment. The latter must be continually refreshed and kept alive by the presence of its object; but the love that is seated in the soul can live on long remembrance. The mere inclinations of sense languish and decline with the charms that excited them, and turn with shuddering and disgust from the dismal precincts of the tomb; but it is there that truly spiritual affection rises purified from every sensual desire, and returns like a holy flame, to illumine and sanctify the heart of the survivor.

The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal—every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider a duty to keep open. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom in her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child who would most willingly forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, when the tomb is closing upon the remains of his most loved, when he feels his heart as it were crushed in the closing of its portal, would accept consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness? No—the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul.

If it has woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection—when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that was in the days of loveliness—who would root out such sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hours of gaiety or spread darker shades over the hour of gloom yet who would exchange it even for the song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry? No. There is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living. Oh, the grief it buries every error—covers every defect, and extinguishes every resentment! From the peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy and not feel a compunctious throb, that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies before him?

But the graves of those we love—what a place of meditation! There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy; there it is that the tenderness of the parting scene, the bed of death! with all its stifled grief, its noiseless attendance! its mute, watchful assidues! the last testimonial of expiring love! the feeble, fluttering, thrilling—oh! how thrilling—pressure of the hand! the last fond look of the gazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence! the faint, faltering accents struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection.

Yes, to go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! There settle the accounts with thy conscience for every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being who can never, never return to be soothed by true contrition.

If thou art a child, and hast ever adored a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent—if thou art a husband and has ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt for one moment of thy kindness, or thy truth—if thou art a friend and hast ever wronged, in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee—or if thou art a lover, and hast ever given unmerited pang to that heart which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet, then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon the memory, knocking dolefully at thy soul—then be sure that thou wilt lie down, sorrowing and repentant, on the grave and utter the unheeded groan, and pour out the unavailing tear—more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

Then weave that chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit if thou canst, with these tender yet futile tributes of regret; and take warning by the bitterness of this, thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.

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But the graves of those we love—what a place of meditation! There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy; there it is that the tenderness of the parting scene, the bed of death! with all its stifled grief, its noiseless attendance! its mute, watchful assidues! the last testimonial of expiring love! the feeble, fluttering, thrilling—oh! how thrilling—pressure of the hand! the last fond look of the gazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence! the faint, faltering accents struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection.

Yes, to go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! There settle the accounts with thy conscience for every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being who can never, never return to be soothed by true contrition.

If thou art a child, and hast ever adored a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent—if thou art a husband and has ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt for one moment of thy kindness, or thy truth—if thou art a friend and hast ever wronged, in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee—or if thou art a lover, and hast ever given unmerited pang to that heart which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet, then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon the memory, knocking dolefully at thy soul—then be sure that thou wilt lie down, sorrowing and repentant, on the grave and utter the unheeded groan, and pour out the unavailing tear—more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

Then weave that chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit if thou canst, with these tender yet futile tributes of regret; and take warning by the bitterness of this, thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.

THE GRAVES OF THOSE WE LOVE.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.  
The grave is the ordeal of true affection. It is there the divine passion of the soul manifests its superiority to the instinctive impulse of mere animal attachment. The latter must be continually refreshed and kept alive by the presence of its object; but the love that is seated in the soul can live on long remembrance. The mere inclinations of sense languish and decline with the charms that excited them, and turn with shuddering and disgust from the dismal precincts of the tomb; but it is there that truly spiritual affection rises purified from every sensual desire, and returns like a holy flame, to illumine and sanctify the heart of the survivor.

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