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THEODORE R. DuBOIS, PROPRIETOR OF THE SUMMER HILL NURSERY, ANN ARBOR, MICH.

Missing—Private William Smith.

Sergeant, enter on your roll, Missing—Private William Smith.

Missing private William Smith.

Comrades, soldiers should not mourn.

He was every inch a man!

Missing private William Smith.

Missing private William Smith.

The Battle of Pea Ridge.

From the Arkansas Correspondence Cincinnati Times.

Some six weeks ago the first Federal movement was made from Rolla, the present terminus of the southwestern branch of the Pacific Railway, toward Springfield, at which well known town Sterling Price was then encamped, with a body of Missouri State troops estimated at eight to ten thousand.

Price violated his word, once more, and before his own force was collected in the vicinity of Springfield, evacuated the town, marching down the Cassville road toward Bentonville, Ark., and daily expecting reinforcements from McCulloch, McIntosh, Van Dorn and Albert Pike, with two or three thousand Cherokee, Choctaw, Creek and Seminole Indians.

Various skirmishes occurred on the march, but the rebels and those of the enemy, and a small engagement near the State line, resulting in the repulse of Price, and his crossing over into Arkansas, followed by our army.

Since that event, those who know our strength must have felt uneasy for the fate of our forces in Arkansas, where the foe must have every advantage from better knowledge of the country and its favorable positions for attack and retreat, as well as superiority of numbers.

Gen. Curtis' force was generally stated at about twenty thousand, but those who knew the fact were aware they were little more than half that number; while the strength of the enemy after Price's junction with the rebels encamped at various places in Arkansas, could not, at the lowest computation, be less than twenty-five or thirty thousand.

Our little army seemed rather to consult its armor than its prudence, and marched steadily on in the face of frowning dangers and formidable opposition.

At Boston mountains the Missouri rebels were joined by Ben. McCulloch, Van Dorn, Albert Pike and his Indians, and McIntosh, who had been made Generalissimo of all the Seceution forces in Arkansas, much to the chagrin of Sterling Price, really more deserving of the great dishonor.

At this time Gen. Curtis, hearing of the rebel movements and knowing their forces to be more than twice his own, had no doubt he would be attacked, or at least have an opportunity for battle in a very few days. He discovered that the vicinity of Sugar Creek was much better adapted for camping, and he therefore ordered his advance to fall back to the neighborhood of that stream. Up to this time Price and McIntosh had believed the Federal army at least 50,000 strong; not supposing Curtis and Sigel would have the temerity to attack a thickly settled State, whose army man, woman and child had been reported as hostile to the last degree, to the odious Yankees.

Hearing of Curtis' retrograde movement, McIntosh had no doubt that he was retreating in hot haste, anxious to escape from the toils in which he had discovered himself, as it was hoped, too late for extraction. When he learned, too, through one of his spies, the exact number of the Federal troops, he was confident they were flying, and therefore the only object was to destroy or capture the Yankee host.

CHARACTER OF THE BATTLE-GROUND.

Benton county is called, in Arkansas, quite fertile, though its appearance does not indicate it, nor do I believe it would be so regarded in another State. It is rough and hilly, often rocky, the soil being generally of a clayey character, and covered in many places with small trees, such as are known hereabout as black jack and post oaks, with occasionally larger timber.

The two principal roads are from Kentaville to Fayetteville, and from Fayetteville to Springfield, and these are the only ones well adapted for nature, and for the successful resistance of a large body of small forces. The roads are crooked and rugged, and though easy for the passage of horses, cattle and mules, are very difficult for the conveyance of heavy wagons and artillery. In some cases our troops were detained for hours, and even days, in transferring their cannon a distance of a few miles.

Sugar Creek rises to the east of the Kentaville road, flows through the lower part of Pea Ridge, and then flows toward the North. Pea Ridge is a series of ridges on a high table land, covered with undergrowth and small sized trees, while in some quarters the timber is large and tall. Last autumn a tornado visited northern Arkansas, and for several miles blew down the trees, which have lain there ever since, and offer serious obstructions to transporta-

tion of all kinds. Pea Ridge, on which the battle was fought, varies in breadth from two to five miles, and so uneven are its surfaces that no one can see for more than a few hundred yards at a time, in consequence of the intervening trees.

THE FEDERAL ARMY.

Our effective force could not have been more than twelve thousand on the day of the first engagement, and was composed of Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Ohio and Missouri troops.

THE REBEL ARMY.

The rebel army was composed of nine or ten perhaps twelve thousand Missouri State troops, under Major-General Sterling Price; some six or eight regiments of Arkansas, under General Ben. McCulloch; five or six regiments of Texas, under General Earl Van Dorn; some three thousand Cherokee, Choctaw, Creek and Seminole Indians, under Col. Albert Pike, all under the command of Major General McIntosh. In addition to those mentioned, there were two or three regiments of Louisiana troops, and companies of Mississippi and Alabama soldiers, under their respective Captains, Majors and Colonels, whose names are unknown alike to your correspondent and to fame.

THE FIRST DAY'S FIGHTING.

As I have said, the rebels, before they began the now memorable battle in Benton county, Arkansas, on Thursday morning, March 6th, were entirely confident of success, and their chief concern only how to destroy or capture our whole force.

General Curtis anticipated an attack from the South and accordingly had the trains placed on the north, under the protection of General Sigel, with a body of eight hundred men—his principal Federal contingents and main lines being to the eastward, near the head and on both sides of Sugar Creek. Meantime, the rebel forces were moving in full strength from Bentonville, whence they had proceeded from Cross Hollows, and with rapid marches were endeavoring to cross the creek, and by placing themselves on the north, to cut off our retreat.

An advance of two thousand cavalry reached the desired position, and made a fierce onslaught on Sigel, hoping to take possession of our large and valuable train.

Gen. Sigel proved himself the right man in the right place. He gallantly met the enemy, and while he repelled their charge, prevented them from seizing upon our wagons. The brave and accomplished officer seemed ubiquitous. He rode rapidly here and there, giving orders and observing the point of attack and situation of the enemy, at the same time clearing and encouraging his troops.

Often he was in the thickest of the fight, and yet he was always cool, calculating and skillful; exposing himself as a common soldier, and yet preserving the calm judgment and fixed purpose of a Commander-in-Chief.

Sigel's desire was to keep the communication open between himself and the main camp, and the enemy's design to cut off this avenue for reinforcements.

They closed around him with tumultuous shouts, and believing they had accomplished their purpose, Sigel rushed upon them with his brave followers and compelled them to give way.

For two hours the strife went on with great ardor on both sides; but it seemed as if the Federals would soon be compelled to yield. The waves of opposition rolled around Sigel's courageous band once more, and again the traitorous shout went up to the sky, and swept like a note of victory along the rising hill.

Many a stout loyal heart doubtless sank like lead when Sigel, after a long and thoughtful pause, ordered three companies of his men to charge bayonets, the rebel cavalry was dispersed, and the way was open once more.

Still no reinforcements came, and our gallant soldiers appeared contending as a forlorn hope.

The enemy were losing ground. They rallied and fell with redoubled force on our heroic band, two hundred of whom had already proved their patriotism with their blood. The combat was hard and hand. Hensons were dismounted, and struggled with the infantry, while the officers were sometimes seen defending themselves against the advancing bayonets of the common soldiers.

A superhuman effort on the part of the enemy, and the Federals were surrounded. Firmer and firmer were the rebels closing round the five or six hundred braves who were evidently going to the wall.

"Follow me!" thundered Sigel, and his proud steed trampled an approaching rebel under his haughty feet. A deep, strong, earnest cry from the Unionists, and they met the foe with the rush of determination and the energy of despair. The secession line could not endure the shock. It recoiled, was thrown into confusion, and retired from a position that was unmovable as an Alpine rock. The train was saved. The first day was won.

THE SECOND DAY'S BATTLE.

The enemy, during the night and early in the morning, poured in from the Bentonville road, and gathered in the night and occupying both sides of the Katsville road, a position from which it was absolutely necessary to dislodge them, or surrender all hope of success.

Truly, before the second day's engagement began, the prospect was very dark, and defeat seemed to stare us in the face, and the sole thing possible appeared a struggle to prevent too disastrous a discomfiture.

The way to Missouri was defended by thirty thousand of the enemy; and we had little more than one-third of the number to dispute the perilous passage.

Gen. Carr's division was sent by Gen. Curtis to face the enemy from their position, and about ten o'clock in the morning the battle was renewed with increased ardor, and soon the batteries on both sides were replying to each other with death-dealing voices. The main action in the morning was to the right of our encampment, and for seven hours the field was hotly contested.

Gen. Carr made a spirited and heavy charge upon the enemy under McCulloch and Price. The rebels recoiled as we went against them, but their column did not break. The charge was repeated. Still the foe stood firm, opening a galling fire from two batteries whose presence had not before been known. Our troops were thrown into confusion, and three companies of infantry and Col. Ellis' Cavalry were ordered to silence the destructive guns. Like lightning our men leaped forth, prompt to the word, and ragged about the rebel batteries as ravenous wolves around a sheep-fold.

Carr's column advanced and fell back and advanced again, and beyond them, up the hill the cavalry and infantry were struggling to capture the detested guns. The regiment which protected the batteries met them fairly and freely, and for half an hour, the two combats were so commingled that they almost failed to recognize one another.

"Our men have the batteries," was announced, and the Federals rent the welkin with their huzzas. Yes, it was so! Through the blue curling vapors our men could be seen dragging the guns after them. Ere they had gone a hundred yards, the rebels were behind them struggling like Hercules for the repossession of the pieces.

Our men have been overpowered by numbers. They retire, and blood marks their progress, and many dead are abandoned. The captured guns are being carted off. Their shot and shell are tearing up the ground, and making history and peopling the graves.

The batteries are sought once more—We win them back with blood. We are hurrying them off. Triumph is about to crown our efforts, when a large force of the enemy, repulsed by Gen. Davis from that section of Pea Ridge known as Lee-town, throngs to the rescue. A dozen combats over the guns, and the contest is still undecided when the darkness gathers, and through the night the enemy are seen bearing off their twice captured, twice recaptured guns.

Midnight comes; and the scattered words of the sentinel are heard; and the Federals and rebels are sleeping on their arms, dreaming, it may be, of the time when they were friends and brothers, and America had not become one vast military camp.

THE THIRD DAY'S BATTLE.

At six o'clock our guns opened on the enemy, and was returned from twenty pieces. The firing did little harm. The enemy's shot passed above our heads. Our cause was growing darker. This day may win or lose the battle. As yet the fortunes of war incline not to our side. We have reason to be alarmed, but hope and courage are strong counselors, and add strength to weak arms.

Gen. Sigel observes new positions for our operations. We plant six batteries at different points commanding their principal features. A fire of ball is smothering the space with its roar. The enemy's list of mortality is swelling. They do not understand our great advantages. They turn pale and hesitate to advance. No time is given them for reflection.

Our entire infantry is engaged. The rebels meet our volleys of musketry for a quarter of an hour, but their firing slackens. Every inch of ground appears alive with troops. Every tree and dry leaf seems to vibrate. The balls are falling like the leaden drops of a summer shower. The rebels can endure no longer the sheets of flame. They have lost their faith in their bad cause and themselves. They are panic stricken. They fly, and a roar of victory follows them as the waves of the river the lean and hungry shore. They turn not back. Two of their generals have received their mortal wounds, and the war is: "Save himself who can."

OUR LOSS ON BOTH SIDES.

Our loss cannot be known at this time, but it must be in the vicinity of 1,700—500 killed and some 1,300 wounded, most of them slightly. Our officers, contrary to the past experience of this war, suffered little, though they exposed themselves recklessly, as Americans always will on the battle-field.

The rebel loss will never, I presume, be accurately ascertained, as they are lying all over the ridges, in the ravines, among the brush and along the roads.

The casualties among the enemy, however, were far greater than with us, and three thousand, of which nine or ten hundred were killed, I am confident, would not be an overstatement of their loss. Their officers fell thick and fast in the engagement, and their dead and wounded Majors, Colonels, Captains and Lieutenants were at least double ours.

The secession officers were generally brave and dashing, and fought in no sparingly a manner as to leave us no regret so far as courage goes, that they were born upon our beloved soil.

OUR PRISONERS.

Our prisoners will reach sixteen hundred. They are usually tall and half intelligent fellows, who do merely as they are told by their leaders. They are being sent forward rapidly to Springfield.

A SHARP TRICK.—It is said that "Old Sharp," the celebrated maker of articles from the Shakspeare "mulberry tree," of which as many were sold as would have taken almost a small forest to supply, used, when disposing of a curious article, to place his hand upon a piece of the real tree, which was affixed to his bench, and say, "I solemnly swear that I hold in my hand a portion of the tree which Shakspeare himself planted." The trick succeeded admirably, and old Sharp died very rich, but on his death-bed he confessed that he had deceived thousands.

STATEMENT

Of the Receipts and Expenditures of the City of Ann Arbor, from April 3d, 1861 to March 30, 1862.

RECEIPTS.

Table with columns: Received from the City Treasurer, Continentials, Licenses, etc.

EXPENDITURES.

Table with columns: No., J. H. Hoskins commitments, J. N. D. Bennett, etc.

Table with columns: Balance in favor of general fund, Balance against street fund, etc.

RECAPITULATION.

Table with columns: Balance in favor of general fund, Balance against street fund, etc.

RECAPITULATION.

Table with columns: Police, Fire Department, Fire and Time for streets, etc.

Resumption of Specie Payments.

New York, March 15, 1862.

Hon. DRAVIS WILM, United States Senator.

Dear Sir:—In view of the facts presented in mine of the 7th instant, and considering what course would be most conducive to the welfare of the people, and consequently desirable for the government, the question of a resumption of specie payments will naturally force itself upon your attention.

It is now in the power of the Secretary of the Treasury to sell six per cent, twenty-year stock for specie on better terms than the equivalent of a seven per cent, twenty-year stock at par.

With the coin procured for long loans, under judicious arrangements as to paying in the installments, he could meet the demand notes; the power to deposit these notes on interest, the call for them for currency in the States freed from the insurgents, and the use of them in remittances, as substitutes for domestic bills of exchange, together with the issue of interest-bearing certificates in payment of claims, will tend to facilitate the funding operations of the Treasury Department, as well as to maintain specie payments.

In the States subjugated by the insurgents there is a great want of many commodities possessed in abundance by the loyal States, and, when commercial interests are restored by the liberation of those States, there will be additions to our supply of exportable products that will take the place of specie in our trade with other nations.

Besides all this, there is throughout the commercial world a great supply of the precious metals. The premium on specie and foreign exchange does not rise much above par; the banks are in a condition to resume whenever the government resumes, and it seems to me that there need be no hesitation in deciding upon a resumption of specie payment at once by the treasury.

Very respectfully, Your obedient servant, (Signed) JAMES GALLATIN.

The Union Sentiment in Richmond.

A letter from Richmond, under date of February 27, published in the Memphis Appeal, denounces the Unionists in Richmond in these fierce terms:

"I begin to fear that the Virginians are degenerate sons of their illustrious sires. In spite of the martyrdom of Jackson, in spite of the heroism of Bathel, while yet the devotion of Dick Ashby, and the sunset gleam of his sabre ere it fell from his shattered arm, remain unused by post, before the daisies have sprung from the dust of Virginians who sleep at Manassas, the misgiving comes upon me that the living men of the old Commonwealth are not worthy of the ancient and the more recent memories of their renown. The trepidations and warnings, the croakings and prophesies of doom that have possessed many of the citizens of Richmond during the past week, would be enough to make us despair of the Republic, if we could suppose that the mass of the people of the Confederate States were equally timorous and irresolute. Because of a few reverses, which might be retrieved by stout hearts and strong arms, it is thought by these craven souls that the great cause of liberty is lost. From one end of the town to the other they run with false tidings of new disaster or 'whisper with white lips, the foe, they come, they come!' The Yankees will be in Richmond in ten days; the government has determined to abandon the State as a line of defence and make a stand in North Carolina; the seat of government is to be removed immediately; the French gunboats are coming up James River to capture the Emperor's tobacco plantations at Gretnoble; 'Napoleon is at Lyons'; 'The Emperor is at Paris'; 'Vive l'Empereur!' Such would be the tone of it, I fear, too many of the inhabitants toward McClellan. Last night there was scribbled upon the walls of buildings all over town strange and portentous sentences of menace—such as 'Nationals! grid on your strength; memento Tennessee!' 'The scorpion secession will soon be deprived of his sting'—and other such coarse and treacherous nonsense, and forthwith it is proclaimed that the city is filled with Union men, and that a secret society, embracing thousands, exists in the midst of us, and that we are about to be betrayed by emissaries of the Yankees, heretofore little suspected. Such puling and vaticination of ruin is almost as bad as treason itself, and those who indulge in it deserve well nigh the fate that should be awarded to a midnight scribbler who would catch him. That the masses, emboldened by their recent success, will make the streets efforts to carry Richmond there can be no reasonable doubt; but it becomes us all the more, from this very conviction, with heart of hope to put forth all our energies in its defence; and if we do this, let them come in clouds as dense as the Persians that marched into Greece, they will be driven back."

Air, Sunshine and Health.

A New York merchant noticed, in the progress of the winter, that each successive bookkeeper gradually lost his health, and finally died of consumption, however vigorous and robust he was on entering his service. At length it occurred to him that the little rear room where the books were kept opened in a back yard, so surrounded by high walls, that no sunshine came into it from one year's end to another. An upper room, well lighted, was immediately prepared, and his clerks had uniformed health ever after.

A family case of general readers is derived from medical works, where an entire English family became ill, and all remedies seemed to fail of their usual results, when, accidentally a window glass of the family room was broken, in cold weather. It was not repaired, and forthwith there was a marked improvement in the health of the inmates. The physician at once traced the connection, discontinued his medicines, and ordered that the window pane should be replaced.

The most eminent physicians of her time were called in, but failed to restore her. At length Dupeyron, the Napoleon of physic, was consulted. He noticed that she lived in a dim room, into which the sun never shone, the house being situated in one of the narrow streets, or, rather, lanes of Paris. He at once ordered more airy and cheerful apartments, and all her complaints vanished.

The lungs of a dog became tubercular (consumptive) in a few weeks, if kept confined in a dark cellar. The most common plant grows spindly, pale and scraggling, if no sunlight falls upon it. The greatest medical names in France, of the last century, regarded sunshine and pure air as equal agents in restoring and maintaining health.

From these facts, which cannot be disputed, the most common mind should conclude that cellars, and rooms on the northern side of buildings, or apartments in which the sun does not immediately shine, should never be occupied as family rooms, or chambers, or as libraries or studies. Such apartments are only fit for storage, or purposes which never require persons to remain in them over a few minutes at a time. And every intelligent and humane parent will arrange that the family room and the chambers shall be the most commodious, lightest and brightest apartments in his dwelling.—Hall's Journal of Health.

My deceased uncle, says a humorous writer, was the most polite gentleman in the world. He was making a voyage on the Danube, and in the name of all that was good in the world, to go and meet him. A brave general, our fellow-citizen, calls for you, and his patriot heart feels you will come. Laurels have already clustered around his brow, and he calls on you to share with him new honors and new victories. Sacrifices must be made, but the recollection of them will nerve your arm in the day of battle and make dearer your successes.

Others, husbands, brothers, lovers, your country calls on you. Citizens, your property and your rights are in danger! Will you not go? The hour for glorious action is upon us; let it not pass unheeded by. General Beauregard does his fellow-citizens the honor to wish them at his side in the hour of trial. A special messenger, member of his staff, Dr. Choppin, waits to return him a glorious response. Upon volunteering you will be ordered to Gen. Beauregard, at Jackson, Tennessee, and in a few weeks, when the necessity is past, you will return victorious, or leave your names as martyrs embled in his hosts.

"THOMAS G. MOORE, Governor and Commander-in-Chief."

Mrs. LINCOLN BULLHEAD A HOUSE AND BARN. Mrs. Lincoln is given to having things after her own liking.—The following anecdote, illustrative of that point, is told by a citizen of Springfield, Illinois, and we are assured it is an "unvarnished tale." Some years before "Honest Abe," as we have been wont to call him, and his wife had the remotest idea of residing at the White House, they lived in a low and unpromising dwelling in Springfield. The barn, which at that time was the house, was used for stabling a cow during the winter season. Mrs. Lincoln was neither satisfied with the house nor the close proximity of the cow stable, and while her husband was out of town attending court, (to be absent from home six weeks,) contracted with a carpenter to build a new barn and add another story to the dwelling.—The work was immediately commenced and completed before Mr. Lincoln returned. The house was altered so that when he walked through the streets upon his arrival, on which the house was situated, he hardly recognized it; but soon apprehending the reason, he jocosely asked a person whom he met, "Can you tell me where Mrs. Lincoln lives?" "His wife, who had seen her husband coming, opened the door as the question was asked, and exclaimed, "Come in, Abe!"—Northampton Press.

TAR ON POTATOES.—A. B. Dickinson stated, at a meeting of the New York State Agricultural Society, that his practice with the potato was to select out the heaviest, as the best to withstand the blight. He tested his potatoes by putting them in very strong brine. Those that were the heaviest were the best to grow. He cut his potatoes into pieces of two eyes in length, and also stated that he had planted and sown an acre or so of potatoes ten years without a coating of tar, and in preparing his potatoes for planting he dissolved one pint of tar in three pails of boiling water, and added four pails of water afterwards. This solution he either poured over his seed potatoes, so that each got a coating, or the potatoes were dipped in it and they sprinkled with plaster. He stated that he formerly had no trouble in raising five hundred bushels per acre, but of late years had not raised more than one hundred and fifty bushels per acre, yet he sold an averaged above three hundred bushels.—Michigan Farmer.

A RATHER PLEASING INCIDENT.—A few days ago, as General Biell was riding on horseback through the streets of Nashville, an aristocratic lady, a Mrs. V., living in a fine large house, waved a rebel flag towards him and cried, "Huzrah for Jeff. Davis and the Southern Confederacy!" The General reined in his horse, turned toward the lady, touched his hat with all the courtesy and suavity for which he is remarkable, and surveying the fine house from top to bottom, with the eye of a connoisseur, quietly remarked, "An excellent house for a hospital!" In less than two hours every room was filled with sick soldiers, and Mrs. V. was politely requested to take kind care of them. We heartily congratulate her upon her blessed privilege of ministering to the needs of suffering patriots.—Louisville Journal.

GURBATS.—Time tries all, says the old proverb. Thirty years ago, when Thomas Jefferson was President, and Aaron Burr Vice President, immense ridicule was cast upon Mr. Jefferson's state of defending our coast by means of gunboats. The President contended that we needed few large vessels-of-war, because the United States was not likely to be engaged in any but a war of defence, and for defending our line of coast a gunboat was worth an eighty gun ship. The opposition, dazzled by achievements of the British navy, despised this little craft, and clamored for more imposing vessels. The events of this war have shown that there was a great deal of sense in Jefferson's policy.

The shameful fact that at the recent battle in Arkansas, the savage Indians employed by the rebels towed, scalped and mangled the bodies of our soldiers is proved by the letter of General Curtis to the rebel commander, and substantiated from other sources.

When a Charleston hotel keeper sent to New York for provisions, the merchant advised him to eat his cotton. On the same principle, when his whisky gives out he must drink his cotton gin.











