

# The Weekly Michigan Argus.

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## The Michigan Argus.

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D. DeFOREST.

## THE NEWS OF A DAY.

BY MRS. SARAH T. BOLTON.

"Great battle! Times Extra!" the newsboy cried.

But it scarcely rippled the living tide that ebbed and flowed in the noisy street.

With its throbbing heart and its busy feet, again through the hum of the city thrilled "Great battle—Times Extra—Ten thousand killed!"

And the little carrier hurried away with the sorrowful news of that winter day.

To a dreary room in an attic high, trembled the words of that small, sharp cry; and a lonely widow bowed down her head.

And murmured, "Willie, my Willie, is dead. O I feared it was not an idle dream.

That led me, last night, to that dark, deep stream.

Where the ground was wet with a crimson rain, and strewn all over with ghastly slain.

The stars were dim for the night was wild, but I threaded the gloom till I found my child.

"The cold rain fell on his upturned face, and the swift destroyer had left no trace.

Of the sudden blow, and the quick sharp pain, but a little wound, and a purple stain.

I tried to speak, but my voice was gone, and my soul stood there in the cold gray dawn.

Till he roused his body, with ruthless hand, and covered him up with the reeking sand.

"Willie, O Willie! it seems but a day since thy baby head on my bosom lay.

Since I heard thy prattle, so soft and so sweet, and guided the steps of thy tottering feet.

And thou wert the fairest and best of three, that the Father in Heaven had given to me;

All the life of my heart, love, hope and joy, were treasured in there, my strong brave boy.

And the last faint words that thy father said were, "Willie will mind thee when I am dead."

But they tore the flag from thy death-cold hand, and covered thee up in the reeking sand."

She read the names of the missing and slain; but one she read over again and again;

And the sad, low words that her white lips said were, "Company C, William Warren dead."

The world tolled on through the busy street, with its aching hearts and unresting feet.

The night came down to her cold hearthstone, and she still read on in the same low tone.

And still the words that her white lips said were, "Company C, William Warren dead."

The light of the morning chased the gloom from the emberless heart of that attic room.

And the city's pulses thrilled again to me; but the mother's heart had forgotten its pain.

She had gone through the gates to that better land, with that terrible list in her pale cold hand.

With her white lips parted, as last she said, "Company C, William Warren dead."

## JOHN MORGAN'S SUBSTITUTE.

A Story of the Present War.

It had been the day for drafting in a little town in the hill country of Connecticut.

It was nightfall now, and a man walked slowly home to the wife who listened, who watched and waited for him.

He was a tall, handsome fellow—thirty-five, perhaps; vigorous of limb, strong of muscle, with kindly yet earnest eyes, well-cut features, and an expression of fearless integrity.

You would have known him at once for what he was—a good, unselfish, courageous, honest man, worthy of winning, capable of holding a woman's love.

She who listened for his coming heard the slow step upon the gravel, and sprang from the door to meet him. You could see even in that dim light, what a bright, cherry, pretty woman she was, with her loving eyes—her dark, satin smooth hair; her red tender lips, and the fresh roses on her cheeks.

She went up to her husband, and put her hands on his arm lovingly.

"I know you have had news for me, John!"

"Yes, Mary; I must go. I was the third one drafted."

The wife felt her limbs shake, and she thought at first that she could not stand.

All the forces of her nature seemed giving way, but she rallied bravely. For his sake she would be calm and strong; but she could not speak just then.

She led him into the house, where their children were—five of them, the eldest only ten in the July just gone. There was something in their father's manner which checked the noisy demonstrations with which they were wont to greet him, and they only gave him a few silent kisses as he sat down in the great chair by the west window.

He buried his face in his hands for awhile, and then he lifted it and looked around on the little group of his loved ones. Three girls and two boys, and his wife, their mother, looking, in spite of years of care, as fair, almost as young, as the day he brought her home his new-made bride.

His chest heaved with a long and bitter sigh—a sort of sob of despair, rather—and then he said, as if he feared even she, his other self, might misunderstand him:

"God knows it is not for my own sake, Mary! do not think I am afraid to die. I would go with more than willingness—with joy—if I had not so much to leave. If I fall, what will become of you and the children? I cannot bear to think of what you might suffer, with no one to stand between you and the cares and sorrows of the world. Mary, this drafting indiscriminately does not seem just. Surely the single men ought to go first."

His wife stole her little hand into his very gently.

"Do not think of us, she said, with a true woman's self-forgetfulness. 'It is not that. We should do well enough. You need not fear that we should come to want. But oh, John—"

And just there she broke down utterly, and cried out, with a burst of passionate tears:

"No, I cannot bear it! You will die! I shall never, never see your face again! If I could know that you would come back, even were it maimed and helpless, I would not murmur; but to think that you might die, and I could not help you—that your eyes would seek mine, your hands grope for mine, and I not be there—oh, John, I shall go mad with hopeless horror!"

It was his turn to be the comforter now. He drew her into the shelter of his arms; he rested her head on his breast; he whispered, tenderly:

"All who fight do not die, Mary. God watches over us there as well as here.—Some women's husbands must go, poor child! Something may happen yet that I shall not have to."

He knew, however, no solitary chance under the wide heavens by which he could escape. The words with him were but the vaguest utterance of soothing; but she caught at them eagerly.

"You could procure a substitute, perhaps—is that what you mean?"

"I would if I could," he answered, eagerly, remembering in his own mind the difficulty that richer men than he had experienced in procuring them in those quiet, thinly-peopled, agricultural towns. "I am very tired, Mary; can you give me some tea?"

He cheered a little by her new hope, and anxious, above all, to cheer him and make him comfortable, the wife got up and went into the kitchen. The biscuit for supper were already made, and in a few minutes tea was upon the table.—John Morgan drank up after cup of it, with an eager feverish thirst; but eating with him was a mere feat. When the meal was over, the children were put to bed, all but the two oldest girls. They stole out to the open door, and sat down in the September moonlight, their arms around each other—feeling, with a sort of dumb pain, that a shadow which they could not resist had fallen upon the household. Their mother, meantime, had lighted her lamp and taken her work—a child's frock, which she was finishing—to the little round stand. She would not let this evening seem more unlike other evenings than she could help.

Soon there came a footstep up the gravel walk; this time, a quick firm tread. The girls in the door made way for the new comer to enter, and he came in and stood silently for a moment in the center of the little sitting-room.

He was a slender, elegantly-moulded man. You could see at a glance that the fibre of his manhood had never yet been tested by any tough struggle with fate. Yet one would not have doubted his untried courage. It showed in his steady blue eyes, sad with unspoken pain; it betrayed itself in the curl of his lip, the curve of his nostril. They say no soldier ever fought more bravely than the gentry of England—white of hand, haughty of look, delicate of feature.—Some such blood flowed in the veins of Ash Thorncroft.

He was the only son of the rich mill owner whose foreman John Morgan was. He was no stranger at the cottage; and even in this sorrowful hour there was no danger of his being unwelcome. He was the first to speak.

"It is hard on you, Morgan, this draft. My father was saying to-night that he did not know how he should contrive to spare you. So well as you're doing now, too—already comfort and competence for you and yours, and better things in prospect."

"It's useless talking. I think I was born under a lucky star. You were Mr. Thorncroft's son, to begin with; young, rich, without a tie to fetter you; and of course the draft spared you."

"Without a tie! Do you call that happiness!"

John Morgan's eyes fell beneath that sad, steady gaze of reproach. He remembered then one who had died in March, on whose grave the lonesome spring rain had wept tears which sprang up again in roses and violets—the gentle girl whom Ash Thorncroft had loved so long and well.

"Forgive me," he said, in a low, penitente tone.

"The other went on: 'I think you forget yourself a little when you repine at this stroke as if it were the worst thing which could have happened. Would you give up your wife, or one of your children, even to escape from the perils of this war?'"

"Did you think I was a coward?" and the honest soul looked indignantly out of John Morgan's eyes. "If I were to fall, what would they do? I have struggled to shield them, so far as I could, from want, care, or privation. How are they fitted to tread the world's rough paths alone?"

"No, I did not take you for a coward. If I had I should not have thought you life worth saving. I think I know how I should feel in your place. It is a place in which I shall never stand. I am going to enlist, John. It is my duty, for I have nothing to keep me at home. I am ready to give all that I have to my country. If I fall, I shall only go the sooner where all my longings tend.—What is to hinder my sparing you to your happy fireside? I came to propose myself as your substitute."

"It is not—are you sure it is not—to spare me? Would you go in any case?" John Morgan asked, with a little doubt in his voice.

"Do not fear that I am going for your sake. I made up my mind as soon as the call came for volunteers. I only waited for this very thing—the chance, if I should not be drafted myself, of saving some man who was dear to the woman who loved him. I am glad it is you, John, my good old friend to whom I can render this service."

John Morgan was a man of few words—of feelings which lay so deep that they seldom rose to the surface; but there was something which Ash Thorncroft needed no language to interpret in the look of his eyes, and the grasp of his hand, as he hurried out of the room.

Thorncroft was one of those men with a vein of tenderness in the midst of their strength which always allies them more nearly to women than to men. Left alone with Mrs. Morgan he said what he never would have said to her husband. It was when she thanked him, with

earnest words, and sobs and tears of joy went more eloquent.

"There was one, Mrs. Morgan, who loved me as well as you love John. You do not need to thank me. All that I ever could do for any other woman, I would do for her sake. You have seen her; you know how fair and sweet she was; but I think no one save me knows all her purity, her saint-like goodness. I have had only one hope since she died: that I might be fit to go to her. If I die in the good cause, think of me as happy with an unspoken happiness.—It will be but the opening of the golden gate the sooner. I shall not see you again, so I will bid you good-bye, now."

Her tears fell upon his hand—her lips touched it. She whispered brokenly her blessing, the blessing of one who owed to him more than her life; and so annotated for his work, as it were, by those holy tears and prayers, he went away.

The girls at the door saw his face in the moonlight, while yet radiant and tender. They ran in to their mother, asking their childish questions:

"What made Mr. Thorncroft look so? What was he here for?"

"Father is not going away; Mr. Thorncroft is going in his stead. We shall keep father at home."

And then, womanlike, she fell to hugging them and crying over them; and just then John came back, and took the three together in his strong arms.

It was one of the supreme moments of life, which whether of joy or grief, picture themselves clearly to our minds and need no description.

Ash Thorncroft walked away with a firm tread. He turned aside when he came to the church, with the old burying ground in the rear, full of grass grown round in the rear, and knelt to the grave on whose head-stone the name of Constance Ireton gleamed white and clearly out in the bright moonlight.

"Oh, my darling, my darling!" he cried, with his lips pressed to the sod.

If the dead could hear, that still heart beneath should have throbbed again to the accents of such love. Many a night had he talked to her there, as now, with a strange sense of nearness—a full belief in the communion of their souls.

"You are not here, I know, and yet I know you hear me. I am going away to-morrow God's soldier and yours—Give me your blessing, Constance, and pray for me, you who have already seen the Father's face, that I may do my work without faltering, and the end may come soon."

It was but a dream of his own overwrought fancy; but he seemed to see a cloud draw near, from which a face looked—a white, sweet face, and with waiting, yet glorified with immortal hope.—And he seemed to hear a voice, which said:

"Go forth, my beloved, and do your work. Soon will the struggle be over, and the reward is long and sure."

For an instant he seemed to see the smile upon her face, the look of faithful love in the immortal eyes. Then, when he stretched out his arms towards it, the cloud seemed to melt into the white moonlight; not even an echo of the voice thrilled the September air—he was alone with night.

He went away the next day to join his regiment—one which had already seen hard service.—There was in him the true mettle of a true soldier. His day might be short—he would be busy while it lasted. Besides, I think he liked his grim work. He was always to be found among the volunteers for any desperate service.

In many a fierce charge he led the van, with his bright, fair hair glittering gold only in the sunlight, and a blue glint in his eyes. He was never wounded.—Nothing happened to disable him from his duty. He had refused well earned promotion, and once when a true comrade, who marched always at his side, had asked him the reason why, he sadly answered:

"Because I shall be here such a little while."

"I thought you volunteered for three years. I had heard that you came in place of a nine-month's man, but that you chose to enlist for the longer time, and join the old regiment."

There was no answer to the inquiring tone which made a question of this remark, and Stephen Chase, who understood his comrade too well to press the point, was as much puzzled as ever.

He comprehended it all better the night before Fredericksburg. They sat together on a stone, a little way from their tent. For a while both had been thinking silently of what the dawning was to bring.

"It was a tough fight," Chase said, at length.

"You may well say so," Ash Thorncroft answered. "It is a terrible responsibility to assume, that of leading men to such certain destruction; and yet, if we can but win the victory! There is hardly a man but would be willing to sell his life for that. It is the only regret I have in going in, that I shall never know which side conquers."

"Nonsense, man, don't get the blues after seeing so much blood spilt as you have, and coming out of so many hard bouts scarless!"

"It was not my time, hitherto. It is now. I shall go into the fight more joyfully than ever tired children went home. I have only one wish. If you pull through alive, take care of my body. I want to be buried at home, besides a grave that was made last March, in the Westville churchyard. You must send me to my father—David Thorncroft, Westville, Connecticut. Here it is written down for you. Papers that I left at home, explaining my wishes, will be sufficient for the rest."

His manner carried conviction at least of his own faith in his forewarning, but Stephen Chase tried to shake it off.

"I never knew a presentment to come true in my life," he said, sturdily. "You will talk over the battle field twenty-four hours from now."

Thorncroft only smiled as he said:

"Do you promise what I asked, Stephen? Will you send my body to my father, if it is within your power to protect it?"

"Yes; for your satisfaction I promise. I shall not bid you good-bye, though."

They were toiling up the hill, that fatal afternoon of the next day, side by side, when suddenly Thorncroft looked round with kindling eyes to his comrade. He stretched out his hand with a smile which the other will never forget if he lives till his hair is white.

"Good-bye, Stephen!"

The next instant he fell heavily. A rebel shot had given him his mortal wound.

With exertions which would seem half incredible if I should relate them, Stephen Chase succeeded in getting him off the field. He was not dead, and a hope still lurked in his comrade's heart that he might yet live to tell at home the story of the war. He did not speak or move, but faithful Stephen could feel the faint beating of his heart.

He did not die till the troops had gone back across the Rappahannock.—He belonged to a division that went into the fight six thousand strong, and went back at night with only fifteen hundred. He lay there with the wounded around him—the thin ranks out of which so many brave feet had marched forever.—Just at dawning he looked up, and met his friend's eyes he faltered, feebly:

"A defeat, Stephen! I lived to know—victims, not conquerors."

Then his face brightened with a strange radiance, and he whispered, so softly that his friend could scarcely catch the words—whispered as to some invisible auditor:

"Yes, my darling, yes?"

The next instant the faint heart-beat under Stephen Chase's hand was still.

They have buried him, since then, beside the grave where he knelt in the moonlight the night before he went away. Only a foot of earth between the two who loved each other so dearly. Is there so much? Surely our dreams of the future are not in vain. Surely somewhere, in the heaven which is anchored off this world, where sickness and sorrow never come, and where are neither wars nor rumors of wars, somewhere in the still Land of Peace they are tasting the cup of joy which earth denied them.

## Anecdote of Charles Fifth.

Charles V., while hunting lost his way, and entered a miserable roadside inn for rest and refreshment. He noticed four men lying on a bed, whose countenances were by no means indicative of good intentions. In fact, they were thieves. Charles asked for refreshments, but he had scarcely swallowed a drop when one of the ill-looking fellows got up and approached him, with the remark:

"I dreamed you had a mantle that would suit me to a T," and thereupon appropriated the garment.

"And I," said the second fellow, following his comrade's example, "dreamed you had a buff coat which would fit me nicely." At the same time he seized upon the buff coat.

The third took his hat, the fourth prepared to take a whistle which the emperor wore suspended from his neck by a gold chain.

"Softly, my friend," said Charles; "let me first show you the use of this whistle."

Accordingly he raised it to his lips, blew a shrill note, and the house was filled with his armed retainers.

"Here," said Charles, pointing to the ruffians, "are a set of fellows who dream whatever they want. It is my turn now. I have dreamed that all these rascals were worthy of a gibbet. Let the dream be realized instantly."

The hint was taken, and without further delay or formality, the rascally quartette were swung up before the inn door, a signal warning to all unprincipled psychologists.

A little boy, whose mother had promised him a present, was saying his prayer preparatory to going to bed but his mind, running on a horse, he began as follows:

"Our Father who art in Heaven—ma, won't you give me a horse—Thy kingdom come—with a string to it?"



### The Battle of Sedgwick's Corps.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Times.

Falmouth, May 5

Yesterday two terrible battles were fought by the Sixth corps, Gen. Sedgwick, resulting in fearful carnage on both sides.

The various divisions of the corps (Sixth, Gen. Sedgwick) moved rapidly forward up the Gordonsville turnpike, to the distance of four miles, skirmishing all the way, where they found the enemy in force, when another battle ensued, in which Brooks, Newton, and the flying division, were engaged—the first suffering severely. The rebels were in a wood, and, as we advanced to it, opened a galling fire—Russell's brigade, composed of the Ninety-fifth and One Hundred and Seventeenth, Pennsylvania, and One Hundred and Twenty-first New York, made a charge, and suffered severely, the Ninety-fifth being almost annihilated. While the battle was progressing, the enemy suddenly commenced firing on our left to the rear, and Brooks' division was obliged to change front. The battle lasted till dark with out any decisive results being obtained on either side. During the night the woods took fire, and it is feared that many of the wounded on both sides perished in the flames. Monday morning the rebels suddenly made their appearance on the hills to the left of Fredericksburg, and coming down rapidly, occupied the city, thus getting in the rear of the corps. Your correspondent happened to be in a farm house at the point where they descended to the plain, and you can judge of his astonishment on looking out of the window to see this large force advancing in the field in front of the house—Most of the supply trains, ambulances, mules and soldiers in the vicinity were taken. A fleet horse saved me from capture. A serious blunder was perpetrated in pushing our forces on so rapidly without ascertaining whether or not there were any rebels on the woody heights to the left of the city.—One whole corps came down and forming in line of battle immediately marched after the corps. The only way of retreat lay by Brooks' Ford, five miles above the city. Gen. Sedgwick was signaled from this side of the river of the condition of affairs and immediately turning about formed a line of battle facing this way, holding the rebels in check, and working down toward the ford. The lines of battle remained in this condition until about the middle of the day, when the rebels attacked us, and were gallantly repulsed—Howe's division capturing 800 prisoners. The rebel reinforcements had fought none, while our troops had been fighting more or less since the previous Tuesday night. For a time it was feared that the corps could not make communication at Banks' Ford, and that the whole of it must be captured. But by noon, a connection was made, and General Sedgwick sent for supplies. Meanwhile the wounded in Fredericksburg were being taken across the pontoons to this side, all of them being got away on the sudden appearance of the enemy on the outskirts above. The doctors, supposing, of course, that the enemy would come down and take them, made all the arrangements for being taken prisoners; but for some reason, either through fear of our forces above or siege guns on this side of the river, the enemy did not advance into the town. The position of the respective armies were then as follows. Our main force on the north, then the main force of the enemy, the Sixth Corps below, corps of rebels still lower, and our heavy guns on this side—a most extraordinary sandwitching of opposing forces together.

Skirmishing occurred along the whole line until 5 o'clock in the evening, when the rebels attacked us from two ways. The Union forces were at this resting on the river, the right at Banks' Ford. We were arranged in two lines of battle. The enemy attacking, the Second division of the Second corps and Bowe's at first approaching them diagonally from Fredericksburg and the country directly beyond. Gen. Mill's brigade, consisting of the Thirty-third N. Y. Seventy-seventh New York, Forty-ninth New York, Twentieth New York, together with the Vermont brigade were on the left of General Mills. General Mills' brigade and other troops made a counter march; but reinforcements coming up to the enemy, we were not able to drive them. The Seventy-seventh acted nobly, but the Twentieth New York behaved very disgracefully, as it did at White Oak Swamp, and, falling back, brought a cross-arms on the Twenty-third. Their Colonel, however, conducted himself most bravely. The other lines of battle were now attacked by overwhelming numbers, and obliged to fall back to the river. While the battle was raging terribly our siege guns on this side of the river opened a rapid fire on the enemy from behind, but they advanced so far in driving our forces that the shell, after a short time failed to reach them. Our forces were pursued back steadily, musketry and artillery firing continuing all night. Our guns made terrible havoc among the enemy, as they charged repeatedly upon them in solid column.

The artillery received their fire until the charging parties came within a few rods, and then poured the shot and canister into them at a fearful rate. Having broken the column they would fall back to a new position, and prepare to receive another column.

An officer from Banks' Ford this morning informs me that the Second Corps, together with twenty pieces of artillery, crossed over the pontoons at Banks' Ford early this morning, and covered the retreat of the Sixth Corps as it came back over this side of the Rappahannock.

Last evening the rebels opened artillery on the bridges, and damaged one of them considerably, but it was repaired by our engineers. One bridge cannot, I think, be reached by their guns. Our artillery on this side kept up a rapid fire on the rebel guns during the night. The ambulances have been bringing in the wounded all the night.

### Order by Gen. Hooker.

Washington, May 12

The following order has been issued by Gen. Hooker.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, May 6, 1863.

GENERAL ORDER NO. 49.

"The Maj-Gen commanding tenders this Army his congratulations on the achievements for the past seven days.—If it has not accomplished all that he expected the reasons are well known to the army.

"It is sufficient to say they were of a character not to be foreseen or prevented by human sagacity or resource. In withdrawing from the south bank of the Rappahannock before delivering a general battle to our adversary, the Army has given renewed evidence of its confidence in itself and its fidelity to the principles it represents; in fighting at a disadvantage, we would have been recreant to our trust, to ourselves, our cause and our country. Profoundly loyal and conscious of its strength, the Army of the Potomac will go or decline battle whenever its interest or honor may demand. It will also be the guardian of its own history and its own arm.

"By our celerity and secrecy of movement our advance and passage of the river was undisputed, and in our withdrawal not a rebel ventured to follow.—The events of the last week may swell with pride the hearts of every officer and soldier of this Army. We have added new laurels to its former renown. We have made long marches, crossed rivers, surprised the enemy in his intrenchments, and wherever we have fought we have inflicted heavier blows than we have received. We have taken from the enemy five thousand prisoners and fifteen colors, captured and brought off seven pieces of artillery, and placed *hors du combat* 18,000 of his chosen troops. We have destroyed his depots filled with vast amounts of stores, and damaged his communications; captured prisoners within the fortifications of his capital, and filled his country with fear and consternation. We have no other regret than that caused by the loss of our brave comrades, and in this we are consoled by the conviction that they have fallen in the holiest cause ever submitted to the arbitrament of battle.

"By command of Major-General HOOKER. 'S. WILLIAMS, A. G.'"

**Causes of the Retreat.**  
Correspondence of the Philadelphia Press.

Previous to crossing the Rappahannock, last week, Gen. Hooker obtained information to the effect that but a small force of the rebel army were encamped in the vicinity of Fredericksburg, compared to that which had been maintained near that point during the winter. He had most encouraging reports from Gen. Stoneman's flying column, and he conceived and matured an admirable plan of crossing the river, and capturing the entire rebel force north of the Pamunkey River.

Upon crossing the river it was discovered that the enemy were in much greater force than had been previously estimated, but Gen. Hooker pushed on driving the enemy before him at every point during a series of sanguinary conflicts, which terminated last Sunday in favor of Gen. Hooker. On that day it became plainly manifest that the enemy was bringing up very heavy columns of reserve troops, and was preparing to make a desperate and powerful onslaught upon our position at Chancellorsville, and at the same time casting his entire cavalry force upon our right wing, threatening to turn it with some prospect of success.

Gen. Hooker although to some extent prepared for battle, received and reviewed the intelligence sent in by his corps and division commanders. He was positive that the enemy's communication was still intact, and as a tremendous rain had then set in, he was apprehensive that the river would be so swollen in his rear as to be impassable in case of a heavy reverse to our arms. Indeed, our ammunition was almost exhausted; the troops had nearly consumed the rations served to them for eight days' subsistence, and the consumption of both stores and ammunition was far greater than the supply.

In order to leave our army as free to operate against the enemy as possible, Gen. Hooker took no ammunition trains across the river, nothing but caissons furnished our artillery. It was designed to have a large train of pack mules to follow the army with supplies of all kinds, but this channel was found partially impracticable, and really inefficient for so large an army engaged with the enemy almost incessantly.

### The Michigan Argus.

ANN ARBOR - MICHIGAN. FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 15, 1863.

**The Position.**  
The private telegram given in a portion of our last week's issue, announcing the defeat of Hooker at Fredericksburg, and his recrossing the Rappahannock, proved too true. We have no heart to speculate upon the many causes of this great reverse, but smooth it over as we may, it is nothing less than defeat, unless it be an inglorious retreat from a defeated army, and it is hardly that.

During the week we have had reports of the capture of Richmond, of another advance of Hooker, and of various "strategical" movements; but at present the position of the army of the Potomac is presumed to be as it was; the federal army—minus some 10,000—in their old camps at Falmouth, and the rebels in force at Fredericksburg—with a loss variously estimated at from 12,000 to 18,000. And so far as we can see these losses are the sole physical results of the last movement. The moral results are not so easily estimated, and time must develop them.

The cavalry raid of Stoneman's several divisions was a very brilliant affair, and had Hooker defeated Lee, would have been productive of much good, but as the campaign resulted it will only be remembered for its brilliancy. We shall give some details of the raid another week.

The advance on Vicksburg has not yet culminated in an attack on the city. Grant is reported as having defeated Gen. Bowen at Clinton on the 6th.

The rebels in front of Rosecrans are said to have been reinforced, and the latter is preparing for battle.

Morgan is reported threatening Nashville.

Burnside is said to be pushing for East Tennessee.

The movements of the coming week will be active—at least in sensation headings—but we venture no prediction.

**Prepare for War.**  
Prosperity is the time to prepare for adversity; peace is the time to prepare for war. Demosthenes complained of the Athenians, because, in their military preparations they were too slow. They waited till Philip had wrested from them much valuable territory, before they seemed to realize his encroachments, and prepared to resist him. And then it was too late.—Had they in peace done what they ought, they would not, in war, have been found wanting, nor would Philip have become the conqueror of Greece. It is just so in our own times. In the East a small cloud appears. It increases hourly and may at length become terrible. It is the part of a wise man to prepare for the thunder-storm ere it burst in fury over him. Likewise it is the part of our Government, and especially of Michigan to prepare immediately for a war with England.—It should not be delayed. Every man in our State should know how to perform the evolutions of a soldier. Even the smallest village should have its company, or squad, organized and drilled. We border upon Canada.—In our present unprepared condition what would prevent an army of British regulars occupying Detroit and overrunning the whole State. Should war suddenly be declared, we should be entirely at their mercy. We could not rely upon forces from the armies of the East or West, for they have their hands full in fighting the rebels. We can rely upon none but ourselves.—Let us then, as a State, not delude ourselves with the cry of peace, and through fancied security neglect all means of protection. Let us rather all be ready for the bursting of the storm. And, even if we have no war with England, there will be nothing lost in this preparation. The expense will be nothing, the time required for drilling will be little, but the military knowledge will be everything.

We rejoice to see that the students of the University have gone into this work with a will. The Legislature having neglected to make appropriations for the establishment of a Military Academy, in connection with the University, the students have determined to do the next thing to it, and have organized a battalion from among themselves. The battalion consists of four companies, Company A being commanded by Capt. PECK, Company B by Capt. QUABLES, Company C by Capt. FLINT, Company D by Capt. ELLIS, and the whole by Major DENSON. The University has already sent many fine officers and soldiers to the war, and will, undoubtedly, send many more.

### Letter from Richmond.

The following letter was received a few days since by J. S. HENDERSON, of this city, from his brother, Lieut. Colonel of the 33d Indiana, but then boarding at the Hotel De Libby, Richmond, Col.

HENDERSON has since been exchanged: HOTEL DE LIBBY, RICHMOND, VA. April 30th, 1863.

Owing to the liability of capture you will excuse no heading. I have now been a prisoner 56 days, 42 of which I have spent here at Libby. It would take too long to go back to the beginning of my captivity, and give a complete history of all of the ups and downs I have gone through, but I live in hopes of getting out of here some time, and then you can come and see me. I will then tell you all.

To begin back at the fight of which you no doubt have had an account, (though few have given a correct one,) we suffered considerably. I lost not less than 30 killed and 100 wounded. My regiment had the main body of the rebels to fight, and they did it well. I have no reason to complain of men or officers. We fought from 10 1/2 until 4 1/2, making 5 1/2 hours, and all of the time six brigades against part of one. We had about 1500 infantry in the fight and the rebels had about 15000. We had five pieces of artillery and the rebels fourteen.—When we surrendered there were two lines formed on every side of us and we had not a round of ammunition. There was no alternative but surrender or be murdered. We fixed bayonets to charge through, but a brigade of cavalry came up at that time in our rear, forming a third line and we gave up the idea.

After surrendering we were marched to Shelbyville and thence to Tullahoma where we were a cattle train and came to Chattanooga, from thence we were sent to Knoxville, then to Bristol, then Lynchburg, and finally on here.

To give you a good description of the prison would take more room than I have, but as far as my room goes you shall have it. The building is a large brick tobacco house, four stories high with three separate departments on each floor. Each room is 100x10, and above the basement story there are nine rooms. [We omit plan.] Nos. 7 and 8 are the hospital rooms and are fitted up very well with mattresses and bedsteads. No. 4 contains 100 Captains and inferior officers. No. 9 has 140 General, Field and lower grade officers. Those in No. 4 and 9 have each one blanket and sleep on the floor. The rations are not one half as good as a common felon receives in our northern jails. The well men get one half pound stale bread and four to six ounces of meat per day, and more than one half of the time the meat stinks so it can not be eaten. Some of the officers being fortunate enough to have some green backs along, we have sold them from two to five dollars for one, and have managed to buy some few things to fill up with. Flour is worth \$24 per cwt., wheat, \$7.08 per bushel, Sugar \$1.25, 1/2 lb; Butter, \$3.50 per lb; Eggs, 1.75 per doz; Potatoes \$1.50 per bush; Ham, \$1.75 per lb; Molasses, 1.40 per gal; Onions, 4 for \$1, very small; Rice, 35c per lb; Corn Meal, \$28 per cwt, 10 ginger cakes \$1; Bread, 1/2 lb loaves, 25cts. You can judge from the above prices which we have to pay how far a hundred dollars will go with a mess of a dozen men. In the hospital we get three small slices of bread a day, three pieces of meat after the strength has been boiled out for soup, and a cup of rice soup each meal. I was in room No. 9, until I was taken sick with sore throat and was ordered into the hospital. After my throat got so I could swallow I took the mumps and had it on one side, then the chills and fever took hold of me and I have just got them broken up. I am reduced very much in flesh and strength, but hope for the best.

We have some expectation of being released this week but the chances are very uncertain. The Commissioners do not seem to agree on the exchange. No doubt if we are not exchanged soon we shall be sent south to some other prison. There are 600 rebel officers at Ft. Delaware, but the difficulty arises from the rebels contending for a lot of paroled officers they pretend to have captured in Kentucky and Tennessee. If Commissioner Ludlow concludes to exchange them we will get away from here by Friday, if not, the exchange stops for the present. It gets pretty hard, but I don't want our government to give down an inch. There is no use of the rebels trying to advocate that we are treated as well as their officers. You can say to the first man who says it that it is a d— lie. I lost by the operation a fine horse, saddle, and equipments, a pair of fine navy revolvers, a fine sword, overcoat, oil-cloth, blanket and canteen, in all worth nearly \$450, all of which I will have to replace when I get out. I expect I will be ordered immediately to my regiment and will not get away to come and see any of you. You will therefore have to come and see me.

Ever Yours,  
J. M. HENDERSON.

A special session of the Board of Supervisors is to be held on the 26th inst.

### The Richmond papers report

that Stonewall Jackson has died of his wound received in the battle of Chancellorsville. He was an able officer, ranking next to Lee, in the rebel army of Virginia.

The rebel Gen. Van Dorn is also reported dead. Doubtful.

**Act Amending City Charter.**  
AN ACT to amend an act entitled "an act to incorporate the city of Ann Arbor," approved April fourth, eighteen hundred and fifty-one.

SECTION 1. The People of the State of Michigan enact, That the following be added to "an act to incorporate the city of Ann Arbor," approved April fourth, eighteen hundred and fifty-one, and to stand as section fifty-nine of said amended act:

SEC. 59. The common council shall have power to provide for keeping clear, repairing and renewing, when necessary, all side walks that are now made, or may hereafter be made, planked or paved within the city of Ann Arbor, and to make rules and ordinances to require the respective owners or occupants of real estate in said city, having a side-walk in front thereof, to keep it clear and in good repair, or renew, when necessary, the side-walk in front of the premises owned or occupied by them respectively; and the common council shall have power to provide for enforcing, by fine or otherwise, the repair, clearing or renewing the side-walks against the owner or occupant, whose duty it is to repair, clear or renew the same, and may prescribe the time and manner of notifying and requiring persons to clear, repair or renew such side-walks, preparatory to imposing fine or penalty; and may prescribe the manner of assessing, levying, and collecting from the person or persons liable to pay from their goods and chattels, or by sale or lease for years, of the premises, in front of which such side-walk shall be; and if by reason of the neglect of the owner or occupant, whose duty it may be at the time, to clear, repair or renew, the same shall have been cleared, repaired or renewed by or under the direction of the proper city officers, the expense of such clearing, repairing or renewing, with the cost and expense of clearing the same.

SEC. 2. This act shall take immediate effect.  
Approved March 7, 1863.

The following extracts which we take from the Farewell Address of Washington, we commend to the careful perusal of our Republican friends. The wisdom and greatness of Washington is proverbial and his memory is still warm in the hearts of a people who are indebted to him for the blessings of a free government:

"Indignantly frown upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.

"The Constitution which at any time exists, till changed by an explicit and authentic act of the people, is sacredly obligatory upon all.

"Resist with care the spirit of innovation upon its principles, however specious the pretexes.

"The spirit of encroachment tends to consolidate the powers of all departments in one, and thus create, whatever the form of government, a real despotism.

### For Sale.

Two Dwelling Houses!

1. TWO STORY FRAME BUILDING HOUSE and Lot 4 x 8 now occupied by J. H. Burleson. Possession given Oct. 1, 1862.  
2. TWO STORY FRAME BUILDING HOUSE, BARN and LOT, 4 x 8, now occupied by D. R. Kelley, possession given April 1st, 1864, good cellar, cistern and out buildings about the premises. Property adjoining the house of L. C. Blanton on William street, Ann Arbor. For further particulars inquire of ANDREW BELL, Ann Arbor, May 14, 1863. 9041f

1863. May. 1863.  
NEW  
SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,  
AT THE  
"Old Corner!"

I am now receiving a well  
SELECTED STOCK OF  
NEW GOODS,  
FOR THE  
Spring and Summer Trade,  
CONSISTING OF  
STAPLE DRY GOODS,  
DRESS GOODS,  
TRIMMINGS,  
SHAWLS,  
HOOP SKIRTS,  
BOOTS AND SHOES,  
NOTIONS, &c., &c.

Also a full assortment of  
Family Groceries!

all of which were bought low and are to be  
SOLD CHEAP FOR CASH.  
The highest Market price paid for  
WOOL!  
C. B. THOMPSON.  
At the Farmers' New Cash Store,  
Corner of Main and Washington sts.  
(9041f) Ann Arbor.

**Wanted—Correspondents.**  
Two young officers of good moral character, high standing, and full of fun, in order to drive dull care away, and relieve monotony of camp-life, wish to correspond with any number of intelligent and patriotic young ladies, with a view to fun, friendship or love.—Photographs desired with missives. Address, JAMES M. CURCHAN, CURTIS C. BUCHANAN, 2d Mich. Battery, Bethel, Tenn.

**NO. 49.**  
AN ORDINANCE for the protection, management, and government of Cemeteries and Burial grounds.  
Be it ordained by the Mayor, Recorder and Aldermen of the City of Ann Arbor:

SEC. 1. That if any person or persons shall wrongfully and maliciously destroy, remove, or injure any fence, gate, or other structure to, or around, or inclosing, or forming any part of the inclosure of any burial ground or cemetery in this city; or shall wilfully and improperly destroy, remove, mutilate, cut, break, mar, deface, or injure any tomb, monument, gravestone, or other structure or thing of any kind placed or designed for a monument for or memorial of the dead, or any fence, railing, hedge, curb, seat, or other structure, tree, shrub, plant, flower, or thing that shall have been intended placed for the protection or ornament of any block, lot, grounds, tomb, grave, monument, grave-stone, or other structure herein-before mentioned, in any inclosed cemetery or burial ground in this city; or shall wilfully injure or trample, or go upon any grave, or tomb, or lot, or inclosure, plot, or tract of ground in any cemetery or burial ground within this city that shall at the time have been laid out, graded and turfed, or otherwise worked and improved by or for any person, family, persons, or association, as and for a place for burying the dead, or as a memorial of any deceased person or persons; (except by permission of the owner of such improvements; or in or along an alley, walk, or passage way, or place laid out and intended for a walk or passage way, in or through such improved ground) the person or persons so offending shall or may upon conviction thereof before any Justice of the Peace, residing in this city, or before any court having jurisdiction of the offence, be punished by a fine not exceeding twenty-five dollars, or by imprisonment in the county jail not exceeding thirty days, or by both in the discretion of the court, or justice before whom the offender shall be tried.

SEC. 2. That a Sexton for each public burial ground in said city, may be appointed by the Common Council, who shall hold his office for one year, and until removed by the Common Council, or until his successor shall be appointed.

SEC. 3. That the following rules and regulations for the protection, management and government of Forest Hill Cemetery only, in said city, be and the same are hereby made and prescribed, to-wit:

No person or persons visiting said cemetery, shall take any dog, or fire-arms, or refreshments into said cemetery, or trample on any fire-arms therein, or in any manner attempt to destroy, frighten, or injure any bird or other animal therein.

No person shall take into the cemetery any flowers, except for the purpose of leaving them on the graves of persons who have gathered any cultivated flowers, or seeds, or remove, break, cut or mark any tree, shrub or plant, or any branch or part thereof, or any thing growing or being thereon, nor shall any person take any flowers from the said cemetery.

No person shall throw or put any thing in any pond, basin or reservoir of water in said cemetery, or in any manner disturb, rile or render unclean or impure the water in any such pond, basin or reservoir.

If any person or persons shall violate any of the rules or regulations prescribed in this section, the person or persons so offending shall or may upon conviction thereof, before any Justice of the Peace residing in this city, or before any court having jurisdiction of the offence, be punished by a fine not exceeding five dollars, or by imprisonment in the county jail not exceeding ten days, or by both in the discretion of the court or justice before whom the offender shall be tried.

These rules and regulations shall not apply to the Superintendent while in the performance of his duties in the cemetery, nor to any act done by or under his direction, on the lot of such cemetery.

SEC. 4. Persons visiting the cemetery shall in all respects observe the properties of a place consecrated to the tender associations between the living and the dead they have loved and mourn; and if any person or persons shall commit any trespass in the cemetery, or violate any of the rules or regulations, or conduct or converse in a rude, boisterous, unseemly or improper manner, the Superintendent, or any person employed by the Cemetery Board, or any committee thereof, and having charge of the grounds at the time, may remove any such person, and any such offender from the cemetery grounds.

Made and passed in Common Council, at the city of Ann Arbor, this 11th day of May, A. D. 1863.

E. WELLS, Mayor.  
N. B. COLE, Recorder.

**NO. 49.**  
AN ORDINANCE relative to repairing and renewing sidewalks.  
Be it ordained by the Mayor, Recorder and Aldermen of the City of Ann Arbor:

SEC. 1. That it shall be the duty of every owner and occupant of any lot or premises in said city, in front of which there is or hereafter shall be a sidewalk made, planked or paved, to keep the same clear and in good repair, and when necessary to renew the same, and whenever any such owner or occupant shall fail to keep such sidewalk clear and free from all obstructions or impediments, or shall suffer the same to be out of repair, and the same shall so continue for the space of twenty-four hours after notice thereof, as hereinafter provided, or such owner or occupant shall be deemed to have consented to the re-building the same, said Common Council shall define and declare the manner in which the same shall be renewed and shall designate one or more of their own number or of the other officers of said city to superintend the same, and the persons or officers so designated shall forthwith notify the several owners or occupants of the lots or premises in front of and adjoining to which such sidewalk or any portion thereof shall be; and said notice may be given personally to such owners or occupants, or by leaving written notice at his, her or their place of residence, or, if there be no occupant, and the owner thereof does not reside in said city, then by posting up such written notice in some conspicuous place, on such lot or premises, and upon such notice being given such several owners or occupants shall, within ten days thereafter, renew the portion of such sidewalk which is in front of and adjoining his, her or their lots or premises, in the manner so declared and defined by said Common Council and to the acceptance of the persons or officers designated to superintend the same; and in case any such owner or occupant shall refuse, or shall neglect for the space of thirty days after the giving of such notice to renew his, her, or their portion of such sidewalk in manner aforesaid, it shall be the duty of the person or officer appointed to superintend the same to cause the same to be so renewed, and he shall make and return to the Common Council a written report, describing the lots and premises in front of which he shall have caused such sidewalk to be renewed, specifying the width of the same, the name and names of the owners or occupants thereof, and he shall set down opposite to each the cost of renewing the sidewalk in front of and adjoining the same.







The Current Worm.

This pest became quite troublesome in many sections of the country last year. The Fruit Growers' Association of Western New York had the subject under consideration, at a late meeting, when the following remarks were made:

George Ellwanger—during the past month we have used slacked lime every day or every other day, and have succeeded perfectly, destroying all of them—covering the leaves with the fine dust. It does no harm to the foliage or fruit. He considers it a complete remedy.

H. N. Langworthy has used a solution of soft soap and water, very strong—and had perfect success—killed the worms without fail—must be put on often.

Dr. Beadle had found the use of air slacked lime a perfect success in killing worms.

Dr. Sylvester had used one pound of whale oil soap and four gallons of water, and succeeded entirely in saving the fruit and killing the worms—had pursued the same course this year (1862), so far with perfect success—He applied it every other day.

DRESSING WITH TASTE.—It is strange that, with all the time American women bestow upon dress, so few know how to prepare a simple toilet with taste. To be well dressed means, with most, to wear rich material, made up in gorgeous style, and with all the usual accessories of lace and jewelry, to add to the magnificence of the general effect. Never was a greater mistake. To be well dressed is only to have attire suited to time, place and circumstances, made in a becoming manner. This attire may be a shilling calico or a rich silk, and yet, in either, if it is adapted to the conditions we have mentioned, a woman may be said to be well dressed.

Where household duties have to be performed, and the care of children devolves partly upon the mistress of the house, a neat dress, fitted gracefully to the figure, is much better for morning wear than the faded remains of a more pretentious costume. Nothing looks more forlorn than to see a woman performing household duties of no the most refined character, in an old torn or dirty silk dress, or a soiled and wrinkled open wrapper. One of the secrets of dressing well is to dress appropriately, another to be careful of the details, the minute of the toilet.—Through personal cleanliness, glossy and well brushed hair, neat shoes and stockings, as essential to a good personal appearance as the material and fashion of the dress. Indeed, a lady who is particular in these minor matters, can hardly ever be said to be ill-dressed, as this delicate refinement will not only excuse faults, but naturally show itself in the taste which will guide her selection, no matter how small the cost may be. Some persons have an extreme horror of being "caught," as they call it, in a morning dress. Why they should be so sensitive on this point, it is difficult to say. If it is clean, and adapted to the work in which they are engaged, there is no shame in wearing it, and above all, it ought to be remembered that no attire is good enough for the family, which is not good enough for mere acquaintances who may chance to favor you with their society. It is much better to be caught in a plain morning dress than to be caught very much over-dressed, as some unlucky individuals are, at a small evening party. In one case there is real cause for mortification; in the other there is none. Mothers should carefully impress this lesson upon their daughters. Many a young lady has lost an eligible match through the discovery that the belle of the evening was the slattern of the morning, and that she paid more attention to the number of her flounces than the cleanliness of her person, more care on the brilliancy of the head-dress than the condition of her hair.

The first thing for a man in entering upon active life is to choose his profession; and the next is for him to hold that profession in its true relation to himself as a man. There are often erroneous views on this last point, which are fatal to all true success in life, because they leave the standard which men should ever strive to reach. A man should remember that, whatever be his business or profession, this is not all nor the chief end of life; but that character is worth infinitely more than his profession. Manhood is first, and profession is next in order of the divine arrangements, as well as the relative order of their value; and therefore this should have the first place in our thoughts.

To illustrate our meaning, let us take familiar example. A man chooses a trade or a kind of business for his occupation, and to this gives all his thoughts. He finds that by this trade he can become rich, and bends all his energies to accomplish this object.—Day and night summer and winter, year after year he follows it without relaxing his exertions.

He studies the principles of his business just so far as he can render it profitable. In time he becomes skillful in his business, and skill secures him wealth, and wealth is regarded as the evidence of success, in a vulgar estimation.

THE UNION FORCES.—According to the "Tribune Almanac" for 1863, our military organization, in August, 1862, was as follows:

Volunteer force, 1,092,462  
Regular army, 43,014  
Total, 1,135,476

Add 50,000 for the navy and all for casualties, and we have the ground of Davis' assertion that the Federal levies, since the beginning of the rebellion, have exceeded 1,300,000 men.

The New York Times has imported 5,000 reams of printing paper from Belgium, to supply its own demand in part. It expresses the opinion that American paper-makers cannot, by their combination, force printing paper above 15 cents per pound, for the reason that it can be imported at that price.

Blackwood's Magazine

AND THE

British Reviews.

PRICES CHEAP AS EVER,

TO THOSE WHO PAY PROPERLY IN ADVANCE. Notwithstanding the cost of reprinting these Periodicals has more than doubled in consequence of a general rise in the price of Paper and of a general increase in all other expenses, and notwithstanding our publishers are not in the habit of increasing the price of their publications, we shall continue, for the year 1863, to furnish our complete, as heretofore, at the old rates, viz.:

THE LONDON QUARTERLY (Conservative), 1  
THE EDINBURGH REVIEW (Whig), 2  
THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW (Free Church), 3  
THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW (Liberal), 4  
BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE (Tory), 5

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For any one of the four Reviews, . . . Per ann. \$3.00  
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For Blackwood's Magazine, . . . 3.00  
For Blackwood and one Review, . . . 5.00  
For Blackwood and two Reviews, . . . 7.00  
For Blackwood and three Reviews, . . . 9.00  
For Blackwood and the four Reviews, . . . 12.00

These will be our prices to all who pay prior to the 1st of April. To those who defer paying till after that time, the price will be increased to such extent as the increased cost of Paper may demand—therefore, SEND IN YOUR ORDERS AND SAVE YOUR MONEY.

LEONARD SCOTT & CO., Publishers,  
No. 28 Walker Street, New York.

THE REBELLION

ON HIGH PRICES FOR CLOTHING, HAS COMMENCED AT THE OLD & RELIABLE

CLOTHING EMPORIUM!

No. 3 PHENIX BLOCK, MAIN ST.

AM now opening a large and varied assortment of Spring and Summer Goods, and in view of the rebellion on high prices generally, will offer them to my friends and customers at the very lowest figures for Cash. Those in want of a superior article of Cloth, Cassimere, or

Ready-Made Clothing, will call on

WM. WAGNER,

who has just returned from the East, with a large assortment of

SPRING & SUMMER GOODS

which have been purchased at the late

LOW PRICES!

and can offer them at a lower figure than ever before. Among my Assortment may be found

BROADCLOTHS, CASSIMERES, DOESKINS, VESTINGS

of all descriptions, together with a superior assortment of Ready-Made Clothing,

Gentlemen's Furnishing GOODS,

with numerous other articles usually found in similar establishments, as an

EMPORIUM OF FASHION,

the subscriber deems himself, that his long experience and general success, will enable him to give the greatest satisfaction to all who may trust him in the way of

Manufacturing Garments to order. WM. WAGNER, 245 1/2

Ann Arbor, April 9th 1862.



CLOCKS!

Stock and Assortment!

and having adopted the

CASH SYSTEM BOTH IN BUYING & SELLING

is prepared to sell Goods at Reasonable Prices. His stock consists in part of the following:

Watches!

The Celebrated

SEPH THOMAS CLOCKS!

Fine Jewelry Sets

GOLD CHAINS, TABLE AND POCKET CUTLERY!

Factories, Shaws, Scissors and Brushes, BODIES PLATED WARE, the best in market.

Gold Pens, Steel Pens, Pencils,

PAPER AND ENVELOPES,

Musical Instruments,

SPECTACLES, of Gold, Silver, Steel, and Plated, with a superior article.

PERISCOPE GLASS,

Persons having different watches to fit with glasses can be accommodated, as my stock is large and complete.

REPAIRING

of all kinds of fine Watches, such as Making and Setting new Jewels, Pistons, Staffs, and Cylinders, also

CLOCKS, & JEWELRY

most repaired and warranted, at his old standstill place of Main Street.

C. BLISS,

Ann Arbor, Nov. 25, 1852

PRINTING

OF ALL KINDS

Neatly Executed

AT THE

ARGUS OFFICE.

WE ARE PREPARED TO FILL ALL

ORDERS IN THE LINE OF

PRINTING

AT THE MOST

REASONABLE RATES.

We have recently purchased a

RUGGLES

and have added the latest styles of Card Type, which enables us to print

INVITATION CARDS,

WEDDING CARDS,

VISITING CARDS,

BUSINESS CARDS, &c.

in the neatest styles, and as cheap as any other house in the State. We are also prepared to print

POSTERS, HANDBILLS,

BLANKS,

BILL HEADS,

CIRCULARS,

PAMPHLETS &c.

THE ARGUS

BOOK BINDERY

is in charge of

FIRST CLASS WORKMEN,

LEDGERS,

RECORDS,

JOURNALS,

HOTEL REGISTERS, and

BLANK BOOKS

OF ALL KINDS,

[And Manufactured in BEST STYLE at

New York Prices,

Periodicals of all kinds

BOUND IN ANY STYLE.

Old Books Re-Bound.

All Work warranted to give entire satisfaction.

E. B. POND, Prop'r.

Office and Bindery, cor. Main & Huron Sts.

JOVAL Picture Frames

ALL SIZES, STYLES and PRICES just received and for sale

SCHOFF & MILLER'S,

1860, Dec. 25, 780r

All Losses promptly adjusted

MERCHANTS' INSURANCE CO., OF HARTFORD, CONN.

Cash Capital, \$200,000.

Total Assets, Jan. 1st, 1862, \$237,337.03

Liabilities, MARK HOWARD, President.

E. T. LOBB, Secy.

The undersigned has been appointed Agent for the above reliable Company, and will effect insurance against losses by fire at reasonable rates.

Ann Arbor, June 2, 1862. J. W. KNIGHT, 245 1/2



Empire BOOK STORE

J. R. WEBSTER & Co., Opposite the Franklin House Ann Arbor.

STATIONERY!

Wall and Window Paper, Drawing and Mathematical Instruments, Music, Juvenile Libraries, Envelopes, Inks and Carls.

GOLD

And all other kinds of Pens and Pencils Window Cornice, Shades and Fixture, POCKET CUTLERY!

And everything pertaining to the trade, and more to which they would invite the attention of the country.

In conducting our business, we shall do all that can be done, so that no reasonable man, woman or child shall find any fault.

We possess facilities which will enable us to supply our customers at the

Lowest Possible Figures. We propose to sell READY PAY, at a small advance. We expect a profit on our goods, but

Cash Sales will Admit of Low FIGURES.

The "EMPIRE BOOK STORE," is managed by a good "lover" and they will always be found on the "quarter deck" ready and willing to attend to all with pleasure, who will favor them with a call.

Remember the "Empire Book Store." JAMES R. WEBSTER & Co. Ann Arbor, May, 1860. 71r

Great Reduction in the Price of SINGER & CO'S Standard Machines.

Well known to be the Best for Manufacturing Purposes.

No. 1, Standard Shuttle Machine, formerly sold at \$90, reduced to \$70.

No. 2, of same kind of Machine, formerly sold at \$100, reduced to \$75.

SINGER'S LETTER A MACHINE is the best Machine in the world for Family Sewing and Light Manufacturing Purposes (with Hemmer), and beautifully ornamented \$50.

The Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are of great capacity and adaptation for manufacturing purposes.

No. 3 Machines are especially adapted to all kinds of light and heavy Leather Work, in Carriage Trimming, Boot and Shoe Making, Harness Making, etc.

They are of extra size, and with an arm long enough to take under it and stitch the largest size dashes. There is scarcely any part of a Trimmer's stitch that cannot be better done with them than by hand; so, too, the saving of time and labor is very great. The table of these machines is 24 inches long, and they will hold six times the usual quantity of thread. The large machine works as fast as small ones.

We would ask for our Letter A Machines, the special attention of Vest Makers and Dress Makers, and all those who want Machines for light manufacturing purposes. They embody the principles of the standard machines, making like them, the interlocked stitch, and are, besides, to be celebrated for FAMILY SEWING and light manufacturing purposes, especially for our own lines. A bad needle may render the best machine almost useless.

Our customers may rest assured that our Branch Offices are furnished with the "genuine article."

In case of small purchases, the money may be sent in postage stamps, or bank notes.

Correspondents will please write their names distinctly. It is all important that we should, in each case, know the Post Office, County, and State.

All persons requiring information about Sewing Machines, their size, price, working capacities, and the best methods of purchasing, can obtain it by sending us, or any of our Branch Offices for a copy of

I. M. Singer & Co's Gazette, which is a beautiful Pictorial Paper entirely devoted to the subject.—It will be sent gratis.

We have made the above REDUCTION IN PRICES with the two-fold view of benefiting the public and ourselves. The public have been swayed by various speculators, who have made it their business to do their work well. They are laid away in secret places, where it would be impossible to have at their command the proper mechanical apparatus. Machines by combining these essential qualities, must be made of the best material and finished to perfection. We have the way and means, and the purchaser of machines, who should be made it may concern, will find that those having the above qualities not only work well at rapid as well as slow rates of speed, but last longer in the finest possible working order. Our machines, as made by us, will save more money with less labor than any others whether in imitation of ours or not. In fact, they are cheaper than any other machines as a gift.

Detroit Office, 58 Woodward Avenue, (Merrill Block.) 511r

M. H. GOODRICH, Agent, Ann Arbor.

SCHOFF & MILLER

ARE STILL ON HAND at their old Stand, No. 2, Franklin Block,

with the most complete assortment of

Books and Stationery,

PERFUMERIES, FANCY GOODS,

WALL AND WINDOW PAPERS,

SHADES, ROLLERS, CORDS,

TASSELS, GILT CORNICES, CURTAINS,

HOOKS AND PINS, STEREOSCOPES & VIEWS &c.

Ever offered in this Market!

and they would suggest to those in pursuit of anything in

SANTA CLAUS' LINE

that they can secure a

Double Christmas Present!

by purchasing from this stock, as each purchaser gets an additional present of Jewelry, &c.

Ranging in value from 50 cts. to \$50.

Ever offered in this Market!

and they would suggest to those in pursuit of anything in

that they can secure a

Double Christmas Present!

by purchasing from this stock, as each purchaser gets an additional present of Jewelry, &c.

Ranging in value from 50 cts. to \$50.

Ever offered in this Market!

I am Bound for

THE OLD CORNER

with

NEW STOCK, NEW GOODS, &c.

Dispute the fact if you can, It takes the TAILOR after all to give appearance to the outer man.

If you wish to appear well You must accordingly Dress Well.

Go to M. Guiterman & Co's, There you will find things exactly SO.

SONDHEIM always ready to take your measure, GÜTERMAN will sell you Goods with great pleasure, At figures LOWER than you will find in the State, Take heed—CALL EARLY, else you are too LATE.

The INDUCEMENTS are now greater than ever, Our CLERKS you will find obliging and clever.

We will show you good CLOTHING of our own GETTING UP, Filling our Store from BOTTOM TO TOP.

STUDENTS especially will find it to THEIR ADVANTAGE, For it takes but LITTLE MONEY to replenish.

1500 OVERCOATS of Cloth, Beaver, and Bear, Warranted for almost ever to wear.

COATS of Cloth and Cassimere of our OWN IMPORTATION. Forwarded through our New York relations, From England, Belgium, Germany and France, Such as you can STAND UP IN, or WEAR, at the dance.

Pants! Pants!! Pants!!! Fancy CASSIMERES and DOE-SKIN of every grade, We sell them from ONE DOLLAR up to EIGHT.

VESTS, &c., of every description, You will find it so without fiction;

FURNISHING APPARELS FROM SHIRTS to UMBRELLAS.

This is all we say now, Therefore we make our bow.

Yours truly, ever so, M. GÜTERMAN & Co.,

RISDON & HENDERSON

Have the

BUCKEYE

GRAIN DRILL, and Grass Seed Sower,

Manufactured at Springfield, Ohio.

THE VERY LATEST IMPROVEMENT, and better than all others; adapted to sowing Wheat, Rye, Oats, &c.

1st. It has a Rotary Feeder.

2d. Will sow all kinds of Grain and Grass Seed.

3d. Never bunches the Grain.

4th. Never breaks the Grain.

5th. Sows Grass Seed broadcast behind the Drill.

6th. Has high wheels and long Shoes.

7th. Has long and wide steel points.

8th. It has a land measure or Surveyor.

9th. It has double and single rank drills.

10th. It has a self adjusting shut off slide.

It is neatly and substantially made, There is hardly a Drill offered in the market but can boast of more or less

"FIRST PREMIUMS" They are about as indifferently bestowed as the title of "Professor," which is sometimes applied to the "fiddle" or "booback." They cease to convey the idea of merit.

The Buckeye Drill has been on Exhibition at quite a number of State and County Fairs, and without seeking favors at the hands of any Committee, has received its full share of Premiums.

TESTIMONIALS: We give the following names of a few Farmers in this vicinity who have bought and used the Buckeye Drill:

Godfrey Miller, Seco.

Jacob Polhemus, Northfield.

Christian Kapp, Webster.

Edward Boyden, Ann Arbor.

James Tremblay, Lodi.

Daniel O'Hara, Saline.

John G. Cook, George Oak, Liv. Co.

O. A. Marshall, " " " " " "

L. Edmond, " " " " " "

George Cropley, " " " " " "

We are also Agents for the

Ohio Reaper & Mower,

acknowledged to be the very best in use.

We are just in receipt of

100 Grain Cradles

Which we will sell cheap.

Also a large assortment of