

The Weekly Michigan Argus.

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The Michigan Argus.

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ELIHU B. POND, Editor and Publisher.

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Job Printing—Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Circulars, Cards, Ball Tickets, Blanks, Bill Heads, and other varieties of Plain and Fancy Job Printing, executed with promptness, and in the best style.

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Business Directory.

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C. BLISS.

DEALER in Clocks, Watches, Jewelry and Silver Ware No. 22, New Block, Ann Arbor.

G. H. MILLEN.

DEALER in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, &c. No. 100 Main Street, Ann Arbor.

PHILIP BACH.

DEALER in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots & Shoes, Cor. Main and Huron Streets, Ann Arbor.

GEORGE W. SNOYER.

DEALER in Miscellaneous and School Books, Stationery, Wall Papers, &c. Huron Street, Ann Arbor.

RISDON & HENDERSON.

DEALERS in Hardware, Stoves, House Furnishing Goods, Tin Ware, &c. No. 10, New Block, Main Street.

GEO. PRAY, M. D.

PHYSICIAN and Surgeon. Residence and office on Detroit street, near the depot.

S. G. TAYLOR.

DEALER in Hats, Caps, Furs, Robes, Gents' Furnishings, &c. East side Main Street, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

A. J. SUTHERLAND.

AGENT for the New York Life Insurance Company. Office on Huron Street. Also has on hand a stock of the most approved sewing machines. \$850

GEORGE FISCHER.

MEAT MARKET—Huron Street—General Dealer in Choice Meats, and Salted Meat, Bacon, Pork, Ham, Sausage, Lard, Tallow, &c. &c.

HIRAM J. BEAKES.

ATTORNEY and Counselor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery. Office in City Block, over Webster's Book Store.

LEWITT & BREAKEY.

PHYSICIANS and SURGEONS. Office at the residence of Dr. Lewitt, north side of Huron, two doors west of Division Street.

M. GUTTERMAN & CO.

WHOLESALE and Retail Dealers and Manufacturers of Ready-Made Clothing, Importers of Cloths, Cassimeres, Dressings, &c., No. 6, Phoenix Block, Main Street.

WM. WAGNER.

DEALER in Ready-Made Clothing, Cloths, Cassimeres, and Vestings, Hats, Caps, Trunks, Carpet Bags, &c., Phoenix Block, Main Street.

SLAWSON & SON.

PROCESORS, Provision and Commission Merchants, and Dealers in Water Lugs, Lead Plaster, and Plaster of Paris, one door east of Cook's stable.

J. M. SCOTT.

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C. B. PORTER.

QUINCY DENTIST, Office Corner of Main and Huron Streets, over S. B. Finley's, at 7 1/2 o'clock. All cases promptly attended to. P. B. Ross, Secy

MACK & SCHMID.

DEALERS in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, and other articles. Cor. Huron and Liberty streets.

SPAFFORD & DODSLEY.

MANUFACTURERS of all kinds of Cooper Work. Also of Cooper Shells, Custom work done on short notice. Cor. Detroit and North Streets, and cor. North and Fifth Streets Ann Arbor.

ANDREW BELL.

DEALER in Groceries, Provision, Flour, Produce, &c. &c. Cor. Main and Washington Streets, Ann Arbor. The highest market prices paid for country produce.

L. O. O'F.

WASHBURN Lodge, No. 9, of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows meet at their Lodge Room, every Friday evening, at 7 1/2 o'clock. P. B. Ross, Secy

M. C. STANLEY.

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Corner Main and Huron Streets, Ann Arbor, Mich.

PHOTOGRAPHS, AMBROYPES, &c. &c. In the latest styles, and every effort made to give satisfaction.

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WHOLESALE and Retail Dealer in Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Sash, Doors, Blinds, Water Lugs, Grand Pine, Plaster, Paint, and Kalls of all kinds. A full and perfect assortment of the above, and all other goods of building materials constantly on hand at the lowest possible rates, on Detroit street, a few rods from the Railroad Depot. Also operating extensively in the Cement Rooding.

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OFFICE OVER DONNELLY'S STORE, HURON STREET.

B. F. GRANGER, Ann Arbor, Mich.

R. H. FINLEY, Jan. 28, 1864. 9411f

FOR SALE!

A NEW GROVER & BAKER SEWING MACHINE, also a NEW SINGER MACHINE, either family or manufacturing pattern. Apply at THE ARGUS OFFICE.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

AUTUMNAL DREAMS.

When the maple turns to crimson,
And the succassee to gold;
When the gentian's in the meadow,
And the aster on the wold;
When the moon is lapped in vapor,
And the night is frosty cold:

When the chestnut-buds are opened,
And the acorns drop like hail,
And the drowsy air is startled,
With the thumping of the fall;
With the drumming of the partridge
And the whistle of the quail:

Through the rustling woods I wander,
Through the jewels of the year,
From the yellow uplands calling,
Seeking her that still is clear:
She is near me in the autumn;
She, the beautiful, is near.

Through the smoke of burning summer,
When the weary winds are still,
I can see her in the valley,
I can hear her on the hill,
In the splendor of the woodlands,
In the whisper of the rill.

For the shores of Earth and Heaven
Meet, and mingle in the blue;
She can wander down the glory
To the places that she knew,
Where the happy lovers wandered
In the days when life was true.

So I think, when days are sweetest,
And the world is wholly fair,
She may sometime steal upon me
Through the dimness of the air,
With the cross upon her bosom
And the anamorph in her hair.

Once to meet her, all to meet her,
And to hold her gently fast,
Till I blessed her, till she blessed me,
That were happiness, at last:
That were bliss beyond our meetings
In the autumns of the Past!

—Rayard Taylor.

THE TWO MINIATURES.

No wooing had preceded the marriage. It was merely a marriage of convenience—both parties understood and regarded it so. It was not they that were married, but the broad lands and fertile estates of their parents. Strange that any man, and much more, any woman, could stoop to so false an act! But Sir Hugh Grandison might and would have lost his beautiful bride, had it not been for the stately coldness of her demeanor; he had been unmarried by contract with the world, and longed for happiness and home. Lady Alice Charlton cared little for either, and still less for him. In her first girlhood she had plighted her faith to one who left her for a time and died in a far-off land—died before one message could be sent to her he loved—died alone and among strangers, and was buried where her tears could never moisten the turf upon his breast!

They told the tidings to Lady Alice, little dreaming that the lonely adventurer had been sought to her. She was in her own elegant home, surrounded by a brilliant circle of guests, while Sir Hugh Grandison leaned over her chair and bent his admiring eyes upon her queenly face and form. She heard the speaker through; the rich color died slowly out of her cheeks, leaving her white and stern; her lips shut firmly, as if they would suppress a shriek of agony; her large dark eyes wandered slowly round the group with a gaze of passionate despair. It was but for a moment. The wondering looks of all around, recalled herself; and making a graceful apology for her sudden abstraction, she played her part so successfully, that no one guessed the secret she guarded with Spartan-like firmness. Not until she was alone in her luxurious chamber did the storm break forth. She mourned as she had loved, most deeply and passionately; but to the world she seemed unmoved. A little colder, a little haughtier, a little more patient of outspoken admiration and love, she seemed; but feeling was unfashionable in her exclusive circle, and none knew, or cared to know, that the heart beating within the breast was a heart of stone.

A year passed away. The noble father of Alice, seeing that she was in no way inclined to choose one from her many lovers, chose for her, and selected Sir Hugh Grandison as his future son-in-law. The young baronet was only too eager and willing to accept the fair hand offered him; but when her father brought him to her as an acknowledged lover, she checked all his raptures, and said, coldly, "Sir Hugh Grandison, let us have a perfect understanding. I do not love you. I never shall love you"—a look of pain shot over her calm face as she repressed the word—"again." She paused for a moment and then went on, with her cold dark eyes bent full upon his face: "But the earl my father wishes us to marry—you wish it, and I am not opposed to the measure. But I beg you to understand distinctly that, while I give you a wife's duty, you must never look for her love or blind submission. From the moment we leave the altar, our lives must be separate though our home is one. On these conditions will I give you my hand. Are they accepted?" The young man stood for a moment bewildered. There was no mistaking her words or manner. Those clear dark eyes, the scornful lip and haughty brow, assured him that she had spoken the truth, and no love was there; but he had long cherished a passion for her, and hoping that his fervent love might win some affection in return, when they were one in the eyes of the world, he clasped the small fair hand in his, raised it to his lips, and answered, "I accept; and it shall be the study of my life to make you happy."

"Be it so," was her unmoved reply; and then she left him. The engagement was soon made public, and all eyes were curiously scanning the "happy pair." They could find no fault with the ill-concealed devotion of the lover; and the calm unmoved way in which Alice received his attentions

or listened to his whispered words, was acknowledged to be the very perfection of high breeding. "A queen could not be more tranquilly self-possessed" was the general verdict, of all looked eagerly forward to the bridal.

It came ere long, on a bright and sunny spring day. The splendid saloons were thronged with the fashionable friends of both parties; and a murmur of congratulation greeted the lovely bride, as she turned away from the altar with checks and lips as white as the snowy satin robes she wore. Her husband pressed his lips to her cheek. She received that first caress as calmly as though he were but one of the glittering throng around, and when all had wished her joy she retired to her apartments, preserved an unbroken silence while her maids robed her in her traveling dress, and joined the party once again attired for her journey. Calmly and coldly were all her farewells spoken; but when she came to her father, her forced composure gave way, and throwing her arms around the earl's neck, she clung to him in a moment in silent, tearful agony. She heard his parting blessing; and sitting by the side of her husband, was whirled away from the home of her childhood.

A month elapsed before the pair returned to occupy their elegant mansion in town. But in that month a strange change had taken place in Grandison. He seemed restless, uneasy and agitated; he followed the stately movements of his wife with anxious eyes; he was unhappy in her society, and wretched away from her side; in short, he was little like the merry, light-hearted bachelor his dearest friends had known; and one and all foresaw matrimony since it had altered him so.

It was not long ere Madame Rumor reported the startling fact, that the gentleman and lady occupied separate apartments, and only met at stated hours in the dining or drawing room. Great was the wonder, many the surmises hazarded upon this disclosure; but no one dared to question the parties most deeply interested, and they held their peace. In public and in private, Alice was uniformly kind and polite to her husband; but this was all; and the wondering city had an opportunity of witnessing that anomaly—a man violently in love with his own wife and seeking in vain to win her.

We doubt if Alice saw the struggle in his mind. Her own feelings were benumbed—her own heart seemed cold and dead. Judging his nature by her own, she deemed him satisfied with her rigid observance of all widely propriety and dignity—it was all he required of her—she was true to the letter of her vow, and her spirit was at rest.

Two years had passed away. It was the anniversary of her wedding day, and Lady Alice Grandison sat in her boudoir, robed for a party, and only awaiting the arrival of her husband, who was to escort her. The years had changed her little. She was fair and proud as ever. Her robes of azure velvet—her coronet of pearls and diamonds—her necklaces, with its heavy diamond cross, her bracelets and the ring she wore, were fit adornments for an empress; and right well did she become them. She was alone; and touching a secret spring in her escritoire, she took from a small drawer two miniatures cased in gold, and laid them side by side. One was that of her dead lover; the other of her husband. Leaning her head upon her hand she gazed long and earnestly at the two; and as her dark eyes dimmed with tears, she could not acknowledge the shadowy likeness that existed between the loved and the unloved one. It was a faint and shadowy one, but still it was no fancy. A something on lip, cheek and brow—the same careless arrangement of the waving hair—and more than all, the same earnest, loving intensity of look and expression in the deep blue eyes. This, never seen before, was what now claimed her attention to both.

The small pendule over the mantel-piece struck the hour of nine; and with a deep sigh, she replaced the portraits in the drawer, and left the room. She rang, on reaching the drawing-room, to ask for her husband. There was a haste and the sound of many feet in the hall below before the summons was answered; and then the servant who answered looked pale and frightened. A strange, sickening apprehension crept over her as she asked, "Where is your master?" The servant stammered, hesitated, and cast strange looks towards the door. Dreading she knew not what, she stepped out into the hall and looked down the wide stairs. Four men were ascending, bearing a motionless form between them. The long hair hung down towards the floor, and from a wound in the forehead the dark blood was flowing freely. They stopped short when they saw her awaiting them; they evidently dreaded a scene; but she was firm and calm, though heavy at her heart lay the thought, "If he is dead how can I forgive myself for the unhappiness I have caused him?" Obeying her calmly spoken orders, they laid him down upon a sofa in the splendid drawing-room. He had been struck down before his own dwelling by a runaway horse; and the family physician, who was instantly summoned, gave little hopes of his recovery. The wretched wife sat close beside him, while the unsightly wound was closed; his blood flowed unheeded over her rich attire, and one small white hand was crisscrossed as it held his head; for the first time her pale lips pressed his own; for the first time she laid her cheek to his, and called him by a thousand endearing names; for the first time the knowledge that she loved him came to bring her ten-fold misery. The estrangement of years was forgotten; the stone was rolled away from the door of her heart, and

its living water gushed out once more. But he who would have periled life and limb for one unsolicited caress from her, now lay pale and still while she pressed him to her heart; and the love that he had sought in vain during life, seemed only given too late—only to waste itself upon a pallid corpse and a lonely grave.

She watched beside him day and night, in the chamber where he had spent so many lonely hours. Into this room she had scarcely entered since he had installed her mistress of his household; and everywhere she saw such traces of his love for her as pierced her very heart. In a small alcove beyond his bed hung her portrait—the first and last thing he saw as he opened and closed his eyes. A small inlaid cabinet held the trifling gifts she had bestowed upon him from time to time; a favorite book—a picture—a tress of dark brown hair—withered bouquets—a small golden star—and many a thing which she had given ceremoniously or lightly, which he had treasured as his choicest possessions.

The glitter of a gold chain upon his neck attracted her attention as she bent over him one night. Softly she drew it forth and gazed upon a splendid picture of herself, set in a small gold frame. She gazed in silence for a moment; then pride left her heart and love usurped its place. Sinking upon her knees by the bedside, while her tears fell fast upon the dear hand that lay feebly on the counterpane, she prayed as she had never prayed before, that God would spare his life, that she might atone for her sins by years of patient and enduring love.

Her prayer was heard; for God is merciful, even when we sin most deeply. All night she watched beside him. With the early dawn the physician entered the room. He held the shrunken hand in his for a moment, gave one searching glance into the marble-like face, and turning to her, said briefly, "Your care has saved him; he will live." Late in the afternoon of that day, Alice sat beside the bed, waiting for the long deep slumber to be broken, that she might see those blue eyes look up at her once again. She was dressed as for a bridal, in a robe of pearly satin, with no ornaments, save a single white rose in her hair, and another on her breast. The color deepened in her cheeks as the eventful hour drew near; her fine eyes glowed and sparkled with the love so long imprisoned and so suddenly set free.

The golden hands of her watch pointed to the hour of seven, when the sleeper moved slightly, drew a long sigh and opened his eyes. She bent over him with a beating heart; his gaze wandering unceasingly round the room, fixed upon her—kindled—and he tried to smile. Very gently she passed her arm beneath that aching head and drew it towards her till it rested upon her breast; very gently her warm lips fell upon his brow; very gently the tears, which she could not quite repress, fell upon his wasted cheek.

He looked up in a strange joyful surprise, and asked faintly, "Alice, what does this mean?" "It means that you must live to forgive me!" she sobbed, "That I love you with all my heart, and none but you? Do not send me away, my husband!"

Ah, his tears were falling now! Too weak to feel astonishment, he could only thank God silently. He drew her feebly to his breast and whispered, "My wife—God bless you! Life is worth the living now!" Their lips met in a long, long kiss of reconciliation and forgiveness. All was silent in the chamber; for happiness like theirs there is no language.

MILLEDGEVILLE—The capital of Georgia is situated on the west bank of the Oconee river, and was once the head of navigation for small steamers until railroad facilities rendered that means of conveyance preferable to the uncertainty of the depth of water in the river. It is a station on the Eatonton branch railroad, which runs southward to Gordon, distant thirty-eight miles, which is a depot twenty miles east of Macon, on the Georgia Central Railroad. It will be seen, by reference to a map, that the occupation of Milledgeville would be an important acquisition to General Sherman, taking in view Macon as a primary objective point. It is not only the capital of Georgia, but it is a measure, flanks Macon, or enables it to be flanked by a rapid movement. It is east of the Oconee river, a stream which the army must cross at Macon, and the passage of which can be better accomplished above than at that point.

The following advertisement is taken from the columns of the Weekly Telegraph of St. Louis, bearing date March 12th, 1859:

H. ROGGS, U. S. GRANT.

"Boggs & Grant, general agents for selling, bartering real or personal property, notes, bonds and other securities; borrowing or loaning of money on real estate or other good security; collecting of rents, renting of houses, collecting of notes, bills, accounts or other demands. Office No. 35 Pine Street, St. Louis, Missouri."

Sorghum sugar, made at Chicago, is on exhibition at the Agricultural Department in Washington. It has the appearance of bright Havana sugar, and can be sold at \$9 per 100 pounds.

Dan Rice is having built a splendid monument to perpetuate the memory of the soldiers of Erie county, Pa. The whole monument will be 28 feet in height; its design is an exceedingly handsome one and will cost \$4,500.

Benson.

The battle was over and the day was lost. The fight had been terrible. The dead and wounded lay thick on the field. Shots were still flying, and shell screaming and bursting through our retreating ranks.

"Comrade," called a dying man, and his feeble hand took hold of one of the retreating soldiers. "Comrade!"

The soldier paused. The wounded soldier lay back to die, and his comrade passed on—a more thoughtful man for that trust—for those few dying words. So much is sometimes centred in so little.

Benson had been a reckless, desperate man. An orphan from his birth, cast loose upon the world to fight his way through it among the base, the grasping, the selfish, he had grown selfish and fierce. He had despised law, defied restraint, and followed his own strong will without fear and without principle—a reckless, dangerous man. But he was a man still. Down below the roughness, stains, and crimes of years, lay a tenderness born of a gentle mother; seldom touched, but there. He had a heart in him that could be stirred by love, and trust and confidence. The trust of that dying man had moved him. He had trusted him with his last messages for home; had given him his letters of affection; implored God's blessing on him. That trust was not misplaced; that prayer will not be unheard.

"Ah, Benson," shouted his fellows, as he joined them, "give us a share! How much of a haul this time? Pierce enough for a fight, but fiercer for plunder!"

"Plunder!" repeated Benson, and his eyes flashed. "Plunder? Say that again?"

"Blood's up, said one of the boldest; and no further remark was ventured. Benson walked on in silence.

The earnest, imploring, confiding look of the dying man was before him; his failing voice still in his ears; his letters, his money in his bosom. His thoughts went forward to his own last hour. Would a comrade pause to hear his last words? What would they be? For whom? Who would care when he should die? Who mourn for him? For whom had he lived? Whom had he blessed? Could he call on God for help in the final, fearful struggle? How could he appear before God in judgment?

The soldier at his side tried to rally him. "What's the trouble, Benson?"

No answer. Benson obeyed the request of the dying soldier. He delivered his last message; reminded his pay. Remembering the words, "She needs it," spoken so feelingly, he added to it his own pay. He had no need of it, clothed and fed as he was; no mother, nor wife, nor child to care for. Let it go to the bereaved mother. She may perhaps feel her loss somewhat the less for it. Better so, far better, than it should go in gambling or in drink. His letter closed—"Had I not been motherless from my birth, I might perhaps have been worthy to fill the place of him you mourn, to be a son to you, but I have been too abandoned. I can only offer you respect, and contribute my poor earnings for your comfort."

He read and re-read the letters given him by the departed son; so pure, so tender, so elevating. He found them a treasure, as the son had found them. They awoke in him a desire for purity; an aspiration for better things that he had never known; to be a better man than he had ever been. They spoiled his taste for gambling; they made him abhor violence and cursing.

His comrades rallied him again and again.

"What sile you, Benson? Come, let's have a hand at cards. It's a month since you've played."

"No," was all his answer. "Drink with us. You don't drink now."

"No."

"Why not? Guess you're getting pious."

No answer; and they who knew him, knew better than to jest when he was silent.

A letter came for him; a letter of thanks from the bereaved mother. It was full of gratitude and kindness. Benson's lips quivered, and he shaded his eyes with his hand, as he read: "I shall regard you as my son. Your generosity, your filial tenderness, your sense of unworthiness, make you not unworthy in my eyes. My prayers go up to God for you! My blessing rests on you!"

Benson was indeed another man. He had new relations, new hopes, a new future. "But will he change in his last? Will he not shake off his new relations? Will he not go back to his old ways?"

Why should he? Were they the paths of ease and delight? Were they the paths of blessedness and peace? Were they not rough and thorny, full of pitfalls, and were not beasts of prey crouching beside them? Why should one escaped from folly again seek it? Escaped from danger, again rush into it? Escaped from death, again lie down in corruption? Will he go back? Is not virtue better than vice? Purity than villainy? Love than lust? Worship than blasphemy? Can he go back?

He can. Such is a man's weakness, madness; such is the power of evil. Pray God he may not go back! "Pay day came. Now, Benson, treat!" they call. Not a red cent have you spent for weeks. You're a getting stinky with you money."

Benson drew back. They rallied him again as they freely drank.

"How many boys here have mobbed?" he asked and waited.

"All!"

"Have all mothers? My poor mother needs all I have, and it shall be hers. She shall not want while I riot."

Some, who had forgotten or tried to forget their mothers in want and waiting far away in their lonely homes, remembered them now, and put down their cups. The next mail carried their welcome remittance. Some laughed and asked—"Where did you get your new mother, Benson?"

"God gave her to me," he answered, in his manliest tone, "and I'll not neglect her."

Nor did he. Month after month his timely remittance reached her; and when at last it came no more, she who had made him her son in place of the dead, knew well that she was sonless once more; that he, too, had fallen in fight, and she mourned his death. She was newly bereaved by his loss.

He died not without God, nor without hope. He had learned to call on God. He had learned that He was his father, tender, loving, caring for him always—that Christ was his elder brother. He had received his words—"Whosoever shall do the will of my father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother."

The Sixth Corps Badge.

Whatever Sheridan's campaign in the Shenandoah Valley has done for the nation's good—and there can be no discussion respecting its brilliancy or its success—it has had, in romance and adventure, the air of the old Crusades. High and proud in the center of battle, the grand cross of the old Sixth Corps has often made the heart of a soldier pulsate with the pure, chivalric thrill of the olden time. That cross—symbol of a faith ancient as the Greeks—the faith in right and the good right hand of the soldier inspired—is knit with so many recollections of valor and valorous hearts, that for fear of a deluge, I can scarcely essay one glimpse at the record. Within sight of its folds, Sedgewick, noblest among the noble, fell at Spotsylvania. Close behind Russell—that perfect soldier, whose very name, to those who knew him, is blent with the moisture of tears—the red cross floated at Winchester when he fell, smiling at death, to find a reward higher than that which held on earth by a country unselfishly, faithfully, served through a lifetime. Bidwell, too, struck hard with a mortal wound, sunk under this beautiful symbol; and warriors young, and warriors old, smitten on a score of fields bloodier than that overlooked by the Black Prince at Cressy, have carried the shape of this cross into immortal dreams. O faces of the dead, so good to look upon in life! O hands of marty fallen, whose grasp was so frank and warm before! May never an arm grow weak that stays to help on this conflict, in which your glances went out like the lightning, in which your touch was lost to us for ever, until the cause for which you fought and fell is truly and honorably won!—J. B. Stillson.

Keys to success.

Agassians, king of Sparta, being asked what things he thought most proper for boys to learn, very appropriately replied, "Those things which they should practice when they become men." The world-renowned Rothschilds ascribe their success to the following rules: Be an off-handed man—make a bargain at once; never have anything to do with an unucky man or plan; be cautious and bold. David Ricardo, the celebrated political economist, had what he called his own three golden rules, the observance of which he used to press on his friends. They were: Never to refuse an option when you can get it; cut short your losses; let your profits run on. Stephen Girard, the Philadelphia millionaire, when requested to furnish incidents of his life, replied: My actions must make my life. John Jacob Astor's fundamental maxim was: Take care of the cents—the dollars will take care of themselves. John Fredley's never-varying motto was: "Self-dependence and self-reliance." Nicholas Longworth, of Cincinnati, who paid the largest tax (\$24,000) of any man in America, said: "I have always had these things before me: Do what you undertake thoroughly; be faithful in all accepted trusts." P. T. Barnum, the noted exhibitor, ascribed his success in accumulating \$1,000,000 in ten years to the unlimited use of—printers' ink. Robert Bonner, who has made a fortune in four years out of the New York Ledger, attributes his success entirely to "persistent, repeated and generous advertising." "Mr. Speaker," said John Randolph, "I have found the philosopher's stone; it is, 'PAY AS YOU GO.'"

Savin was lately asked to contribute to foreign missions. "Not on any account," said he. "Why not?" asked the collector, "the object is laudable." "No it isn't," replied Savin, "not half so many people go to the devil now as ought to."

Among the clap-trap stories which the abolition press have put forth since the election, is that of a soldier who went to the polls and voted, with this remark: "I vote as I fought." Wouldn't it be a good idea for the Loyal Leaguers and their adherents, to "fight as they have voted?"

A St. Louis paper says: "There are not less than 200,000 persons in Missouri this day who are little better than paupers, not knowing where to get food to maintain them through the winter."

Be not affronted at a jest. If one throw salt at thee thou wilt receive no harm, unless thou hast sore places.

Hiring an Overseer.

A special dispatch to the New York Times gives the following incidents of the capture of the ex-General and ex-Honorable Roger A. Pryor:

The circumstance of Pryor's capture was purely accidental, and happened in the following manner: Last Sunday an officer on picket duty, finding a man prowling in front on the picket line, drew a paper from his pocket and waved it to the rebel as a sign to come forward and exchange, not for a moment suspecting who the individual was. Pryor seeing the officer waving the paper, boldly advanced toward our lines, when the Union officer discovered that he was a rebel of rank, and instead of offering the paper for exchange, drew a pistol and presented it to Roger's head, at the same time requesting him to surrender, which he did without resistance, but was evidently a little crestfallen at being taken in and done for by a Yankee. Pryor now belongs to the 7th Virginia cavalry, having been reduced to the ranks, it will be remembered, by court martial, for disobedience of orders. At the time of his capture he was attached to Gen. Lee's headquarters, as Lee's chief scout. He is but little changed in his outward appearance, although his features are darker from exposure; but those who were accustomed to see him on the avenue in this city, and in the Hall of Representatives, would easily have recognized him from his long, flowing black hair, sharp black eyes, and bold and defiant look. He was dressed in a new suit of Confederate gray cloth, and wore a shawl or blanket, which he drew tightly around him, and in which he sought to hide his face as he stepped from the boat to the wharf, although after reaching the street, and before entering the carriage which conveyed him to the Provost Marshal's office, he looked anxiously around, apparently as if to see whether he could recognize any of his friends in the crowd that were pushing forward to get a glimpse of him. His hair almost reached his shoulders, and upon his head he wore a stiff black hat. He had on a pair of cavalry boots which came up to his knees, into the legs of which he had his pants stuffed. The Virginia "hidalgo" walked down Pennsylvania avenue escorted by a Yankee guard, and preceded by three well-dressed gentlemen of color, who were accidentally prominating the avenue. The valiant Pryor must have drawn some unpleasant comparison between his former swaggering marches to the New Capitol and his present enforced walk to the Old Capitol. Mr. Jerome, the well known York banker, and an old acquaintance of Pryor, came up on the same steamer with him from Grant's headquarters, and made him a present of a shawl and \$50, he being entirely out of funds.

Gen. Gillem's Defeat.

A Nashville correspondent of the N. Y. Times, Mr. Benjamin C. Truman, says it is believed in official circles in Tennessee, that Gen. Gillem has been the victim of jealousy on the part of other general officers at Knoxville. According to information received by Gen. Thomas and Governor Johnson, it appears that Gillem, after ascertaining beyond a doubt that he was being pressed by three Brigades, commenced falling back with his little command of three regiments, and at the same time called upon two brigadiers at Knoxville, not only for reinforcements, but food, for his brave men, who had been for three days without rations of any kind, except fresh meat. He kept falling back in good order, all the while crying for help, but no assistance came to him until his routed army arrived at Strawberry Plains. Here he was met by three hundred men of the 9th Michigan cavalry, who had left Knoxville on the morning of the 14th ult., six days after they had been called for. Mr. Truman says he has letters addressed to Gov. Johnson and Gen. Milligan, and according to all accounts, Gillem's deportment during the dreadful confusion of his troops, was grand in the extreme, and it is asserted that the disaster might have been averted, but for the absence of harmony among the officers about Knoxville. Col. Brownlow writes that Gen. Gillem, regardless of danger, acted as few general officers could act under the circumstances, and his gallant efforts to stay the rout, he says, was unexampled. On the 17th, Gen. Ammen, Tillson and Gillem seems to have acted in concert, and drove the rebels from Strawberry Plains. This letter to the New York Times is written under Mr. Truman's proper signature, and as he names the official sources from whence he derived his information, there is an urgent necessity for a very thorough investigation of the facts.

Foreign News.

New York, Dec. 3. A firm of ship-bankers in Liverpool have chartered three fine steamers, each 2000 tons burthen, for conveying the recently formed contingent of Austrian and Belgian troops, raised for the service of the new emperor of Mexico. The Times London letter says: "Should the Federal Government sustain the action of the captain of the Wachusett, it is threatened to forbid any Federal armed vessel to enter into any English or French port." A Paris letter says: "Dispatches relative to a joint protest in the case of the Florida, have been exchanged between the governments of England and France; but official action will be suspended until reports of the affair reach the cabinets from Brazil." The London Times and Post publish special letters from New York, dated to the 6th of November, in which their correspondents allude very fully to the plots of rebels and their agents to disturb the peace of the Northern States by incendiary and raids from the Canadian borders. The Paris Siecle thinks the French government would have done right in seizing the Florida when she put into Brest for repairs. The New York papers to-day publish full accounts of the execution of Mr. Lincoln's official majority in Ohio is 53,418.

The Michigan Argus.

ANN ARBOR, MICH. FRIDAY MORNING, DEC. 9, 1864. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY.

The Soldier Voting Parce.

In the State Journal of the 90th ult., we find the following article, which will give our readers an insight into the manner in which a large Republican majority was procured in the army: A non-commissioned officer in one of our Michigan regiments now in the field, writing to his friends in this city, since the election, says: "I voted for McClellan, and now am a marked man. I have been reduced to the ranks since then. The Colonel wanted the men to go unanimously for Lincoln. The Democratic life was threatened if he came into our camp, and it was therefore hard work to get Democratic tickets, and every Democrat had to swear in his vote—in some places they would not let them vote at all." The writer of this letter is well known in this city—he is a veteran who re-enlisted for three years, and we have the assurance of army officers formerly in his regiment, that he is one of the very best men in the service, and in every way deserving of promotion—but he is a Democrat. The decree had gone forth that the army must be abolished, and this war-worn veteran, who had won his way to promotion by bravery and uniform good conduct, was reduced to the ranks for exercising the rights of a freeman and voting as his conscience dictated! Such is the magnanimity of Republicanism, and such the freedom of the ballot in the "Great Army of Human Freedom!" In this connection, we would say that we heard one of Gov. Blair's Commissioners, while on his return from "the field,"—with his returns in his satchel, we presume—relate what he evidently thought a "good joke." He said that a Democratic Commissioner came into the camp of the 11th Michigan Infantry, and remarked that he wished to find a good Democrat to leave some Democratic tickets with, and that a sergeant drew a bayonet on him, and saying, "No, you don't leave any Democratic tickets here," drove him out of the camp. Put these two facts together, (and they are not exceptional ones), and tell us if the soldiers' vote is likely to express the real sentiments of the army, or even of the soldiers who voted.

In its last issue, the State News devotes considerable space to the discussion of the "Responsibility" of Democrats, and lays upon us the following injunction:

"Now Democrats, remember that you are now called upon to act with the Government to save this nation, and if it is not saved the responsibility rests, in a large measure, upon your own shoulders. Your responsibility is as great as though your favorite candidate had been elected, and the reins of government had been placed in your hands." Before election we were denounced daily and weekly, by the News and other "exclusively" patriotic and loyal journals, as "slimy Copperheads," "rebel sympathizers," "traitors," etc., etc. Immediately after election we were told that "the enemies of the country had been defeated," and from the press and the pulpit went up thanks to God for so great a victory. And now, we are patted on the back, and told from the press and the pulpit that we are not so bad a set of fellows after all—that we are patriotic and loyal, and finally, that our "responsibility is as great" as though McClellan had been elected, and the government confided to our care. This latter day flattery savors too much of the praise bestowed upon a whipped child, while the talk about our great responsibility smacks decidedly of a doubt of the victors of their own capacity to "save the nation," and of a disposition to shirk the responsibility and throw it upon the minority. In either case it is equally nauseating. The Republican party—for the News has only adopted the prating of its leaders—can not thus be released from the responsibility resting upon it.

Hon. SALMON P. CHASE, Secretary of the Treasury, has been appointed by President LINCOLN, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and the appointment has been confirmed by the Senate. Mr. CHASE is a man of large ability, radical from his youth up, and therefore supposed to be honest in his radicalism, more than we would say of many of the leading politicians of the dominant party. What sort of a Chief Justice he will make we can not predict, but if he succeeds no better than in managing the finances of the government, we may well fear that the Supreme Court will soon be like greenbacks, below par a long ways.

There is now little doubt that greenbacks are a "legal tender," or at least that they will be decided a constitutional currency. The President states the national debt on the 1st day of July last at \$1,740,000,690,489.49, and says that if he now continues during another year it will probably be increased to \$500,000,000. He concurs with the Secretary of the Treasury in recommending an increase of taxation, and that officer thinks that the least \$800,000,000 should be realized annually from Internal duties.

A Soldier's Complaint.

Nov. 12th, 1864. Mr. POND.—Will you allow me to make your paper the medium of complaint as to the manner that soldiers' families are treated, while they—the husbands and fathers—are away periling their lives for those who quietly sit at home brooding over the prospects of the war, and their chances of making "something handsome" in some speculation or other. From my wife I learn at different times, of the rise in prices, until I find they have become enormous, and it is a wonder to me how the poor women and children can subsist. We soldiers were told on enlisting, that our families would be provided for. How have these promises been kept. I have a wife and four small children. I receive from "Uncle Sam" twenty dollars per month, and by the time the paymaster comes around, the sutler or purveyor owns a large share of it; for I must buy and use many little things to come up to the requirements of a Sergeant. Then, there are little luxuries the sutlers bring into the field, which makes the mouth of the soldier, who has so long been fed on nothing but pork and hard tack, fairly water. Then can you blame the poor fellows for purchasing, even at sutler's prices. A private only gets sixteen dollars a month. Now, sir, what can it be expected a man can send home out of his pay? In the cavalry, a man's allowance for clothes is not sufficient to keep him respectable, therefore a part of his earnings is used up in extra clothing. For the past year, and the year before, my wife received from the supervisor a certain sum monthly, varying according to the action of the board. I learn that the allowance has been cut down this present month. I ask, sir, is this just, is this right? when every thing a family consumes is daily rising, and fuel and clothing are more needed than in summer, to deduct from the small pittance I feel that any one that will give the subject a thought, will wonder that any soldier's wife and family can go decently clad, appear, and be respected. I know that women are looked upon very lightly, and treated with contempt by those who should befriend them, when their only crime is being a soldier's wife; or if the poor fellow is killed, she is sneered at as a "soldier's widow." Now, sir, I do not write this on my own account, for I am certain that the Supervisor gives my family all he is allowed to; but there are a number around me, even in low humble position and means than I, who wished me to write their grievance. Those in the townships fare worse than in the city.

Hoping that those who have the power, will do what they can to assist the families of the poor fellows striving to sustain the honor of their country's flag, I have the honor to remain, Yours, respectfully, CAVALRYMAN.

Congress convened on Monday, and a quorum of both Houses being present, immediately proceeded to business. The President's Message was sent in on Tuesday, and was immediately telegraphed through the country. It appeared in the Detroit dailies of Wednesday morning. As a State paper it has no especial merit, and but for the few closing paragraphs would not excite a moment's discussion either in the journals of his party or those of his opponents. He thinks the election an endorsement of all his measures, and therefore adheres to his policy, pronouncing against any tender of peace, and in favor of fighting to the bitter end—for the annihilation of slavery. In this respect it is at least candid, more than can be said, in the light of history, of his earlier messages. We shall publish the message next week.

The rebels give us nothing but a mass of contradictory rumors in regard to the movements of Sherman, but making what we can out of them, we incline to the opinion that he will reach the coast wherever he may choose without any serious disaster to his army. We hope so at least.

There is nothing new from the army of the Potomac, and nothing from Tennessee, except details of the victory at Franklin. Gen. Thomas is in position near Nashville, and it is thought competent to hold it.

Mr. STEVENS, of Pennsylvania, introduced into the House, on Tuesday a bill to prohibit the exportation of gold and silver coin. Also a bill to prevent gold and silver coin from being paid or accepted for a greater value than their real or current value, and for preventing any note or bill issued by the United States from being received for a smaller sum than its face. We should call these quack prescriptions for the financial evils which afflict the country. Mr. HOLZ declined the tender of the Attorney Generalship, and it is now positively stated that the Hon. JONAS S. SPEER, of Kentucky, has accepted the position. Mr. SPEER's nomination has been confirmed by the Senate.

Foreign Correspondence of the Argus.

OVER THE SIMPLON. There is something in them that speaks of durability, eternity, infinity. Man loses himself, forgets his pride, becomes a nonentity amid such grand and ennobling scenery. When he wanders amid the plain or the city, and sees the monuments that he has created, or the beautiful things with which he has decorated the earth, his heart is made proud and he is filled with vain glory. He stands before a St. Peter, and in his admiration he calls it "a work of Heaven;" he looks upon a Duomo, and pronounces it "almost divine." But when he finds himself in the heart of the giant mountains, where no work but that of God can be seen, where no hand but that of Heaven's has been able to build, he forgets for a moment his own productions; St. Peter and Duomo are lost in the more glorious impressions which the temples of nature instill. The soul thinks not of itself but of the great Jehovah, self-pride gives way to reverence towards the eternal Architect, and no thought but that of God fills the heart.

Did I say no work of man here occurs! I mistake. The Simplon winds amid these works of nature—but, as it were, only to make the comparison between the labors of God and man the more humiliating for the latter. Here the genius of Napoleon has made visible one of the finest accomplishments of man—has constructed a marble path-way over the mountains, has led it through defiles, has made it spring over chasms and master the summit; but praise it as you may, the truth remains that God built the Simplon before Napoleon. The work commenced away back in the centuries. With his earthquakes and torrents, he bid the mountains stand apart; and Napoleon has but modified the path-way which Jehovah made. So it is always, God is the creator, man the modifier.—The former makes the continents, covers them with riches, and fills their bowels with wealth; the latter, making use of heaven's gifts, modifies these continents to his will. He lowers the forest, makes the flower bloom, builds the city. But to convince him of his weakness, God leaves here and there a desert where no flower will bloom, a mountain where no road can pass, and man can never alter them. He is the slave of circumstances. He goes where the route is marked out to him, but no farther. One feels this amidst towering summits, those rocky pinnacles, those everlasting precipices can never be moulded by man's art. His soul, naturally proud and mighty when compared with itself, needs some such lesson from the book of nature to teach it its own insignificance. What wonder the anchorite chooses his cave in the mountain side? what wonder the hermit here shut himself away from the world? Forgetting man his thoughts were raised towards God. His day-dreams were not earthly, but led him heaven ward.

This Simplon pass is justly celebrated. When will one tire of it? Ten hundred voyagers have admired it, ten hundred pens have described it. Some laud its cataracts, others its awful wildness, others its winding path-way, others its poetical inspirations, others its moral lessons, all agree that it is wonderful, sublime. I paused one night upon the summit at the Hospice. I conversed with the monks, who are kind and social to every traveler. I examined the book of voyagers, and saw the autographs of men from all parts of the world, the most of whom had written some little God-speed to the humanity-loving men of the Simplon. I dimbed a neighboring height, and away off in the distance the Bernese Alps and their glaciers met my eye. I attended the morning mass in the little chapel of the Hospice, and saw a few mountain men and women bow respectfully before the altar, as the priest addressed the Throne.

The following night I was at Brieg, in the valley of the Rhone, once more in Switzerland: Welcome little Switz! Type of my own government, souvenir of my own land, I love thee. Thou hast proved that democracy is not tyranny, that popular sovereignty is not anarchy. Mayest thou long demonstrate that a confederacy can be a nationality, and that there is in it a governmental power which can set when the necessity requires. I had met no Americans either in Italy or upon the mountains. But Englishmen were every where, and hence every where I found animosity against my country. At Brieg, however, I met an American party, and think you not it was refreshing to talk with those who had tears for America's woes, and prayers for her safety? Do you know what it is to walk the earth and see an enemy in all most every man? to hear all that you love dearest stigmatized, insulted, dishonored? to feel that you have no friend but your own heart, no sympathizer but your inner-self?—then you know the joy that one has when suddenly he finds those whose hearts beat like his own, with whom he sees eye to eye, friends, countrymen, brothers!

The time has not yet come when the title "I am an American" carries with it respect. Nor will that time ever come. Indeed it seems to be a general law, that the greater a nation becomes the more enemies its representatives abroad find. The national self-esteem which exists in the world passes all bounds. Each nation looks upon its neighbor as its inferior. Each traveller abroad thinks there is no country like his own. Nor is he slow to express his convictions, but he says it every where, without regard to place or propriety. The result is that both he and his nation are despised and ridiculed. Hence the Englishman is hated every where, the Frenchman is universally caricatured, and the American pretty generally laughed at. The Jews are not the only people that carry with them the curse of aliens; the representative of every nation becomes a sort of a Jew when away from home. This being so when a man of any country meets a compatriot abroad it is but natural that his heart should go forth towards him with love and sympathy. Common woes make common friends. Consequently this meeting of friends at Brieg was a joy to an American heart, and I shall long retain it in my memory.

I have spoken of the national conceit that fills the hearts of every people. I would make an exception. In general, the Swiss are wonderfully exempt from this unbounded national pride. They love their country as only republicans can, but they do not laud it to the skies, or boast of their "civilization" and their "institutions." They look at the nations about them, call them great, and admire their power, but in speaking of themselves it is always "our little Switzerland." That all nations might be equally modest! That every voyager would praise whatever of good he sees in another people, and not think himself behind his duty if he did not continually press forward his own government to the prejudice of another. Thus men would love one another better. Humanity would lose its boundaries, and the world of nations would become a world of brothers. F. W. B.

"Jim Lane" and anti-"Jim Lane" were the watchwords in Kansas at the late election, and in the strife over the bone, the electoral ticket was not scrutinized very closely. It now turns out to have been a "mixed" concern. Two of the electors are said to be McClellan men, and two ineligible to seats in the Electoral College, leaving only one to vote for LINCOLN.—In a close election such an "accident" might have proved fatal.

It is announced that through a defect in the soldiers' voting law in Pennsylvania, postponing the canvass, the Governor is unable to issue his certificate of election to the Electors, and that the vote of the State will therefore be lost to Mr. LINCOLN. Verily, "accidents will happen in the best regulated families."

We dropped in at Rogers' Hall, on Tuesday evening, to witness the exercises of Prof. PORTER's class in Light Gymnastics, and by way of variety "participated" a little. From what we saw, and felt, we are confident that the Light Gymnastics are well calculated to develop and educate the physical powers. They bring every muscle into play, and will of course give strength and vigor, and even promote a graceful carriage—though we are confident that we did not make a graceful appearance in our beginnings, and almost as confident that some of the spectators either laughed at our awkwardness, or at the misfortune of Prof. WALKER in being matched with us.—we don't know as we care which. Seriously speaking, however, we think Prof. PORTER is doing a good work, and we recommend our business men of sedentary habits, young or old, to join his classes.

The petty burglars drove a thriving business on Saturday night last.—TREASURER'S establishment was entered, and canned fruits, oysters, clams, apples, over-coat, and—licence looted on and carried off. Loss about \$50. Then the same hungry scamps, probably, made their way into JERRY PERK'S Saloon, and appropriated a part of a box of cigars, a jug of whisky, and about 100 pennies, "lawful coin of the realm." JERRY had saved to show the rising generation that a hard currency was once foolishly tolerated hereabouts. The burglars are still at large, so look out for your bi-valves and "wet groceries," ye dealers therein.

The denizens of this city, and the region round about waked up on Wednesday morning to find the ground well covered with snow and more coming. The weather was so mild, however, that it gave little promise of sleighing. But a change took place Wednesday evening, and yesterday the mercury marked but 4° above zero, since which time it has been cold enough—considering the cost of wood. A little more snow and we should have the finest of sleighing; as it is the bells are making music in our ears as we write.

DUDLEY WALLER, the Boy-Orator, gave a recitation in the M. E. Church, on Thursday evening of last week, and a second one in the Presbyterian Church, on Friday evening. Though only 8 years old, and of the platform or whet not in the act of speaking, the mere boy he is, his selections were rendered with a naturalness and power that rivals professed elocutionists. "Will the Drummer Boy," brought tears into more than one eye; while "The September Gale," and "The Snake in School," brought down the house, and showed him master of the humorous and comic as well as of the pathetic. His other selections were admirably spoken and acted. He is indeed a prodigy.

Rev. J. M. BUCKLEY, of Detroit, will give his popular lecture on Switzerland, before the Christian Association of the University, on Friday evening, Dec. 16th, at the Methodist Church.

The official returns show Mr. Lincoln's majority in Minnesota to be 7,760. The Supreme Court of California has decided that taxes in that State may be paid in greenbacks. Specie has been used exclusively. The great Bank of Commerce, with \$10,000,000 capital, is going into the national system, and some of the other large banks of the city will soon follow suit. The whole number of national Banks now organized is 587. The amount of currency issued during the week ending on the 26th ult was \$2,032,830, which, added to that previously issued, makes an aggregate of \$65,562,800 of the national currency now in circulation. Governor Bramlette, of Kentucky, suggests that all money paid by the Federal government for slaves taken away, be given to the families of soldiers in the Union army. A notice of a recent steamboat explosion in a Western paper, ends as follows, "The captain swam ashore. So did the chambermaid; she was insured for \$15,500, and loaded with iron."

The apparatus of the Philadelphia Fire Department consists of forty steam fire engines, with the necessary appurtenances. The support of the Department has cost the city during the last year about \$100,000.

A writer in the December number of the Atlantic Monthly, in that spirit of self-glorification which characterizes the "only-righteous-and-patriotic" of the dominant party, injects the following sentence into his serene page laudation of WE: "WE have met the enemies of our country and defeated them at the ballot-box." The official canvasses of the several States are not yet complete, or at least the definite vote of the nation has not yet been made public; but we may assume, safely, that this "enemy of our country," defeated at the ballot-box, numbers 1,750,000 voters. Among them are names whom the nation has delighted to honor, and all of them have as true a love for their country—they will forgive the comparison—as the puffed up pharisees who claim to embody the decency, and wisdom, and patriotism of the land. 1,750,000 "enemies of our country" in the "loyal" States. Is this so? "We pause for a reply."

The London Times threatens that if the action of the Captain of the Wachusett in capturing the Florida is sustained, American armed vessels will be prohibited from entering the harbors of England and France.

The Florida Matter.

New York, Dec. 5. Our Minister at Brazil, under date October 14, sends a communication to the Brazilian Minister of Foreign Affairs in regard to the capture of the Florida. Gen. Webb begins his communication by rehearsing the course of Great Britain and other nations in recognizing the belligerence of the rebels, which was also sanctioned by Brazil as soon as possible. General Webb declares that the United States have a kindly feeling toward Brazil, and adds that, animated by such sentiment for the Brazilian government, the United States will feel regret at learning that a commander in the navy, without any instructions or authority whatever, took on himself the responsibility to capture one of the piratical cruisers of the rebels, while she was anchored in the port of Bahia; and the undersigned believes himself authorized to assure your excellency that all reparation which honor and justice exacts will be very freely offered, and much more freely and promptly than if the act had been committed by American cruisers in waters of the most powerful nations in the world. Recognizing the right of those pirates to enjoy protection in ports of England and France simply because she cannot resist it, the government of the United States will not withhold from Brazil one iota of that reparation which, under the same circumstances, and in her present embarrassed position, she would be obliged to concede to England. Neither the undersigned nor the U. S. government are directly or indirectly responsible for this occurrence. It was not ordered or authorized either by the government of the United States or by the undersigned.

Arrivals of Steamers.

New York, Dec. 6. The steamer California, from Hilton Head via Polly Island, 3d, reports a side wheel blockade runner sunk in Charleston Harbor, the night of the 1st, by our gunboats. The captain and pilot escaped. The rest of the crew were captured. The steamer Costa Rica, from Aspinwall, 27th, has arrived. Nothing further transpired in regard to the rebel conspiracy to capture Central America and California steamers. Prisoners are still aboard the Lancaster. The government of the state of Panama having positively refused to pass them over the Isthmus, the captain of the Lancaster and a boat's crew of fourteen men left on the Guatemala on the 25th for Central American ports, in expectation of capturing some of the accomplices of the pirate, known to be on the coast.

From Mexico.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 30. Mexican advices from the Sacramento say that on the 13th of November the French landed troops at Mazatlan and took formal possession of the town. The Governor of Mazatlan and his friends abandoned the place the night previous, so that no resistance was made to the landing of the French troops. It is also reported that Alvarez had defeated an imperial force marching on Acapulco. Heavy and constant rains prevail throughout California, interrupting trade and travel.

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Be prepared for the Storm.

The following good advice is from the Chicago Tribune: "Money is cheap and abundant. A paper dollar is depreciated to forty-four cents, gold value. Currency is plenty and growing plentier. Come easy, go easy, is the prevailing feeling. But sooner or later the present abnormal condition of things will terminate—perhaps gradually; perhaps suddenly. The values of all commodities, including money, are fearfully "watered." But when the crash comes the water will be bailed out, leaving only what is represented by the gold standard. Men are walking on high stilts, and are making long but insecure strides. But all must dismount one of these days, and come down until their feet touch the earth. Many will be precipitated headlong, who now tower aloft on their stilts. Wise and prudent men will repair in time for the inevitable change. The class who will suffer by the termination of the war are those in debt. A merchant with a stock of goods on hand worth say \$50,000, and half paid for, will not realize therefrom enough to pay what he owes. When the goods are all sold he will find himself still in debt for them five to ten thousand dollars, and this debt he must liquidate, principal and interest, with gold or its equivalent, or go into bankruptcy. The consequence of the end of the war with the debtor class will be to increase every man's debts about 125 percent. An obligation of \$4000 will become, in practical effect, \$10,000. That is, it will require property or labor now worth in currency \$10,000 to pay it. A note outstanding drawing ten percent in interest, will then draw what would now be equivalent to twenty five percent, or thereabouts, to say nothing of the principal of the note, the difficulty of whose payment will swell in a corresponding ratio."

"Taking them one with another," said the Rev. Sydney Smith, "I believe my congregation to be the most exemplary observers of the religious ordinances; for the poor keep all the fasts and the rich all the feasts."

The ugliest of trades, said Jerrold, have their moments of pleasure. Now if I were a grave digger, or a hangman, there are some people I could work for with a great deal of enjoyment.

The waterworks pipes of Charleston, Mass., recently got stopped up. An investigation was made, and one pipe was found to be completely filled with live eels, 2,500 pounds of which were removed.

The St. Louis Republican says there is no doubt a full and fair vote in Missouri would have given 20,000 majority against Mr. Lincoln.

Med. At Baton Rouge, La., Nov. 3d, of typhoid fever, WILLIAM A. LYONS, aged 17 years and 7 months, youngest son of P. W. and E. H. Brass, of the town of Webster, Mich. The deceased was buried in the soldier's burial ground at Baton Rouge, with military honors. Let him rest in peace.

New Advertisements.

FOUND! In this city, on Detroit Street, on Saturday, Dec. 3, a large envelope, containing a Mortgage, Bond, Note, &c. The owner can have the same by paying for advertisement. CHAPLETS BOTTLED, at the Dispensing. Ann Arbor, Dec. 7th, 1864.

To Whom it may Concern! ANY ONE INDEBTED TO A. F. MILLS, or MILLER A. FOSTER, can save costs by calling at the Stand of A. F. Mills and settling the same on or before Jan. 1st, 1865. After that date all notes and accounts not paid will be put in the hands of a collector. Ann Arbor, Dec. 7th, 1864.

NOTICE! THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE STOCK HOLDERS OF THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF ANN ARBOR, for the election of nine directors of said bank, and two inspectors of elections, will be held at the Banking Office, on TUESDAY, 14th of January, 1865. Full will be open from 10 o'clock, P. M. By order of Board of Directors. C. H. RICHMOND, Cashier. Ann Arbor, Dec. 6th, 1864.

BEAUTIFUL! BEAUTIFUL! "HOME ON A FURLOUGH" AN ENGRAVING ON STEEL, BY JOHN SARTAIN FROM A PAINTING, BY SCHUSSELE. PRICE ONLY \$2.50 PER COPY. Every home should contain one. W. H. POWELL, Acting Agent. Ann Arbor, Dec. 6th, 1864.

LUMBER YARD! C. KRAPP, Has a large and well stocked Lumber Yard, on John Street, in the South part of the City, and will constantly on hand an excellent variety of LUMBER, SHINGLES, LATH, &c. which will be sold as low as can be afforded in the market. Quality and prices such that no one need go to the north. CONRAD KRAPP, Proprietor. Ann Arbor, Dec. 6th, 1864.

Taken Up. ON THE 15th of October, a Brown and White Dog, about 10 years old. Was dry. The owner is willing to prove property, pay charges, and take the dog home. JOHN MCINTYRE, No. 10 Northfield, Nov. 29, 1864.

LADIES' FURS. LADIES wishing, can have their FURS and TRIMMINGS dressed and REMODELED in FASHIONABLE STYLE, by experienced persons, and at low charges, by upon the subscriber over D. L. V. O'NEILL'S, Public Square, Ann Arbor, Michigan. JOHN MCINTYRE, No. 10 Northfield, Nov. 29, 1864.

The Michigan Argus. ANN ARBOR. FRIDAY MORNING, DEC 9, 1864. S. M. Pettengill & Co., No. 37 Park Row, New York, & 6 State St Boston, are our Agents for the Argus in those cities...

Closing of the Mails. Mail leaving Ann Arbor for the East and West close as follows: Going East, 7:30 P. M. Going West, 9:20 A. M.

Tax Receipts. We have just printed a convenient form of Tax Receipts on good paper. Treasurers' orders will be promptly filled.

We earnestly invite every one indebted to the Argus Office, either for Subscription, Advertising, or Job Work, to make IMMEDIATE PAYMENT.

THE DYING VOLUNTEER. I am dying, alone, to-night, Mother, Dying, alone, to-night...

I am dying, alone, to-night, Mother, Dying, alone, to-night, The grass is my only couch, Mother, The stars are my only light...

There's a terrible wound in my breast, Mother, Which I got in the front of the strife; And the warm blood is ebbing away, Mother, Each drop is a sand of my life...

And now, though my breath cometh hard, Mother, Still I think of you all, left behind, I remember my home in the North, Mother, And my brothers and sisters so kind...

Public Debate.—The Webster Literary Society of the Law Department, will hold a public discussion on Friday evening the 9th inst., at the Law Chapel.

Special Order.—A firm that capital punishment ought to be abolished. Resolution discussed in its legal and ethical bearings.

NEGATIVE.—B. F. Stage, —E. T. Delany. RECITATION.—A. L. Worden. ORATION.—C. L. Watrous.

WANTED.—An apprentice boy, at this office. Must be steady and industrious. One who has had some experience at the business preferred.

See advertisement of CONRAD KRAFF in another column. Mr. KRAFF knows what good lumber is, and will endeavor to keep what builders in our city and vicinity need.

THE MARKETS. The cold snap has frozen up the avenues of trade, and business was not very driving in the streets yesterday.

Wheat—\$1.36 1/2, 60. Corn—\$1.25, 70. Oats—70c. Pork—closing in freely, \$11.12 1/2.

Detroit quotations in yesterday morning's Press, were: Wheat—Amber, \$2.01, No. 1, White, \$2.10.

The item we gave place to last week in reference to the attendance at the University was not correct.

The following names, well and favorably known to the lecture-going public, constitute the list of lecturers thus far secured by the young men of the Students' Lecture Association for the present season.

THE LADIES OF THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH of this city, will hold a Fair in Hangster's Hall, commencing on Wednesday evening next, and continuing four days.

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The December number of the Atlantic Monthly has a table of contents about the average in interest. Among the articles are: The Highland Light, by Thoreau; English Authors in Florence, by Miss Field; House and Home Papers, and the Columbia River, by Fitz Hugh Ludlow; Our Last Day in Dixie, some facts and more fancy, by Edmund Kirke, the ambassador to Richmond of Col. Jaques; and the Vanishers, by Whittier; The Process of Sculpture, by Miss Hosmer; On Translating the Divine Commedia, by Longfellow; Bryant's Seventieth Birthday, by Holmes; and We are a Nation, a political article by Trowbridge, the Atlantic wouldn't be the Atlantic without a political article, and its political article, couldn't be political without being intensely partisan, and knowing this readers must not complain.

The World has put on a new dress, and presents as clean and attractive an appearance as a fashionably garbed belle or beau. This fact—the cost of type considered—is evidence that the labors of The World in the cause of Democracy, during the late campaign, have been properly appreciated.

We have received the December number of the Ladies Repository. It has a very beautiful landscape engraving, "Sunset in the White Mountains," a finely executed steel portrait of Rev. Adam Poo, a table of contents, varied, interesting, instructive, and refining. We know of no magazine with equal claims for admission to the family circle.

The Nov. number of Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine has the following papers: My Latest Vacation Excursion—Part I., Tony Butler—Part XIV., Enoch Arden, The History of Our Lord, Cornelius O'Dowd upon Men and Women and other things in General—Part X., Bunting on Compulsion, The Three-foot Rule, General McClellan, \$3 a year; with the four Reviews, \$10. Address: L. Scott & Co., 38 Walker Street, New York.

The December number of the American Monthly Knickerbocker has a very readable list of papers, covering a wide-range of literature. The Knickerbocker employs an able staff of writers, and that should equally commend it to an intelligent public, is that they are of the conservative school, and contribute to make a magazine not devoted to all shades of radicalism.

We have had the pleasure of examining the engraving, "Home on a Furlough," advertised in another column, and to say that it is worthy the burin of JOHN SARATIN is all that is needed of our pen, except that the painter, in design and execution, has produced a work fit for the eminent engraver Mr. POWELL is now canvassing our city.

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A GOOD TREE IS KNOWN BY ITS FRUIT. So is a good Physician by his Successful Works. PROFESSOR R. J. LYONS, THE GREAT AND CELEBRATED PHYSICIAN OF THE THROAT, LUNGS AND CHEST. Known all over the country as the Celebrated INDIAN HERB DOCTOR!

On the 13th and 14th inst., on the same date of and every subsequent month, 1862 and 1863, A NEAT PAMPHLET OF THE life, study and extensive travels of Dr. Lyons can be procured by all who desire to be free of charge.

Excitement in Piano Fortes! WM. B. BRADBURY'S New Scale Pianos In the Ascendant!!! Seven first premiums awarded in four weeks over every competitor.

A VERY LARGE AND attractive Stock of Foreign and Domestic DRY GOODS! now opened at J. H. MAYNARD'S, consisting of

IRISH POPLINS, French and English Merinos, DELAINES, FANCY PLAIDS, Cloths and Cassim'es, FLANELS, PRINTS, Bleached and Brown Sheetings, DENIMS, TICKINGS, Blankets, &c., &c. and a choice stock of

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILROAD. Trains now leave the station in this city as follows: WEST. Mail, 9:40 A. M. Day Express, 12:20 P. M. Dexter Accommodation, 5:50 " Evening Express, 7:10 " Night Express, 1:15 A. M.

THE GREAT PANIC! in NEW YORK, and consequently can be sold much lower than those who made their purchases early in the season.

All kinds of PRODUCE taken in EXCHANGE for GOODS as usual. J. H. MAYNARD. Ann Arbor, Oct. 31st, 1864.

A LECTURE TO YOUNG MEN. Just Published in a Sealed Envelope. Price Six Cents.

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THE NEW STORE! FALL & WINTER STYLES! HATS, CAPS AND FURS, LADIES' MISSES' & CHILDREN'S HATS, Umbrellas, Parasols, Canes, &c., &c.

OUR CHINAMAN STILL LIVES. And continues to furnish that unrivaled quality of TEA always found at the People's Store. Lovers of good Tea will please try a sample OF OUR NEW TEA.

For Cash! The subscriber has just opened an entire New and Desirable Stock in the above list, at the store formerly occupied by A. P. MILLS & CO., Main Street, and respectfully invites the attention of the Citizens of ANN ARBOR and VICINITY to his stock, when making their Fall and Winter Selections in this line.

WASHTENAW COUNTY MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY. Office over Noble & Rider's Boot and Shoe Store, Huron Street, Ann Arbor, Office open on Saturday six weeks.

MILLER, DAVIS & WEBSTER BANKERS. Agents for the sale of 10-40 U. S. BONDS, 7 3-10 Treasury Notes, Interest 6 Per Cent Compound LEGAL TENDER NOTES.

A SPLENDID PIANO FORTE! For a Moderate Price!!! VOSE'S new and improved PIANO surpasses anything now made for GREAT DURABILITY!

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DR. WRIGHT'S REJUVENATING ELIXIR! OR, ESSENCE OF LIFE, Prepared from Pure Vegetable Extracts containing nothing injurious to the most delicate.

HOPE! HOPE! HOPE! Sugar! Sugar! A small lot of LOW PRICED SUGAR. FISH—Codfish, Whitefish, Trout, Mackerel, Herring, &c.

A Good Clothes Wringer. Saves time! Saves money! Saves strength! Saves health! Saves hiring help! Saves weak wrists! Saves burning hands!

JOHN BROWN'S KNAPSACK Was strapped upon his back, and when opened was found to contain a Pot of Dr. Billington's Big Eucalypti.

ALL KINDS OF PILLS, it not only treats directly for the Piles but is a certain cure for Dyspepsia and Liver Complaints, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, &c.

GO TO THE CHEAP STORE! And see the New Goods. The VENETIAN DYE is the cheapest in the world—its price only fifty cents per gallon, but contains double the quantity of dye in these usually sold for \$1.00.

DRESS GOODS! PUTNAM'S CLOTHES WRINGER! The ONLY reliable self-adjusting Wringer. NO WOOD-WORK TO SWELL OR SHRINK. NO THUMB-SCREWS TO GET OUT OF ORDER.

FURNISHING GOODS, CASSIMERES, Cloth, Satinets, &c., DOMESTICS, SHOES, HATS & CAPS, Crockery, GROCERIES, &c., Are to be had without regard to present Eastern Prices.

THE BEST QUALITY direct from Baltimore, in any quantity desired, and warranted fresh and new every time and at the lowest prices.

Oysters! Oysters!! THE BEST QUALITY direct from Baltimore, in any quantity desired, and warranted fresh and new every time and at the lowest prices.

Taken Up. Came into the possession of the subscriber about the first of September, one BRIMLEY BULL, spotted black, about a year and a half old.

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Husks vs. Feathers.

A visitor is a little curious to know what those women and girls in short frocks and pants are going to do, who are this moment seen crossing the lawn in single order, towards the New Barn, with clean white pillow-cases in hand?

Reader, did you ever sleep on a husk bed? No! Then let me say to you confidentially, that a husk bed is according to my experience and judgment for many years, just the nicest and cleanest thing in the world to sleep upon.

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At length the last knot is tied, the last kiss is given, and Mrs. Smith, anxiously looking at her watch, stumbles over the hem of her dress into the coach, beseeching the driver to hurry.

How to Preserve Scions. C. C. Hatch of Iseh'a, N. Y., who has followed grafting over forty years, says:—I cut my scions in February. I then take resin with a little oil or tallow to reduce it, as clear resin is apt to crumble off.

To Prevent Wet Feet. A writer in the "Mechanic's Magazine" says:—I have had three pairs of boots for the last six years, and think I will not require any more for the next six years to come.

How to Cure BEE.—Editor Marshall's Expounder, when you publish the following Recipe for curing bees; to every family it is worth the price of your paper one year!

Our gunboats in Mobile Bay shell the city, it is said, three hours every day. Ottawa is to be the capital of the Canadian Confederation.

One silver mine in Nevada yields 2,000 ounces a day. Monticello, the former residence of Thomas Jefferson, was sold at auction, in Dixie, under the sequestration act, for \$80,000.

Deen Swift, hearing of a carpenter falling through the scaffolding of a house he was repairing, dryly remarked that "he had got thro' his work promptly."

Women as Travelers.

It is a very small matter for John Smith to take a journey of six or eight hundred miles. He rushes home from his counting-room, office, or work-shop, fifteen minutes before the train leaves, bids Mrs. S. put a clean shirt or two in his valise, takes a cold luncheon, kisses the children all round, and perhaps their mother, strides to the station, goes in at one end just as the engine is puffing out at the other, waits leisurely till the end of the last car is opposite him, throws his valise on the platform, grasps the railing, vaults lightly upon the steps, and in a half a minute is talking unconcernedly with Mr. Jones, who has probably gone through the same performance during the last half hour.

But if Mrs. John Smith wishes to pay a ten day's visit to her mother, sixty miles away, a fortnight is not too much time to devote to preparations. Her wardrobe is to be thoroughly overhauled; dresses selected, bought, made; a dressmaker consequently to be hunted up and engaged; old skirts adjusted to new basques; collars mended, whitened, and clear-starched; Mr. Smith's shirts, stockings and handkerchiefs placed where he can lay his hands on them blunderfolded, for no Smith ever yet conceived the idea of lifting up one thing to find another under it; the various strata of rocks being tilted, the genus Smith seems to have imbibed the opinion that bureau drawers should be arranged on the same plan. Then there are the children to be seen to, the marketing to be arranged, Bridget to be admonished, and everything in general wound up to go ten days without stopping or derangement.

Consequently, when the appointed morning comes, and with it the appointed coach, Mrs. Smith is not quite ready. With her cheeks flushed, and no collar, she gives hurried directions, ties up brown paper packages with nervous trembling fingers, which packages no sooner receive the final jerk than they are discovered to be bursting out at both ends; scatters the young folks higher and thither, running down all who are not agile enough to get out of the way, and is only restrained from scolding outright by a dim vision of plunges down embankments, butting against opposing engines, splintered bridges, flying axles, and life long separation from beloved ones, to which a railroad journey now-a-days renders one so fearfully liable.

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THE ROOTS AND THE LEAVES

Will be for the Healing of the Nations.

Prof. R. J. LYONS, THE GREAT AND CELEBRATED PHYSICIAN OF THE THROAT, LUNGS, HEART, LIVER AND THE BLOOD.

Known all over the country as the CELEBRATED INDIAN HERB DOCTOR.

OF 232 Superior Street, CLEVELAND, Ohio.

Will visit the following places, viz: APPOINTMENTS FOR 1862, 1863 and 1864.

Prof. R. J. Lyons can be consulted at the following places every month, viz:

DETROIT, Russell House, each month, 14th and 15th, Ann Arbor, Monitor House, each month, 20th.

ANN ARBOR, Hubbard House, each month, 21st. AUSTIN, Brackett House, each month, 22nd.

TOLSON, Ohio, Collins House, each month, 24th, 25th, and 26th.

THE INDIAN, Mich., Hillside House, each month, 27th. Coldwater, Mich., Southern Michigan House, each month, 28th.

ANN ARBOR, Mich., Hillside House, each month, 29th. South Bend, Ind., St. Jo. Ho., each month, 30.

LAFAYETTE, Ind., Ten Garden Ho. use, each month, 31st. WOODSTOCK, Ohio, Grand Exchange, each month, 7th and 8th.

MANSFIELD, Ohio, Wier House, each month, 9th and 10th.

MT. VERNON, Kenyon House, each month, 11th and 12th.

NEWARK, Ohio, Helton House, each month, 13th and 14th.

PAINEVILLE, Ohio, Cowles House, each month, 14th.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, RESERVE, AND OFFICE, 282 SUPERIOR STREET.

East of the public square, opposite the Postoffice. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 12 M. and from 2 P. M. to 4 P. M. On Sunday from 10 A. M. and 1 to 2 P. M.

Prof. Lyons strictly adheres to the following principles:—I give such balms as have no strife, With nature or the laws of life, With blood they have no never stain, Nor poison men to ease their pain.

He is a physician indeed, who Cures, The Inflammation of the Throat, Lungs, Heart, Liver, Stomach, Dropsy in the Chest, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Pits, or Falling Sickness, and all other nervous derangements. Also all diseases of the Blood, such as Scrofula, Erysipelas, Cancer, Fever Sore, Leprosy, and all other complicated chronic complaints.

All forms of female difficulties attended to with the happiest results.

It is hoped that no one will despair of a cure until they have tried the Doctor's Medicines.

During the Doctor's travels in Europe, West India, South America, and the United States, he has been the instrument in God's hand, to restore to health and vigor thousands who were given up and pronounced incurable by the most eminent school physicians; nay, more, thousands who were on the verge of death, are now living monuments to the Indian Herb Doctor's skill and successful treatment, and are daily exclaiming: "Blessed be the day when first we saw and partook of the Indian Herb Doctor's medicine."

Satisfactory references of cures will be gladly and cheerfully given to any who request it.

The Doctor pledges his word and honor, that he will in no wise, directly or indirectly, induce or cause any invalid to take his medicine without the strongest probability of a cure.

Notice of examination, which is entirely different from the usual one, and is necessary to discern diseases by the eye. He therefore asks no questions, nor does he require patient to explain symptoms. Call one invalid to take his medicine without the strongest probability of a cure.

The poor shall be attended to gratis.

Postoffice address, Box 102, R. J. LYONS, M. D., Cleveland, Ohio, Nov. 25, 1862.



O. BLISS

Would take this method of informing his old friends and patrons and others who may know him with his patronage, that he has greatly enlarged his

Stock and Assortment!

and having adopted the CASH SYSTEM BOTH IN BUYING & SELLING

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

AMERICAN AND OTHER Watches!

The Celebrated SETH THOMAS CLOCKS!

Fine Jewelry Sets, GOLD CHAINS, TABLE AND POCKET CUTLERY!

Reasers, Shavers, Scissors and Brushes, RUBBER PLATED WARE, the best in market.

Gold Pens, Steel Pens, Pencils, PAPER AND ENVELOPES,

Musical Instruments, Strings & Books for Instruments, SPECTACLES, of Gold, Silver, Steel, and Plated, with PERISCOPIC GLASS,

a superior article.

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

Particular attention to the REPAIRING of all kinds of fine Watches, such as Making and Setting new Jewels, Pinsions, Staffs, and Cylinders, Also CLOCKS, & JEWELRY neatly repaired and warranted, at his old stands at side of Main Street.

C. BLISS.

Ann Arbor, Nov. 25, 1862.

GREAT, GREATER, GREATEST BARGAINS EVER OFFERED

1859. 1859.

In this City, are now being offered at the CHEAP, CLOCK, WATCH, & Jewelry Store.

Persons who wish to purchase any of the above mentioned articles, should call at the store of the undersigned, who has imported DIRECTLY from EUROPE.

Tremendous Stock of Watches!

All of which he binds himself to sell CHEAPER than can be bought west of New York City.

I have also the CELEBRATED AMERICAN WATCHES,

which I will sell for 35c. Every Watch warranted to perform well, or the money refunded.

Jewelry, Clocks, Plated Ware, Fancy Goods, Musical Instruments and Strings, Cutlery, &c., and in fact a variety of everything usually kept in Jewellers stores can be bought for the next thirty days at

OWN PRICES!

Persons buying anything at this well known establishment at our low prices, should be satisfied, as we are prepared to make any repairs or alterations on any Watches, repairing of Clocks and Jewelry as usual. Also the manufacturing of RINGS, BROOCHES, or anything desired, from California Gold on short notice. Engraving in all branches executed with neatness and dispatch.

J. C. WATTS.

Dissolution Notice.

THE FIRM OF CHAPIN, WOOD & CO., was dissolved January 16, 1863, by mutual consent. C. A. Chapin and A. B. Wood will settle the accounts of the firm.

C. A. CHAPIN, A. B. WOOD, V. CHAPIN, K. WELLS.

Ann Arbor, June 24, 1863.

Partnership.

THE UNDERSIGNED entered into partnership Jan. 10, 1863, by the firm name of Chapin & Co., and will continue the business of manufacturing printing and engraving paper.

C. A. CHAPIN, N. CHAPIN, V. CHAPIN, N. CHAPIN, Ann Arbor, June 24, 1863.

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BANNER HAT STORE!

G O T O S. G. TAYLOR'S

Before you buy, Spring and Summer styles of HATS, CAPS, STRAW GOODS!

GENTS' Furnishing Goods, &c.

Ann Arbor, April 20th, 1864.

EMPIRE BOOK STORE!

Having purchased J. R. WEBSTER'S stock of Books and Stationery, I shall endeavor to keep a constant supply of

SCHOOL BOOKS, TEXT BOOKS!

MEDICAL & LAW BOOKS, STANDARD AND MISCELLANEOUS WORKS,

which will be sold at the LOWEST CASH PRICE.

Also ALBUMS, GOLD PENS, SHEET MUSIC and a superior quality of WALL PAPER!

and everything usually kept in a well conducted Book Store. Opposite Franklin House.

G. W. SNOVER.

Ann Arbor, June, 1864.

Rifle Factory!

Beutler & Traver,

(Successors to A. J. Sutherland,) Manufacturers of and Dealers in Guns, Pistols, Ammunition, Flasks, Pouches, Game Bags, and Every other article in that line.

All kinds of REPAIRING done at the shortest notice, and in the best manner. KEYS.

A full assortment always kept on hand and made order.

Shop corner Main and Washington Streets, Ann Arbor, Oct. 8, 1862.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL INSURANCE COMPANY

Kalamazoo, Mich.

Insures against Loss of Damage by Fire or Light only.

CHARTER PERPETUAL.

Guarantee Capital, by State Authority, \$300,000.00.

DIRECTORS: J. P. KENNEDY, MARSH GIDDINGS, A. P. MILLS, GEO. W. SNYDER, S. D. ALLEN, GEO. W. ALLEN.

OFFICERS: J. P. Kennedy, Pres. T. P. Sheldon, Vice. Pr. Geo. W. Snyder, Sec., A. P. Mills Treas., H. E. Hoyt Ass't Sec., S. D. Allen, Gen. Agt.

NEW FIRM!!

GRUNER & SEYLER

WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALERS IN TOBACCO, CIGARS, Merschaum Pipes, &c.

We, the undersigned, beg leave to inform the CITIZENS OF ANN ARBOR and vicinity, that we have this day established a Tobacco and Cigar business in this place, one door North of the Franklin Block, Main Street, where we shall always keep a full assortment of the best qualities of

SMOKING & CHEWING TOBACCO!

as also a large and choice selection of the best brands of CIGARS!

PIPES, (Merschaum, Briar and Rose-wood), CIGAR HOLDERS, INDIA RUBBER POUCHES, SNUFF & CIGAR BOXES.

Will be found with us of all kinds and of Parties to SUPPLY OURS.

We sell all of the above mentioned articles and many others which belong to our line of trade at the lowest possible rate for cash.

Please call and examine.

N. B.—Sign—Square with cigar box, one door north of the Franklin Block.

GRUNER & SEYLER, Ann Arbor, May 24, 1864.

CLOTHING AT JUST OPENING!

M. GUTERMAN & CO'S!

Having just returned from East with a large stock of SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS!

We invite all our old friends and customers to come and examine our stock of CLOTHS CASSIMERES & VESTINGS.

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. Guterman & Co's, There you will find things exactly SO.

SONDHEIM always ready to take your measure, GUTERMAN 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 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.

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 APPAREL From SHIRTS to UMBRELLAS.

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

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

P. BACH

That a new and complete STOCK OF SPRING GOODS

bought before the recent GREAT RISE IN GOLD!

Which will be Sold FOR CASH ONLY, AT THE LOWEST MARKET PRICES!

Call and See!

Ann Arbor, April, 1864.

COSTAR'S VERMIN EXTERMINATORS

For Rats, Mice, Roaches, Ants, Bed Bugs, Moths in Furs, Woolen, &c., Insects on Plants, Fowls, Animals, &c.

Put up in 25c. 50c. and \$1.00 Boxes, Bottles, and Flasks. \$5 and \$5 boxes for Hotels, Resorts, Institutions, &c.

"Only infallible remedies known." "Free from Poisons." "Not dangerous to the Human Family." "Does not come out of their holes to die."

Sold Wholesale in all large cities.

Sold by all Druggists and Retailers everywhere.

Hold nowhere else of all worth less imitations.

See that "COSTAR'S" name is on each Box, Bottle, and Flask, before you buy.

Address: HENRY B. COSTAR, 425 Broadway, New York.

Sold by all Wholesale and Retail Druggists in Ann Arbor, Michigan.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Diseases of the Nervous, Seminal, Urinary and Sexual Systems—new and reliable treatment—in reports of the HOWARD ASSOCIATION—Sent by mail in sealed letter envelopes, free of charge. Address: Dr. J. SKILLIN HOUGHTON, Howard Association, No. 2 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

1863.

Brownell & Perrin, GEN'L COMMISSION MERCHANTS, 183 South Water Street, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Dealers in Grain, Flour, Provisions, Seeds, Green and Dried Fruits, Cider, &c.

References: Preston, Willard & Keen, Chicago. S. Botsford & Co., Ann Arbor, Mich.

Particular attention given to the sale of Green and Dried Fruits, Cider, &c.

Orders for the purchase of Clover and Timothy Seed, Cut-Mounts, &c., promptly attended to if accompanied with cash or satisfactory reference.

929 St.

JUST OPENING!

The largest Stock and best assortment of CABINET FURNITURE?

ever brought to this city, including TETE-A-TETES, SOFAS, LOUNGES, BED ROOM SETS, CENTER TABLES, BUREAUS, CHAIRS, Looking Glasses, Gilt Frames and Mouldings, COFFINS, METALIC CASES, &c., &c.,

and all other goods kept in the best and largest houses in the country. We receive second hand furniture of every description. Goods kept constantly on hand, and made to order. My goods are offered at

THE LOWEST CASH PRICES

N. B. I must have money, and respectfully request those indebted, to call and fix up their old matters without delay.

O. M. MARTIN, Ann Arbor, Oct. 6, 1863.

RISDON & HENDERSON

Have the BUCKEYE GRAIN DRILL, and Grass Seed Sower,

Manufactured at Springfield, Ohio, and the VERY LATEST IMPROVEMENT, and better than all others; adapted to sowing Wheat, Rye, Oats, Barley and Grass Seed.

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 Hoos.

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."