

The Weekly Michigan Argus.

Vol. XIX.

ANN ARBOR, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1864.

No. 988.

The Michigan Argus.

Published every Friday morning, in the third story of the brick block, corner of Main and Huron Sts. ANN ARBOR, Mich. Entrance on Huron Street, opposite the Franklin.

ELIHU B. POND, Editor and Publisher.

Terms, \$3.00 a Year in Advance.

Advertising.—One square (12 lines or less), one week, three weeks \$1.50; and 25 cents for every insertion thereafter, less than three months. One square 3 mos \$4.00 Quarter col. 1 year \$20 One square 6 mos 6.00 Half column 6 mos 30 One square 1 year 9.00 Half column 1 year 35 One square 3 mos 3.00 One column 6 mos 25 One square 6 mos 6.00 One column 1 year 40 Two squares 1 year 12.00 One column 1 year 60

Advertisements in Directory, not to exceed four lines, \$4.00 a year.

Advertisements to the extent of a quarter column, regularly through the year, will be admitted to have their terms in Directory without extra charge.

Advertisements unaccompanied by written or verbal directions will be published until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

Legal advertisements, first insertion, 50 cents per line, 25 cents per line for each subsequent insertion. When a postscript is added to an advertisement the whole will be charged the same as for first insertion.

Job Printing.—Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Circulars, Cards, Ball Tickets, Labels, Blanks, Bill Heads, and other varieties of Plain and Fancy Job Printing, executed with promptness, and at the lowest prices. We have a large variety of the latest styles of Card type which enables us to print cards of all kinds in the neatest and most elegant manner. Business cards for men of all professions and professions, Bill, Wedding and Visiting Cards, printed on short notice. Call and see samples.

BOOK BINDING.—Connected with the Office is a Book Binding in charge of two competent workmen. County Records, Ledgers, Journals, and all Blank Books made to order, and of the best stock. Pamphlets and Periodicals bound in a neat and durable manner, at Detroit prices. Entrance to Bindery through the Argus office.

Business Directory.

J. C. WATTS & BRO.

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

C. BLISS.

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

C. H. MILLEN.

DEALER in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, &c. &c. Main Street, Ann Arbor.

PHILIP BACH.

DEALER in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots & Shoes, &c., Main St., Ann Arbor.

GEORGE W. SNOVER.

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

RIDSON & HENDERSON.

DEALERS in Hardware, Stoves, house furnishing goods, Tin Ware, &c., &c., New Block, Main St.

GEO. PRAY, M. D.

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

S. G. TAYLOR.

DEALER in Hats, Caps, Fur, Robes, Gents' Furnishings, Gaiters, &c. Main St. 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. 8854

GEORGE FISCHER.

MEAT MARKET.—Huron Street.—General dealer in Fresh and Salt Meats, Beef, Mutton, Pork, Hams, Sausages, Lard, Tallow, &c., &c.

HIRAM J. BEAKES.

ATTORNEY and Counselor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery. Office in City Hall 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. GUTERMAN & CO.

WHOLESALE and Retail Dealers and Manufacturers of Ready-Made Clothing, Importers of Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, &c., No. 5, Phoenix Block, Main St.

WM. WAGNER.

DEALER in Ready-Made Clothing, Cloths, Cassimeres, Hats, and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Crockery, &c., Main Block, Main Street.

SLAWSON & SON.

GROCERIES, Provision and Commission Merchants, and Dealers in Water, Land, and Plaster, and Plaster of Paris, one door east of Cook's Hotel.

J. M. SCOTT.

AMBIOTYPE and Photograph Artist, in the rooms at East Campion's Clothing store, Phoenix Block. Perfect satisfaction given.

C. B. PORTER.

QUINCY BENTLEY, Office Corner of Main and Huron Streets, over Bank & Pierce's Store. All calls promptly attended to. Apr 1859

MACK & SCHMID.

DEALERS in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Crockery, &c., Corner of Main and Liberty Sts.

SPAFFORD & DODSLEY.

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

ANDREW BELL.

DEALER in Groceries, Provisions, Flour, Produce, &c., &c., corner Main and Washington Streets, Ann Arbor. The highest market prices paid for country produce. 886

I. O. O. F.

WATERLOO 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. 886

M. C. STANLEY,

Photographic Artist. Corner Main and Huron Streets, Ann Arbor, Mich. PHOTOGRAPHS, AMBIOTYPES, &c., &c., in the latest styles, and every effort made to give satisfaction. 886

D. DeFOREST.

WHOLESALE and retail dealer in Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Sash, Doors, Blinds, Water-Lime, Grand Rapids Plaster, Plaster Paris, and Nails of all sizes. A full and perfect assortment of the above, and all other building materials constantly on hand at the lowest possible rates, on Detroit St., a few rods from the Railroad Depot. Also operating extensively in the "Best Cement Roofing."

GRANGER & FINLEY, ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW, Collecting and Land Agents.

OFFICE OVER DONNELLY'S STORE, HURON STREET, B. F. GRANGER, & Ann Arbor, Mich. H. H. FINLEY, Jan. 28, 1864. 141tf

FOR SALE!

NEW GROVER & BAKER SEWING MACHINE. A NEW SINGER MACHINE, either Family or Manufacturing pattern. Apply at THE ARGUS OFFICE.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

THE THREE WEEPERS.

BY HORATIUS BONAR, D. D.

Sorrow weeps!

And drowns its bitterness in tears!

My child of sorrow

Weeps out the fullness of thy passionate grief,

And drowns in tears

The bitterness of lonely years.

God give the rain and sunshine mild,

And both are best my child!

Joy weeps!

And overflows its banks with tears:

My child of joy.

Weep out the gladness of thy pent heart,

And let thy glistening eyes

Run over in their ecstatics;

Life needs joy; but from on high

Descends what cannot die!

Love weeps!

And feeds its silent life with tears;

My child of love.

Pour out the riches of thy yearning heart,

And, like the air of even,

Give and take back the dew of heaven,

And let that longing heart of thine

Feed upon thy love divine.

Interesting Anecdotes.

In our clippings from our exchanges

we have come upon several interesting

anecdotes of celebrated personages, which

we republish in this form. The first is

of John Howard Paine, the author of

Home, Sweet Home.—John Howard

Paine, the author of the sweetest song,

embracing the purest sentiments, ever

penned by man. How many sweet

homes are cheered by this song, and how

many turn to home and its fond remem-

brances as they hear it when absent. I

have heard it in the far west, in the

sunny south, and never without feelings

of deep sympathy for its author, for he

had no home! I knew him well, and

when he was first appointed Consul at

Tunis, he was a constant visitor at my

house. He was poor and complained of

neglect. I well remember of an evening

singing 'Home, Sweet Home.' We

stopped under a window, and at the con-

clusion he gave a hearty sigh and re-

marked,—"How little they know of the

author, who has no sweet home."

The next concerns Chas. Lamb:

"Lamb once convulsed a company with

an anecdote of Coleridge, which, without

doubt he hatched in his box-loving

brain. 'I was,' he said, 'going from my

house at Enfield to the East India House

one morning, when I met Coleridge on

his way to pay me a visit. He was brim-

ful of some new idea, and, in spite of my

assuring him that time was precious, he

drew me within the gate of an unoccu-

pied garden by the roadside, and there,

sheltered from observation by a hedge of

evergreens, he took me by the button of

my coat, and closing his eyes, com-

menced an eloquent discourse, waving

his right hand gently as the musical

words flowed in an unbroken stream from

his lips. I listened entranced; but the

striking color recalled me to a sense of

duty. I saw it was of no use to attempt

to break away; so, taking advantage of

his absorption in his subject, and, with

my penknife, quietly severing my button

from my coat, I decamped. Five hours

afterwards, in passing the same garden,

on my way home, I heard Coleridge's

voice; and on looking in, there he was

with closed eyes, the button in his fin-

gers, and the right hand gracefully wa-

ving, just as when I left him. He had

never missed me."

A third we found in one of our State

exchanges in an obituary notice of the

late Deacon Eben Bartholomew, who

died recently in the township of Crocker-

ry, in Ottawa county. The notice says:

"He was a man of great decision of

character, and always maintained en-

tire control over himself. One or two

instances will illustrate this. Many

years ago he was at work with his son at

the bench, and took a pinch of snuff.

His son said, 'Father, it seems to me

you will injure yourself taking so much

snuff.' He at once took the box from

his pocket, without a word, laid it upon

a beam, and never touched it again.

The writer of this once dined at his son's

house, and had a seat next to him at the

table. He was then an old man of

eighty. Observing that he took no tea,

I remarked: 'It is very unusual for

persons of your age to decline a cup of

tea.' Said he, 'I shall never drink a

cup of tea again while it remains so

high.' (Naming the price.) 'But do

you not feel the need of it?' 'Sir,' said

he, with emphasis, 'I AM A MAN—

and will have no habits that I can not

control at will!' Down deep in my heart

I said, 'That is MANHOOD!'

In the chapter entitled 'The Mys-

teries of the Ballet,' in a recently pub-

lished work on theatrical and operatic

matters, we have an anecdote of a young

girl whose father was her instructor, and

who used to look her and herself in the

room where she received her lessons, so

that he might not be overcome by the

importunity of his wife, imploring him

to spare their daughter. After a two

hours lesson she would fall exhausted on

the carpet, and lie there till she was un-

deressed, sponged and resuscitated, being

all the time in a state of insensibility.

Her father had determined, cost what it

might, that his daughter should be the

first in her profession. Such she be-

came; for was she not Taglioni?

A fifth anecdote we find in an Eng-

lish paper. Its substance is as follows:

The late Dean Buckland is said to have

been so intimately acquainted with the

properties of all the geological formations

of England, that being one night be-
lated, and not knowing where he was, he al-
ighted from his horse, took up a clod of earth
and tasted it. He immediately exclaimed,
"An 'Uxbridge'!" and proceeded on his
journey.

A last one concerns the celebrated
Lord Brougham. There is an anecdote
circulated that he was met leaving the
House by a brother Peer, who had two
very beautiful girls on his arm. "Sorry
to see you leave," was the remark, "as

The Michigan Argus.

ANN ARBOR, FRIDAY, DEC. 23, 1864.

From our Foreign Correspondence.

THE ASCENT OF THE AEGGISH-HORN.

Hotel de Glacier de Rhone, Sept. 27th, 1864.

The Aeggish-horn is accessible from

Viesch, a village in the valley of the

Rhone. Two hours distance from its

summit, an enterprising host has estab-

lished an hotel, and, notwithstanding the

difficulties of transporting supplies up a

steep mountain side, one has there every

accommodation of a city house. The

Aeggish-horn stands in a position to com-

mand a view both far and near, and has

become the resort of those of the travel-

ing public who like a little romance—a

little real mountain work—and are not

satisfied always to follow the well beaten

paths over the mountains. One meets

in Switzerland three kinds of voyagers:

first, those who are content with riding

merely over some of the easy passes of

the Alps, (generally Americans); second-

ly, those who love to turn aside and

climb such a mountain as the Aeggish-

horn, (among whom are a host of English

ladies); and thirdly, the bold, hardy ad-

venturers, like some of the English Al-

pine-Club, who think it fun to master

Mont Blanc, or stand upon some snow-

capped summit heretofore unknown, or

venture where the Swiss guide trembles

to follow. As the most of these hazard-

ous ascents are made only for *la gloire*,

(the views from other more accessible

points being grander and more extensive),

and as we were not then aspirants for

Alpine Club honors, we put ourselves in

the second category of voyagers, and de-

termined to ascend the Aeggish-horn.

When we left the valley the sun was

making its way now and then between

heavy and fast flying clouds. The mo-

ment after a storm is always the finest

for mountain views, and hence we set out

when the weather was thus unsettled.

The little foot-path conducted upward

through thick pine forests, turning in

zig zags ever and anon. Everything

went well enough at first, but when we

had ascended for an hour and a half, and

had reached several thousand feet above

the valley, then a colder atmosphere met

us, we began to feel the clouds which we

had seen merely from below, we became

enveloped in one of those winding sheets,

and found a storm of hail and snow our

welcomers. We left behind the forest

and emerged upon the open mountain

side, where no tree is hardy enough to

live. Then the storm was more difficult

to face; we looked earnestly forward to

catch a glimpse of the hotel—our light-

We extract from Gail Hamilton's new book, "The New Atmosphere," its three closing passages:

"O sweet my friend, hastening with happy steps to your marriage-morn, O my poet, singing under your Hawthorn-tree the song that never can grow old, am I then a bird of evil omen? Does it thunder towards the left as I pass by? Be not so credulous. I take no lustre from the golden bright day that lies half hidden under the mild haze of September; but I would that fair day's light should shine as the brightness of the firmament for ever and ever. I breathe no blight upon the Hawthorn, no discord to the song; but I would the bloom of the one and the melody of the other would never die away. Dream, O maiden! your pleasant dream; sing, O poet! your happy songs; but while the flush of the sunrise is ruddy on your brows, think it not strange that I leave your sweet light and go down to them who are sitting in the region and shadow of death."

"Have I written this book? It is but the voice of a thousand aching hearts. Ten thousand dreary lives are wrought into its pages. It is the sorrow of just such hearts as yours, the disappointment of just such hopes, that have found a record here. The gloom that gathers on these leaves is gloom that hangs over paths just as fair as yours in their glad beginning. I feast my eyes on the beautiful temple of your promise, and I pray that you may go no more out of it forever; but I can not forget that all my life I have seen highway and byway strewn with the fragments of temples which in their magnificence of completeness must have been just as marvelous as yours. And being fully persuaded in my own mind that there is a way by which the wondrous edifice may be made as enduring as it is bright, shall I not proclaim it throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof, that the trumpet of the jubilee may sound? You shall not make the darkness your pavilion, because the world is hung with gloom; but neither shall you reckon it offence, if I cannot wholly rejoice in your light for thinking of the great multitudes who are sitting in a darkness which may be felt. To-day is lost, but it is not too late for the morrow. Wasted life can never be restored;

"Though every summer green the plain, This harvest cannot bloom again."

"Only beyond the grave can a new life spring into beauty, and the death of this be swallowed up in victory. But for the lives that have not yet been lavished, for the 'poor little maidens' of great-hearted Dr. Luther, for gentle Madelonchen, fiery young Lenore, merry Beatrice, skipping along their separate paths, each to her unknown womanhood, or walking already through its shadowy ways—how earnestly for them do we covet the best gift. But if they fail of this, shall not one show them how poor and false and mean is everything which offers itself instead; how sad were the exchange of an ideal good for a base reality; how fatal the disaster when the sacred torch pales before a grosser flame! So through these summer days, my little maid, when all sweet summer sounds but echo to you the music of one low voice, add to the happy thought within your heart the happiest thought of all. There shall come a day when the same sky that bends in blessing above your heads shall bend—no cloud to darken but only to adorn, no fog to hide, but only mist-wreaths to deck its blue—soft, serene, and beautiful, above an earth purified by the same love, which makes to you all things pure. Through that new atmosphere, my poet, the tuneful voices of your song shall go, wakening all the woods to melody, summoning shy responses from the ever-charmed hills, ringing out over the listening waters, gushing and gathering sweetness where ever a human heart throbs; till earth, all a quiver with their place among the stars, and raise again her happy voice in the unforgetting music of the spheres."

The Piano Mania.

"There is no social disease so wide-spread, so virulent, and so fatal in its attack, as the piano mania. Before a girl is born, now-a-days, she is destined to sit and extract dreadful screechings and wailings from some unhappy instrument for at least ten years of her natural life. No question as to whether she possesses an ear, and no consideration for the ears of other people, is permitted to interfere with the decree, which is as irrevocable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, that 'Kaly' or 'Luency', as the case may be, 'must play the piano.' The poor thing may be a natural born housekeeper, with a genius for sweeping and dusting, washing and baking, but with no more perception of chords and cadences than of the music of the spheres. Still she will not be permitted to follow her natural bent, because it is so horribly vulgar. She will be wept over, scolded and fretted at, and any lazy, feeble sister or cousin, held up as an example of gentility."

"To be able to play the piano in company is the sine qua non of many foolish, fond mothers' hopes, who look back with regret on their own limited chances of education, and are apt, therefore, to sadly overrate the value of what are called accomplishments. Playing the piano is doubtless a very good thing when it is well done, and by a person who possesses musical taste; but otherwise it is only a torture for a sensitive ear to listen to it. Jingle, jingle, jingle! thump, thump, thump! Who has not shivered and winced, and tried to appear amiable, through the interminable hours of a small evening party, while some youthful tormentor, harassed into the display by stupid friends, was vigorously pounding out a miscellaneous assortment of battles and marches, songs and quadrilles, waltzes and operas, without the slightest notion concerning them, except that certain keys in the piano correspond to certain notes in the book?

"Excepting for evening parlor dances,

the piano should never be played without the accompaniment of a voice, unless by a Thalberg; and, even then, only a few will be found to exercise enthusiastically for the mere science or grace of execution. And it is this true of a professor in the art, how much pleasure is it supposed can be obtained from hearing the monotonous and spasmodic thumping of a girl whose entire capacity for music has been scolded or cajoled into her, and who would much rather be employed in doing something else, even though it were sweeping and washing dishes?"

One of the Pictures.

A correspondent of the Chicago Journal relates the following interview of a federal foraging party with a Tennessee farmer:

"At another place we called on the owner, a man of over sixty years, well-saved, yet evidently much cast down and disheartened. He was polite, and answered all questions tediously. On being asked what he had to spare, he answered, 'Not much—indeed, nothing.' His wife and four children standing by him, said not a word, but the countenances of the whole group showed that the old man told the truth. 'Indeed, I have nothing, said he, what, with one army and another, campaigning through this part of Tennessee, they have stripped me of all I could spare and more too.' 'Have you no horses or mules?' asked the officer. 'Yes I have one mule, which is entirely broken down, it was left me by a trooper, who took my last horse in its stead. No beef cattle?'

"The next question, 'Not one?' was the answer. 'Any hogs?' 'Yes sir, I have four pigs which I had intended for winter's supply of meat.' Any negroes? asked the officer. 'No, not one, my servants all left me two or three months ago. I have not one on the place. I have to chop all my wood, and do all the outdoor work, and my wife and daughters do the indoors, what they can. Any corn or wheat?' 'No wheat, and only two or three barrels of corn,' was the reply. Let's see your mule? said the officer. It was brought up, and was as the old man had said. Show me those pigs, was the next demand. When he heard this, the old man could hardly speak—his hopes were almost at an end. He showed the pigs, however, they were no more than such a family would need, nor as much, in fact. The officer then kindly said: 'You may keep all these things, they will help you out, and can be of but little good to us, and gave the old man a "safe-guard," which might save his property from all future molestation from our troops. Three years ago, this man owned a large, well-stocked plantation, and a fine stud of horses—had cattle and hogs in plenty, with servants to come at his call, and corn to sell and to keep. Now he was sincerely thankful and much moved, that he spared him his four little shoats, his pittance of corn, and his old mare mule, with which he hoped to make a small crop next spring. He had been at his very door, he had seen it in all its relations, and knew that it was vigorously prosecuted."

Even.

Brick Pomeroy, of the La Crosse Democrat, takes the result of the election good naturedly, and makes out that the Democrats have done as well as the Abolitionists. He says:

"Nor so bad.—Election is over, and all who are sensible people will, once more be friends. The Republicans will say we abused them and their candidate. So we did. And they abused us and our candidate. Here we are even. They voted against us. We voted against them. Here again we are even. They spent time and money. So did we. Here again we are even. And besides it cost the Republicans more to elect their President than he will ever benefit them. Here we have the advantage. And again thousands who have worked for Old Abe—beautiful Abe, in hopes to be rewarded with office, will be disappointed and for years feel sore at heart. Here we have them again. And still again! They began this war—let them be responsible for its ending."

It is a bad time to swap horses when crossing a stream. Let us rather draw the horse. Make him carry his load through! The Republican party has disarranged our finances. Let it remedy them. Republicans are holding C. S. Bonds. Let them hold them! In four years from now one else will want! Republicans want to free the negro. Let them do it. They want to do the black cuss a kindness by sending him to war. All right. We can stand it. Here we are even. Republicans do not intend to go to the war. We do not intend to. Here we are even again! They won't go to the war. And we won't. Here again we are even with them. They intend to stay at home to watch copperheads. We intend to remain at home to watch them! Here we have them again. Over two millions of men in the North voted for McClellan. Quite a moderate band of brothers. Here we have them again."

Coolness.—Some years ago a celebrated doctor, a great admirer of music, was visiting the South and was petted in society. A fashionable lady friend of his had two pretty daughters who had just finished their education at a "boarding school" in this city. Our friend, the doctor, was invited to dine, and asked for his favorite tune, and he requested the fair performer to play the Duke of York's March. It was performed, but with such fine flourishes and variations, that he saw or heard but little or any of the Duke of York's March in it. He was again asked for his preference. Thinking that he was misunderstood in the first instance he again said, in a little louder voice:

"The Duke of York's March, madam!"

It was again performed as at first, but he still could not make out his favorite, the Duke of York's March. Upon being called upon the third time, he spoke very loud:

"Duke—of—York's—March!"

"Why, doctor, replied the lady, 'the Duke of York's March has been played twice to you.'"

"Well, well, said the doctor with great coolness, 'the young ladies have played it so well I would be delighted to hear it for a third time.'"

All the States of the Union are to be invited to furnish statues in marble or bronze, not exceeding two in number, of deceased citizens illustrious for their historic renown or distinguished civil or military service, to be placed in the National Hall, formerly occupied as the House of Representatives.

THE ROOTS AND THE LEAVES

Will be for the Healing of the Nations.

Prof. R. J. LYONS, D.D.,

THE GREAT AND CELEBRATED PHYSICIAN OF THE THERMAL, LUNGS, HEART, LIVER AND THE BLOOD.

Known all over the country as the

CELEBRATED

INDIAN HERB DOCTOR!

Of 282 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, 18th and 20th.

Ann Arbor, Monitor House, each month, 29th.

Jackson, Hubbard House, each month, 29th.

Adrian, Bracket House, each month, 24th and 25th.

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

Hillsdale, Mich., Hillsdale House, each month, 27th.

Goldensville, Mich., Southern Michigan House, each month, 28th.

Elkhart, Elkhart House, each month, 29th.

South Bend, Ind., St. Joe, each month, 30.

Lafayette, Ind., The Garden House, each month, 31st.

Wooner, Ohio, Crandell Exchange, each month, 1st and 2nd.

Mansfield, Ohio, Miller House, each month, 9th and 10th.

St. Vernon, Kenyon House, each month, 11th and 12th.

Newark, Ohio, Holton House, each month, 13th and 14th.

Cincinnati, Ohio, Cowles House, each month, 4th and 5th.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, RESIDENCE AND OFFICE, 282 SUPERIOR STREET.

East of the public square, opposite the Postoffice.

Office days each month, 1st, 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, and 31st.

On Sunday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Monday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Tuesday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Wednesday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Thursday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Friday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Saturday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Sunday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Monday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Tuesday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Wednesday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Thursday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Friday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Saturday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Sunday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Monday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Tuesday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Wednesday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Thursday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Friday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Saturday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Sunday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Monday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Tuesday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Wednesday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Thursday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Friday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Saturday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Sunday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Monday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Tuesday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Wednesday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Thursday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Friday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Saturday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Sunday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Monday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Tuesday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Wednesday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Thursday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Friday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Saturday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Sunday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Monday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Tuesday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Wednesday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Thursday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Friday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Saturday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Sunday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Monday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Tuesday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Wednesday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Thursday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Friday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Saturday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Sunday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Monday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Tuesday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Wednesday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Thursday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Friday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Saturday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Sunday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Monday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Tuesday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Wednesday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Thursday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Friday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Saturday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Sunday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Monday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Tuesday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Wednesday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Thursday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Friday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Saturday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

On Sunday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

BANNER

HAT STORE!

GO TO

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.

1960

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.

REPAIRING

done at the shortest notice, and in the best manner.

KEYS,

a full assortment always kept on hand and made order

at Shop corner Main and Washington streets.

Ann Arbor, Oct. 8, 1862.

73414

MICHIGAN CENTRAL

INSURANCE COMPANY

Kalamazoo, Mich.

Insures against Loss or Damage by Fire or

Lightning.

CHARTER PERPETUAL.

Guarantee Capital by State Authority,

\$800,000.00.

DIRECTORS:

J. P. KENNEDY, MARSH GIDDINGS,

A. P. MILLER, MARSH GIDDINGS,

S. D. ALLEN, GEO. W. SYDNER,

GEO. W. ALLEN,

OFFICERS: