

The Weekly Michigan Argus.

Vol. XX.

ANN ARBOR, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1865.

No. 997

The Michigan Argus.

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

ELI H. B. POND, Editor and Publisher.

Terms, \$3.00 a Year in Advance.

Advertising—One square (12 lines or less), one week, 15 cents; three weeks \$1.50; and 25 cents for every insertion thereafter, less than three months. For longer periods, by contract.

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Advertisements accompanied by written or printed instructions will be published until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

Legal advertisements, first insertion, 50 cents per line; subsequent insertions, 25 cents per line. For each subsequent insertion, this postage must be added to an advertisement of this kind, which will be charged the same.

Job Printing—Pamphlets, and Bills, Circulars, and Ball Tickets, Labels, Blanks, Bill Heads, and all kinds of plain and fancy job printing, executed promptly, and in the best style.

Cards—We have a Ruggles Rotary Card Press, and a large variety of the latest styles of Card type which can be printed in all kinds in the nearest and cheapest manner than any other house in the city. Business cards for men of all professions and professions, Ball, Wedding and Visiting Cards, printed on the best paper, and in the best style.

BOOK BINDING—Connected with the Office is a Book Binding Department, where all kinds of books, pamphlets, and documents are bound in the most durable manner, at the lowest prices. Entrance to Bindery through the Argus office. Call and see samples.

Business Directory.

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. &c. Main St., Ann Arbor.

GEORGE W. SNOVER.

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

RISDON & HENDERSON.

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

S. G. TAYLOR.

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

A. J. SUTHERLAND.

AGENT for the New York Life Insurance Company, 109 New York Street. Also has on hand a stock of insurance approved securities. 1865

GEORGE FISCHER.

DEALER in Market—Huron Street—General Dealer in Fresh and Salt Meats, Beef, Mutton, Pork, Hams, Butter, Lard, &c. &c. 1865

HIRAM J. BEAKES

TORNEY and Counselor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery. Office in City Hall Block, over Webster's last Store.

LEWITT & BREAKEY.

DRUGGISTS and SURGEONS. Office at the residence of Dr. Lewis, north side of Huron, two doors west of Division street.

M. GUTERMAN & CO.

DEALERS in Ready-Made Clothing, Importers of Cloths, Cassimeres, &c. &c. No. 9, Phoenix Block, Main St.

WM. WAGNER.

DEALER in Ready-Made Clothing, Cloths, Cassimeres, &c. &c. Vesting, Hats, Caps, Trunks, Carpet Bags, &c. &c. Main Street, Ann Arbor.

SLAWSON & SON.

DEALERS in Groceries and Commission Merchants, and Dealers in Water Lime, Lard, Plaster, and Plaster of Paris, and other articles of Groceries.

J. M. SCOTT.

PHOTOGRAPH and Photograph Artist, in the rooms of the Argus, over the Clothing Store, Phoenix Block. Perfection of work guaranteed.

C. B. PORTER.

DRY GOODS and Groceries. Office Corner of Main and Huron Streets, over the Clothing Store, Phoenix Block. All calls promptly attended to. April 1865

MACK & SCHMID.

DEALERS in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, and other articles. Office in Main and Liberty Sts.

SPAFFORD & DODSLEY.

MANUFACTURERS of all kinds of Cooper Work, and other articles. Custom work done on short notice. Office in Detroit and North Streets, and over North and Main Streets Ann Arbor.

ANDREW BELL.

DEALERS in Groceries, Provisions, Flour, Produce, &c. &c. Office in Main and Washington Streets, Ann Arbor. The highest market prices paid for country produce. 1865

M. C. STANLEY.

Photographic Artist.

Office in Main and Huron Streets, Ann Arbor, Mich.

D. DEFOREST.

DEALERS in Groceries, Provisions, Flour, Produce, &c. &c. Office in Main and Washington Streets, Ann Arbor. The highest market prices paid for country produce. 1865

LUMBER YARD!

DEALERS in Lumber, Shingles, &c. &c. Office in Main and Washington Streets, Ann Arbor. The highest market prices paid for country produce. 1865

C. KRAPP.

DEALERS in Lumber, Shingles, &c. &c. Office in Main and Washington Streets, Ann Arbor. The highest market prices paid for country produce. 1865

SHINGLES.

DEALERS in Lumber, Shingles, &c. &c. Office in Main and Washington Streets, Ann Arbor. The highest market prices paid for country produce. 1865

LATH. & CO.

DEALERS in Lumber, Shingles, &c. &c. Office in Main and Washington Streets, Ann Arbor. The highest market prices paid for country produce. 1865

CONRAD KRAPP.

DEALERS in Lumber, Shingles, &c. &c. Office in Main and Washington Streets, Ann Arbor. The highest market prices paid for country produce. 1865

MILLER, DAVIS & WEBSTER

BANKERS.

Agents for the sale of

10-40 U. S. BONDS,

7-10 Treasury Notes

also, for sale,

LEGAL TENDER NOTES.

Interest 6 Per Cent Compound

LEGAL TENDER NOTES.

Interest 6 Per Cent Compound

LEGAL TENDER NOTES.

Interest 6 Per Cent Compound

LEGAL TENDER NOTES.

THE PALM TREE.

BY MRS. HERMAN.

It waved not from an Eastern sky,
Beside a fountain of Araby;
It was not fanned by southern breeze
In some great Isle of Indian seas,
Nor did its graceful shadow sleep
O'er stream of Africa, lone and deep.

But fair the exiled palm tree grew
Midst foliage of no kindred hue;
Through the lawman's drooping gold
Rose the light shaft of orient mould,
And Europe's violet faintly sweet,
Purpled the moss-beds at its feet.

Strange look'd it there!—the willow stream'd
Where silver waters near it gleam'd;
The lime-bough leant the honey-bee
To murmur by the desert's tree,
And showers of snowy roses made
A lustre in its fan-like shade.

There came an eve of festal hours—
Rich music fill'd that garden's bowers;
Lamps that from flowering branches hung,
On sparks of dew soft colors flung,
And bright forms glanc'd—a fairy show—
Under the blossoms to and fro.

But one, a lone one midst the throng,
Seem'd reckless of all dance or song;
He was a youth of dusky mien,
Whom the Indian sun had been,
Of crested brow, and long black hair—
A stranger, like the palm-tree, there.

And slowly, sadly, moved his plumes,
Glittering athwart the leafy glooms;
He pass'd the pale green olive by,
Nor won the chestnut-flowers his eye;
But when to that sole palm he came,
Then shot a rapture through his frame!

To him, to him its rustling spoke,
The silence of his soul it broke!
He whisper'd of his own bright isle,
That lit the ocean with a smile;
Ay, to his ear that native tone
Had something of the sea-wave's moan!

His mother's cabin home, that lay
Where feathery coasts fringed the bay;
The dashing of his brethren's oar,
The conch-note heard along the shore—
All through his waking bosom swept,
He clasp'd his country's tree and wept!

Oh! even him not!—the strength whereby
The patriot girds himself to die,
The unconquerable power, which fills
The freeman's heart along his hills,
These have one fountain deep and clear—
The same whence gush'd the child-like tear!

FIVE MONTHS IN DIXIE.

The months of December, 1863, found me thus situated: my only child, a lad eleven years of age, was in the South, in the care of a near relative; for nearly eight months, I had been without intelligence concerning him, and consequently knew nothing, if he still remained alive, as to his welfare or circumstances. The daily published accounts of destitution and suffering within the confederate lines, I need scarcely say, inspired me with feelings very different from those excited in the minds of individuals, whose patriotism encountered no conflicting ties.

Anxiety and suspense finally became intolerable. Letter after letter brought no answer. Day by day, as I visited the post-office and came away disappointed, how sincerely could I have borne testimony to the truth of the adage, "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." At length I resolved, if possible to make my way to Richmond, where I expected to be able to procure at least some information touching the objects of my solicitude.

Accordingly I went to Washington, where, through the influence of friends, I was fortunate enough to procure an order from the War Department to General Butler, to pass me through the lines at City Point.

From Fortress Monroe, I took passage on the flag-of-truce steamer "New York" commanded by Major, now Colonel Mulford. The localities and objects of interest to be observed on a voyage up the James, are either connected with events so remote as to have rendered them long familiar, or with those so recent that no one has had time to forget them.

In the month of the river, a dingy and shapeless mass of rusty iron protruding from the water, reminding one of Virgil's "dorsum immane mari summo," or more nearly resembling some gigantic, half-buried skeleton, a mouldering memento of former strife, was pointed out to me as the remains of the "Merrimac." Here it was that the first allied force, thrusting her iron nose into other people's business, felt the reminder of the impertinence by a "Monitor," somewhat crusty it is true, but whose counsels were not to be lightly regarded.

A few miles up, we passed James Island, on which Jamestown was built, and the first English settlement in Virginia, established by Captain Smith and his companions. A dilapidated ruin near the lower extremity of the Island, I was informed, is reported by the local traditions to be the tower of the church in which Pocahontas was baptized—a legend which may have gained currency, like thousands of others, because it hurt nobody to believe it, while to reject it, would have disobliterated those who derived pleasure from its narration.

The mansion of the Harrison family, and birth-place of the former President, is situated still further up, on the right as you ascend. The house stands on a lofty elevation, and must command a magnificent view of the river, which is here exceedingly majestic. Harrison's Landing, of which mention is so frequently made in military dispatches, is at this point.

Some miles above, on the same side, Malvern Hill becomes visible. The scene here is beautifully picturesque, but the pleasure I would, under other circumstances, have derived from its contemplation, was prevented by sadly obtruding memories of the thousands of gallant fellows who there fought their last battle, and the thousands of heart-stones made desolate by the absence of those to return NEVERMORE.

Just as it was growing dark, we reached City Point, at the juncture of the Appomattox and James River, thirty-four miles below Richmond, and came to anchor in the middle of the stream. Here we would be obliged to remain till the Confederate flag-of-truce steamer came down to meet us. Major Mulford was on shore, where a rebel picket force was stationed, and our arrival was immediately signalled, from post to post, to Richmond. On the Major's return, he brought the gratifying intelligence, that owing to a rise in the river, the consequent increase in the rapidity of the current, the boat from above would probably not be able to pass the obstructions at Drury's Bluff, for several days. The result was our detention for over a week, in "dreary December," with no other variation of prospect, if we went on deck, than occasionally finding the Appomattox on the wrong side of the James; the stern of the vessel having swung round from down stream to up, or vice versa, by a change of tide, while we had been in the cabin.

The delay would have proved insupportable, under less favorable circumstances; but, thanks to the kind attentions of Major Mulford and his estimable lady, not forgetting the bright little Neddie who used to beat me at "checkers," the time passed more rapidly than I could have anticipated.

At length, on the eighth day, the smoke curling over the distant tree-tops, in a direction in which I had never looked for it in any of my numerous prospectings, (for the river above is as crooked as the line described by the flourish of Corporal Trim's stick, illustrative of the glorious freedom of single blessedness,) announced the approach of the long expected boat. It was more than an hour coming in sight; but, after turning the last bend, it rapidly neared us, and was soon alongside.

The residue of the day was occupied in transferring the cargo of the "New York," consisting of boxes of provisions and clothing for the Union prisoners, to the other boat. In the evening Captain Hatch, commander of the Confederate steamer, and Judge Ould came on board, to whom I was introduced by Major Mulford. Our conversation was limited to an interchange of ordinary civilities; no allusion being made to the purpose of my journey; though I felt very solicitous to know whether I should be allowed to proceed, having reached a point whence further progress could not be materially promoted by Mr. Stanton's pass. Major Mulford and Judge Ould had some business to transact, having reference, I believe to a proposed exchange of prisoners, at the conclusion of which both the confederates retired, leaving me still uncertain as to my course on the morrow.

Next morning about nine o'clock, four or five other passengers and myself were notified by Major Mulford, that it was time to go on board Captain Hatch's boat. After a hearty farewell to those whose kindness I shall never forget, I passed the confederate sentinel unquestioned, and was soon making headway 'on to Richmond.'

Captain Hatch and Judge Ould received me with much courtesy, conversing agreeably on general topics, till, with another gentleman, we sat down to an old-fashioned game of whist, in which I had the misfortune to have the Judge as an opponent, who, I soon discovered, must either have Hoyle, Matthews, and Dechapelles, all three at his fingers' ends, or must possess more original genius than either of them.

Approaching Drury's Bluff, we went on deck, whence I had a complete view of the fortifications by which the passage of the river was, and still is, there defended. The channels opposite the bluff is very narrow, and for a great distance was filled with obstructions of every character, leaving an exceedingly difficult and tortuous pass-way for the small steamer which carried us, to make her accustomed trips. The southern bank in lined with batteries pointing in every direction. The works are very extensive, and I have no doubt, mount the best artillery in the confederate service.

Not long after passing Drury's Bluff, the domes and spires of Richmond hove in sight. The State House, which stands on a commanding eminence, and the parts of the city adjacent, can be seen from the river at a distance of six or seven miles, presenting a view rarely excelled in attraction and beauty.

On landing, I walked with a gentleman to the Spotswood House. On our way, we passed the Libby Prison. As we approached, the guards, who were pacing the adjoining pavements, motioned to the other side of the street. While passing over, I looked up, and saw a number of wan and careworn faces, bearing the inevitable marks of weary months of languishing imprisonment.

I soon found the person from whom I expected to gain the intelligence I so earnestly desired. Much to my disappointment, he could only inform me of an indefinite rumor, that my son, who, when I had last heard from him, was at a village in Southern Virginia, had been taken to Memphis for the purpose of being sent North to me. The idea of his arrival among strangers, or mere acquaintances, with no one to take more than a friendly interest in his welfare, was, if any thing, more perplexing than my previous anxiety; while the effect of such a situation on one so young and sensitive, I could scarcely bear to think of. I immediately telegraphed to every point from which I could hope to obtain the slightest intelligence; but the lines were so nearly exclusively occupied by the military and civil authorities, that I found the transmission of private messages subject to much delay and uncertainty.

It was nearly three weeks before I received an answer to any of my dispatches.

In the meantime, I had a fair opportunity of observing what was worthy of note in the confederate capital, and one which would certainly have been better improved, had I been free from the preoccupation of constant suspense.

Richmond is a picturesque city, and beautifully situated. It stands on the north side, and at the head of navigation, of the James River. Opposite the city, the river is dotted with numerous islands and projecting rocks, between which the water rushes down steeply inclined channels, in dashing rapids. Near the head of these rapids is Belle Isle, on which a large number of Union prisoners were at that time confined. I caught but a glimpse of it from the cars, on leaving Richmond. It was covered with tents, and presented the appearance of an extensive military encampment. The descent of the channel from the commencement to the termination of the rapids is about a hundred feet. This 'fall' affords an immense water-power, has been advantageously appropriated to the running of a large number of flouring mills and manufactories of various descriptions.

The fashionable portion of the city, containing the handsome dwellings, as well as the State House and other public buildings, is Shockoe Hill, the summit of which is an elevated plateau. In this quarter is the residence of Jefferson Davis, an elegant but plain-looking mansion, situated on Leigh street.

The public grounds are very beautiful, though the Capitol, now the place of meeting of both the Confederate Congress and the State Legislature, presents but an indifferent appearance. Nearly opposite the main entrance, on a high pedestal, stands a magnificent equestrian statue of Washington, in bronze, surrounded by six lower pedestals, three only of which are occupied; these support statues of Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson, and George Mason.

One of the most interesting objects I saw in these grounds, was a marble statue of Henry Clay. I remember as though it were but yesterday, the only time I ever saw the "Great Commoner." He was on his return from the extra session of Congress in 1841, during which his "Fiscal Agency Bill" had been vetoed by President Tyler. Word came to the village in which I was then a school-boy, that Henry Clay was coming in the next stage; and of course, everybody turned out to have a look at him. When the impatiently expected vehicle at last drove up, and the passengers got out, it is superfluous to say, no one required to be told which was he. Fresh from the stories of ancient battles, my first reflection was, "What a splendid leader for an army!" And if administrative capacity, ability to control and influence men, and power to command their attachment and admiration, constitute principal elements in the character of a chieftain, who possessed these qualities in higher perfection than he, "Great Dictator?" Such as I saw him then, in the full vigor of maturity, erect and majestic, dignified without haughtiness, too proud to exhibit pride, in manner at once commanding and courteous, as the artist here represented him, with a fidelity never attainable in the copy of a less striking original.

The next day after my arrival was Christmas, which was celebrated in the rebel capital with a hilarity indicative of a determination, for one day at least, to exchange "fierce alarms" for "merry greetings." The bill of fare at the Spotswood was not such as materially to confirm the "starvation theory." Game, poultry, fish, meats, and vegetables of all kinds, together with wines and other luxuries, which I had supposed had no business on that side of the line, were paraded with a profusion every way worthy of the time-honored festival.

On the following Monday, I visited the State House or Capitol, a tasteful though by no means magnificent structure, adorned with a portico of Ionic columns. In the rotunda stands a marble statue of Washington, by Houdon, modelled from life, and reputed to be an accurate likeness. This building contains the public library. The collection is extensive and valuable, comprising an unusually large number of historical and political works. Here are collected the Union banners and battle-flags captured since the beginning of the war, each bearing an inscription of the date and place of capture. Here, also, I saw an authentic oil portrait of John Randolph, of Roanoke. The expression of discontented petulance, which marks the countenance, cannot, in this instance, be explained on the principle on which Boileau once accounted for the air of chagrin observable in an indifferently executed oil of himself—because he found himself so badly engraved; for the artist seems to have performed his duty well. The face is that of a weird, haggard, shrivelled, disappointed, sharp-tongued old maid, and is eminently suggestive of the reflection: "What shrews men would be, if they were only women!"

On the same day, I entered the gallery of the Confederate House of Representatives. The Speaker, Mr. Broom, of Virginia, formerly a member of the Federal Congress, seemed to be an efficient and popular presiding officer, perfectly familiar with the duties of his position. The matter undergoing discussion was a proposition for the reassembling of Congress (which would be obliged to adjourn on the ensuing fourth of March, on a day anterior to that fixed for it, at the beginning of the next regular session. Mr. Dargan, of Alabama, in whose delivery the Southern drawl and breadth of accent are as conspicuous as the nasal twang in the enunciation of a Yankee thoroughbred, had the floor, and was advocating the appointment of a day some months thence. While he was speaking, I noticed a little gray-headed, gray-bearded, gray-moustached, fiery, and withal at every pause of the speaker, as though between himself and his seat some powerful electrical repulsion existed, which threatened every moment to project him indefinitely upward. No sooner had Mr. Dargan concluded, than the little man fairly bounded from his chair, caught the Speaker's eye, and commenced pouring forth a torrent of words, with greater volubility than I had ever heard before; and they were well chosen and well put together, too. He was in favor of an immediate reassembling of Congress. The exigencies of the country required them to continue at their posts. If the Yankees came, they should not flee, but remain in their places; and as Brennus and his savage hordes, when they entered the Roman Forum, found the Senators in their official robes, seated in their ivory chairs in accustomed order, so if their capital should be invaded by northern vandals, the members of that body should be found in their seats unwavering, exhibiting a similar spectacle of undaunted devotion. I think I could have guessed what book it was I had seen the little gentleman so busy with in the library, that morning. On inquiring his name the answer was "Henry S. Foote."

I had frequent opportunities of hearing him after that; for I believe he spoke on every question that came up when I was present, and generally combated the views of every one else—This indiscriminate opposition of every thing and every body, appeared to render him unpopular, and in a great measure to destroy the influence which his unquestioned ability would otherwise undoubtedly command. At the dinner-table, I one day heard a brother member, in speaking of him, apply the line, "Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer," with a stress on the sibilant in the last word, that caused it to sound remarkably like "plain English."

Of the Senate, I would rank Mr. South Carolina and Hunter, of Virginia, as the leading members. Decidedly the ablest speech I heard in the Confederate Congress, was by the former of these gentlemen, in opposition to a provision in the Conscription Bill then pending, requiring persons who had procured substitutes under the existing act, to enter the service. His exposure of the mala fides of inducing men to expend large sums on the faith of a legal promise of exemption, and then annulling the privilege after it had been bought and paid for, was at once masterly and eloquent. But the repeal of the substitute law, it was urged, would prove highly satisfactory to the army; and on taking the vote, there were but two negative voices. The Vice-President was confined to his home at Crawfordsville, Georgia, in consequence of illness, his place as President of the Senate being temporarily filled by Mr. Hunter.

Mr. Davis I saw but once. I was introduced to him by his private secretary, a young gentleman who had been educated in the North, and whose acquaintance I made accidentally. With the personal appearance of the Confederate President, every one is familiar. He received me with courteous affability; but made no allusion, during the interview, to the controversy between the sections. He made several inquiries concerning former acquaintances in the North, of many of whom he spoke in terms expressive of friendship and esteem. His distinguishing mental characteristics, if I may be allowed to speak from an observation so limited, I should take to be clearness, precision, activity, vigor, determination, and self-control; the defect of his mind being a greater proneness to adjust every thing with mathematical accuracy, than is always consistent with the practical management of affairs.

It was during my stay that John Morgan, who had recently escaped from imprisonment in Ohio, arrived in Richmond. He was honored with a grand military reception, and publicly welcomed at the City Hall by the Mayor. His speech in reply I was not close enough to hear; though I have no doubt it began—at least it should have done so—with the usual exordium, "Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking," etc., etc. He was of medium stature, and apparently between thirty-five and forty years of age, with nothing remarkable or striking in his appearance, and a face indicative rather of *bonhomie*, than strength of intellect or force of character. After he had spoken, General Stuart, since killed, was introduced. His age I would not have supposed to be above thirty-five, while in person and bearing he completely realized the conception of a *preux chevalier*. One sentence of his speech, the whole of which was neat and handsomely delivered, I still remember: "It has been whispered in my ear, that something like rivalry has been supposed to exist between General Morgan and myself. We are, indeed, rivals, but in a contest in which it is my ardent desire that both may win."

The disordered condition of the currency was then absorbing universal attention. Congress was daily holding secret sessions on the subject. Every body had some sovereign remedy to propose, never before dreamed of in philosophy. One gentleman published an elaborate essay, in which he recommended a new issue of treasury notes, amounting to about one fifth of the aggregate of those in circulation, coupled with a provision authorizing the holders of the existing currency to exchange it for the new, in the proportion of five

Yankee thoroughbred, had the floor, and was advocating the appointment of a day some months thence. While he was speaking, I noticed a little gray-headed, gray-bearded, gray-moustached, fiery, and withal at every pause of the speaker, as though between himself and his seat some powerful electrical repulsion existed, which threatened every moment to project him indefinitely upward. No sooner had Mr. Dargan concluded, than the little man fairly bounded from his chair, caught the Speaker's eye, and commenced pouring forth a torrent of words, with greater volubility than I had ever heard before; and they were well chosen and well put together, too. He was in favor of an immediate reassembling of Congress. The exigencies of the country required them to continue at their posts. If the Yankees came, they should not flee, but remain in their places; and as Brennus and his savage hordes, when they entered the Roman Forum, found the Senators in their official robes, seated in their ivory chairs in accustomed order, so if their capital should be invaded by northern vandals, the members of that body should be found in their seats unwavering, exhibiting a similar spectacle of undaunted devotion. I think I could have guessed what book it was I had seen the little gentleman so busy with in the library, that morning. On inquiring his name the answer was "Henry S. Foote."

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dollars for one, with the alternative of its becoming void in their hands.

The plan finally adopted by Congress, of requiring the old currency to be funded, and supplying its place by a new and less extensive issue, seemed to rest on the idea that the credit of a government may be enhanced by increasing its indebtedness, and simply changing the form of its obligations.

The brokers, were, at that time, paying twenty dollars in Confederate paper for one in gold. Considering the precious metals as the standard what economists call 'exchangeable value,' which, under normal conditions, they undoubtedly are, this would have indicated a depreciation of the paper currency to one twentieth of its nominal value; but, a comparison with those actual values, of which money, after all, is only the representative, readily demonstrated this to be an exaggerated estimate. Boarding and lodging at a first class hotel cost from fifteen to twenty dollars per day; and other prices, except in case of commodities peculiarly affected by the blockade, ranged in proportion. This proved the real value of confederate currency to be about one fifth that of our own; while the exorbitant price of gold was probably, in a great measure, attributable to the combined effect of its scarcity, the impediments to its influx, and the urgent demand of blockade-runners and others daily going beyond the lines.

While in Richmond, and during my subsequent travels I had a favorable opportunity of becoming acquainted with the state of public sentiment on the subject of reconstruction. As it is not my purpose that this article shall assume a political complexion I shall, without venturing any opinion touching the true solution of the most difficult problem ever submitted to the wisdom of statesmanship, present merely the result of my observations.

In Virginia, as well as in every State through which I passed, I found many persons, and was assured they everywhere constituted a larger class than a casual observer would be likely to suppose, who had not only opposed secession in the outset, but were still earnestly desirous of a restoration of the Union on the basis of the original compact; but every one of these gentlemen with whom I conversed, emphatically declared that this class of persons, the only Union men in the South, were most determined of all to resist any encroachment on the rights of their respective States to the exclusive regulation of their domestic institutions. On the other hand, the secessionists *per se*, how much soever their attachment to slavery may have influenced them in the beginning, now aim at but a single object—Independence. I heard more than one of these express their willingness, should the alternative be offered, to purchase foreign intervention, or any efficacious means of securing permanent separation, by the abandonment of slavery, or any other conceivable sacrifice; and, if it were proper to hazard conjectures, I would not hesitate here to predict, that the radical secessionists and ultra abolitionists will again be found, as they have often been heretofore, occupying a common platform, which will embody the sum total of the ideas of both—abolition and disunion.

At last an answer came to one of my dispatches, from a lady in Mobile, stating that my son, when last heard from, was staying at the house of a relative in Mississippi, waiting an opportunity of going North.

Through the influence of a gentleman, for whose kindness I shall ever feel grateful, I procured a pass from the Confederate Secretary of War, and immediately set out for Mississippi. If an account of my journey should prove half as tedious as its actual performance, I am certain the reader would be less inclined to pardon its narration, than I trust he will be to excuse its omission. It occupied quite two weeks, and was enlivened by but a single agreeable incident. At Augusta, Georgia, I was detained three days by the loss of my trunk. I found, at the Globe Hotel, an old classmate and intimate friend, whom I had not seen since the commencement of

He said he would have been pleased if the meeting had been called to commemorate a victory. But it was not only pleasant, he felt proud and ecstatic to see his countrymen looking what- ever disasters there had been in the face, and plucking from adversity new courage and resolution; and it was at this spectacle that his heart beat high with hope. It was well that there should commence here in Virginia, that reactionary movement of the people in preparation for a new proclamation to meet the demands of the hour. All must now be laid on the altar of the country. If such a feeling should now take possession of the hearts of the people, if they should speak with a hearty and unanimous answer to the demands of the present exigency upon them, then he could say we stood now upon the verge of success which would teach the insolent enemy who had treated our propositions with contumely, that in conference in which he had so plumed himself with arrogance, he was, indeed, talking to his masters—[Tremendous cheers.] He said he had never heard anything from propositions of peace, made to the enemy unless accompanied with victories of our arms; that the true hope of the Confederacy was in brave soldiers in sufficient number to contest her claims in the military field; but he would have been more or less than man not to have yielded to a natural desire to testify, on every proper occasion, his anxiety, his yearning anxiety for peace. He had received a notice from Mr. Lincoln opening the way to an unofficial conference on the subject. He did not feel at liberty to decline the invitation which it implied. In the note which passed between Mr. Lincoln and himself in the matter there was one marked difference. He (President Davis) spoke always of two countries. Mr. Lincoln spoke of a common country. He could have no common country with the Yankees. His life was bound up with the Confederacy; and if any man supposed that under any circumstances he could be an agent of the reconstruction of the Union he mistook every element of his nature. With the Confederacy he would live or die. Thank God he represented a people too proud to eat the leek, or bow the back to mortal man. [Great applause.]

Although he anticipated that nothing in the way of peace could come out of the recent conferences with the enemy, yet he was not prepared for such extravagance of insolence as they had shown. They had not so much as proposed that these States might come back even on those conditions which were the first condition of their separation from the Union; but they were to come back as a conquered people, submitting to all the recent legislation of the Washington government, including the abolition clause in the Constitution, recently enacted in Congress, and pushed with the greatest haste through that body before the commissioners could arrive at Fortress Monroe. And but a few days before this, one of Mr. Lincoln's cabinet had sat at the feet of Beecher in Baltimore, glowing over the picture drawn by that Yankee artist of words of a long procession of the public men of the Confederacy moving towards the gallows to expire the crime of "rebellion." Perhaps Lincoln's heart softened at the length of the procession when he suggested that, in case of our submission, he might be merciful. [Laughter.] He would never have occasion to show that mercy. Words of cheer and encouragement had recently come from the armies of the Confederacy. If only half the absentees were back in General Lee's army, he was sure that Grant would be taught a lesson such as he had never received even in his eventful route from the Rapidan to the James. Beauregard held another army in Sherman's path, and it might soon be shown that Sherman's march through Georgia was his last. [Cheers.] If there had been mistakes in the past, let us accept them as lessons of wisdom for the future. [Cheers.] Let us improve the errors of bygone; let us unite our hands and our hearts, look our shields together, and we may well believe that before the next summer solstice falls upon us it will be the enemy, who will be asking us for conferences and occasions in which to make known our demands. [Great cheering.]

SPEECH BY J. P. BENJAMIN.

Hon. J. P. Benjamin, Secretary of State, congratulated the large assemblage on the change of sentiment apparent in the meeting. The sudden revision from the dependency of a few days ago to the high resolves, holy determination and patriotic emulation of this people, hope and confidence were renewed in the hearts and minds of men. What is the cause of it? have any great military successes been announced? No; it is the knowledge and consciousness that has come home to all, that is felt in the core of all hearts, that we must conquer in this fight or die. Thank God, we all know it now. The path of duty is placed before us, clear, straight and plain and all know that we must treat or perish. Our terms are independence. With that one word on our treaty scroll, we say to Lincoln, put what else you please, we sign the deed.

Mr. B., at this point of his remarks, entered into a recital of the circumstances that led to the sending, by President Davis, of commissioners, with the terms and instructions under which they were sent. The speaker next touched upon the necessity of supporting the government and reinforcing the army. War was a game that could not be played without men, and men we must have. He (the speaker) was here to-day to tell very unwholesome truths. He would be blamed and abused for them, probably; but he could not help that. When our soldiers in the trenches are sending up earnest appeals for help, will you withhold that aid which that aid be white or black? [Great cheering.]

Mr. Benjamin submitted some statistical facts showing the fighting element available between the two sections in 1860. The Confederate States, exclusive of Tennessee and Kentucky, had within their boundaries one million and sixty thousand fighting men between the ages of eighteen and forty-five years. Against this formidable force the enemy have arrayed three millions of men, at various periods since 1861. There are in the

South six hundred and eighty thousand black men of the fighting age and capable of being made fighting men. Let us say to every negro, who wants to go into the ranks, "Go and fight, and you are free." Don't press them, for that will make them run away, and they will be found fighting against us instead of for us. As yet but one side is told. The Yankees can beat us from the beginning to the end of the year at making bargains. Let us step the negro from running over to Sherman by saying: "If you go over to the Yankee you will lose your freedom, but you will perish off the earth, for you cannot live in that cold climate. Fight for your masters, and you shall have your freedom without incurring the other danger." Let us promise the negro in good faith that if he will fight for us he shall have his freedom. [A voice: "Let's try it."] Yes, let's try it. He (the speaker) had never lived in any but a slave country, and like most of his audience, doubtless, had his black mamma name; but he would willingly give up all for the attainment of independence.

What State will lead in sending the black man to the aid of General Lee? (Cries of "Virginia.") Who gave birth to secession and let off the first cannon shot of the revolution? South Carolina, and one after another the Southern States wheeled into line. Virginia held back, for her love for the Union was as strong and warm and affectionate as the love of a mother for her child. The people began to ask, what of Virginia? Then came a telegram saying that Virginia was going to abandon the South; that she was lukewarm, reluctant, and holding back (a voice, "who held her back?") but soon another telegram informed us that Virginia was with us, and like South Carolina.

We are looking to her to lead in the new measure of war policy which is inevitable, and come it must. When shall it be done? [Voices, "Now, now, now!"] Yes, now. Ask your Legislature to pass a resolution recommending the measure to Congress, and in twenty days Gen. Lee can be reinforced by 20,000 men. The speaker was no sensationalist, no alarmist. He had come to the meeting for the very purpose of giving utterance to some distasteful truths. Without the adoption of some decisive, energetic measure like this, there was danger—great danger, to avert which, we were as much a Virginian as he was a Louisianian, he would not hesitate to make his last sacrifice. Louisiana will follow Virginia; and she cannot to a one step to which Louisiana will not respond.

This only alternative is presented:—Either we must fight the Yankees over our negroes, or they will take them and hold them as a shield, fighting us with their emancipation reclamation in force. And if there be such a place as hell upon earth, then it would be illustrated by our condition. This struggle over, and our subjugation accomplished, our slaves freed and we slaves. What the Yankees propose to do by the amendment to the Constitution of the United States is to free the negroes if they conquer us, and if they fail to conquer, to let them remain as they are.

In conclusion, Mr. Benjamin paid a compliment to the Virginia ladies for their patriotism and devotion to the cause, and closed with an elegant apostrophe to peace.

SPEECH OF J. A. GILMER.

Hon. John A. Gilmer, member of the House of Representatives from North Carolina, next addressed the meeting. There had existed, he said, various opinions among us as to the mode of conducting the war, the institution of peace negotiations and the like. All these differences had now passed away. [Applause.] We have before us but a single alternative, either to submit unconditionally to our enemies or to prosecute the war. Mr. Gilmer invited his audience to consider with him some of the natural consequences of degradation and submission. As a first item he mentioned the loss of our national debts. All the notes, bonds and certificates of debt which had gone out to the people and are held by them as property, would be wholly lost. In the next place, three millions of slaves, worth \$500 a piece, would be lost. In the next place our lands would be confiscated. In addition to this immense destruction of our property, we should have our share of the enormous Yankee debt to pay. Such is one picture. On the other hand, the cost of resistance cannot accurately be determined beforehand, it at least presents a promise of saving the vast portion of our property. As a question of mere dollars and cents, Mr. G., said, our advantage is in resistance. Let us take as our guide the example of our fathers.

We shall not go astray if we follow them. They stood bravely for their rights. They stood their ground like men; and if they fell it was with their back to the field and feet to the foe. Let us follow their virtues and heroic example. If we do, we have every reason to expect a like success. [Applause.]

Mr. G., continuing, exhorted the people to fight like men to the last; to put aside all bickering and all dissension, and unite as one man and with one heart—Sink or swim, live or die, let us fight, and look to God and victory to crown our efforts. [Applause.] Our cause is no less righteous than was that of our fathers. The sons, thus far at least, have shown themselves worthy of their sires. Our only danger would be in a decay of the popular spirit. A people like ours, who will do their duty, can never be conquered. The enemy has sent more than 3,000,000 of soldiers against us. Where are they now? Compare the two opposing armies, and the ratio is better for us than at the commencement of the war. The casualties of battle, and the effect of our climate and sun have told terribly upon them. We must trust in our cause and in God, and unite in a hearty support of our government. A long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull altogether, and I tell you, we are in no danger. [Loud applause.]

A Rochester paper says the wind and snow have combined to put an embargo on railway travelling unlike anything seen in these parts for at least eight or ten years.

The Michigan Argus.

ANN ARBOR, MICH.

FRIDAY MORNING, FEB. 24, 1865.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY.

DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION.

A convention of the delegates of the State of Michigan to the National Convention of the Democratic Party, held at the State Capitol, on the 20th day of March, 1865, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

W. A. MOORE, Chairman.
W. P. WELLS, Secretary.
W. D. WILSON, Recording Secretary.
A. B. CHANDLER, Treasurer.
A. A. PACE, Corresponding Secretary.
A. C. DUNN, Executive Committee.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY CONVENTION.
Democratic Delegates from the several Townships of Washtenaw County will meet in convention at the Court House in the City of Ann Arbor, on Wednesday, the 29th day of March, 1865, at 10 A. M., for the purpose of electing delegates to the Democratic State Convention to be held in the City of Detroit, on the 10th of March next.

Each Township and City will be entitled to represent as follows:

Ann Arbor City	12	Patience	3
Augusta	4	Salem	3
Bridgewater	4	Sharon	3
Dexter	4	Sharon	3
Freedom	4	Superior	3
Lyndon	4	Sylvan	3
Lyndon	4	Windsor	3
Lyndon	4	Ypsilanti	3
Lyndon	4	Ypsilanti	3
Lyndon	4	Ypsilanti	3

A. C. BLODGETT, Chairman.
D. B. DODGE, Secretary.
P. C. MURRAY, Recording Secretary.
GEORGE W. HALL, Treasurer.
Ann Arbor, Feb. 23d, 1865.

The Editor has been absent during the last week, on a visit to Lansing, which will account for the lack of editorial matter in this issue. We hope that our readers will bear with us in our attempts at "running the machine." He will again be at his post next week, and will, we hope, be able to make up for all deficiencies of this week.

THE CONTESTED SEATS.—In the House three reports have been made on the matter of contested seats. The majority report is in favor of retaining the sitting members, and disregarding the decision of the Supreme Court, and commits itself fully to the doctrine of nullification. Mr. WELLS made a minority report, in favor of sustaining the decision of the Supreme Court, and the admission of the contestants. Mr. MCKLEY, rep., reported in favor of sustaining the Supreme Court, and admitting those whose cases had not been adjudicated. The probability is that the majority report will be adopted by about a strict party vote. It would be well for the Legislature to abolish the Supreme Court, if its decisions are not to be respected, and take upon itself the duty of deciding all legal questions, as it is useless to maintain two Supreme Courts in one State.

THE DRAFT.—No day is positively fixed on for the draft in this State. The original order was for it to take place on the 16th, but a subsequent order from the Provost Marshal General to the Assistant Marshals, postponed it, and ordered them to report to him what sub-districts were not actively engaged in filling their quotas, that a draft might be ordered. So that districts that are not filled may expect the wheel to commence to turn at any day. If our friends wish to avoid the draft, it will be well for them to bestir themselves, as the time is short. It is a dreadful thing to anticipate, probably the sooner it is over the better. It must come in all its horrors, and as yet we see nothing to relieve it of its dread realities.

The democracy of Connecticut have nominated the following ticket. The election is to be held on the first Monday of April:

Governor—Origen S. Seymour.
Lieut. Gov.—Thomas Bond.
Sec'y of State—James H. Hoyt.
Treasurer—Andrew L. Kidston.
Comptroller—L. E. Waldwin.

Senator Morgan, of New York, has declined the nomination to the Secretaryship of the Treasury. A strong pressure is being made from the west in favor of Comptroller McCulloch, and from the east for Congressman Hooper, of Massachusetts. Reports say that the President seems to be inclined to favor the latter.

The Committee on Elections in the Senate, on Wednesday, made a unanimous report in favor of giving the seat occupied by J. W. CHILDS to JOHN J. ROBINSON. The report was made the special order for yesterday afternoon.

The President has issued a Proclamation, and says that objects of interest to the United States require that the Senate should convene in extra session on the 4th of March, to receive and act upon such communications as he may make.

A party of rebel cavalry dashed into Cumberland, Va., on Tuesday morning, and captured Generals Crook, and KELLEY, and carried them away with them.

The Metropolitan Police Force Bill, for Detroit, has passed both Houses of the Legislature, and now awaits the signature of the Governor.

General McCLELLAN and family have safely arrived in England.

FROM THE FLEET OFF MOBILE.

U. S. STEAMER KICKAPOO, OFF MOBILE, January 16th, 1865.

Mr. Editor: Since my last we have left the Mississippi, crossed the far famous Gulf, and are now quietly riding at anchor in the smooth and placid waters of Mobile Bay. Our boat was originally built for this point, but from some unknown cause, was detained up the river until a late day. Not long since our Captain received orders to proceed immediately to New Orleans to have our boat repaired for action, and also made sea-worthy. A great deal of repairing was to be done; especially to her engines, so that we were obliged to lay at the present city a considerable length of time, and, as a matter of course, that portion of the city which fronts on the river became quite familiar, at least I think I should know the place if ever I should happen that way again.

Business seems to be pretty brisk, judging from the number of ships lying along the wharf disposing of their respective cargoes, and others continually arriving from New York and up the river. The docks are completely lined with sea-going vessels as far as the eye can reach, with still others lashed to these, besides the river is covered with large sloops-of-war lying at anchor.

One morning, every thing being ready and all aboard, the orders came to proceed on our journey, and in high glee we started once more down the Mississippi, all in expectation of soon hearing the loud roar of battle before the fortification at Mobile.

The river below New Orleans is considerably broader than that over which I had previously passed. The scenery along the banks was beautiful; being interspersed with numerous orange groves and the morning air was fragrant with the luxurious flavor of ripe oranges. The only object worthy of note are the large sugar mills, which look like some black and desolate castles with their bare stone walls rising so high above the surrounding buildings.

Towards evening we approached quite near the mouth of the father of waters, as we could now very distinctly sniff the sea breezes; and the high banks which we had become so accustomed to see, seemed to settle with the very water, and nothing but rushes and reeds could be seen on either side of us. Right ahead was the wild blue waters of the Gulf, and near by a lofty light-house throwing out its bright rays as a beacon light to many a noble ship which has been tossed to and fro on the raging waters.

Any one who has not seen the Mississippi has no idea of its immense magnitude. Enlarged and swollen by the numerous streams flowing into it, it goes treading its way through the country like a huge snake, until it reaches the ocean. Truly, it is the father of waters.

Not knowing where our tender was lying which was to tow us across the Gulf, (having come down some time before us,) we anchored. By firing a rocket we easily ascertained her bearings. Anchor was immediately raised and we steamed further out preparing our vessel as fast as possible for sea, such as putting on hatches and battering them down, getting our huge hawser ready for a tow line, &c., &c. In a short time we were along side the noble looking steamer. A small boat was lowered, the old Kickapoo taken in tow and started on her perilous voyage. Afloat on the Gulf of Mexico in nothing but an iron tub. No narrow stream with its high banks now like the Mississippi. Land was fast receding from view. The sea was rolling quite high the whole voyage, but our charming looking boat mounted each succeeding wave like a thing of life. Now and then being a little to heavy to ride a fast approaching wave which was some larger than the rest, and came rolling and boiling towards us, would break over her like a huge snow bank washing every thing moveable before it, while the beautiful side-wheel steamer, Mobile, glided on ahead riding every swell like a sea bird. Aboard of our own craft those on deck were vainly striving to keep in an erect position, almost preferring to be washed overboard than to go below, while those who were below were, oh! as sea sick, I don't suppose pen could describe their feelings. I seem to have a faint recollection myself. I don't wish to insinuate that this was the case with all, only a few, because we of course boast of being old salts. It was a beautiful night, the moon and stars seemed to shine as brightly as ever, but every thing looked strange. By some mechanical process I managed to get asleep and slept very soundly until nearly day light. When I awoke the red glow of morning was just beginning to streak the eastern horizon, and on either side of us the sky and water seemed to meet each other. Way in our rear was still visible a faint gleam of the light-house. Now and then a white sail or the black smoke of a steamer would come to view, looking like a mere speck as far away.

I witnessed one sad scene during the voyage which happened aboard the Mobile, a buried at sea. It was a sad sight indeed to see the lifeless corpse of the poor sailor so far from home and friends,

as it was lowered into the briny deep, with his hammock served about him, and wrapped round with the stars and stripes the cold waters closed over him, and we went steadily on our way, each one returning to his duty as though nothing had happened.

The outline of Fort Morgan were now plainly visible, but it was a long distance yet. About noon we passed Dalton Island on our left, and in a short time bade farewell to the rough turbulent waters of the Gulf. The tow line was now loosened, and we steamed up to the fleet as proudly as though we had made the astonishing voyage without aid or assistance. As we came into the Bay we passed quite near Fort Morgan on our right and Fort Gaines far on our left, the scenes of that terrible strife which took place a few months since. The Fort and also the Tower is marked with many a deep scar, which will remain as lasting memorials of that eventful day.

To impede the entrance of our fleet the rebels had driven spiles between the two Forts, so that in attempting to run in they would have to pass within range of one of the Forts at least. It is a mystery how the Union fleet ever fought their way through so many obstructions, taking into account the torpedoes and other internal machines which were laid in their path. We proceeded up the core a short distance, and anchored off a large Union camp. Anchor was hardly dropped before the oyster-sloops were along side with their large cargoes of fish and oysters, and in a few moments our clean decks were covered with the nicest kind of fish, and oyster shells of every description, with the boys busily engaged in extricating the luxurious extras.

The encampment opposite, consisted of the 20th Infantry, Wisconsin, and the 1st, 6th, and 7th Michigan Batteries, who are all very pleasantly situated in their winter quarters.

I was very much surprised one day when ashore at seeing FRANK BLACKBURN and CLINTON BURNETT, old school-mates of mine. They were both in fine spirits, and seemed to be enjoying themselves first rate. I sat a long time chatting with them in their nice little hut, built of reeds and small pieces of boards, which was made quite comfortable with the assistance of a brick fire place.

We layed at this pleasant spot for nearly a week, regaling ourselves with fresh oysters and fish just from their native haunts, and waiting in expectation of soon having a visit from the Admiral, but from some unknown cause no Admiral came. Per order we weighed anchor and turned our bow in the direction of Mobile city, which was about twenty-five miles distant. As we approached the renowned stronghold, every one crowded on the fore-castle to get the first view, and many imagined they saw the white houses or church steeples long before we sighted the fleet. At last we arrived at our destination all safe and sound, the place for which we started so long ago.

The six men-of-war lying off the blockade at present, within four or five miles of the city. Any one not acquainted with the mysteries of Mobile Bay could see nothing to prevent us from entering the place at once, but beneath that water which looks so calm and placid, are any number of obstructions and torpedoes, besides the principle channels are driven with spiles and filled in with stones and brick which has occupied the rebels most of the time since Fort Morgan was taken to finish. Behind all these obstructions and infernal machines are their rams and gunboats, black looking monsters, but these will be no barriers when we are prepared to make an attack.

Mobile is very pleasantly situated at the head of the Bay, I should judge nearly as large as Ann Arbor. Business is carried on very extensively still from all appearances, as steamers are plying quite lively between the city and the many rivers flowing into the Bay, and despite all the heart-rending stories that have been told seem to be enjoying themselves and living as happily as ever.

Fearing they would surprise us some evening unaware, we have picket boats out, which approach as near as practicable and watch the movements of the enemy. A short time since a tug which was used as a picket boat had the misfortune to run against a torpedo and was sunk immediately. As the water was very shallow she was got afloat in a few days, and taken down to the cove. No lives were lost, only two colored men were slightly scalded.

I believe flags of truce are very frequent. Whenever either party wishes an interview, a shot is fired by the one wishing it, the white flag hoisted, and they meet half way in small boats, have a short confab, perhaps drink each others health and then return again to renew hostilities. Yesterday a large steamer came out flying the white flag, and very heavily laden with cotton which she wished to exchange for clothing for their prisoners. They were allowed to come as far as the fleet, but our own men took charge of her down the Bay.

A great many prisoners have been exchanged at this point this winter. Deserters and refugees are very plenty and are increasing every day. A dense fog or a dark night enlarges their numbers

amazingly. All are sent to New Orleans, excepting those who prefer to stay with us. Their stories, like all others, are the worst that can be depicted. Starvation and the unsuccessfulness of their cause is perfectly discouraging them, and they would willingly come back to the old Union if they were permitted, &c., &c.

I have heard a great deal of "intelligent contrabands," and also have read considerable, and all are nearly the same thing over and over again, consequently are getting rather old. We had the good luck to pick up several since we came here, both white and black, and as the reports of all nearly agree, I will dare to intrude on your patience by mentioning one or two, although my letter is getting pretty long. The women and children are leaving every day in large numbers for New Orleans, and those remaining are on their hands and knees praying that we will come and take the place. The daily ration of soldiers as well as sailors is but three-fourths of a pound of meat and one-third of corn meal, and whatever they buy have to pay the highest price for imaginable. No doubt if a force of 5000 men marched on the city, two-thirds of them would lay down their arms. The rebel editors put on as glossy a covering as possible to Sherman's late victory, in order to keep up their drooping spirits. They think a reverse now and then is the best thing in the world to unite the South more strongly, besides Savannah was not of much importance in facilitating their cause.

Lately the rumor has been current and pretty generally believed, that they were evacuating Mobile, but it turned out to be nothing but a rumor. What gave rise to the story was, that all the ammunition and field pieces that could be spared were shipped and sent up the river to Hoon, who had lost nearly every thing in his late fight with Gen. THOMAS.

From all accounts the rebels have finished their batteries at the city to perfection, and also some on the shore opposite us, besides they have two floating ones very formidable.

We have no idea when an attack will be made but think from appearance in a short time. Will probably wait till the land forces come up in order to make an attack simultaneously. You will probably in a month or two hear of us in Mobile. More anon. E. B. A.

American Affairs in France.

New York, Feb. 20.

Foreign mails have the following: The *Word* says there was a meeting of the Privy Council on the 4th in Paris, and we are informed that affairs of America, and the connection they may have with the Mexican Empire, formed the principal object of the meeting. France is not without some uneasiness as to the attitude the United States may assume towards the new Empire when the conclusion of the war has placed at the disposal of the republic a large and tried army with numerous and skilled officers, and a four years' struggle has changed a State hitherto exclusively devoted to commercial and maritime interests into a military State disposing of immense forces. The recent resolution of the Washington Senate must have assisted in increasing this uneasiness. Nevertheless, according to our correspondent, the decision in which the Privy Council were engaged ended in this resolution: That for the moment it would be wrong to give way to exaggerated fears, and that in the face of a pacific and favorable state of American diplomatic relations, the policy is to abstain provisionally from all movements, without, however, indulging in a false security.

Battle with Indians.

St. Louis, Feb. 20.

Col. Livingston, commanding on the plains, reports two fights near Mud Springs, from the 4th to the 9th inst., between nearly 2,000 Indians and about 200 of the 11th Ohio and 7th Iowa cavalry, under Lieut. Col. Collins. The Indians were driven off with a loss of 40 killed. Our loss was 2 killed, and 21 wounded. The Indians went north numbering 700 lodges, driving two herds of captured cattle with them.

A bill has been introduced in the Legislature, to encourage exploration and boring for petroleum and coal oil. The bill provides for a premium of \$100 on the barrel, to any company or association who shall, within the limits of the State, obtain petroleum oil, providing that not more than \$1,000 shall be paid to any one company or association.

Bird.

In this city, on Saturday, February 19th, 1865, FREDRY, youngest son of JOHN F. and SARAH M. MILLER, aged one year, six months, and twenty-six days.

"Let us be patient, God has taken from us The earthly treasure upon which we leaned, That from the fleeting things which lie around us; Our clinging hearts should forever weaned."

New Advertisements.

SAVE YOUR MONEY and buy your SHOES OF MACK & SCHMID. They keep the best and latest stock in Ann Arbor, and are bound to sell them cheap for Cash. 4997000

TAKE NOTICE!! Go to MACK & SCHMID for the latest styles of HOOP SKIRTS! You will always be satisfied with the quality, style and price. 4997000

WAR MOST ENDED

CHARLESTON TAKEN!!

GUTERMAN & CO.

Being connected with one of the largest firms in New York, which has better facilities for

Selling Cheaper

than any other house. Are bound to be

OUT DONE

by any establishment that now exists.

Having employed an experienced

CUTTER,

direct from NEW YORK CITY, who has had long

experience in the business, we guarantee to give you

SATISFACTION

TO OUR CUSTOMERS

CUSTOMERS & STUDENTS

of the University. Keeping on hand the largest stock

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, VESTING

together with the largest stock of

Ready-Made Clothing,

GENTS'

FURNISHING GOODS!!

&c., &c., &c.,

IN THE CITY

which we will sell cheaper than any other establishment in the city. All we ask is that our customers will give us a call and satisfy themselves.

M. GUTERMAN & Co.

MR. BOWDEN is about to start for New York a new stock of Spring and Summer Goods.

PLASTER.

Mr. Smith, Proprietor of the "ALABAMA" WHOLESALE

and retail dealer in the trade, that he is now preparing

the new and improved Gypsum Plaster, and is now

preparing to receive orders for the same. The new

plaster is of the best quality, and is now being

prepared in large quantities, and is now being

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