

The Weekly Michigan Argus.

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The Michigan Argus.

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LEWIS B. POND, Editor and Publisher.

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Advertising—One square (12 lines or less), one week, 25 cents; three weeks, \$1.00; and 25 cents for every insertion thereafter. For longer periods, apply to the office. For a full list of rates, see the first page of the Directory.

Advertisements unaccompanied by written instructions will be published until ordered, and charged accordingly.

Advertisements for real estate, 50 cents per line per week. A special rate is added to an advertisement if it is charged the same as for first insertion.

Job Printing—Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Circulars, Cards, Ball Tickets, Labels, Blank, Bill Heads, and all kinds of printed matter, in the most elegant and durable style.

Books—We have a complete stock of new and second-hand books, in all the latest and most popular styles. Call and see samples.

Book Binding—Connected with the Office is a book binding establishment, where all kinds of books are bound in the most durable and artistic manner. Entrance to binding through the door on the left.

Business Directory.

C. H. MILLEN.
DEALER in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, &c. &c. Main St., Ann Arbor.

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

RISDON & HENDERSON.
DEALERS in Hardware, Stoves, House Furnishing Goods, Tin Ware, &c., No. 2, New Block, Main St.

S. G. TAYLOR.
DEALER in Hats, Caps, Fur, Robes, Gen'l. Furnishing Goods, &c. East side Main Street, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

A. J. SUTHERLAND.
AGENT for the New York Life Insurance Company, Office on Huron Street. Also has on hand a stock of the most approved sewing machines.

GEORGE FISCHER.
MEAT MARKET—Huron Street—General Dealer in Fresh and Salt Meats, Beef, Mutton, Pork, Hams, Buttery, Lard, Tallow, &c., &c.

HIRAM J. BEAKES
TORNERY and Counselor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery. Office in City Hall Block, over Webster's Book Store.

LEWITT & BREAKEY.
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON. Office at the residence of Dr. Lewis, north side of Huron, two doors east of Division Street.

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

WM. WAGNER.
DEALER in Ready-Made Clothing, Hats, Cassimeres, Doerings, Hats, Caps, Trunks, Carpet Bags, &c., Phoenix Block, Main Street.

SLAWSON & SON.
PROCESORS, Provision and Commission Merchants, and Dealers in Water Line, Lard, Plaster, and Plaster of Paris, one door east of Cook's Hotel.

SCOTT & LOOMIS.
PHOTOGRAPHER and Photographer Artists, in the rooms over Compton's Clothing Store, Phoenix Block. Perfect satisfaction given.

C. B. PORTER.
DENTIST. Office Corner of Main and Huron Streets, over Back & Pierson's Store. All calls promptly attended to. April 1859.

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

ANDREW BELL.
DEALER in Groceries, Provisions, Flour, Produce, &c., &c., corner Main and Washington Streets, Michigan. The highest market prices for foreign produce.

M. C. STANLEY.
Photographic Artist.
Corner Main and Huron Streets, Ann Arbor, Mich.

PHOTOGRAPHS, AMBROTYPES, &c., &c., in the latest styles, and every effort made to give satisfaction. 956ft.

D. D. FOREST.
WHOLESALE and Retail Dealer in Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Sash, Doors, Blinds, Water Pipe, Plaster, Plaster Paris, and Nails of all sizes. A first-class establishment, and all other orders promptly attended to. Office at the corner of Main and Liberty Sts., Detroit. Also operating extensively in the West Coast of England.

LUMBER YARD!
Has a large and well-stocked Lumber Yard, on Jefferson Street, in the South part of the City, and will keep constantly on hand an excellent variety of LUMBER, SHINGLES, LATH, &c., &c., which will be sold as low as can be afforded in this market. Quality and prices such that no one need go to Detroit. Ann Arbor, Dec. 6th, 1864. CONRAD KRAFF, 956ft.

NEW MUSIC STORE
Persons wishing to buy

Pianos or Melodeons,

should go to WILKEY'S MUSIC STORE, before purchasing elsewhere. He will warrant satisfaction to purchasers, and takes pleasure in referring to those who have already purchased of him. He takes pride in giving the best of satisfaction to all his customers, and is determined to do so. Any Piano or Melodeon purchased of him, will be guaranteed to be distinctly understood that he will not be undersold.

At dealer East or West.

The latest SHEET MUSIC for sale, PIANO and Melodeon.

ALVIN WILKEY, 956ft.

FOR SALE!

Two HOUSES AND LOTS, worth \$1,000 to \$5,000. Also several improved FARMS. A. J. SUTHERLAND, 956ft.

NIL ADMIRARI

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

When Horace in Venudian groves Was scribbling wit or slipping "Massio," Or singing those delicious loves, Which after ages reckon classic, He wrote one day—'twas no vagary— These famous words:—*Nil admirari!*

"Wonder at nothing!"—said the bard; A kingdom's fall, a nation's rising, A lucky or a losing card, Are really not at all surprising. However, men on manners vary, Keep cool and calm; *Nil admirari!*

If kindness meet a cold return; If friendship prove a dear delusion; If love, neglected, cease to burn, Or die untimely of profusion, Such lessons will make us wary, But needn't shock; *Nil admirari!*

Does disappointment follow gain? Or wealth elude the keen pursuer? Does pleasure end in poignant pain? Or health prove necessary chary? 'Twas thus that *Nil admirari!*

Does January wed with May, Or ugliness consort with beauty? Does Piety forget to pray? And heedless of combative duty, Leave fallow fall for wanton May? 'Tis the old tale; *Nil admirari!*

Ah! when the happy day we reach When promisers are not deceivers; When persons practice what they preach, And seeming saints are all believers,— Then the old maxim you may vary, And say no more, *Nil admirari!*

A House With all the Modern Conveniences.

Nehemiah Pollard was an army contractor. He furnished pork for the western department, and of course he got rich by it. At the end of two years of that kind of business, he found himself worth half a million.

People began to call him Mr. Pollard, instead of "old Pollard" and "Miah," and sleek men in white neck cloths, called on him with long subscription papers.

Mrs. Pollard had discovered her importance some time previously. Dry goods clerks held the doors open for her now, who, three years before would have seen her drop a dozen parcels in the mud and shut the skirt of her dress in the door forty times, without coming to the rescue. She was consulted about sewing societies, and appealed to in behalf of Foreign Missions, and Bible Societies, and Sanitary Commissions, and her opinion was quoted among her friends as we quote from a statute book.

Mrs. Pollard awoke suddenly to a knowledge of the fact that itilly became their altered circumstances to live in a one-story wooden house, in a remote part of the city, with none of the conveniences and improvements. They owed it to the children, she said, to inhabit a house with all the modern conveniences, and see something of the world.

Nehemiah figured his greenbacks, looked wise, and coincided.

So a house was taken.

It would be tedious to relate all the particulars of the furnishing, much of which was done by contracting. The house was large and commodious. There was a library, conservatory, parlor, drawing-room, dining-halls and a model kitchen. It was heated with a furnace, lighted with gas, there was a dumb waiter; in short it was a house with all the modern conveniences.

The library was stocked by a stationer, who received orders to be sure the books were well bound, and mostly in red backs; the conservatory was filled by a florist, and Mrs. Pollard stipulated only that there be plenty of hollyhocks and poppies.

When all was ready the family moved in.

Mrs. Pollard sailed about the rooms like a queen; but her husband looked absolutely frightened as he surveyed the premises.

"By golly, Peggy," he exclaimed, "if this ere isn't a little too fine for us; I feel like a cat in a strange garret—yes by golly, like two cats. There's a dozen things here that I don't know the names of. What's them gilt things stuck up in the corner, with the bare-legged children with goose wings on their backs?"

"Land sakes, Mr. Pollard, them's cornishes, and the piens is angels, and you'll oblige me by calling me Margaret in future."

"Why, I didn't know that was your name," cried Mr. Pollard in wonder.

"Peggy is the vulgar for Margaret, sir!"

"Well, I declare, live and learn."

"Do take your feet off from that ottoman, and don't lean your head against the paperhanging. Like enough it's greasy."

"Shouldn't wonder. Pork packing's rather a greasy business."

"Mr. Pollard, if you'll never allude to your business again, I'll be thankful. It is vulgar to bring home your shop with you."

"Why, who has brought one home?"

"Do be more careful Mr. Pollard, you've smashed the varnish off from that teaty tete, and now you're bobbing your head against the chandelier."

"I'll go to bed, that's what I'll do, and see if I can't have some peace. I hain't allowed to touch nothing here."

Mr. Pollard put his threat into execution, but his wife followed him closely up the stairs.

"Mind the stair carpet, Mr. Pollard, there I hammed it," cried she, as Nehemiah caught his foot in the binding, stumbled, and fell entirely to the foot of the stairs, breaking the ball glass, and tearing the coat skirt entirely off.

He picked himself up with muttering expetives and gained his chamber. The servant had already lighted the gas, and opened the register.

"Creation!" cried Mr. P., "tis hotter

than the tropics. How do you fix this damned thing, Peggy, to cool it off?"

"I don't know," cried his wife, "I'll ring for Jane."

"The deuce you will!" said Mr. Pollard, glancing at his scant attire, "you go to bed—I'll manage it. I'll set the sink over the hole, and that'll keep the heat out. All right!"

"Put out the gas," said his wife from the bed.

"Put out the dickens?" cried her husband angrily—"here I've blowed and blowed, till I'm fit to bust, and the confounded thing only dances away the faster! I can't snuff it out neither! I wouldn't give a taller dip for a million of these jiggers!"

"Turn it off," advised Mrs. Pollard. "Turn it off, indeed! where'll you turn it to, I wonder? Ha! I've done it. I've switched it out with my sleeve!"

"Wall, don't get into bed with your hands snuffy, but wash 'em, there's hot and gold water, you know. Such a 'convenience'."

"Jupiter Ammon! I've took the skin off from that hand! Why, the water's boil! I'll try the cold—zounds! how it smarts!" and muttering to himself, Mr. Pollard completed his ablution and got into bed.

Sometimes in the night, Mrs. Pollard awoke. She felt chilly and damp. She put out her hand and felt oily water.

"The Lord of mercy!" screamed she, "Wake up Miah! there's a flood. Its got clean up in the chamber, and we shall all be drowned to death! git up and light a light!"

Mr. Pollard jumped out with a loud slosh, then jumped in, then out again, propelled by a vigorous kick from his better half.

"What in creation is it?" cried he, dashing about in the vain attempt to find his clothes. "Ah, ah! it's just struck me, I didn't fix that water spout right after I washed my hands! I remember I couldn't stop it from running. Confound the convenience!—And there ain't no matches or candle! Wall, I can find my way; I'll go down to the kitchen and bid us out!"

He reached the stairs safely, took a step forward, and brought up in the hall below on his head, which felt as though a whole cotton factory had set up its machinery inside of it.

Directly he recovered himself and proceeded on his way. He went into the kitchen, found the pail, and turned to go back. The door was fast. He pulled and kicked it with all his might, but he only wasted his strength. Then he remembered that all the doors in the house had spring locks, and he had neglected to take out the key when he came in, so, of course, he was a prisoner!

Pollard was mad. It was bad enough to be washed through with a prospect of getting immediately dried, but to stand there on the cold January night, with no garment on but his *robe de nuit*, was a little too much.

He hallooed and kicked and banged among the pots and kettles and tin pans. He shouted murder and thieves at the top of his voice, and knocked his worst corn wretchedly against the range.

Maddened by the pain, he seized the poker, and flew at the grated windows, through which he soon made a hole large enough to shout murder out of.

In a moment a policeman's rattle was heard; and directly quite a force of "stars" congregated outside the window.

"What's the row?" queried a policeman, "What do you mean by kicking up such a row this time of night?"

Pollard threw a kettle of apple sauce at his head, but the grating prevented it from taking effect.

"Desperate fellows inside here," muttered the policeman, "It's best to be cautious, we might get into difficulty."

"Let me out, or I'll be the death of ye!" roared Nehemiah, waxing desperate, "I'll shoot every mother's son of ye!"

"Pollard! Pollard! Miah!" called Mrs. Pollard from the entry, "do come! what in the world is the matter? The house is full of thieves and murderers! I've heard 'em yelling for an hour."

"Let 'em yell and be blasted! I'll be the death of the whole of 'em if you don't let me out of this!"

"Don't kill anybody? It's wicked! remember the commandment!" entreated Mrs. Pollard.

"Open the door!" roared a policeman from the outside.

"Open it yourself!" cried Nehemiah.

"What are you doing in there?"

"None of your business!" said our hero.

"Burst it in!" commanded the policeman; and after a short struggle, the door flew from the hinges, and the light of a bull's eye penetrated the place.

"That's the villain! seize him!" said the leader, "on with the bracelets! never mind what he says! We'll show him and all others of his style, that he cannot break into people's houses and steal with impunity!"

"I tell you I am in my own house!" thundered Pollard, "and I'll beat the brains out of the whole of ye, if ye don't make yourselves skereed! Peggy! Peggy! come and help me!"

The kitchen door flew open, and Peggy's yellow flannel night cap appeared.

"Oh lordy!" cried she, "I can't come in afore all them men with my night-cap on. Wais a minnit till I fix my head."

Nehemiah had seized a long handled frying pan, and was laying about him with a will.

The leader of the police began to see the point. He brought the lantern to bear on the face of our friend.

"I beg your pardon, Esquire Pollard, it was all a mistake."

Esquire Pollard laid down his weapon, and the two shook hands.

"It's all owing to this confounded house," said Nehemiah, "I don't know no more about the new-fangled thing than the man in the moon. But I've got some first rate cognac in the cellar. You'll keep dark, Mr. Police."

"Upon honor, squire."

Mr. Pollard had the locks taken off his doors, and the water pipes removed the next day. He has lived in his own house nearly a year now, but he carries a yellow dip to bed with him, and washes his face and hands at the kitchen sink.

Struck Ile.

The oil fever gives rise to some humorous features of human nature. We cannot vouch for the utter truthfulness of the following, but have received it as genuine:

"A couple of gentlemen of means were for a long time desirous of investing their spare cash in some one of the oil enterprises of the age. The stocks of those in full blast or successful operation, were held so high that the gentlemen concluded to risk an investment in one 'under the augur,' or well in process of boring. The agent of the new concern had his place of business in Wall Street, New York; the property was in the oil region of Western Pennsylvania.

"On making the twentieth or final call upon the broker, to inquire more fully into the matter, a lad stepped in and handed the agent a telegraph message. Hastily glancing at it, he said: 'Gentlemen, I give you just three minutes to accept or decline my offer for the property.' The two heads went together, two tongues spoke two sentences, and turning, they notified the broker that the property was their own. The money was paid, the stocks transferred, when one of the gentlemen said to the agent: 'Have you any objection to the showing of that telegraph message?'

"Certainly not," said the bland agent, and, taking it, they read:

PETROLEUM BAYOU, }
Jan. 1, 1865. }

"Harafine Candle, Esq.,

"Bored eighty feet, struck a sperm whale's head, spouting its at the rate of fifteen barrels per minute.

SPEERM KEROSENE, Agent.

It is needless to say that the fortunes of our two friends were made.—*Providence Press.*

The Bible.

OLD TESTAMENT.

No. of books, 39
No. of chapter, 929
No. of verses, 23,214
No. of words, 592,439
No. of letters, 2,728,100

The middle book is Proverbs.
The middle chapter is Job xxix.
The middle verse would be 2d Chronicles, xx 17, if one more, and verse 18th if there were one less.

The word *and* occurs 35,543 times.
The word *whereof* occurs 8,855 times.
The shortest verse is 1st Chronicles, i 25.

The 21st chapter of the 7th chapter of Ezra contains all the letters of the alphabet.

The 19th chapter of 2d Kings and the 37th chapter of Isaiah are alike.

NEW TESTAMENT.

No. of books, 27
No. of chapters, 290
No. of verses, 7,950
No. of words, 181,253
No. of letters, 838,580

The middle book is Thessalonians.
The middle chapter is Romans, xvii.
If there were a chapter less, and xvii, if there were a chapter more.

The middle verse is Acts xvii. 17.
The shortest verse is in John xi. 35.

OLD AND NEW TESTAMENT.

No. of books, 66
No. of chapters, 1,189
No. of verses, 31,173
No. of words, 773,697
No. of letters, 3,556,650

The middle chapter and the least one in the Bible is Psalms xvii.
The middle verse is Psalms xvii. 18.
These are interesting facts.

John Jay and the Infidels.

John Jay, when ambassador to France, was once in a company of infidels at Paris. They talked on recklessly, venting their spite at the Bible. Jay was silent. It troubled them. He did not pronounce their shibboleth. They could not go on while that great, just, true man sat there a silent spectator, a sort of solemn judge, riveting at last their gaze. No wonder his bearing forced them to speak, and when they asked, as if to relieve themselves of their confusion and provoke his acquiescence, "Do you believe in Jesus Christ?" his silence had prepared the way for his confounding and confounding answer. "I do, and I thank God that I do." He was silent at the right time, and when he spoke said the right thing.

When James T. Brady first opened a lawyer's office in New York, he took a basement room which had been previously occupied by a cobbler. He was somewhat annoyed by the previous occupant's callers, and irritated by the fact that he had few of his own. One day an Irishman entered. "The cobbler's gone, I see," he said. "I should think he had," tartly responded Brady. "And what do ye sell?" he asked, looking at the solitary table and a few law books. "Blackheads," responded Brady. "Begorra," said the Irishman, "you must be doing a mighty fine business—ye hain't got but one left."

A Visit to Longfellow.

We remained in our carriage a few moments, while my kind conductor entered the house to ask if its master would receive us. He has suffered a most awful bereavement—a bereavement the bitterest that can afflict a tender and loving heart; and he lived now in almost entire seclusion—among his children, however—in peace, comforting himself in the cultivation of good letters, and the accomplishment of a good work. We entered a pretty library parlor, strown with all the litter of a man of taste and culture.

As he came in, simply dressed, his long white beard floating upon his breast, a beautiful and patriarchal man, but all so tired out and pensive looking—ah! and different from him whose cheery face and gallant port are so familiar in the portrait of twenty years since. He seemed to have let his beard grow, not in accordance with a vain fashion, but for the sake of sorrow, as the men of the East do. But when I heard how nobly he bore up under his great loss, and how steadily he went about his appointed tasks, I remembered how David the King, under an affliction as cruel, gave over grieving, saying: "While the child was yet alive, I fasted and wept; for I said who can tell whether God will be gracious to me, that the child may live? But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? Can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." And this man's loss had been greater than that of twenty children.

After a while he grew quite cheerful, and we chatted, to me, the most delightful gossip I ever had in my life. He gave me a cigar, and he smoked one likewise. Some one in England had sent him an album full of photographs of English men of letters, and I was proud and glad to find that mine was among the number, and that he recognized me by it—prouder than though I had been bidden stand before a king. I rose at last to depart, and left him there, sorrowful but not desolate, *quia multum amavit*. I shall never see him again, but I shall never forget that I have been permitted to touch the hand and to listen to the discourse, full of calm, and wise, and gentle things of a noble American man—of him who wrote the "Village Blacksmith," and "Evangeline"—of him whose life has been blameless, whose record is pure, whose name is a sound of fame to all people.—*Geo. Aug. Sala.*

Trial by Jury.

John P. Hale has lost his seat in the Senate, and has most likely given up the idea of getting the French mission. He therefore thinks he can afford to speak the truth. He recently took occasion to denounce the system of arbitrary arrests, which has made the administration so infamous. Hear him:

"If trial by jury is overthrown in this country, take the rest. I would not lift my hand nor open my mouth, nor counsel one of my constituents to shed a drop of blood, or a dollar of treasure, if the Constitution is to be preserved unimpaired of this safe-guard of liberty. In these times, when so much is demanded, and so much is at stake, with a general confidence I would give to the administration almost everything that they want. I would consent and I have consented, that the *habeas corpus* may be suspended, and that extraordinary tribunals may be erected and instituted for the trial of everybody that voluntarily comes forward and connects himself with the public service. But, sir, if you are going to throw a drag-net over the land, if you are going to bring in this whole people, and subject them to the penalties that may be inflicted by military tribunals and these court martials, then the last step in the humiliation and degradation of the country is taken and we shall be left fit instruments for any despotism that the bold and the lawless may see proper to establish over us."

Cornelius O'Dowd, in the last Blackwood, indulges in a humorous protest against popularizing science, especially as it affects Mrs. O'Dowd. He comes home and finds that estimable lady in tears, because she has learned at the Scientific Congress, that the coal fields cannot last over twelve thousand years, and the earth's crust is a seven-tenths of an inch thinner than it was at the time of Moses. And then he asks: "What right has Sir David Brewster or Professor Faraday to fill my wife's head with speculations about the first man? I am, or at least ought to be, the first man to her." But even this is not so bad as this dismal information thrust upon him regarding the constituents of which both are composed. "I do not desire to have it impressed upon me so forcibly that I am only a compound of neutral salts, gelatine, fibrine and adipose matter. It is no pleasure to me to regard Mrs. O'Dowd as a vehicle for phosphates of lime, various carbonates and an appreciable portion of arsenic."

The Cook's Favorite.

This variety is a very vigorous grower, ripens very early, and is prolific. The foliage is of a handsome light green. It is an improved sort of the apple tomato, giving a larger proportion of large handsome apple-shaped fruit, than any of the common sorts; the fruit ripening to the stem, and being full of meat.

The tomatoes are of fine size, and of good flavor. On the whole it is decidedly the best variety of the apple tomato in the market.

"Do You Want a Boy Sir?"

"Do you want a boy, sir?" said George, a little fellow scarcely eight years old, to a clerk in a large office.

"Want a boy? Why, who wants to be engaged?" asked the smart-looking clerk, looking with a puzzled glance at the little applicant.

"I do, sir," replied George.

"Look here, gentlemen," cried the young man, speaking to his fellow clerks, "here is a regular Gollath! Wants to be a porter, I suppose. Look at him!"

The clerks gathered in great glee about poor George, who stood, full of earnest purpose, before them, and was therefore unconscious of any reason why he should be made an object of sport.

"What can you do?" asked one.

"You can post books, of course," said another.

"Carry a bale of goods on your back, eh?" cried a third.

"Hush, young gentlemen," said the elderly bookkeeper at the desk, after viewing George through his spectacles. "Hush! Don't make sport of the child. Let me talk to him." Then speaking to George in kindly tones, he said, "You are too young to be engaged, my child. Who sent you here?"

"I came, myself, sir. My father and mother are gone to heaven. My aunt is poor, and I want to earn something to help her. Won't you please take me on?"

The simple story, told in a way that showed how earnest the boy was, not only checked the sport of the clerks, but brought tears to their eyes. They looked on the delicate child before them with pity and respect, and one of them placing a shilling on the desk, asked the rest to follow his example; they did so. He then took the money and offering it to George, said:

"You are too small to be of any use here, my good boy. But take this money, and when you have grown a bit, perhaps we may find something for you to do."

George looked at the money without offering to touch it.

"Why don't you take the money?" asked the clerk.

"Please, sir, I'm not a beggar boy," said George; "I want to earn something to help my aunt to keep me, for she is very kind."

"You are a noble little fellow," said the senior clerk. "We give you the money not because we think you a beggar, but because we like your spirit. Such a boy as you will not easily be come a beggar. Take the money, my boy, and may God bless you,

