

The Michigan Argus.

Vol. XX.

ANN ARBOR, FRIDAY, AUGUST 18, 1865.

No. 1022.

The Michigan Argus.

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

ELIHU B. POND, Editor and Publisher.

Terms, \$4.00 a Year in Advance.

Advertisements—One square (12 lines or less), one week, 75 cents; three weeks \$1.50; and 25 cents for every insertion thereafter, less than three months. One square 2 mos. \$4.00. Quarter col. 1 year \$20. One square 6 mos. 6.00. Half column 1 year 35. One square 1 year 9.00. Half column 1 year 35. Two squares 6 mos. 8.00. One column 6 mos. 35. Two squares 1 year 12.00. One column 1 year 60. Cards in Directory, not to exceed four lines, \$4.00 a year.

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Business Directory.

W. F. BREAKEY, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office in Dr. Haven's Block, 4 doors East of Cook's Hotel. Residence corner of Huron and Division Streets, first door East of Presbyterian Church, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

W. E. LOCKARD,

ATTORNEY AT LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC.—Oversees and collects promptly attended to. —Bounty, Pensions and Back Pay collected. Office in New Block, East of Cook's Hotel, Ann Arbor, Mich.

C. H. MILLEN,

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

PHILIP BACH,

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

RISDON & HENDERSON,

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

A. J. SUTHERLAND,

AGENT for the New York Life Insurance Company. Office on Huron Street. Also has on hand a lot of the most approved sewing machines. Sec'd

GEORGE FISCHER,

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

WILLIAM LEWITT,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office at his residence, 2nd side of Huron, two doors west of Division Street.

M. GUITERMAN & CO.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL Dealers in Manufactures of Ready-Made Clothing, Importers of Cloth, Cassimeres, Buckskins, &c., &c., 5, Phoenix Block, Main St.

WM. WAGNER,

DEALER in Ready-Made Clothing, Cloths, Cassimeres, and Vesting, &c., &c., 5, Phoenix Block, Main St.

SLAWSON & SON,

CROCKERS, Provision and Commission Merchants, and Dealers in Water, Lime, Lard, and Plaster of Paris, one door east of Cook's Hotel.

SCOTT & LOOMIS,

AMBIOTYPE and Photograph Artists, in the rooms over Campion's Clothing store, Phoenix Block. Perfect satisfaction given.

C. B. PORTER,

SURGEON DENTIST. Office on Main and Huron Streets, over Back & Pierce's Store. All calls promptly attended to. April 1859

MACK & SCHMID,

DEALERS in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, &c., &c., Corner of Main & Liberty Sts.

ANDREW BELL,

DEALER in Groceries, Provisions, Flour, Produce, &c., &c., Corner Main and Washington Streets, Ann Arbor. The highest market prices paid for country produce. 855

D. CRAMER,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Agent for the Phoenix Fire and Marine Insurance Co. Life Insurance Companies. Conveying and Collecting promptly attended to. Office over Stephens & Wilson's Store.

M. C. STANLEY,

Photographic Artist.

Corner Main and Huron Streets, Ann Arbor, Mich.

PHOTOGRAPHS, AMBIOTYPES, &c., &c., in the latest styles, and every effort made to give satisfaction. 9547

D. DEFOREST,

WHOLESALE and Retail dealer in Lambert's Lard, Shingles, Saws, Doors, Blinds, Water-Lime, Glass, Sash, Plaster, Paper, and Nails of all sizes. A full and perfect assortment of the above, and all other kinds of building materials constantly on hand at the lowest possible rates. On Detroit, a few rods from the Railroad Depot. Also operating extensively in the Patent Cement Roofing.

LUMBER YARD!

C. KRAFF,

Has a large and well stocked Lumber Yard, on Jefferson Street, in the city part of the City, and will keep constantly on hand an excellent variety of LUMBER, SHINGLES, LATH, &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. CONRAD KRAFF, 82611 Ann Arbor, Dec. 6th, 1864.

NEW MUSIC STORE!

Persons wishing to buy

Pianos or Melodeons,

should go to WILSEY'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 saying that he has given the best of satisfaction thus far, and intends to do so in all cases. Any Piano he is furnished that purchaser may require. He wishes it to be distinctly understood that he will not be undersold.

UNDERSOLD

by any dealer East or West.

N.B.—The latest SHEET MUSIC for sale, PIANO FORTES, &c.

ALVIN WILSEY, 82611 Ann Arbor, Dec. 27th, 1864.

THE APPLE TREE IN THE LANE.

It stood close to where on leathern hinges, The gate swung back from the grassy lane, When the cows came home when the dusky eve Its mantle threw over hill and plain. Its branches knotty and gnarled by time, Waved to and fro in the idle breeze, When the spring days wore a blushing crown Of blossoms bright for the apple trees.

Its shadows fell o'er the crystal stream That all the long bright summer days, Like a silver thread, 'mid the waving grass Reflected back the golden rays. Of the noonday sun that madly strove To drink the fount of the brooklet dry, But the light clouds showered tear drops down Till the glad brook laughed as it glided by.

Never were the apples half so sweet, Golden russets striped with red, As those that fell on the golden turf When she shook the branches overhead. A trysting place for youthful friends Was the apple tree in the days of yore: And oft we sat beneath its shade And talked bright dreams of the future o'er.

And when the warm October sun Shone on the apple's scarlet robe, We gathered apples sound and fair, And round as our own myrtle globe, The stately hemlock crowns the hill, The dark pines rise above the plain— But the one we prize far more than they, The apple tree in the pasture lane.

Long years have passed, and cows no more Come home at night through the grassy lane: Where the gate swung back on leathern hinges I stand and gaze on the far-off plain, No more we list to the music low Of the crystal stream as it ripples on, And the apple tree in the pasture lane Is but a dream of days by-gone.

THE STREETS OF THE WORLD.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALLA.

[It is sometimes interesting to know what a stranger and a foreigner thinks of us. The author is furnishing a series of readable sketches of the notable streets in the chief cities of the world to the readers of Temple Bar. In the present article we have quite a rare sketch of our own famous Broadway.—Ed. ARGUS.]

NEW-YORK.—BROADWAY ITSELF.

Ere you address yourself to the study of Broadway in detail, you must recollect that it attacked of Flag on the Brain at which I hinted in my last chapter. Push aside the banners which flutter like leaves in Valombrosa, and regard the enormous tide of humanity forever flowing up and down Broadway.

It does not resemble in its entirety any crowd with which you have been hitherto acquainted, although taken sectionally it may contain some elements and characteristics of the population of every other city in the world. The American type is predominant and absorbent; and the type is a melancholy one, and the crowd a melancholy one.

New York claims—and the claim may be allowed—to be the most cosmopolitan city in the Union, you will meet in its side walks, besides New Yorkers and New Englanders, gaunt Western men, colossal Kentuckians, and sallow Southerners, any number of Germans, Spaniards—both European and Creole—Dutch farmers; Swedish settlers from New Jersey; Negro mulattoes; Irishmen, Irishwomen, Frenchmen, Englishmen, and Scotchmen; yet not for one moment shall you be enabled to forget that you are on the North American continent, in an American city, and where American manners hold supremacy.

In this you may assume a tacit admission on my part of the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon race; but I venture to submit that the manners, appearance, and usages of the real American are not Anglo-Saxon. The Anglo-Saxon is sturdy and ruddy, the American is cadaverous and attenuated. The Anglo-Saxon has lately acceded to the beard movement; but when he lets his hair grow over his face he allows it to grow altogether. The American is not very partial to wearing a full beard. He prefers to sport a chin-tuft or a "goatee," and to shave his upper lip, or to grow a moustache and shave his cheeks and chin. And this moustache he frequently dyes, or twists into spikes, a la Napoleon—the which no ordinary Anglo-Saxon, not being a painter, a fiddler or a buffoon, would dream of doing.

At Boston the ultra-refined classes wear neither beard nor moustaches; but cultivate "side whiskers" of the mutton-chop pattern, in order to make them look more like Englishmen. The attempt, however, as a rule, is vain; and let the young dandies of the New York clubs do their best and strive their hardest, they fail in producing even a colorable imitation of the English swell with his fair hair parted down the centre—at the risk, it has been recently and spitefully suggested, of revealing the fact that the sutures of his skull are scarcely joined yet—his full, glossy, tawny beard, or drooping whiskers and moustaches. They can not manage it. Even the accomplished Mr. Sothorn, as I pointed out in *Breakfast in Bed*, committed the error of making Lord Dundreary a dark exquisite; but he may have been fearful of provoking invidious comparisons by assuming an auburn wig and whiskers. I saw a Yankee once attempt the part, and play it red-headed; but he looked a mere revolting grotesque, and nothing more. The nearest approach to the British model I ever saw was in the case of a German Jew who kept a music-shop somewhere in Canada, and used to come to New York now and then to air his gentility. He was a prodigious buxom, and had evidently studied not only costume, but philocean science, from long and minute observation of the officers of the British Guards in garrison at Montreal. He had photographed, so to speak, their facial hirsuteness on his own. The essay was a laudable one; but it was not a success. Not a hair, a curl, a twist, a tendril, was out of place: the "got-up" was magnificent; yet still it was not the real thing. It was a spoiled photograph

—a blurred and smeared copy: out of focus and out of taste.

Then, again, when your Anglo-Saxon is inclined to do the lazy and loaf, he will lounge about in shooting-suit and wide-awake hat; and all slovenly as he may be, look easy and unconstrained. The slovenliness of the American is studied, elaborate, complicated. If he wears a shooting-jacket, it is a marvel of the tailor's skill. Baggy as his pegtops may be, they are sewed-in round the loins to give him a wasp-waist. He is fond of wearing snowy and stiffly-starched white waistcoats in the forenoon. You never saw an English dandy thus matulinally arrayed. In full-dress or undress, the American can not resist the temptation of overloading himself with jewelry—especially sleeve-buttons, signet-rings, and watch-chains. This goldsmith's-ware is, I admit, generally very handsome and very expensive; but he wears too much of it. Among all classes, indeed, there is a mania for adorning themselves with "chains and oaches." Stonemasons and hod-carriers may be seen in shirt-studs and scarfpins; mechanics generally wear some article of jewelry; a recruit may be swindled out of the better part of his bounty by the brokers, but he will always contrive to secure a silver watch—often a gold one—and a chain all hung with glittering baubles, out of the wreck; while the bounty-brokers themselves, than whom a greater set of soundrels does not exist in the entire world, habitually blaze with diamonds superposed on dirty shirts and dirtier hands. The manner, again, in which little girls of six and eight years of age are bedizened in brooches and rings is absolutely preposterous. You see them trotting to school with their hands all covered with sham gems; so that if the school mistress has occasion to rap their knuckles, she must be puzzled to find a place convenient for the application of the ruler. I remember seeing one young lady—but she was probably twelve years of age—who was sailing past the St. Nicholas Hotel in the usual helmet-shaped hat and plume, and the usual mantle and streamers, who were at her throat a brooch in the likeness of a spread-eagle, white and sheeny enough to pass for silver, but which—having just purchased a dozen of the article for transmission as curiosities to England—I instantly recognized as one of the clasps to the McClellan badges, which—clasp, red, white, and blue ribbon, portrait of "Little Mac" and all—could be purchased down town, in Maiden Lane, for twenty cents a-piece. The stylishness of the child, and the worthlessness of the finery in which she had decked herself, were exceedingly suggestive to at least one of the beholders. The frenzy for brow apparel and necklaces is a characteristic most strongly demarking the American from the Anglo-Saxon. It is one of the chief symptoms, first of the intense personal vanity of the people, and next of the universal determination that one class shall not arrogate to itself the exclusive privilege of wearing gems and trinkets. Every body here is as good as every body else, and will let you know it unmistakably. If yonder shop-keeper sits on the counter with one leg on the ground and swinging the other, and picks his teeth with a nonchalant air, or whistles the waltz from *Faust*, while you mention the article you require, it is to let you know that he is as good as you and better. An American mistress—if there were any mistresses in American households—who ventured to prohibit her servant maid from wearing ringlets or a crinoline while she was doing her work, or expostulated with her on the number of brooches or ribbons she affected, would be regarded as an idiot, with all the will, but none of the power, to be a despot. An American "help," or "young lady" who condescends to a certain weekly stipend to "fix-up" your house for you, wears what she likes, and comes and goes when she pleases. Why should she not? She is a female citizen in a free country. When the wife of the subscriber's bosom joined him in New York, she brought with her—with a foresight unusual in her age and sex—sundry Anglo-French bonnets. It was well she did so; for bonnets, during the summer of '64, were quoted at from twenty-five to one hundred dollars a-piece. Under the first-named price there was nothing to be procured that you would have given half-a-guinea for in Cranbourne Alley. Well, an hotel chambermaid, the morrow of her arrival, saw one of these bonnets lying upon a bed. She took it up, turned it round and round, surveying it approvingly, and remarked, "Now that's a first-class hat, and that's a fact; guess I'll have one like it next month." They always call a lady's bonnet a "hat." For pure mischief's sake, I told her—which was the truth, by the way—that the hat she admired so much had cost in London only two guineas. How much was that in dollars? Thus Phyllis.

Well, at the present rate of greenbacks, about eighteen dollars and a half. The countenance of the chambermaid fell. "My stars," quoth she, "I would cost forty here!" and so it would.

Goaded to desperation by "young lady helps," who will wear jewelry, crinoline, and ringlets, the employers of female labor advertise every day for foreign domestics. "A willing German girl," "A hard working Irish girl arrived," and so forth. They get hold of raw emigrants, simple and uncouth young ladies from the middle states of Germany or the wilds of southern Ireland. For a time they do very well. Accustomed to toil from their infancy, they will sweep and scrub, wash and iron, from early in the morning to late at night. They are too unsophisticated not to be obedient. They are temporarily grateful for abundant food and comfortable lodging, and make capital servants. But there comes a time when three meals a day, and unstinted meals too, bring about their inevitable consequences. They have more money than they know how to spend; they learn to talk American-English; they have their beaux and their female goosips; they awaken at last to the conviction that they are as good as you, and a great deal better. This persuasion once come in at the door, discipline, deference, obedience fly out at the window. Your willing young German *madchen*, your hardworking Irish *colleen*, have become Americanized, and are no more fit for domestic service than an English duchess is to be barmaid at a public-house. Why should it not be so? It may be asked. In the abstract, one man is as good as another or any other man; and the same rule holds good with womankind. Let it be so, if you please; but what would become of an army in which all the soldiers were generals, and none of them were privates?

This is not a digression; for female costume and a walk down Broadway are indissolubly connected. The great morning and afternoon promenade for the ladies of New York is from Union Square, say Fourteenth Street to Canal Street, near, but not so far down as the Astor House, that is to say, the arbitrary centre of Broadway. This, a space of some two-and-a-half miles, is during the day-time almost monopolized by the ladies. Nine-tenths of the men are away upon business up-town. By eight o'clock in the morning, and from four to six p. m., you may see the Broadway stages crammed with menfolk bound to their stores or their counting-houses; but during the broad daylight the fair sex have it all their own way in Broadway. In Fifth Avenue, again, until the time arrives for the trotting-wagons and the equestrians on their way to the Central Park to make their appearance, you rarely see any but ladies, children, and a few chance foreigners of the male persuasion. Have you not observed an analogous paucity of men in the charming London suburb of Brompton? From ten a. m. to five p. m., the gentlemen are as much at a discount between Knightsbridge Green and the Admiral Koppel as though South Kensington were a territory of the Amazons. The shadows falling on the pavement are increased fifty-fold by the affluence of crinolines and unfurled parasols. You are delightfully uncertain as to which is the sunny and which the unbragous side of the way. It is charming. The ladies take pity upon you sometimes, a solitary man-wanderer, and smile, or regard you compassionately with their big dreamy eyes. Why don't you take off your hat to that entrancing creature with the yellow hair and purple stockings—terminated with oh! such boots—who is gently chiding the nasty little beast of a poodle which she leads by a crimson cord, and beneath one of whose fair arms (the lady's, not the poodle's) are tucked two volumes hot from Mr. Westerton's Library? Ah! happy should I be to follow that fair maiden about, even in the guise of a poodle-dog wearing a jacket of crimson flannel, with the crest and cipher of my Beautiful Lady embroidered in the corner! Happy should I be, though four-footed and a contemptible snivelling cur, to be privileged to contemplate without ceasing those ankles and those boots, even as Indian devotees aspire to the enjoyment of eternity in the perpetual contemplation of Buddha! Speak to the young lady! Why, bless my heart, you have not been introduced to her; you don't know her from Adam. You would be guilty of the grossest impertinence. I know it, ma'am; but why these hollow conventionalities? why this yawning gulf between hearts born, maybe, to sympathize with each other? *La femme qui me comprend, le cœur qui parle au mien: ou est-elle, ou est-elle?* That beast of a poodle spoke to the old lady's Skye terrier without having been introduced to her. That ruffianly organ-grinder kissed his hand and bowed—the tawny scamp—at the sylph with the yellow hair and purple hose. She gave him pence. He had not been introduced to her. I wish she would give me a copper. I am sure I could grind *Stridi la Vampa* much better than that brown scoundrel, if somebody would only teach me. Then there was that rude and vulgar boy, who—without the slightest introduction—saluted my sylph with a scurrilous allusion to her hat and feather, and asked her if her hoops hurt her much. And finally, there was a smooth and sallow and sly-looking Father Liguori from the Oratory. I don't think he has ever been introduced to the sylph; but as he glides past her—he is always gliding in and out of Brompton—he casts upon her a tortuous, oily, insinuating, but strictly paternal glance, as though to say, "Save thee, fair daughter! If thou longest for rest and peace, come to the Oratory. Walk into my little chapel. You will learn to love wax-candles and St. Philip Neri, and all kinds of pretty things." The organ-grinder, the vulgar little boy, and the Oratorian, are the only men-folks to be seen about Brompton at this time of day. The policeman only looks in occasionally, and doesn't stop long.

Now this is a digression, I will frankly admit, and has no more direct reference to Broadway, New York, than a cocked-hat has to a pound of pickled salmon. But it has a remote and contingent reference not to be overlooked. If you wish to see the lilies of the American valley, in all their glory, you must stroll up and down Broadway between the points I have indicated.

Lilies they are, indeed; for they toil not, neither do they spin; yet King Solomon, arrayed in that most gorgeous sheen wherein he received the Queen of Sheba, would have looked seedy by the side of the American belles.

How they come, trooping, tripping, sailing, flouncing, and flaunting—and whenever they chance to meet a stray male animal, flirting with the most despatchingly delightful energy! Here they come, decked out in all the colors of the rainbow, and in many other hues undreamt of in the solar spectrum! They float in flocks down the stately stream of Broadway, like swans; and oh! the delightful sport to go out swanhoping! But they are too 'cute to allow their pretty bills to be nicked *par le premier venu*, and the swanhopper has often his labor in vain.

I must confess that I prefer the cygnet to the full-grown swans. A young American girl is about the prettiest creature ever imagined out of the ballet of the *Sylphide*, or one of John Gilbert's illustrations to the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*. Her features are exquisitely delicate; her complexion precisely like alabaster; her teeth pearly and transparent—a pearliness and transparency which unhappily do not last; her hair glossy and luxuriant; her figure undulating, slender, graceful, *swell* or *mignonne*. There is, it is true, a dash of sameness in her prettiness. There are just two types of *gentillesse* as to countenance; the damsel with the aquiline nose, and the damsel with the *nez pretentive*—the Empress Eugenie and the Madame Dubarry type, in short. In Houdouin's statue of the Dubarry, in the gallery of the Hermitage at St. Petersburg—the figure is unadorned as the Venus de Medici—there is the most wondrous idealization of a snub-nose ever achieved in marble. Now a snub-nose in a very young girl is tolerable, and even admirable. What can be more charming than a baby's snub? A hook-nose—a gentle hook—likewise does not offend in the very young; but it is when middle ages approaches that the prominence of those features becomes painful. I give the American young lady from sixteen to twenty-six to riot in a carnival of prettiness; and this, the rapid life of the country considered, is a liberal allowance—a very Milanese *carnevalesque* as to the extension of time.

At twenty-six she is middle-aged; at thirty she is elderly; at forty—*so me'm parlez pas*. The skinniness, the angularity, the cadaverous gauntness, the faded and worn-out look possessed by the majority of American ladies when they reach the mid-term of life, is most pitiable to view. I am not speaking of the spinsters. There do not appear to be in the United States—out of New England, where most people you know have two or three unmarried aunts—any old maids whatsoever. "I never heard any one say dead myoule," observes Mr. Josh Billings, discoursing on the traditional longevity of that animal; and, so far as my observation is concerned, I never met with an American old maid.

The only one to whom I was introduced as a spinster turned out to be a widow. I fancy that when they reach a certain age and are not mated, the State Legislature secretly takes the matter up, and passes them on to Nevada or Arizona, where it is well known nothing but bars of yellow gold will serve the turn of housekeepers for washing, and the children are weaned on nuggets. But it is dreadful to see this sallow leanness amongst mothers of large families. Their teeth also go to the bad. Immoderate indulgence in sweetmeats, and excessive potations of iced-water—within the ken of the brute sex they never touch any thing stronger—ruin their *rateliers*. What becomes of their luxuriant hair I don't know; but I can vouch for the sad fact that at least three-fourths of the glossy tresses which tumble down the backs of American ladies are false. In the face of which two social peculiarities you will readily understand why New York can boast of the most cunning *coiffeurs* and the most accomplished dentists in the world.

Twenty or thirty years ago there ran all through the Continental newspapers a grim and silly story about *La femme a la tete de Mort*—"the woman with the Death's head." A million of francs down was said to be the reward offered to the man bold enough to marry this dreadful personage, who spoke seven languages, played the piano-forte and the harp to perfection, painted in oil and water colors, and had a most kind and leering brow; but who unfortunately could show nothing but a grinning and fleshy skull beneath the silver mask which she constantly wore. This cock-and-bull tale may with ease be traced to an old mediæval Italian legend called *La donna a la tete de Mort*—"the woman with the Moor or Negro's head." Some ingenious Frenchman had jumped at the conclusion that "Mort" meant "Death" instead of "Moor," and so translated it "Mort," *Traduttore traditore*. But if ever you visit the United States, and take a walk down Broadway, you will be appalled at beholding, and not frequently either, in the flesh—or rather in the bone—the Lady with the Death's head. I have a carte-de-visite of one, chosen promiscuously from a photographer's stock. The original is probably not thirty-five years of age; she is splendidly dressed; but there is the awful Death's-head, just covered with a shrunken integument, and the sockets filled with eyes, as you see in Henry Valenti's drawing of the "Skeleton" in the *Mysteries of Paris*. The mortuary characteristics of the lady stop, I have no doubt, at her face. She is in all probability a very lively chatty person, can sing and play with brilliancy and exactitude, is a capital trencherwoman, and gets through enough tender-loin-steak and pumpkin-

pie to make her under more favorable climatic influences as fat as Daniel Lambert.

The drollest thing is, that when the American lady comes to be about fifty years old, she gets over her leanness and her plainness, and suddenly becomes young again. The population of Broadway seems to be composed (apart from the middle-aged ladies, who are as a rule heart-rending in appearance) of pretty young ladies of sixteen, and pretty young ladies of sixty. No, sir, I have not tripped in my speech; I repeat, *young* ladies of sixty. A juvenile grandmother is any thing but a rarity here; gushing young things of three-score are not uncommon; and I have ventured to cast more than one humbly tender glance at a damsel of seventy.

You very seldom meet with an old man in society. The men work, fret, smoke, speculate, chew, or drink themselves to death at a comparatively early age. Nor are old men very popular in the States; they are passed by, as "played-out." I have heard more than one law-giver and statesman called a "worn-out cuss." It was an unfailing topic of sarcasm against the Hon. Edward Everett that he was so very old; and George Bancroft, the illustrious historian of the United States a writer who combines the accuracy of an Alison with the research of a Pincock, the copiousness of a Grimshaw with the vivacity of Peter Parley—is usually spoken of by the irreverent young men of Gotham as "old Fuss and Feathers." The truth is that American men have little reverence for age among their own sex. Strong, active, energetic, unscrupulous, noisy, pushing men they admire and almost deify; but age generally brings with it wisdom, experience, calmness, judgment, depreciation of wild enthusiasm, dislike to rash innovation. These qualities are not to the taste of Young America. They are not go-ahead. They do not go far towards making up the beau-ideal of Transatlantic humanity. "A real live man, sir, by—!" I have heard of venerable partners in mercantile firms being superseded and pushed off their stools, as obsolete and incompetent, by their juniors; and an American—mind, an American, not an English—friend once told me that he saw over a store-front in Jersey City this announcement, "Tomkins and Father." Therein lay a mine of philosophy. Tomkins the elder was evidently "played out;" he was a "cuss," and of "no account," and "very small potatoes." He was permitted, just for charity's sake, to continue in the business, mind the shop, dust the counter, and see the shutters put up by the black porter; but the real live man in the concern was young Tomkins, who, despising and disparaging his antedated progenitor, was making rapid strides, no doubt, towards running for Congress, taking the presidency of a petroleum company, and putting himself in nomination for the highest offices in the State—say the secretarship of the treasury, the postmastership of Communipaw, or the lighthouse-keepership at Cape Knob.

An old American gentleman, when you do meet him, which is but rarely, is generally a most delightful companion—very benignant, very tolerant, very free from prejudice, and usually a strong friend to England. The old American lady, whom, fortunately, you very often meet, is the most charming person it is possible to conceive. See her in Broadway; handsomely, but warmly and sensibly clad; smiling and nodding; with her wrinkled but rosy little face, in guise something between a wax peach and a well-preserved pippin; with the nicest set of artificial teeth that Doctor Zachary could carve from a rhinoceros' tusk; and her own hair disposed in snowy silvery bunches on either side of her temples. American ladies, young, middle-aged, and old, are always *bien gantées* and *bien chapeées*; but it has been among the old ladies that I have seen the prettiest hands and feet, and the most faultlessly fitting gloves and boots. The which reminds me that there was living a year ago, and there they may be living still, in the fair city of Baltimore, an old lady, ordinarily designated "the Madam," her age prodigious, her form bent double, her attire curiously antiquated in its fashion; yet still retaining in her faded features something of the sparkle of bygone comeliness, still in her tottering gait a trace of the elasticity of youth.

This was once the beautiful Miss Patterson, the fair American who became the bride of that heartless, worthless, and dissolute scamp, Jerome Bonaparte, sometime King of Westphalia; and who, but for the selfish poltroonery of her husband, and the ruthless ambition of her imperial brother-in-law, might have been at this day mistress of the Palais Royal. Enveloped in a black tulle-mantle of the year One, and leaning on a crutch-stick, the famous old lady might be seen any day in the streets of the Monumental City; and people would make way for her, and doff their hats, as though around that decrepit form there still hung some perfume of the imperial purple to which she had been transiently allied. And I remember too, one bitterly cold December day, driving out in a sleigh to High Bridge, at New York, having pointed out to me, by my companion, a grand old country house, where dwelt, he said, in the most rigid seclusion, another "Madam," in age prodigious, in memories inextinguishable, who had once been as beautiful and as famous—but her fame was of a different order, and not quite so gratifying—as *la belle Patterson*. Wealthy and solitary, sternly refusing to commune with a generation whom she hated, here waited grimly for death the well-known Madam—, the widow of Aaron Burr; who slew Alexander Hamilton in a duel; he who was tried for high-treason, for the attempt to establish, in conjunction with an Irishman named Blennerhassett, an independent sovereignty on the North American continent; he who was at one period Vice President of the great Republic; and he who, after the wildest and stormiest career, died at last very poor and miserable, and discarded even by his wife, the "Madam" who lives in gloomy state by High Bridge.

An Irish Recruiting Officer.—Enlisting a Lawyer.

Well, mind yourself, now, for this is as true as gospel. It was on the 11th of May, 1839, I listed a recruit in Dublin, and put the question to him, gave him the shilling, glory be to God, and walked him to the barracks as fine as a fiddle. Well, behold ye now, a few days after he was claimed as a "prentice, and so he was had up before the Major, and he committed him for trial. Well, at the following *assizes* he was had up, and I was called as a witness, and the lawyer that defended him told me I did not list him.

"I did," says I.

"Did you put the questions to him rightly?" says he.

"I did," says I.

"By the virtue of yer oath, now," says he, "just ax me the questions, for I don't believe you axed him."

"How do you know that?" says I, "for by this and by that you won't by."

"None of yer business," says he, "come now let us hear. Put the questions to me," says he, and he held out his hand, and accordingly I pulled out half a crown and clapped it in his fist, and then I up and axed him the questions, and he said "yes" to them all.

"Was these the same questions ye put to the prisoner?" says he.

"They wor," says I.

"Well, here's yer half-crown back for ye," says he.

"I can't take it, sir," says I.

"Why not?" says he.

"Why not?" says I; "why, sure I can't take it back till ye go before a magistrate and pay the 'smart money.'"

"You be banged," says he. And he put the money in his pocket, and I called to his lordship on the bench for a witness that I had listed him. And oh, holy Biddy! but there was a roar in the court! Begorra, his lordship the judge laughed till the tears ran down his face, and says he to the counsellor—

"I am sorry for you, my good man, but I hope you'll get promotion

teffigible, was his meaning—though it unhappily took the form of a shape—in his rebuke to the shoemaker when getting shoes for his gaiters: "I told you to make one larger than the other, and instead of that you have made one smaller than the other—the very opposite."—*Ad. the Year Book.*

From the Cornhill, written by a N. Y. Lady.

An Evening with a Shoddy Family.
Before the evening was over, I found myself in a smaller apartment, gorgeously furnished and rendered truly remarkable by the admirable, shoddy framed pictures which nearly covered the walls. A shoddy quartette was seated on the sofa, and it needed no second look to convince me that I saw the four children of my hostess. Her husband, a shoddy and masculine being, was seated in an equal part, but that effect was purely matter of fact, as nothing in their faces betrayed that they had ever uttered a sound. Soon the mother appeared. Lord! Mrs. D., you hear? Well, I had to get out of the parlors for a minute. It's so suffocation there. This is our family sitting room. Ellen, stick in your shoulder, Miss! (This was a dramatic aside, directed to the sofa department.) "I see you're looking at the pictures." Well, we have got to tell them, that's certain. I told Mrs. G. we'll have a picture gallery before you know it—I had—but that's nothing—(the man's head was over her shoulder, and she was saying something that money can buy.) (Here a radiant, satisfied ripple of expression ran across the quartette upon the sofa.) I tried to say something, but alas! the shoddy to the possible art gallery had jeopardized my gravity to such an extent that I could only cough pathetically. "This is a big picture," pursued Mrs. G., is a landscape—scapes a landscape by children who is this landscape by?" "Mr. Benson," they all answered in a breath, closing their mouths instantly like four traps. "Yes, Mr. Benson. He's a Western man, Mrs. D., and don't charge more'n a quarter what these New York painters ask. He paints pretty tho'. Ain't that white fence too natural?" she added, letting her head drop sideways with its weight of admiration. "Alas, the fence was too natural, but I did not trust myself to say so. I merely bowed, and stared vacantly at an ideal work presenting, as I suspected, Cupid and Psyche, since the blue damsel depicted therein balanced a huge butterfly upon her shoulder, and her youthful companion had the inevitable wings and quiver of the mischievous God of Love. "That picture," broke forth Mrs. G., standing in superb disdain before me, "isn't my taste—Mr. G. bought it. It's a fancy piece you see—Cupid and children! What did your Pa say was the name of this picture?" "Cupid and Psyche," answered the two elder ones simultaneously. "Oh yes, Cupid and Psyche. But, Mrs. D., you must look at our portrait—we've had one artist for a year past doing our family. Here's Mr. G. and me. You may think the yellow gloves in my picture isn't mates—any one might—but they are—the artist was bound to put up one of them in shadow, in spite of all I could say. This is Daniel's picture (sit up, strait Daniel, and let go your sister's sash); it's like him, all but the hair. The naughty boy (looking severely at Daniel), burnt off one side of his curls last week; and we had to cut off the rest. Here's our youngest boy Tommy—the end one on the sofa there—most beautiful boy? Always just as easy and lively as you see him in the picture—ain't it like him, Mrs. D.—? "Very like," without venturing to take a second look at the original. Mr. Benson said he never seen a harder child to paint, it was so difficult to get his expression. (A look! I should think it would have been very difficult.) He took him at first with one shoe on, and the other laying on the carpet; but I want's going to have a child of mine lookin' like that, so I made Mr. Benson alter it quick. I told him to just change the shoe on the carpet to a kitten, or something of that kind, and then to put good Balmorals on the poor child. It's had enough to have your young ones looking like wild about the house, without having their likenesses took all in a mass!"

A Capital Bath.
An open window, with the direct rays of the sun shining in, will be good for the little ones. On a hot summer day, to lay it near the window, quite nude, and let it lie for some minutes where the rays of the sun may fall upon its skin will give it new life. There is a vital relation between sunshine and a vigorous human being. Scarcely from sunshine is one of the greatest misfortunes of civilized life. The same cause which makes potatoes white and sickly when grown in dark cellars, operates to produce the pale sickly girls that are reared in our parlors. Expose either to the direct rays of the sun, and they begin to show color, health and strength. When in London, some years ago, I visited an establishment which had acquired a wide reputation for the cure of those diseases in which prostration and nervous derangement were prominent symptoms. I soon found the secret of success in the use made of sunshine. The slate roof had been removed and a glass one substituted. The upper story was divided into sixteen small rooms each equipped with lounges, washing apparatus, etc. The patient on entering each little apartment, removed all his clothing and exposed himself to the direct rays of the sun. Lying on the lounge and turning over from time to time, each and every part of the body was exposed to the life-giving rays of the sun. Several London physicians candidly confessed to me that many cases which seemed only waiting for the shower were galvanized into life and health by this process.—*Dr. Dio Lewis.*

An Epidemic Really Coming.
That there is an epidemic traversing Europe, east and west, and emanating from Asia, it would be folly to deny. The Privy Council admit the fact by issuing an order to the authorities of all British ports, and several governments have resorted, more or less rigidly, to the principle of quarantine. In France, earlier than in England, the danger is confessed; but, on both sides of the channel, it is unmistakably argued that with the public lies the chief responsibility of guarding against infection! Bad water, corrupted air, habits of disorder, slovenly lodging houses, putrid drains and personal uncleanness account for many a depopulating epidemic. A disease is thus created which we designate as cholera. It is not new to the world. It is known among the old traditions of social calamity to India, China and Russia; it has been called colic and nausea, but it is, as a rule inseparable from these customs which travelers have ascribed to the inhabitants of Muscat. People fancy when they read of precautions adopted at Southampton and Hull that they have got the secret of security. They read the history of the epidemic in its progress from the Ganges in 1817 to its outbreak over England in 1831; they watch its movement from Hamburg to London, from Sutherland to Edinburgh, and through the triple panics of 1853, 1854, and 1859. What are we doing, however, to arrest the contagion, now manifestly spreading over the north and east of Europe? In England the Board of Health recommends an encouragement of pure air and water, the use of disinfectants, deodorizing preparations, and the removal of dirt in every conceivable way. From France, medical writers assure us that the cholera follows the lines of the sea coast and of great rivers; that it is generally a misfortune of the vast highroads connecting different countries, that in the east it is often traced along the path of a caravan; that in Europe it usually spreads from populous centers; and that by rigorous precautions its approach may be prevented. Thus has it been kept out of Saxony, Hanover, Saxe-Weimar, Gotha, Anhalt, Hesse, Brunswick, and Mecklenburg, which have quarantined themselves into a state, as to speak, of medical isolation. But its travels are rapid, nevertheless, and whether its influence be contagious or not is a question no longer to be disputed. All we have to do is to recognize the fact that, directly or indirectly, we are menaced by this frightful scourge; that it is roaming Europe; that it has visited Egypt, Turkey and Italy; that it created apprehension in France; and that our own administration has been roused to issue a public warning.

ARTHUR DODDING.—The Philadelphia Press advises its political friends to dodge the negro suffrage question. In an article of instructions to the Republican State Convention it has this:

"On the subject of negro suffrage we are not called upon to legislate in Pennsylvania, nor is it necessary that an official Pennsylvania Convention should decide for the States to whom, by constitutional recommendation and unbroken practice, it has been unexceptionally left. We can do nothing with it until our State Constitution is amended by striking out the word 'white'; and this process cannot even be begun for four years to come."—*Ad. the Year Book.*

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Boston Wool Market.

The activity of the wool market, so well sustained for the past two weeks, has lulled somewhat for the last few days. The great fact that claimed the attention of dealers was the wool sale in New York. Pending this sale, business here was quiet, though some pretty good sales have been effected, and there has been no falling off in prices. The fine old Dutch gentlemen in Pennsylvania and Central Ohio, who know a thing or two in the line of money making, still cling to their wool as a hidden treasure. Well, perhaps they can afford it. It is, it is their business. But they will have to hold on to their wool to a pretty late date in the year before they will realize all they demand. The Michigan does his own thinking, and his wool is largely in the market, and the money in his pocket ready for another turn. Some Northern Ohio wool has found its way here, and a steady sale. New York and Vermont keep their eyes open, and their wool is fast being sent where it ought to go. Large quantities are being received, and some very large purchases have been made by our dealers, one amounting to 175,000 lbs. at 67c. Fine choice wools, in small lots, will undoubtedly advance in price beyond the ordinary range; but they will not be the criterion of prices. Some manufacturers, recognizing this fact, have not stood upon ceremony, but purchased liberally at a higher figure than the market would seem to make necessary; but it was necessary for their special use. Generally speaking, however, the manufacturers find their own market the cheapest spot in which to obtain the supplies for their business operations.

Foreign wools are getting pretty well cleaned out, though selling at good prices. There is no Australian wool in the market. The last sold at 47c. The reduced amount received from foreign countries the current year has tended to keep in the market a fair balance of prices; and as these amounts probably will not be largely increased for some time, if ever, under our present tariff, they will not come seriously in competition with American wool. While, therefore, the Government may lose in the customs, the wool raiser at home may make something to meet his income tax. And a higher price paid for home grown wool will insure to the benefit of the country, while stimulating the raising of sheep, and improving the quality of the wool, and in the steady control it will give the consumers over the home market for woolen goods.

Sales of domestic for the week foot up some 800,000 lbs., at the previous range of 63a72c for fleeces, and 71a75c for the various grades of pulled; 10,000 lbs. Merino pulled sold at 71c. Among these are lots of New York, Michigan and Northern Ohio.—*Conn. Bulletin.*

From the London Herald, July 20.

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The Michigan Argus.

ANN ARBOR, MICH.

FRIDAY MORNING, AUG. 18, 1865.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY.

The Loss of the Powabie.

In another column will be found full particulars of the sad disaster which occurred on Lake Huron, on Wednesday evening of last week, omitting, however, the names of the passengers reported saved and lost.

Dr. S. H. Douglas, of our city, with his sister-in-law, Mr. Wm. J. Wells, his daughter KATE, and his two sons, were passengers on the ill-fated boat, and all except Mrs. WELLS were almost miraculously saved. From Mr. DOUGLASS we learn the following facts.

Mr. DOUGLASS, with Mrs. WELLS, KATE and SAMUEL, stood at the moment of the collision on the forward deck of the *Powabie*, watching the approach of the *Meteor*. He says that the *Meteor* seemed approaching on a parallel line at least sixteen rods distant, but, as she came near abreast of the *Meteor* she made a short turn, and at full speed struck the *Powabie* about thirty feet from her bow, staying in cabin, bulwarks, and lower works. Mr. DOUGLASS, as by impulse, jumped upon the *Meteor*, and then back to the *Powabie* to aid his family, and in doubt which vessel was the most injured. The four passed instantly into the cabin, and to their staterooms for life preservers, getting which they passed out of the cabin at the rear, and on to the stern of the deck. Here SAMUEL essayed to jump to the *Meteor*, but just catching upon her with his hands fell into the lake. Mr. D. M. D. R. W. and KATE stood upon the deck and went down with the vessel. Mr. DOUGLASS says that he was under water as long as he could possibly hold his breath, and came to the surface amid the floating debris. All four were picked up within three-fourths of an hour, but Mrs. WELLS was dead. It is supposed that she was injured by collision with floating timbers.

Mr. DOUGLASS' oldest son, WILLIAM, was in his berth at the moment of the collision, asleep or nearly so. Getting up instantly, and looking into the cabin, he saw that something was wrong, and thought that the boiler had burst. Turning round and putting on his life preserver he stepped a second time into the cabin, at which instant the waters were rushing rapidly in, and the gallant *Powabie* was making her final plunge. Imagining that the in-rushing water was hot—from exploded boilers—he mounted the side-board, and drew up his legs, and on the side-board, floated into the open lake and was picked up dry. He can not tell how he made his exit from the cabin, but a *Meteor* passenger, writing from theault to the *Free Press*, says that as the *Powabie* went down her hurricane deck was forced up and floated upon the waters, and the same crash of the waters evidently parted the cabin, and permitted the furniture to float out.

The events we have described occupied not to exceed four minutes, but the actors in the tragedy will not forget them in a life time.

The remains of Mrs. WELLS were brought to this city, and her funeral took place from the residence of Dr. DOUGLASS on Sunday, at 4 P. M.

A proposition having been made at a recent session of the Detroit Board of Trade to investigate the causes of the recent catastrophe on Lake Huron, it was announced that it was the duty of the Inspector of the district to investigate the matter, that he had already taken the preliminary steps, and that the investigation would be soon entered upon. The public interest demands that the investigation should be a thorough one, and that nothing should be covered up because the two propellers chance to have belonged to the same owners. The silence of the officers both of the *Powabie* and *Meteor* should be broken, and the public informed whether or no there is the shadow of an excuse for the collision. Wholesale murder by steamboat and rail is becoming too common, and must not longer be buried under the common verdict of "nobody to blame."

A Col. Hawkins has "turned up" as a member of Congress elect from Tennessee. Is he the same Col. Hawkins who stamped this State, before the last election in play of the Sanitary Commission? If so, the boy's advice to his father to "come out to Sangamon County, Illinois, for mighty mean men get office here," is equally applicable down in Tennessee. Small timber of which to make a Congressman.

At Kalamazoo, an election has been ordered to vote upon a proposition to issue the bonds of the Township to the amount of \$100,000, to aid in the construction of the Kalamazoo and Grand Rapids Railroad.

Washington advises *not* say that JEFF. DAVIS is to be tried by civil court. The next batch will assign him to the tender mercies of a STANTON-HUNT military commission.

Gen. GRANT, family, and Staff, arrived in Detroit, via the Grand Trunk Railway, on Saturday morning last, and was lionized by the good citizens of that city, including quite a sprinkling of politicians and patriots *par excellence*, until Tuesday afternoon. He was presented to the multitude from the Biddle House balcony, visited Gen. Cass, spent an evening at Gen. Willcox's, had a party given him at ZACK CHANDLER's, received the Common Council and Board of Trade, had a steamboat excursion, shook hands with several thousand of "the people," and, *solid nothing*.

The General and suite left Detroit at 4 o'clock P. M., on Tuesday, by special train, Superintendent Rice having with his usual generosity tendered the Directors for the entire trip to Galena. The special train passed the depot at this City at 5:50 P. M., making the usual halt. Our citizens were congregated at the station by hundreds, and the arrival of the train was the signal for tremendous cheering, which, if possible, was largely increased in volume when the General appeared upon the platform. During the brief stop large numbers took the General by the hand, while other large numbers stood at a respectful distance, and looked wishfully at the man who has accomplished so much for the country, and who really deserves much of it.

The General, in the meantime, said nothing, and, in fact, didn't look as though he really enjoyed being "showed" to his fellow citizens; but, we rather think he did, or else he would have found a shorter cut from Washington to Galena than that via Boston, Portland, Quebec, Montreal, Detroit, and Ann Arbor. Be that as it is, he has no business to be distinguished unless he is willing to pay the penalty. Republicans are curious at least if Republicans are sometimes ungrateful.

But, in all seriousness, Gen. GRANT has reason to be proud of the genuine admiration bestowed upon him by all classes of his grateful countrymen, wherever he goes.

The Spirits are getting into Court, and are to have their claims tested by legal rules and technicalities. CHAS. J. CONCHSTER, of Rochester, N. Y., has been held for trial in the United States Court for the district of Western New York, on a charge of "Jugglery without a license." He was refused license as a spiritual medium, and refused license as a juggler, hence the prosecution. The trial is announced to come off at Buffalo, this week, before Judge N. K. HALL, former law partner of Ex President Fillmore, and Postmaster-General under that gentleman's administration. Conchster is to be defended by Judge EDMUNDS, of N. Y., and Messrs. JOHN TALCOTT and JOSEPH COOK, of Buffalo. Judge EDMUNDS, of N. Y., Gov. SMITH, of Vermont, ZACK CHANDLER, the "blood-letter," the two LANS, and other distinguished individuals, with numerous ghosts, have been subpoenaed as witnesses for the defense, while Anderson, Heller, Hermann, the Fakir of Vishnu, with sundry distinguished political jugglers will appear and give evidence in behalf of the prosecution.

The public await the investigation with considerable curious interest.

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The Maine Democratic State Convention was held at Portland on the 15th inst. Hon. JAMES HOWARD was nominated for Governor by acclamation. The platform adopted, judging by the telegraphic synopsis, is timely and patriotic, and devoid of that ultraism which has sometimes characterized Democratic conventions down in New England where Democrats of late years have been expected to do nothing but resolve.

Nothing has been heard of the *Great Eastern* since the 2d inst. On that day she had paid out 1,200 miles of cable, when the signals at Valencia ceased altogether, and at the latest dates had not been renewed. We have reason to fear that the defect—unlike those of 80 and 700 miles out—proved serious, and the cable is a failure for this time. We had hoped a better result, but must "wait a little longer."

KETCHUM, SON & Co., and GRAM & Co., Gold and Stock Brokers, New York, have failed, to the tune of nearly \$2,500,000. Cause: forgeries committed by a young KETCHUM, leaving numerous mourners who have invested in the forged checks.

MR. LEWIS JAMES, of Akron, Ohio, one of the lost passengers of the ill-fated *Powabie*, was father in law of the Rev. A. E. BALDWIN, of this city. Mr. and Mrs. BALDWIN parted with him at Marquette, deciding to remain a little longer in the upper country.

In Maine, the Republican Convention met last week, nominated Gov. CONY for re-election, and adopted a platform, the burden of which is negro suffrage. The radicals can't see any other interest.

Hon. PRESTON KIRK has been appointed Collector of New York City, vice SAMUEL DEXTER removed. PRESTON KIRK has not been staying with President JOHNSON for nothing.

From the Detroit Free Press, (Extra) Aug. 11.

THE LOSS OF THE POWABIE.

The propeller *Meteor*, which arrived this (Friday) morning, brought intelligence of the most terrible marine disaster which has occurred on the lakes for many years. About half past eight o'clock, on the evening of Wednesday, the 9th instant, the propeller *Powabie* of the Lake Superior line, with a large load of passengers and freight on board, collided with the propeller *Meteor*, of the same line, upward bound, while off Thunder Bay, Lake Huron. The *Powabie* had on board about 175 passengers and crew. Of these 15 passengers and 23 of the crew are saved, the others are lost. The *Powabie* was struck on her port bow just off the wheelhouse by the *Meteor*, and sank in about five minutes. Those who escaped did so by jumping on board the *Meteor* when she struck, or were picked up by the small boats of the latter.

The accident occurred about six miles off Thunder Bay Light, which was clearly visible. It was scarcely dark and the boats saw each other, when six miles apart. When approaching, they exchanged the usual signals, and the *Powabie* bore off to pass, the *Meteor*, for some unexplained reason, turned in the same direction, and struck the *Powabie* as above stated.

The *Meteor* stopped, and immediately lowered her small boats, to rescue the passengers of the ill-fated *Powabie*. The latter was heavily loaded, as was seen by her cargo, which was as follows: 45 tons copper, Ontonagon; 25 tons copper, Eagle Harbor; 135 tons, Quincy Mine; 65 tons, Portage Stamp Works; 175 tons iron ore, Marquette; 200 shingles; 250 half barrels fish; 27 rolls leather; 10 tons miscellaneous freight.

She sank at once. It being after dark, most of the passengers were in the cabins at that hour, and were engulfed in the waves.

We give below a statement written by Mr. W. H. H. RUSSELL, which conveys a vivid impression of the terrible event:

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At about 8 o'clock on the evening of the 9th instant, (Wednesday) evening, the propeller *Powabie*, (Capt. McKAY) on her down trip, about six miles from shore, came in collision with the propeller *Meteor*, (Captain Wilson), on her up trip. The *Meteor* struck the *Powabie* just under the pilot house, literally smashing up the bow. The boats were running at the rate of about 12 miles per hour. The crash was awful and lightning, causing the *Powabie* to go down in the short space of three or four minutes. A number were killed by the smashing timbers, and but few of the passengers of the *Powabie* had even time to jump from the decks on to those of the *Meteor*, from the deck of the *Powabie* sank entirely out of sight into the seething waters. The night was most terrible and heart-rending, and the cries and groans of the unfortunate passengers rose upon the rolling swells of the surging billows. Their life boats of the *Meteor* were lowered in due time, and a number saved from an untimely and watery grave.

Several noble and heroic incidents occurred worthy of mention. One or two in particular the most memorable of which was performed by Miss ADA BEACH, of Detroit. This lady, by her cool and determined efforts, not only saved her own life by expert swimming, but that of Mrs. C. M. Wright, also of Detroit, whose husband sank down, with a lady clinging to his neck. Miss BEACH saw Mrs. Wright struggling in the water, some distance from her, and with great presence of mind she swam to her, pushed a floating spar up to her, and thus saved her from the melancholy fate of her cherished husband. The manifestation of such fortitude on the part of ladies will ever be remembered by those who witnessed the agonies of that dreadful night. Mrs. L. L. McKnight, of Detroit, and others whose names have not transpired, displayed, on the awful occasion, a spirit and determination seldom witnessed.

Captain McKAY was one of the last upon the wreck, and in leaving the sinking ship of which he was so proud. He saved the life of Miss JAMES, of New York. Mr. CLEVELAND, the mate, worked to the last, and cut loose some of the life boats, just as the ill-fated *Powabie* was going down. He was one of the very last on board.

Mr. McKnight did not leave the wreck until he was taken up by one of the crew and thrown upon the deck of the *Meteor*.

The affable and ready clerk, Mr. CHARLES A. MACK, was one of the first in the life boats, and would not rest until he had rendered all the assistance possible in his power. He saved the second engineer, before the boats got into the water.

Mr. JACKSON, the engineer, was a trusty man, and well qualified for his position. He stood manfully at his post, and with his wife, went down with the boat. The tears that bear silent tribute will often be shed in memory of this valorous deed.

The night was foggy and forbidding; yet at the time, and before the boats struck, they were seen respectively by each six miles off.

There were about one hundred and seventy-five or two hundred passengers on board the *Powabie*. We have the names of seventy-five of the passengers and twenty-three of the crew saved. We are unable to ascertain the loss of life, but as near as can be reckoned, we estimate it at about seventy.

The *Meteor* remained near where the wreck sank until morning in order to fish up the floating bodies. The *Meteor*, passing down, was signaled, and promptly came to the rescue. The pumps of the *Meteor* were worked for safety and precaution, as she had sustained slight injuries from the shock.

As soon as it was light the boats cruised around among the floating debris to pick up passengers, but so long a time had elapsed none were found. The leak of the *Meteor* was effectually checked, and she passed on her way up to Portage Lake.

The *Meteor*, with the survivors of the *Powabie*, came on to this city. The officers of the *Meteor* have many hearty thanks for their timely assistance. Captain GIBSON is a courteous and valuable officer, well calculated to command a boat upon the tide rolling waters of the great lakes. May he meet with unlimited success, and may the waters of Lake Huron never again receive such a precious cargo, but be placid and calm to the pleasure-seekers and the gay.

Propeller "Meteor" Burned.
A private telegram from Marquette says that the propeller *Meteor* took fire in her forward hold while in the St. Mary's Ship Canal Basin, and was scuttled and sunk on Friday morning.

She now lies in twelve feet of water. No lives were lost. Much of the cargo will arrive a total loss.

No particulars are given as to the cause of the fire, or as to the extent of the loss. It is believed that she does not lie in such a manner as to obstruct the canal, and efforts are being made to raise her at once.

This is another illustration of the maxim that "misfortunes never come singly." On Wednesday night the *Meteor* collided with and sank the *Powabie* with great loss of life; she has now gone to the bottom herself.

Both boats were owned by the same parties, J. F. Whiting & Co., of Detroit, who seem to be peculiarly unfortunate at this time. They have written to Captain Wilson to raise her as soon as the steam pumps arrive, and bring her to this city with her cargo untouched.

The occurrence of these two calamities, following so closely upon each other, has struck the public mind with awful solemnity.

The Phoenix Bank Defalcation.

Additional developments in the Phoenix Bank defalcation have transpired since the arrest of Jenkins. Jas. H. Earle, a book keeper of the bank, has been arrested as an accomplice, and confessed to have received \$100,000 from Jenkins, which he lost in stock operations. He was taken to a station house Thursday night, and put in a cell. Friday morning it was found he had cut an artery in his neck with a penknife, and bled to death. He was a widower 31 years of age, and lived in Newark, N. J. Genevieve Lyons, alias Vieve Brower, a respectable woman, and one of her intimate friends known as Charles Brower, a butcher, were also arrested. It is said Jenkins became acquainted with Genevieve at a concert affair, and was in the habit of lavishing large amounts of money upon her, enabling her to live in magnificent style. Earle, at the time of his arrest, was not employed in the bank. He occupied the position of a clerk with Smith, Martin & Co., Bankers, in Wall Street. He has not been employed in the Phoenix Bank for some months. The cashier yesterday believed the defalcation would reach \$275,000. The bank has a surplus fund of \$270,000, besides the earnings of the past six months, which, apart from the July dividends, are considerable.

From Texas and Mexico.
New York, Aug. 16.

The *Herald's* Texas correspondent gives some account of the march of Merritt's Cavalry, and the way it is spoken of. The men were generally well received by the inhabitants.

Dr. Peebles, the newly appointed Collector of Customs at Galveston, had arrived at that place, and would soon open the Custom-house.

Affairs on both the Texas and Mexican side of the Rio Grande were quiet at the date of the last advice.

Two colored soldiers were executed at Brownsville, on July 26th, for committing outrages on females. An entire division of the 24th colored troops paraded on the occasion, and the appearance, discipline and deportment of the troops formed the theme of enthusiastic commendation on the part of Texan and Mexican spectators, great numbers of whom were present.

Cortinas, with his force of republicans, still hovered around Matamoros, but had yet made no further attack on the town, and it was not supposed that he would, his numbers being too insignificant.

A Matamoros paper revives the story that Ex Senator GWIN is at the head of the Imperial Government of the State of Sonora, at an annual salary of \$60,000, but as for fiscal or other noble titles he had none.

A NOVELTY IN RAILROAD REPAIRMENT

