

The Weekly Michigan Argus.

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No. 1024.

The Michigan Argus.

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

ELIHU B. POND, Editor and Publisher.

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Advertising—One square (12 lines or less), one week, 15 cents; three squares, 40 cents; one month, 1 00; three months, 2 50; six months, 4 50; one year, 8 00. Half column 1 year 35 Cts. Two columns 1 year 60 Cts. One column 1 year 40 Cts. Cards in Directory, not to exceed four lines, \$4.00 a year.

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

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

Legal advertisements, first insertion, 50 cents per line, 25 cents per line for each subsequent insertion. With a non-payment issued to an advertisement the whole will be charged the same as for first insertion.

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

Cards—We have a Ruggles Rotary Card Press, and a large variety of the latest styles of Card type which enables us to print Cards of all kinds in the most beautiful and cheapest manner than any other house in the city. Business cards for men of all professions and professions, Ball, Wedding and Visiting Cards, printed on the best paper. Call and see samples.

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

Business Directory.

MISS E. A. HORAN
IS PREPARED to give lessons in Wax Fruit and Flower making, also other branches of Ornamental Wax Work. Residence on Detroit Street, opposite the Agricultural Hall. 6m1022

W. F. BREAKEY, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office in Dr. Haven's 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.—Conveyancing and collecting promptly attended to. Bounties, 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, Boots & Shoes, &c., &c. Main St., Ann Arbor.

RISDON & HENDERSON,
DEALERS in Hardware, Stores, house furnishing goods, Tin Ware, &c., &c. No. 100, New Block, Main St.

A. J. SUTHERLAND,
AGENT for the New York Life Insurance Company, Office on Huron Street, between Third and Fourth Sts. Also has a stock of the most approved sewing machines. 885f

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

WILLIAM LEWITT,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office at his residence, 100 West side of Huron, two doors west of Division Street.

M. GUITERMAN & CO.,
WHOLESALE and Retail Dealers and Manufacturers of Hosiery, Clothing, Importers of Cloths, Cassimeres, Dressings, &c., No. 5, Phoenix Block, Main St.

WM. WAGNER,
DEALER in Ready-Made Clothing, Cloths, Cassimeres, &c., &c. Main St., Ann Arbor.

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

SCOTT & LOOMIS,
AMBIOTYPE and Photograph Artists, in the rooms above Campion's Clothing Store, Phoenix Block. Perfect satisfaction given.

C. B. PORTER,
SURGEON DENTIST, Office Corner of Main and Huron Streets, over Bach & Pierson's Store. All calls promptly attended to. 4m155

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 Huron Streets, Ann Arbor. The highest market prices paid for country produce. 886

D. CRAMER,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Agent for the Phoenix Fire and Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Companies. Conveyancing and Collecting promptly attended to. Office over Stebbins & 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. 554f

D. DEFORREST,
WHOLESALE and Retail dealer in Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Sash, Doors, Blinds, Water Limes, Glass, Putty, Plaster, Paper, Paint, 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 St., a few rods from the railroad Depot. Also operating extensively in the Patent Cement Roofing.

HACK LINE,
M. M. BOYLAN
Is prepared to carry passengers and baggage to and from the depot to any private residence in the city. He also carries a list of boarding places, and will direct students and strangers where they can find board and room. Orders may be left at his residence, first door South of the M. E. Church.

M. M. BOYLAN,
Ann Arbor, August 14th, 1865. 6m1022

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 to his far and near customers, and so do in all cases. Any Piano will be furnished that purchaser may require. He wishes it to be distinctly understood that he will not be undersold.

ALVIN WILSEY,
Ann Arbor, Dec. 27th, 1864. 9594d

The Captain—A Legend of the Navy.

A NEW POEM BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

He that rules by terror
Doth riches wrong;
Deep as hell he count his error—
Let him hear my song.

Brave the Captain was: the seaman
Made a gallant crew,
Gallant sons of English freemen,
Sailors bold and true.
But they hated his oppression,
Stern he was and rash;
So for every light transgression
Doomed them to the lash.

Day by day more harsh and cruel
Seemed the Captain's mood,
Secret wrath, like smothered fuel,
Burnt in each man's blood.
Yet he hoped to purchase glory,
Hoped to make the name
Of his vessel great in story
Whosoever he came.

So they passed by capes and islands,
Many a harbor mouth,
Sailing under the palmy high lands,
Far within the South.
On a day when they were going
O'er the vast expanse,
In the North, her canvas blowing,
Rose a ship of France,
The Captain's color lightened,
Joyfully came his speech;
But a cloudy gloom lightened
In the eyes of each.

"Chase!" he said; the ship flew forward,
And the wind did blow;
Stately, lightly went the Norwood,
Till she neared the foe.

When they looked at him they hated,
Had what they desired;
Mute with folded arms they waited—
Not a gun was fired.
But they heard the foe's man thunder
Ringing out their doom;
All the air was torn in sunder,
Crashing went the boom,
Spars were splinter'd, decks were shatter'd,
Bullets fell like rain,
Over mast and deck were scattered
Blood and brains of men.

Spars were splinter'd, decks were broken,
Percussive sound in every spar and beam,
Down they dropt—no word was spoken—
Each beside his gun.
On the decks, as they were lying,
Were their faces grim;
In their blood, as they lay dying,
Did they smile on him.
Those in whom he had reliance
For the noble name,
With one smile of still defiance
Sold him unto shame.

Slime and sweat his heart confounded,
Pale he turned and red,
Till himself was deadly wounded,
Falling on the dead.
Diabolical! fearful slaughter!
Years have wandered by—
Side by side beneath the water
Crew and Captain lie.
There the sunlit ocean tosses
O'er them mouldering,
And the lonely sea-bird crosses
With one waft of wing.

"As Good as a Play."

The dramatic editor of the *New York Leader* gives the following amusing account of a recent scene at one of the popular theatres of Gotham:

Rehearsal was just over and the actors were lingering near, like Mary's lamb, when a gentleman rushed upon the stage and announced that he was going to thrash one of the Thespians.

From the altercation between the two, the auditors were given to understand that the Thespian had been slightly too attentive to the gentleman's wife.

The affair, then, was a new version of "The Provoked Husband."

When the gentleman began to proceed from hard words to blows, the stage was suddenly cleared of lookers on, who established themselves in the private boxes and the parquette to see the fun.

The Thespian, thus left alone with the man he had (more or less) wronged, glanced around for a weapon with which to defend himself.

A couple of foils, which had been used in the rehearsal, stood against the scene—the property man having gone out for his beer—and both husband and Thespian made a rush for them.

The honors were easy. Each secured a foil.

Then came the tug of war. The two fenced at each other furiously. Three up and three down was nothing to the passes and lunges and cuts they made.

By and by the Thespian began to get a little tired. Moreover, he perceived that his opponent was fearfully in earnest.

He tried to retreat by the wings, but his husband was there before him.—He entertained an insane idea of jumping into the orchestra; but he knew that the husband would jump upon him.

Therefore he continued to fence, but was more anxious than ever to get away.

The scene was really and truly melodramatic; but the actors and actresses, scattered through the body of the theatre and observing all the proceedings with eager eyes, did not venture to applaud.

All at once the Thespian had a happy thought.

Darting to the prompter's side of the stage he pulled a bell. The infuriated husband dashed through the Second Entrance to head him off. Then the Thespian apparently relinquishing all hope of escape, ran back upon the stage again and to combat was resumed.

The bell he had pulled was the bell for a trap, and everything depended upon the presence or absence of the trapper.

Had he gone out with the property-man for beer, or was he down stairs asleep?

A moment was to decide. Crossing the stage swiftly, the Thespian stood up on the trap, gave the preliminary stamp and suddenly disappeared.

The stranger was rather bothered at this. He looked about bewildered and his foil dropped from his hand.

Unaccustomed to the stage he couldn't find the trap, which had closed, nor the Thespian, who had sunk into obscurity. Nevertheless, his common sense came

to his aid, and with a wrathful growl he dashed behind the scenes, found the staircase which led under the stage, and descended it to "parts unknown" to him.

At every step he tumbled over a rope or bruised his head against a beam; but at every step he hoped to meet the Thespian coming out, and so he persevered.

The audience above watched the empty stage in silent wonder, and followed in imagination the progress of the husband, whose course was marked by oaths and curses, which rose to the surface like the bubbles from a fish.

At every moment they expected to hear the noise of a great struggle; but then they did not appreciate the Thespian's strategy.

On the contrary, instead of the noise of a struggle, they heard only a tremendous howl of rage, amid which the Thespian rose gracefully from the trap down which he had disappeared, dashed over the orchestra, up the aisle and out at the front of the theatre.

The husband, mazed in the dark regions into which he had entered, and unable to find his way out to pursue his enemy, emitted frantic sounds, resembling those shrieks of a steam fire engine popularly attributed to Barnum's dying whales.

When the escape of the Thespian was announced to him by an irrepressible cheer from the actors and actresses, he sat down in despair and had to be led out of the theatre and bound over to keep the peace.

This ended a drama much more interesting than the play performed on the same stage in the evening.

Shakspeare has told us, you know, that all men and women are merely players.

But often the amateurs act better than the professionals.

Catching a Pick-Pocket.

A lady traveling by the land route between New York and Boston was unfortunate enough to lose her purse. In recounting her loss to a friend, who was soon about to take the journey, the danger of gentlemanly appearing men occupying the next seat was strongly dwelt upon.

The new tourist was particularly cautioned to beware on going through the tunnel at New York, and to keep her pocket-book grasped during the perilous passage. The lady started. Sure enough, a gentlemanly looking person, on the arrival of the train at Springfield, solicited permission to fill the vacant seat beside the fair traveler.

The stranger's manners were those of gentlemanly ease. He offered the lady his newspaper, it was coldly declined; he volunteered a few remarks, which received only chilling monosyllabic responses. In fact, he made no progress whatever in becoming acquainted with his neighbor, and gave it up in despair, occupying himself with a cheap novel.

The lady had almost forgotten her traveling companion, as well as the advice of her friend, when the recollection of both suddenly flashed upon her as the train entered the Cimmerian darkness of the tunnel. She suddenly fumbled for her pocket, till at last the aperture was reached, and her hand was thrust in, to grasp and hold her pocket-book; when, horror of horrors! she encountered the gentleman's hand in her pocket.

Whether to scream for assistance she scarcely knew; however, acting on a sudden resolution, she seized the hand, determined to hold it and show the villain up when they should reach the light. At length the train emerged into daylight, which found the lady and gentleman both anxiously looking at each other, the lady's face wearing an anxious expression, and the gentleman's a curious and puzzled one.

"Sir," she began indignantly, tightening her grasp, when chancing to cast her eyes down, she found, oh, terrible circumstances, her hand was in the outside pocket of his coat.

The lady was covered with confusion at this unlooked-for turn of affairs, and the gentleman saw that the encounter was accidental, and that each had probably received pick-pocket impressions of the other from it.

It only remains for us to add that the acquaintance thus commenced was continued, and that the lady and gentleman were recently married. We would not, however, advise marriageable young ladies as a general thing, to mistake gentleman's pockets for their own, as the sequel may not always turn out so pleasant.

A FORTUNE LOST.—An old miser died in Paris recently, and his will was as follows: "All my family is comprised in one nephew, and he has thought proper to recall himself to my memory once a year only, when he has sent me a letter and a present. The letter has become shorter every year. As to the present, the reader is requested to look at the monument underneath, and he will see why, disinheriting my nephew aforesaid, I leave all my property to the hospitals. Done at Paris, &c. Under the chimney piece, in fact, was found, rising from the hearth, a pyramid of dishes for Strasburg pies, empty, and gradually growing smaller. The first, which bore the date of 1850, was of enormous size; the last which bore that of 1865, was microscopic. They were the annual gifts of the forgetful nephew. At the top, the dead man had stuck a piece of paper, on which was written "Pyramid of Gratitude." The fortune left amounts to 350,000 francs.

Buffalo papers speak of Leslie, the Niagara Rope-idiot, as the "Great Living Panambulist." We see the Panambulist, but the Fun is hardly so apparent.

Concerning Sponges.

From the Christian Times.

Most persons who have their birth in a Christian land, who are at all observing in their habits, and who do not belong to that political party known as the "great unwashed," have some idea, more or less distinct, of the appearance and qualities of the sponge. The distinguishing characteristic of the sponge is its capacity for absorbing water. It has a great imbibing power. In this it is second only to the habitues of a city rum saloon or a village tavern. The learned tell us that it is an animal, and, if so, it must be like the Irishman's alligator—"a baste that was all mouth except his tail, and that was mouth too."

It is because of the wonderful capacity for absorption with which some men are endowed by nature, or acquire by long and successful practice, that they have been denominated sponges. Such persons have the faculty and the skill of imbibing all that is necessary for their maintenance, either in a physical, mental, or moral point of view, with a *sans froid* and matter-of-course sort of air which is wonderful to behold. For instance, in the first year of my ministry—I am a Baptist minister, reader—a man drove up to my gate one terribly rainy afternoon, threw the reins over his horse's neck and knocked at my door. I opened it, and he said:

"Is this the Rev. Mr. Gladius?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Br. G., my name is Elder Sponge. I am on my way to the general association and I thought I would stop over night with you. I'm very wet, so please take my horse to your stable, give him eight or ten ears of corn and run my buggy under cover."

Dear reader, I was greener than than I am now, and I did it. When I came back to the house I found Br. S. comfortably seated, with his muddy boots on the round of one of my parlor chairs, and his dripping umbrella standing up in the pretty rug my wife was at some pains to make. I went into the kitchen just in time to hear that lady tell our little hired girl to go to the store, a quarter of a mile away, and get some black tea, for Br. S. had told her he couldn't drink any other. We kept that man two days, and when I arrived at the general association, I heard of Br. S. telling that we had treated him very shabbily.

An old friend of mine, the son of a Baptist minister, told me once that when he was a boy he really used to think that he had carried the horses and blackened the boots of every Baptist in Ohio. He said their stock of chickens became so reduced by the visits of the traveling angels of the Sponge persuasion, that there was only left one long-legged, warty old rooster, who became so suspicious that the instant he caught sight of a Br. Sponge coming over the brow of the hill, with wide extended wings and yellow legs and feet scattering the dust in clouds behind him, he took to the woods, cackling at the top of his voice, "My turn next—my turn next!"

I have already alluded to the air with which the Sponge inflicts himself upon you. He really seems to think he is doing you a great favor, and that you ought to be overwhelmed with the sense of honor done you by his visit. Mrs. Gladius can't stand that. Mrs. G. is a very nice woman, a very clever woman, but not long ago, she expressed herself to me somewhat forcibly in this wise:

"I didn't care so much about that man (i. e. Br. Sponge), staying here a week, or about his blacking his boots on the window sill, or making me get soft-boiled eggs and toast for him every morning. I could stand his detestable sanctimonious snuffle when he prayed, but to think of his squeezing my hand when he left, and telling me it must afford me great pleasure to carry out the Apostolic injunction in Hebrews 13:2, and that I would receive my reward; that I can't stand, and won't stand, there now."

If these sponges were always upon religious or denominational business it would not be quite so bad, but generally they are peddling books, selling reapers or hawking rat traps about the country. It is astonishing what demands they will make of one. I once received a letter like this:

SPONGEVILLE, Aug. 5.

Rev. Mr. Gladius,

DEAR BROTHER: I am a Baptist in good standing, and am engaged in the commission business. Can you inform me what is the price of beans in your village? An early answer will greatly oblige,

Yours in the bonds of Gospel love,

A. SPONGE.

The following was my reply:

MR. A. SPONGE,

DEAR SIR: Yours of — is received. No. Send me a stamp for the postage of this letter.

Yours, &c.,

GLADIUS.

A still more summary dealing is that of my friend, Rev. Muscular Christian My friend boards at the village hotel, and not long since he was visited by a tall, solemn-looking individual, who announced himself as the general agent of the aurora borealis aid commission, for supplying the destitute inhabitants of the north pole with palm leaf fans and ice cream-freezers. He also said that he supposed it was convenient for him to stay there until he could present the subject to the churches.

"Certainly, the landlord will be happy to entertain you," blandly responded my friend.

"Ah, yes, but I want to stop with you. I always stop with the minister."

"Well, I will let you occupy one of my rooms for a dollar and a half a day."

"But I don't mean that. I mean for you to entertain me as other ministers

do; they don't charge me anything."

With that my friend turned and looked him square in the face and said:

"What is your salary, sir?"

"Two thousand dollars a year and my expenses paid."

"Well, sir, my salary is just eight hundred dollars a year, and if you don't leave this room instanter I shall proceed to put you out."

"What!" ejaculated the general agent, lifting up his hands in holy horror, "is that the spirit of the Gospel; is this fulfilling the injunction of the apostle, 'As much as lieth within you, live peaceably with all men?'"

"May be not," replied my friend.—"But I am very sure the apostle never meant all men to live with me, and I interpret the text to mean, 'As much as don't lie in you, put 'em out,' and I shall immediately proceed from the exposition to the application unless you leave."

The general agent left. Reader, don't misunderstand me as endorsing the Rev. Muscular Christian's course. I must say that I think it a little too severe. I have in contemplation a milder remedy. I propose buying a six-pounder, planting it before my front gate, and loading it with a blank cartridge. When Br. Sponge makes his appearance, I will touch it off. This will, in most cases, scare him. But if he should continue to advance, I shall then, with my family, execute a masterly retreat to the barn, where I shall have enough provisions stored to last me until the enemy raises the siege and retreats.

Premotion.

An incalculable amount of sickness and premature death would be avoided every year, if we could be induced to heed the warnings, the premonitions, which kindly nature gives of the coming on of the great enemy, disease. Many a mother especially has lost a darling child, to her life-long sorrow, by failing to observe the approach of disease, in some unusual act or circumstance connected with her offspring.

1. If an adult or child wakes up thirsty in the morning, however apparently well at the moment, or the preceding evening, there will be illness before noon always, infallibly. It is generally averted by remaining warm in bed, in a cool, well ventilated room, eating nothing, but drinking plentifully of some hot tea all day; some little may be eaten in the afternoon by a child. But as long as a person wakes with thirst in the morning, there is an absence of health—there is fever.

2. If, when not habitual to him, one is waked up early in the morning with an inclination to stool, especially if there is a feeling of debility afterward, it is the premonition of diarrhea, summer complaint, dysentery or cholera. There should be perfect quietude, etc., as above; in addition, a piece of warm, thick, woolen flannel should be wrapped tightly around the abdomen; the drink should be boiled milk; or, far better, eat pieces of ice all the time, and thus keep the thirst perfectly subdued; eat nothing but boiled rice, corn starch, sago, or tapioca, and continue all these until the tiredness and thirst are gone; the strength returned, and the bowels having been quiet for twelve hours, returning slowly to the usual activities and diet.

3. If a child is silent, or hangs around its mother to lay its head on her lap, or is unusually fretful, or takes no interest in its former amusements, except for a fitful moment at a time, it is certainly sick, and not slightly so. Send at once for a physician, for you can't tell where or in what form the malady will break out; and in children, especially, you can never tell where any particular ailment will end.

4. When there is little or no appetite for breakfast, the contrary having been the case, the child is sick, and should be put to bed, drinking a thing but warm teas, eating not an atom until noon, then eat according to development.

5. If a child manifests a most unusual heartiness for supper, for several nights in succession, it will certainly be sick in a week unless controlled.

6. If there is an instantaneous sensation of sickness at the stomach during a meal, eat not a particle more; if just before a meal, omit it; if after a meal, go out of doors, and keep out in active exercise for several hours and omit the next meal, for all these indicate an excess of blood or bile, and exercise should be taken to work it off, and abstinence to cut off an additional supply, until healthful equilibrium is restored.

7. A kind of glimmer before the eyes, making reading or sewing an effort, how ever well you may feel, will certainly be followed by headache or other discomfort, for there is too much blood, or it is impure; exercise it off in the open air, and omit a meal or two.

8. If there is a most unnatural indisposition to exertion, you need rest, quiet and abstinence; exercise in weariness never does any good, always harm. But if causelessly despondent, or there is a feeling of discomfort, the blood is bad; warm the feet, unload the bowels, eat nothing for twelve hours, and be out of doors all day.

9. If without any known cause, or special pain, you are exceedingly restless, cannot sleep, or if you do, it is dreamy, disturbed or distressing, you have eaten too much, or are on the verge of some illness. Take nothing next day but hot drinks and toasted bread, and plenty of out-door exercise. In all these cases a thorough washing with soap and hot water, and vigorous bodily friction, greatly expedite restoration.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Why is the emancipation proclamation a demoralizing edict? Because it brings so many black legs into the Union lines.

The Western Grape Crop.

From the N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

Ohio is the vineyard of the west, yielding more than one-third of the entire wine produced by the United States. It is therefore not pleasing to be informed that grapes in that State this year have been mostly destroyed by mildew, to which the Catawba vine seems peculiarly exposed. But all fruit crops are liable to failure, and one good season repairs the losses of several bad ones, so that cultivators do not yield to discouragement. There is one favored spot in Ohio, known as Kelley's Island, and the surrounding islands of Sandusky bay, which seems to be exempt from all the ordinary vicissitudes, and where cultivators have been remarkably successful. Four varieties, the "Catawba," the "Delaware," "Norton's Seedling," and "Ives' Seedling," are the only ones grown in Ohio to any considerable extent; and of these the Catawba makes up nine-tenths. The last named is newly introduced, and makes a red wine sometimes called American claret, and which is in good repute. The old cultivators, however, are partial to the Catawba, till within a few years their only reliance. This is a native grape, but in some instances American and foreign varieties have been mixed, with good success. California, as a wine country, is the most hopeful. "Port" from that State is worthy of comparison with the best imported.

Below is a table of production of wine in those States where most of it is made, for 1850 and 1860:

| | In 1850. | In 1860. |
|-------------|----------|-----------|
| galls. | galls. | galls. |
| Ohio, | 48,207 | 568,617 |
| California, | 58,055 | 206,518 |
| Kentucky, | 8,993 | 179,948 |
| Indiana, | 14,055 | 105,895 |
| Total, | 128,910 | 1,037,978 |

Whole U. S., 218,923 1,617,957

More than one-third the wine made in the United States is made in Ohio, and a large portion of the residue in Kentucky and Indiana adjoining.

Low Standard of Ball-Room Morals.

The Saratoga correspondent of the *Boston Post*, describing a recent ball, says: "If there was little beauty adorned there was a great deal of unadorned ugliness. Although none of the dresses 'finished too soon'—they never do in these days of trains—quite a number 'began too late.' It has generally been supposed that there are bounds to *de collectes* dresses; but ladies of fashion do not seem to be inclined to draw the line anywhere. This state of things may be all right and proper. It may be that they intend to revive the original costume of Adam and Eve. If so, they must at the same uproot and destroy the tree of knowledge, otherwise the world will be inclined to condemn such a want of costume. With several ladies there was no waste of material, for economical reasons undoubtedly, though (and what is a seeming contradiction) to the corsage there was nothing but waist!—It is not pleasant to see American women outstripping the *Demi Monde*. It is not only unpleasant but it is decidedly sad and demoralizing. It is the custom of society to speak slightly of the danseuse because of her short

WANTED! A BOY about 14 or 15 years old to learn the printing business. A steady boy, willing to learn and work, can have a good place. Apply at the ARGUS OFFICE, August 10th, 1865.

The Railroad Meeting. We announced in our last issue that the Railroad meeting held at Toledo, adjourned to meet in our City on the 31st of August, yesterday. But owing to its conflicting with another appointment which must be met by a number of the parties, the delegates were advised of a postponement until to-day, Sept. 1st. It will be held at the Court House, at 1 o'clock, P. M., and we hope to see a large attendance from all the towns along the proposed line.

The September number of the Atlantic Monthly has the following among other papers: Coupon Bonds, Dr. Johns, VIII., Up the St. John's River, The Luck of Abel Steadman, The Chimney Corner, IX., Needle and Garden, IX., and Our Future Militia System. Some of the lesser and lighter papers are very readable. \$1 a year. Address Ticknor & Fields, Boston, Mass.

The London Quarterly Review for July has the following papers: The Grouse, The Appian Way—Pagan and Christian Spectacles, Browning's Poems, The Close of the American War, North Polar Exploration, Gleanings from the Natural History of the Tropics, the Church in her Relations to Political Parties, Carlyle's Frederick the Great, Sanitary Reform in the Metropolis, The Elections. \$1 a year, with the other three Reviews and Blackwood, \$15. Address L. Scott & Co., 38 Walker Street, New York.

The September number of the Ladies' Repository has two very fine engravings, "Lakes Henderson in the Adirondacks," and "The Mother," and a table of contents covering a wide range, including essay, biography, sketch, story, and verse. The Repository maintains its reputation as a No. 1 family periodical. \$3.50 a year. Address Fox & Hircocox, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The remains of the late JOHN A. WELLES Esq., were brought to this city, by special passenger train, on Sabbath last, arriving at 5 P. M., and interred in Forest Hill Cemetery.

The Schools of this City opened on Monday last, with a large attendance in every room.

From the Albany Argus. Taxability of Government Bonds. The World of Saturday publishes a lengthy opinion from the Hon. George T. Curtis, (recognized as one of the most profound constitutional lawyers in the country) prepared a year ago, in regard to the taxability of government bonds.

Mr. Curtis concludes, as the result of a careful examination of the subject, that the national banks are not, as corporations, taxable by State authority, and also concedes that stocks of the United States are not subject to taxation by the States. But he shows by lucid and cogent reasoning, that although the corporations are not taxable by the States, the property of citizens in their shares is subject to the same liabilities as the general mass of personal property; and also that the income of dividends from such shares can be taxed by the States in which they are owned.

From Texas and Mexico. New York, Aug. 29. The Tribune's Brownsville, Texas, correspondent of Aug. 25th says: "This evening Senator Robles, Mexican Minister of Public Works, came over the river on a visit, and was received by Gen. Stelle, who gave his distinguished visitor a quiet dinner at Miller's Hotel. Among the guests were Generals Weitzel and Draper. After a pleasant repast, at which friendly sentiments were exchanged, the party broke up. Senator Robles recrossing the river. Senator Romero and Gen. Ortega are said to be on their way here, and are looked for daily. The visit of these two distinguished Liberals seems to point to something about to be done on the Rio Grande. All quiet along the river at present.

The Herald's Vera Cruz correspondent of August 13th says: "On the 26th of last month the town of Zongolica declared itself in favor of the Republic. It is the chief town of one of the most populous districts of Vera Cruz. This district lies adjacent to Orizaba, and extends to the foot of the Sierra Madre, which slopes to the coast. South of this place the whole section as far as Jabasco is devoted to the Republicanism and commanded by Gov. Garcia. Five hundred men, armed with good rifles, are maintaining the independence of Zongolica, which is too difficult of access to be easily conquered. A force of two hundred Austrians, who recently marched from Orizaba with the intention of whipping the insurgents, fell into an ambush on the road, and were forced to take to flight, leaving thirty dead on the field. A few days since the Austrians met with another reverse to the north of Puebla, in which, according to the city of Mexico papers, one company of infantry and fifty dragoons fell victims to the ferocity of the Republicans. A perusal of the newspapers of the country will show that in addition to the executions decreed by courts-martial, encounters are constantly, almost daily, taking place between the Imperialists and Republicans, in which the losses in killed alone range from twenty or thirty to one hundred or more on each side.

The counsel for Wertz say they will summon at least one hundred and fifty witnesses. If so, these, with witnesses called for the prosecution, will make three hundred in all to be examined, probably extending the trial to three months.

The Mississippi State Convention, previous to its adjournment, approved of a memorial to the President, signed by over 4,000 ladies, asking for the pardon of Jeff. Davis and Governor Clark.

From the South. NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 29.—The *Mariposa* has arrived from New York. Nearly a million in specie has arrived within the last two days. Texas advises report the frontier in a worse condition than ever was known before. The Austin and San Antonio papers are filled with accounts of outrages by Indians and highway robbers. Steps have, however, been taken by the military to afford protection to the frontier settlers.

The telegraph is being extended from Houston to San Antonio, Shreveport and Vicksburg. The condition of the blacks, with a few exceptions, is represented as satisfactory. The worm continues its ravages on cotton in the lower counties. At public meetings of the citizens of six counties, resolutions were passed accepting the situation, pledging to support the National Government, acknowledging Governor Hamilton, abolishing slavery, and asking Governor Hamilton to call a convention.

Hon. W. J. Jones, Judge of the U. S. District Court of Alabama at the time of secession, and continued in the same position by the succeeding regime, has been arrested at Montgomery.

In Season. "I am very sorry I kept you waiting, Uncle," said George with a blush, as he took his seat in the carriage for a drive; "I hope you have not been here long." "Just thirty minutes," said the old gentleman. Then carefully folding up his newspaper, he gathered up the reins and gave them a little admonitory shake. "I am very sorry, indeed; but you see I was detained and could not get off before." He would have colored still deeper if obliged to explain the frivolous cause of his delay.

"If it could not be helped," said the other, "of course it is all right; but if it might have been avoided, why then it is another matter. Half-hours are precious things, my boy, and you will find them so if you live long. Punctuality must be a young man's watch-word, if he ever hopes to make anything of himself or his opportunities. I had a young friend once in New Haven, who went into business for himself, just as you hope to next fall, but he had this standing failing, he was always a little behind time. I remember once, he had need of a thousand dollars to make a payment on a certain day. He could have gathered it up easy enough if he had commenced in time. But the day had arrived and he was in a great perplexity. Still there was an easy way out of the difficulty. He ran round to an obliging neighbor, and borrowed the sum for three days. Well, he felt quite at his ease, after the bill was paid, and the three days slipped by thoughtlessly, and he was no more ready to pay the borrowed money than he was the other. It could make no difference with the merchant, he was sure, and he hastened to him with abundant apologies.

"It will make no difference at all with me," said the gentleman blandly, "but it will make much difference with you." "How so?" asked the other. "I shall never lend to you again," he said, as politely as if it were a pleasant fact he was communicating. I was young then, and I always remember the little circumstance, and have often been influenced by it. Poor E. did not succeed well. Business men will soon lose confidence in you, George, if you are not always as good as your word, and every one needs the good-will of his fellows. Perfect punctuality should be your lowest aim in this respect. You will lose untold amounts of time for want of it, and cause others to do the same. This is the worst kind of pilfering. Stolen gold can be got back, or replaced, but no power can bring a lost half hour."—Methodist Free Church Magazine.

The coroner's jury in the inquest relative to the fatal collision on the Oil Creek Railroad, Pennsylvania, returned a verdict charging that it resulted from negligence on the part of the engineer and conductor of the freight train, and requesting the coroner to issue warrants for their apprehension. The jury also say that lives are constantly in risk on that road in consequence of its insufficient accommodations.

Another small planet has just been discovered by M. Annibal de Gasparis. It is of the tenth magnitude. This raises the number of discovered planets belonging to the solar system to eighty-three.

The cotton crop will be an almost total failure, throughout West Tennessee, the rust destroying it before it matures. It is said that the best cotton country in the western part of the State, will not yield 200 pounds to the acre.

Accounts have been received from the champagne districts of France of disastrous hail storms, which have occasioned a loss to the owners of vineyards exceeding 2,000,000 francs.

Five hundred houses of worship will be closed in Missouri by the 2d of September, the pastors being unwilling or unable to take the oath enjoined upon them by the new constitution.

In Rhode Island, the census, which is now being taken, shows a declining population in nearly all the agricultural districts.

George H. Yeaman, of Kentucky, has been appointed minister at Copenhagen. He had just been defeated as a candidate for Congress for that State.

A London correspondent complacently believes the cholera will take some 285,000 lives in England. Cheerful prognosticator.

General Lee will avail himself of the provisions of the recent order to leave the country. Whale oil has advanced twenty per cent. in San Francisco, since the news of the *Shenandoah's* ravages.

The New York Evening Post has a very remarkable leading article, commenting upon a proposition made by Gen. Schenck to disturb the present basis of representation by changing it from population to voters, and says: "Special legislation for particular or exceptional cases is almost always mischievous, and the policy proposed by Mr. Schenck, while undoubtedly it is induced by a special case, ought to be examined upon its general merits and its relations to general principles. We have had enough special legislation on account of the negroes. For half a century no important policy could be adopted without in some way being limited or changed in its application to the slavery question. To use a western phrase, there was a negro in every wood-pile. We hope we are nearly done with special legislation, and with the negro question."

THE APPROACHING CHOLERA.—The cholera makes slow advances westward. In Italy, Spain and France, (at Marseilles), according to a late report, this dreadful disease was carrying off its victims. Excepting a few places, such as Alexandria and Constantinople, the mortality does not appear to have been large, and even in those cities the disease is spoken of as abating. The early appearance of cholera in London seems to be regarded there as a foregone conclusion. The *Times* believes, if the cholera comes that way, that "no quarantine, no detentions, no fumigation, no lines of demarcation will keep it out." The only counsel given is, that citizens observe cleanly habits, eat suitable food, and abstain from all kinds of excesses.

Gen. Joe Johnston of the rebel army has received permission to spend fifteen days in Baltimore, on a visit to his sister, the wife of Dr. McClena, a wealthy citizen of that place. He has accordingly arrived there, and is quietly living with his sister.

Special Notices. MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILROAD. Passenger trains now leave Detroit and the several stations in this County as follows: GOING WEST. Train Day Dester Even Night Ex. Ex. Ex. Ex.

GOING EAST. Even Dester Night Day Mail Ex. Ex. Ex. Ex. Train

NOTICE! The ensuing Fall Term of "The Misses Clark's School" will open September 4th, (Monday,) in the Lecture Room of St. Andrew's Church. Attendance is desirable. MARY H. CLARK, Principal, August 31st, 1865.

THE WORLD'S OPINION OF Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Touching the BITTERS this grand fact is clear, their fame fills all the Western Hemisphere. Known in all lands, washed by its ocean twin, Health, hope and vigor follow in their train.

CAUTION. THE GOVERNMENT IMPROVEMENT. In order to guard against dangerous imitations, the public are requested to take special note of the beautiful engraved proprietary stamp, through which the Government of the United States officially authenticates every bottle of HOSTETTER'S BITTERS.

CRUMPTON'S Strawberry Balm, A CERTAIN REMEDY FOR DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY, Cholera Morbus, Flux, Heart Bore, and all Bowel Complaints, Entirely Vegetable. A specific for Camp Diarrhoea.

WHISKERS! WHISKERS! Do you want Whiskers or Mustaches? Our Grecian Compound will force them to grow on the smoothest chin or hair on bald heads. In Six Weeks. Price, \$1.00. Sent by mail anywhere, closely sealed, on receipt of price. Address, WARNER & CO., Box 138, Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE BRIDAL CHAMBER, an Essay of Warning and Instruction for Young Men—published by the Howard Association, and sent free of charge in sealed envelopes. Address, Dr. J. SKILLIN BOUGH-TON, Howard Association, Philadelphia, Pa. 1865.

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

A NEAT PAMPHLET. Of the life, study and extensive travels of Dr. Lyons can be procured by all who desire one, free of charge. Dr. L. will visit the several places as follows: Jackson, Hibbard House, 20th St. Ann Arbor, Monitor House, 21st. Detroit, Case House, opposite Mich. Central Depot, each month, 22nd and 23rd.

DISSOLUTION. The co-partnership heretofore existing between Drs. Lewitt & Breaker, was dissolved Jan. 1st, 1865. August 22d, 1865. LEWITT & BREAKER, 3rd 1/2 St.

1865. CHANGE OF DATE. 1866. PROF. R. J. LYONS. Would inform his PATIENTS and others interested, that in future he can be seen at the MONITOR HOUSE, ON THE 20th, instead of the 29th, and at JACKSON, ON THE 20th, instead of the 21st.

Throat, Lungs, Heart, Liver, The Blood, and all other complicated chronic complaints treated successfully, by PROF. R. J. LYONS, the well known and celebrated INDIAN HERB DOCTOR!

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AS A SINGLE TRIAL WILL CONVINCE THE MOST SKEPTICAL, THAT THERE IS UNRIVALED VIRTUE IN THE RED JACKET STOMACH BITTERS. They are a combination RARE HERBS Prepared in the choicest OLD BOURBON WHISKY.

NEW PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF. PHALON'S "NIGER BLOOMING CERES". A Most Esquisite, Delicate and Fragrant Perfume, Distilled from the Rare and Beautiful Flower from which it takes its name.

PHALON'S "NIGER BLOOMING CERES". Beware of Counterfeits. Ask for Phalons—Tale no other. Sold by DRUGGISTS generally.

PIANO AND HARP. MISS JENNIE WOOD. RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Ann Arbor, that having recently taken up her residence among them, she is prepared to give THOROUGH INSTRUCTIONS upon the

HARP & PIANO, and solicits a generous share of their patronage. Residence, Mrs. Fuller's, Main Street, two doors South of Mack & Schmidts. 16231.

A RARE CHANGE. The subscriber offers for sale his house and lot on Miller Avenue, adjoining on the West the place of O. Hawkins, Esq. The lot contains about two acres, fronting 12 rods on the Avenue, with an ORCHARD of

Well Selected Fruits, just coming into bearing. It is within about 130 rods of the Court House Square, and in a desirable locality. Inquire of myself or D. HENNING. Ann Arbor, August 23d, 1865. J. F. SCHULTZ, 441/2 St.

HOTEL FOR SALE! The valuable property in the City of Ann Arbor, known as COOK'S HOTEL, is now offered for sale cheap. Inquire immediately on the premises, with an ORCHARD of

Ann Arbor, August 5th, 1865. J. F. ATREY, 101 1/2 St.

WHAT EVERYBODY SAYS! JULIUS BAUER & CO., EMPORIUM! WAREROOMS IN "CROSBY'S OPERA HOUSE," 63 WASHINGTON STREET, New York Watercoons, 650 Broadway. Wholesale Agents for the U. S. for WM. KNABE & CO'S CELEBRATED, Gold Medal Piano Fortes!

PLUMER & JENNINGS. CAN GET YOU UP A BETTER SUIT OF CLOTHES THAN YOU CAN BUY ELSEWHERE. PLUMER & JENNINGS. can FIT you very MUCH BETTER than you can hope to be FITTED elsewhere.

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which will induce all to buy. N. H. Gray's Patented Milled Collar, Universal Collar, Sewed Collar, French Collar, (the first byron Enamelled Collar ever manufactured.) French Printed Collar, Ward's Patent Collar, Le Beau Ideal Collar, (Imitated) Garden City Collar, Safe Enamelled, patent Button Hole, New York Excelsior Linen Paper Collar, F. A. H. & Co's Improved Paper Collars, Massachusetts Paper Collar, and in fact every description of Paper Collars manufactured, constantly on hand in large quantities. Second door South of Public Square, Main St., Ann Arbor, Michigan. 16071.

HATS, CAPS, AND STRAW GOODS! JOHNSON & PIERSON. have received the largest stock of SPRING GOODS ever brought to this market, which they are selling at very LOW PRICES. The stock consists of GENTS' SILK HATS—all styles, GENTS' SOFT AND STIFF BRIM HATS, GENTS' AND BOYS' DERBY HATS, GENTS' AND BOYS' CAPS—all kinds, GENTS' STRAW HATS, CHILDREN'S STRAW CAPS AND HATS, CHILDREN'S FANCY FELT HATS, BOYS' STRAW HATS, GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS, UMBRELLAS, CARPET & TRAVELING BAGS, PARASOLS, TRAVELING BAGS, HAVESACKS, SUNDOWNS, SHAKERS, and in fact, all goods pertaining to their trade.

JOHNSON & PIERSON. MAIN STREET, - - - 1010 1/2 - - - ANN ARBOR. HISTORY OF THE WORLD. BY PHILIP SMITH, B. A. One of the principal Contributors to the Dictionary of (Greek and Roman) Antiquities, Biography, and Geography.

PLAN OF THE WORK. Since Sir Walter Raleigh selected his imprisonment in the Tower by the composition of his "History of the World," the Literature of England has never achieved the work which he left unfinished. There have been "Universal Histories," from the bulk of an encyclopaedia to the most meagre outlines, in which the annals of each nation are separately recorded; but without an attempt to trace the story of Divine Providence and human progress in one connected narrative. It is proposed to supply this want by a work, condensed enough to keep within a reasonable size, but yet so full as to be free from the dry baldness of an epitome. The Literature of Germany abounds in history—such as those of Muller, Schlozer, Karl von Retzsch, Ducker, and others—which at once provide a demand for such a book, and furnish models, in some degree, for its execution. But even these great works are somewhat deficient in that *organic unity* which is the chief aim of this "History of the World."

The story of one whole race, like that of each separate nation, has a beginning, a middle, and an end. This story we propose to follow, from its beginning, in the sacred legends, and from the dawn of civilization in the East, through the successive Oriental Empires—the rise of liberty and the perfection of heathen polity, arts, and literature in Greece and Rome—the change which passed over the face of the world when the light of christianity sprang up—the origin and first appearance of those nations which have since overthrown both divisions of the Roman Empire—the annals of the States which rose on the ruins of Roman civilization—the progress of modern liberty and civilization—the and the extension of these influences, by discovery, conquest, civilization, and christianity, to the remotest regions of the earth. In a word, as separate histories reflect the detached scenes of human action and suffering, our aim is to bring into one view the several parts which assuredly form one great whole, moving onwards, under the guidance of Divine Providence, to the unknown and distant future.

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