

The Weekly Michigan Argus.

Vol. XX.

ANN ARBOR, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1865.

No. 1038

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, \$2 00 a Year in Advance.

Advertising—One square (12 lines or less), one week, 75 cents; three weeks \$1.50; and 25 cents for every insertion thereafter. For less than three months, the square 3 mos \$4.00. Quarter col. 1 year \$20.00. Half col. 1 year \$30.00. One square 6 mos \$6.00. Half col. 1 year \$35.00. One square 1 year \$9.00. Half col. 6 mos \$7.00. Two squares 1 year \$12.00. One column 1 year \$6.00. Cards in Directory, not to exceed four lines, \$4.00 a Year.

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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 neatest and most artistic manner than any other house in the city. Business cards for men of all occupations and professions, Ball, Wedding and Visiting Cards, printed on short notice. Call and see samples.

Business Directory.

MISS E. A. HORAN
IS PREPARED to manufacture all kinds of Hair Jewelry. Residence on Detroit Street, opposite the Agricultural Hall. 90122

W. F. BRAKEY, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office at Dr. Haven's Block, 5 doors East of Cook's Hotel. Residence corner of Huron and Division Street, first door East of Presbyterian Church, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

C. H. MILLER,
DEALER IN Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, &c. &c. Main Street, Ann Arbor.

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

RISDON & HENDERSON,
DEALERS IN Hardware, Stoves, House Furnishing Goods, Tin Ware, &c., &c., New Block, Main St., Ann Arbor.

A. J. SUTHERLAND,
AGENT for the New York Life Insurance Company. Office on Huron street. Also has on hand a stock of the most approved sewing machines. 886

WILLIAM LEWITT,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office at his residence, north side of Huron, two doors west of Division street.

M. GUTERMAN & CO.,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL Dealers and Manufacturers of Ready-Made Clothing, Importers of Cloths, Cassimeres, Dressings, &c., No. 5, Phoenix Block, Main St., Ann Arbor.

WM. WAGNER,
DEALER IN Ready Made Clothing, Cloths, Cassimeres, and Vestings, Hats, Caps, Trunks, Carpet Bags, &c., Main Block, Main Street.

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

SCOTT & LOOMIS,
PHOTODUPE and Photograph Artists, in the rooms over Campbell'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. 401329

MACK & SCHMIDT,
DEALERS IN Foreign and Domestic Dry Good, Groceries, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Crockery, &c., Corner of Main & Liberty Sts.

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

D. CRAMER,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Agent for the Phoenix Fire and Collision Mutual Life Insurance Companies. Conveying and Collecting promptly attended to. Office over Stubbins & Wilson's Store.

M. C. STANLEY,
Photographic Artist.
Corner Main and Huron Streets, Ann Arbor, Mich. In the latest styles, and every effort made to give satisfaction. 9067

D. DEFOREST,
WHOLESALE and Retail Dealer in Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Sash, Doors, Blinds, Water Lime, Cement, Plaster, Plaster Paris, and all other building materials constantly on hand at the most reasonable rates. On Detroit St., a few rods from Division Street. Also operating extensively in the latest Patent Roofing.

LUMBER YARD,
C. KRAPP,
Has a large and well stocked Lumber Yard, on Jefferson Street, in the south part of the City, and will keep constantly on hand an excellent variety of LUMBER, SHINGLES, LATH, &c., 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 KRAPP, 92611
Ann Arbor, Dec. 6th, 1864.

NEW MUSIC STORE!
Persons wishing to buy 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 so to do in all cases. Any Piano will be furnished that purchase 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 STOOLS, &c.
ALVIN WILSEY.
Ann Arbor, Dec. 27th, 1864. 92913

FOR SALE!
A KXABE PIANO—one of the best instruments made—entirely new. Inquire at the ARGUS OFFICE.
FOR SALE!
20 HOUSES AND LOTS, worth from \$1,000 to \$5,000. Also several improved FARMS.
A. J. SUTHERLAND,
Ann Arbor, Feb. 24, 1865. 9041 Commercial Agent.

'Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep.'

In the quiet nursery standing,
Snowy pillows yet unpressed,
See the forms of little children,
Kneeling, white-robed, for their rest,
All in quiet nursery chambers,
While the dusky shadows creep,
Hear the voices of the children—
'Now I lay me down to sleep.'

In the meadow and the mountain
Calmly shine the Winter stars,
But across the glistening lowlands
Sliant the moonlight's silver bars.
In the silence and the darkness,
Darkness growing still more deep,
Listen to the little children
Praying God their souls to keep.

'If we die'—so pray the children,
And the mother's head droops low,
(One from out her fold is sleeping
Deep beneath the Winter's snow.)
'Take our souls,' and past the casement
Flits a gleam of crystal light,
Like the trailing of his garments
Walking evermore in white.

Little souls that stand expectant,
Listening at the gates of life,
Hearing, far away, the murmur
Of the tumult and the strife;
We who fight beneath those banners,
Meeting ranks of foemen there,
Find a deep, or broader meaning
In your simple vesper prayer.

When your hands shall grasp this standard,
Which to-day you watch from far,
When your deeds shall shape the conflict
In the universal war,
Pray to Him, the God of battles,
Whose strong eye can never sleep,
In the warring of temptation,
Firm and true your souls to keep.

When the combat ends, and slowly
Clears the smoke from out the skies,
When, far down the purple distance,
All the noise of battle dies,
When the last night's solemn shadows
Settle down on you and me,
May the Love that never faileth
Take our souls eternally.

—Springfield Republican.

THE BORDER HEROINE.
An Incident of Pioneer Life in Arkansas.
Some years ago, before the State of Arkansas was so densely populated as now, and when the mail from Little Rock to the eastern borders was carried on horseback, there lived a few miles above Horsehead, a stout pioneer named Jacob Burnap. His wife Polly and one child, nine years old, made up the family. His chief business was hunting, and his unerring rifle never failed to supply his board and something over. His nearest neighbor was fifteen miles off, so he was troubled little with prying visitors.

It was nearly spring, when Jacob started down the river with a boat load of furs and skins. He left Polly in charge of the premises, and left with her, too, a light rifle and a brace of pistols. She knew how to use a rifle, for never was she happier than when her husband patted her on the shoulder, and said, 'Nobly done, Polly, my dear! I could not have made a better shot myself.' And he had occasion to say this with truth, too.

Jacob Burnap had been gone four days, when, towards evening, a horseman rode up to the hunter's door. He was a small muscular man, some forty years of age, and seemed inured to all hardships. He sprang from the saddle, Polly made her appearance.
'Ah, Polly, once more here,' the new comer said, as he drew a well filled pair of saddle-bags from the back of his beast.
'Yes, and I'm glad to see you, Morton—Jacob has been gone four days, and time is getting heavy.'
'Jacob gone! Where?'
'Down the river with a load of furs.'
'Oh—ah—yes. Well, you shall have the company of Lant Morton for one night at least; so for the next twelve hours you'll be safe.'
'Oh, I feel safe enough,' replied the woman quickly; 'only lonesome.'
'Well, then for this evening, you shan't be lonesome.'
Thus speaking, Morton threw his saddle and saddle-bags into the cabin, and then led his horse around to a low shed, where he made the animal fast and fed him. After this he returned to the dwelling and entered, and was soon discussing the events of the times over an ample supper. His hostess told him all that had transpired in the neighborhood since his last visit, and the visitor gave her the news from the eastern valley.

'And the robbers have fled,' added Morton, carelessly, as he drew his mail bags after him.
Morton went to bed at nine o'clock, as he was tired and sleepy from his hard ride. Polly had work to do, having neglected it while talking to her guest, so when she had seen him safely at rest in the bed, she drew her basket to the little table where the candle was, and went to work upon some clothing for her child, who was soundly sleeping in the corner.

The old German clock upon the wall, with its great weights and winding strings all exposed, had struck ten ere Polly awoke from her work. She had just pushed the basket beneath the table and taken up the candle when the front door opened, and two men entered.—They were in their stockings, their shoes having been left outside.
'Hush!' uttered the foremost of the intruders, 'Speak but one word above a whisper and you die in a moment!'

Polly recovered from her quick terror, and looked up. She saw two wicked looking men, one of them held a coesed pistol towards her. With a perception natural to her, she knew if she held her peace the pistol would not be fired, as that would make more noise than she could make. And further, she recognized in the foremost a notorious villain, who bore the name of Dick Gallus.

She had never seen him before, but the minute description her husband had given of the man, led her at once to know him, and positively, too, for one big scar on the left cheek was mark enough.
'What seek you, gentleman?' asked Polly, without betraying the least fear.
'We have come to seek the mail carrier,' replied Gallus in a hoarse whisper.
'Where is he? Don't speak too loud.'
'He is long since asleep. Would it not do as well in the morning? We can find your rooms and lodging.'

The fair hostess said this for the purpose of gaining time. She knew very well that these men came to rob the carrier, and was equally sure they would murder him, if they could, and would, in all probability, put her out of the way, as well. They had evidently learned the valuable fond he carried and meant to carry it in his stead.
'Never mind his being asleep. Show us where he is at once,' roughly replied Gallus in answer to Polly's last remark.
'But I can call him, good sirs,' reasoned the woman, calmly, though there was alarm in her soul.

'Call him! Call!' growled the villain, with a fierce oath. 'You call him and you'll be called to another world!—Quick; show us the way.'
The mild eye that could aim an unerring bullet at the forest beasts, did not betray the thoughts of that woman's soul nor did a look tell her meaning.—She was pale, but she did not tremble.
'This way, sirs,' she whispered.

As she spoke she turned towards a door between the little bedroom and the pantry, she did not open it till both the men were close behind her.
'Don't you hear him breathe?' she whispered.
'Yes,' returned both villains. And they did hear a breathing, but it was of the child close at hand.
As they answered her, she threw the door wide open—it opened inward. The men saw a dark void, but they pressed forward. In an instant, Polly Burnap leaped back. Gallus was close upon the threshold and his companion close upon his heels. With all her power the noble woman threw herself against the rear man, and the next moment both the robbers lay sprawling on the cellar bottom. This had been the door opening to the deep excavation, and the only means of egress was by a perpendicular ladder.—Could this have been moved, Polly would have pulled it up, but it was spiked to its place, and she must let it remain. To close the door would be useless, for she had no means to fasten it. So she did what she resolved upon from the first; she sprang to the fireplace and caught the trusty rifle from its place, and having cocked it, she moved towards the open door. She heard the curses of the villains as they reached for the ladder, and she soon knew that one of them had found it.

'Back!' she cried, as she saw a head appear above the threshold. The candle upon the table threw but a dim light upon the spot, but it was sufficient.
She saw the robber raise a pistol; she could not die. She had a husband—a child—and had set herself to save the carrier. With these thoughts dashing through her mind, she pulled the trigger. A sharp report went ringing through the house, and its echo was a deep groan from the cellar bottom.

Ere the second robber could show himself Morton came rushing into the room with a revolver in each hand.
'What is it?' he cried.
'There! There!' grasped Polly, pointing to the doorway, where a savage looking face had just presented itself.
Lant Morton had been long enough said to danger not to waste time in conjecture, and immediately shot the villain dead, who fell with a heavy sound upon the cellar bottom.
'Are there any more?' he asked, cocking his pistol.

'And so you meant to save me?' he remarked the carrier, as Polly hesitated.
'Yes, Yes—I did. Yes, that was it.' And as soon as the noble woman was sufficiently recovered, she told him the whole story.
Morton expressed his thanks as best as he could; but after all, the moisture of his light grey eye, the change of his countenance, and the very lack of language told more than words could have done.
After due deliberation, it was decided that the bodies should remain where they were until morning. So the cellar

door was shut, the front door was bolted, and then they prepared once more to retire; but for the rest of the night, Morton made his bed upon the floor of the large room.
In the morning, just as the carrier was dressed, there came a loud rap upon the outer door, accompanied by a voice which he knew full well. He hastened to open the door, and gave entrance to Jacob Burnap. The hunter had met a party of traders at Lewisburg, and disposed of all his skins to them, thus finishing his journey six days sooner than he had anticipated.

Polly was soon upon her husband's bosom, and when he had told his own story, Morton gave him an account of his last night's adventure. Jacob was at first incredulous, but when he had been drawn and seen the bodies he was satisfied.
'Polly, my jewel,' he said placing his arm around her neck, 'I am proud of you. I love you more and more, for every day I find more to love. And then turning to Morton he added:
'What do you think of such a wife?'
'Ah,' returned the guest, with deep feeling, 'if Lant Morton had such a wife he would't be a mail carrier.'

When Morton left, he was directed to stop at the first settlement and state to the officers what had happened, and he promised to do so. Late in the afternoon two officers arrived at the cabin, when they were shown the dead bodies, and at once proceeded to remove them. And ere the week was passed, the whole settlement blessed the Heroine for the work she had done.

Help your Father.
'My hands are so stiff I can hardly hold a pen,' said Farmer Wilbur, as he sat down to 'figure out' some accounts that were getting behind hand.
'Could I help you father?' said Lucy, laying down her bright crochet work. 'I should be glad to if I only knew what you wish written.'
'Well, I shouldn't wonder if you could, Lucy,' he said reflectively.
'Pretty good at figures, are you?'
'It would be a fine story if I did not know something of them after going twice through the arithmetic,' said Lucy laughing.

'Well, I can show you in five minutes what I have to do, and it'll be a powerful help if you can do it for me. I never was a master hand at accounts, in my best days, and it does not grow any easier, as I can see, since I put on specs.'
Very patiently did the helpful daughter plod through the long, dull lines of figures, leaving the gay worsted work to lie idle all the evening, though she was in such haste to finish her scarf. It was reward enough to see her tired father, who had been toiling all day for herself and other dear ones, sitting so cozily in his easy chair, enjoying his weekly paper as it only can be enjoyed in a country home, where news from the great world beyond comes seldom, and is eagerly sought for.

The clock struck nine before her task was over, but the hearty 'thank you, daughter, a thousand times,' took away all sense of weariness.
'It's rather looking up when a man can have an amanuensis,' said the father. 'It is not every farmer that can afford it.'
'Nor every farmer's daughter that is capable of making one,' said the mother with a little pardonable maternal pride.
'Nor every one that would be willing if she was able,' said Mr. Wilbur, which last was a sad truth. How many daughters might be of use to their fathers in this and many other ways, who never think of lightening a care or labor! If asked to perform some little service it is done at best with a reluctant step and an unwilling air, which robs it of all sunshine or claim to gratitude.

Gals, help your father; give him a cheerful home to rest in when evening comes, and do not worry his life away by fretting because he cannot afford you all the luxuries you covet. Children exert as great an influence on their parents as parents do on their children.

The True Man.
He is above a mean thing. He invades no secrets in the keeping of another. He betrays no secrets confided to his keeping. He never struts in borrowed plumage. He never takes selfish advantage of our mistakes. He never stabs in the dark. He is ashamed of inuendoes. He is not one thing to a man's face and another behind his back. If by accident he comes in possession of his neighbor's counsels, he passes upon them an act of oblivion. He bears sealed packages without tampering with the wax. Papers not meant for his eye, whether they flutter at the window or lie open before him in unguarded exposure, are sacred to him. He encroaches on no privacy of others, however the sentry sleeps. Bolts and bars, locks and keys, hedges and pickets, bonds and securities, notices to trespassers, are none of them for him. He may be trusted himself out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, he intrigues for none.—He would rather fail in his rights than to win by dishonest. He will not tamper with his neighbor. He insults no man. He tramples on no sensitive feeling. If he have rebuke for another, he is straight for ward, open and manly. In whatever he judges honorable he practices toward every man.

A queer defense was recently made by a citizen on trial for slandering a New York Alderman. The defendant stated that the alderman had no character, and therefore slander would be impossible.

A Code of Manners Wanted.

The Cincinnati Gazette makes some comments on the above subject that are applicable to other places as well as Cincinnati:
'The inhabitants of the large eastern cities have learned how to move in crowds to the best advantage. It is possible to walk the entire length of Broadway without experiencing a tinge of the inconvenience of a walk through four squares of Fourth street. There every one knows how to move so as most to facilitate his own progress, and least to impede that of his fellow. There the recognized rule is to pass to the right, and the current runs smooth. Here the people trust the matter entirely to chance, and innumerable are the dodge games practiced in a short walk at a rapid gait. Men and women, old and young, resolve themselves into shuffles to play back and forth across the pavement, in the face of all who are in a hurry. And this motion has a strange enchantment; for no sooner does one exhibit it than the haste of getting on seems to abate, and those thus meeting move across each other's paths, as if the world were dancing a cotillon, and balance all had just been called. After a few motions of this kind the parties generally rush into each other's arms, mumble their excuses, and with profound bows hand each other over the enchanted line, and each goes on to meet another partner in this most ludicrous dance.

But meeting and passing is not the only bar to progress in the streets. If Brown meets Jones in New York, the two stop to one side and have their talk out, but if they meet in Cincinnati they plant themselves in the middle of the walk and the world must slacken its pace a little while these talk over their past lives. But the climax of street obstruction is only reached when a few ladies stop to chat, and forget to step aside—a few is quite sufficient, considering the style of dress. And these street tea parties are by no means uncommon. They take place hourly and the best attend them. At least a third of these social gatherings take place on the crossings, and the price of looking on is muddy teal for all, no reduction for any, and the free list suspended. The public which ventures into the street must pay the penalty.

Another phase in our street performance is the advance in line. Three or four ladies will form at the lower end of Fourth street and advance to Sycamore, and as hold a front and unyielding line as ever carried the flag over the works of the foe. It is a charge that is never resisted, and meek men who find themselves in its way, take refuge in the gutter, or squeeze themselves against the building till the battle line has passed them by.

So much for the streets. As concerns the amusements are three-fold. If the performance fails to interest any party present, such always feel themselves in duty bound to see that no others shall hear enough to create interest.
Many who have opera-glasses insist in leveling them at persons near at hand, as well as those remote. Although it is impossible to see anything with a good glass at these very short distances, it serves to attract attention to the costliness of the instrument and the general style of the possessor.

Toward the close of the performance a most interesting scene occurs. It seems to be confined to this longitude, and is a habit which in effect renders the closing exercise at any public entertainment in our city of very little interest. All will see at once that we refer to that unparadiseable breach of politeness in soiled in scores leaving the hall the moment the last act, or part, is announced. This is not metropolitan.

From the conduct of many it might be inferred that street cars were a new thing in our city. No sooner does one stop at any point, than all who wish to get off, and all who desire to get on, rush for the door at once, and meet and wedge themselves together on the platform, not only losing their own time and patience, but practising their awkwardness at the expense of all others in the car.

These are a few of the instances in which a code of manners is wanted.—There is such a thing as the science of living and moving smoothly in a crowd.

A Surprised Father.—A fine looking man, of noble physique, and clad in overcoat, gloves and stout boots, was walking out the other day with his little three-year-old daughter, a pale faced child, with bare neck and arms, and morocco slippers. A neighbor, meeting them, began to ask with apparent concern after the father's health, adding—
'But I am glad your little one does not inherit your feeble constitution.'
'Feeble constitution!' exclaimed the astonished parent. 'Why, I was never sick a day in my life, while, as to my daughter, we fear she has her mother's consumptive tendencies.'
'Indeed!' replied his friend, with a sly twinkle of his eye. 'You take extra care to protect yourself from the cold, while she goes bare necked and in paste board shoes. I inferred that you inherited the mother's consumptive tendencies and not she.'

Goodness is goodness, find it where we may. A vineyard exists for the purpose of nurturing vines, but he would be a strange vine-dresser who denied the reality of grapes because they had ripened under a less genial soil, and beyond the precincts of his vineyard.

Gov. Dillingham, of Vt., has appointed the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, Hon. Luke P. Poland, of St. Johnsbury, to fill the vacancy in the United States Senate occasioned by the death of Senator Collamer.

Out of Work.

We have seen the celebrated man whose soul was sewed up in a clover leaf—the now insignificant atom of male creation—the individual who only counts as one-sixteenth of a man in the census reports. He does not attempt to keep in the background either as one would suppose it natural for him to do. Not a bit of it; you may see him leaning up against the sunny wall of any corner grocery, with his hands in his pockets, and no particular expression in his face. Six feet high, and often higher—broad as an ox across the shoulders—hands that might almost move the side of the house—why on earth is not the man doing something? Why does not somebody shake him out of his torpid state, or poke him up with a stick, as Van Amburg does his sleepy lions?

'Oh, he is out of work. He hasn't anything to do! and gives a tremendous yawn, and considers the possibility of getting trusted for another glass of something hot.
'Out of work.' Man alive, are there no broad prairies out West? no glorious hidden woods waiting the settler's ax? no hidden harvests in the generous hearts of a thousand sunny slopes? Is there no land of promise, where the strong arm of a determined man can win the fairest garden of success? If you have no work where you are, why don't you go where it is? A man is never out of work until he is out of the world!

'Nothing to do!' Has he no over-tasked wife at home, who maintains him in his idleness, by toiling at the needle when the white-headed babies are asleep? whose aching brow and tired spine must never be alluded to, because he hates to hear women grumble! Would it degrade him to help her in her cares—even to hold the fretful baby a few minutes, at the risk of being called 'Biddy' by his boon companions of the grocery? A man has no right to say he has 'nothing to do' as long as one single fellow creature is perishing at his side for lack of an outstretched hand to aid and comfort.

The fact in the man is shiftness, or he would speedily find enough to occupy his unwanted leisure. If he had been Sir Isaac Newton the principal of attraction of gravitation never would have been discovered, for he would have been fast asleep under the apple-tree when the Spitzbergen tumbled down. If he had been a Noah, we should all have been nowhere, for he would have sit nodding under the shadow of the palm trees, and the ark never would have got built, shower or no shower. Could not an asylum be contrived somewhere for those unfortunates who can't find anything to do?

Car Brakes Operated by Electricity.
The French papers give an account of a new brake tried at the Eastern Railway by the Minister of Public Works, which is operated by electricity. These brakes are so constructed that they can be instantly applied to all the wheels of a train, by touching a small lever, which has the effect to break an electric circuit, and thereby release the wheels by springs. If the locomotive brakes from the train, or any coupling brakes, the electric wire will also break, and the detached car will be stopped. The conductor, engineer, or any other attendant, can instantly release the brakes in case of danger, and stop the cars.

A gentleman was once dining with a friend, when a most dreadful storm arose. In hopes of abatement, the entertainment was prolonged to the latest possible hour; but at length it was over, and the storm showed no signs of ceasing, but, on the contrary, grew worse and worse. The host insisted upon the guest's acceptance of the impossibility of reaching his home.
The guest complied, but in a few minutes was missed from the parlor. In half an hour he re-appeared drenched with rain.
'Where in heaven's name have you been?' asked the host, viewing the singular looking object, which looked like a dog about the paws, and a weeping willow about the head.
'I,' said he, quietly 'shaking off the water. 'I have been home to tell my wife that, as it was such a night, I should not return.'

There lives a man in the town of Marion, who is sixty years old and who never went to a bar of any kind and drank a drink of ardent spirits, never attended a theatre or show of any description, never took a chew of tobacco or smoked a pipe or cigar, never went to a ball or danced a step, never played a game of cards, billiards, dominoes, dice, or checkers, or any game whatever that is played for money, never courted but one girl whom he married and lives with yet, never joined any order or organization except the christian church, of which he is still a member, and never had his name in a newspaper but once; that was when he was married, so he refuses to give his name for publication now.—Rescald (Wis) Broad Ace.

PATHETIC REFLECTION.—A poet in the Nebraska City News concludes a long poem with the following lines. They contain more truth than poetry:
Well, such is life! Whom the Gods love Die young. Whom they hate, live and prosper. And are elected Delegates in Congress From the several Territories.

That reminds one of Hook, who meeting a group of playful boys, patted them tenderly on the head, remarking: 'Poor little fellows! How sad to think they may grow up to be members of Parliament!'

The One Spot.

One single spot on the fair face of a sheet of the best letter-paper will cause its rejection when the manufacturer assort it for sale. In obtaining recruits for the army, a single blemish in the eye, a little defect in the hearing, the loss of a finger or a toe, the slightest limp or halt in the gait, is the one fatal spot which causes rejection, however perfect the health in all other respects. A faultless specimen of manly vigor offers himself for examination, for the purpose of obtaining an insurance on his life, but at the very first trial of the pulse under the surgeon's finger, the certificate is peremptorily denied, because there is a fatal heart-disease lurking under that fair exterior. Here is a man who for a lifetime has had uniform good health; never dreamed but that he was perfectly well, but noticed for the first time, an hour before, a little white pimple about the mouth, surrounded with several red ones, giving a dull hurting, causing, however, not the slightest apprehension; but meeting the family physician accidentally on the street, he inquires very carefully: 'What is it?' On a close inspection, the experienced practitioner detects the existence of a 'malignant tubercle,' which he knows will rapidly spread with a discoloration, and end in death within twenty-four hours! as in the case of Miss M. A. B., last week; of Mr. Henfield, six months ago; and of Mr. Casey, awhile before that, all of Brooklyn.

These are spots physical and fatal, all! There are moral spots just as fatal to character, health and life itself. I knew a young wife, first at Rockaway, who could boast of family, fortune, education, health, and great personal beauty; fascinating in her conversation, faultless in her intercourse with society, and of a benevolence so hearty and so free, that it was impossible for her neighbors not to love her with their whole hearts.—But there was one spot, only one; that was not known, even to her husband; she would take opium, and died of its over-use at twenty-three. I have been delighted by the hour in listening to the recitations and reading the manuscript poetry of Mrs. L., of Kentucky.—Neither beautiful nor ugly, but the spoiled and educated child of a rich father. She had a genius and a power which won all hearts, purely. One morning I learned she was dying, although in perfect health the day before. At intervals of a year, the demon of a drunken debauch came over her. It killed her husband, one of nature's noblemen. The one spot! I knew a wife, living yet, that, a model of personal purity, of domestic industry, system, order and thoroughness. A slave to the care of her family of beautiful, beautiful children, there was no sacrifice, no self-denial which she was not ever ready to make or practice for their comfort. Her husband, as the world goes, was all that could be desired as to industry, system, temperance, regularity and order. It ought to have been a supremely happy family. It was wretched. The one spot was her unsufferable ill-nature. It would be untrue to say she seldom came to the table without some expression of dissatisfaction. In twenty-six successive weeks, during which I daily sat at the same table, she never failed once to emit some venom either against the children, the servants, the food, or the weather, or something else. The whole house was kept in a turmoil, no single day ever passed without it. Her only son was driven to an engine-house, did not sleep at home 'once in two years,' thence to the gutter; her daughters married for a home, and she went to an asylum in her old age. There are many young men with whom you cannot help being pleased, frank, courteous, magnanimous and kind; they always meet you with a smile and a welcome, and you know it is cordial and sincere. On inquiry, they 'drink.' The one spot! It blasts all things else. That daughter is beautiful, amiable and courteous; in all she says or does there is nothing to hang an adverse criticism upon. The moment she passes from her father's door, dressed in faultless taste, go to her room, and every article it contains has impressed upon it the one spot of an incorrigible sloven.

Let the reader this moment inquire. What spot have I? and begin on the instant to wash it out at any and every sacrifice, for they only who are admitted to the mansions of the blessed are those 'not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing.'—Hall's Journal.

OUR TERRITORIAL EXTENT.—The total area of the United States and its territories is 3,230,570 square miles. Its territorial extent is, therefore, nearly ten times as large as that of Great Britain and France combined; three times as large as France, Great Britain, Austria, Prussia, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Holland, and Denmark together; one and one-half times as large as the Russian Empire in Europe; one-sixth less than the area covered by the fifty-nine or sixty Empires, States and Republics of Europe; of equal extent with the Roman Empire, or that of Alexander, neither of which is said to have exceeded 3,000,000 square miles.

GRANT'S PAY.—Gen. Grant's pay as Lieut. General amounts to \$9,240 per annum. With a house in Galena, one in Philadelphia, and another in Washington, we don't see how he manages to make both ends meet, especially when we remember that eggs are forty five cents a dozen, and butter about sixty cents a pound. There is only one way to account for it, and that is, Mrs. Grant must be an economical housekeeper.

The more true merit a person has, the more does he applaud it in others.

Western Manufacturers.

New England wants a high tariff to protect her workshops against the competition of all other workshops. Pennsylvania wants a high tariff to protect her furnaces against the competition of all other furnaces. The railroad companies want a high tariff because it is fashionable for all high tariff men to desire that those who have to buy shall be compelled to pay high prices to those who have to sell.

Of course the Government must have a revenue, a large revenue, and this must be raised in part by tariffs on imports. Therefore the tariff should be adjusted upon a revenue basis, and not a protective basis, for the revenue tariff will, as its name implies, produce revenue, while a protective tariff will produce only protection.

The producers and consumers—the two great classes who neither speculate nor enjoy a monopoly—the people who are not protected from paying their debts or their taxes—are left to pay also the taxes and the enormous profits which the protected speculators and manufacturers are enabled to put in their own pockets.

There are yet a few fossils in the country who have not got over the Bourbon habit of never learning and never forgetting anything. They have not learned (though some of them possibly may have lived in it for a short time) that there is a great country beyond the borders of New England and Pennsylvania, whose soil, with the small outlay of labor and capital which every industrious man, though poor, may invest, is capable of producing supplies for the whole world, and which, if allowed to develop under the unrestricted operation of the great principle of free labor, will certainly enrich every frugal human being who engages in its cultivation.

Under the healthful operation of these three, the country will quickly start in to a growth unexampled in all its previous history. The waste places of war will disappear, and the whole land will gleam with the golden harvests of abundance. The poor will become rich, while the rich, though possibly no longer reveling in "protected" five hundred percents, will not become poorer.

Free Trade and our Credit in Europe.

We were informed the other day that Mr. Lanier, a banker of this city, who recently went to Europe on a confidential mission from the government, and who, while in Europe, had an interview with a committee of German holders received the most gratifying assurances of their confidence in the financial policy which he assured them the government would pursue.

A leading journal of Frankfurt, however, puts the matter in a somewhat different light. This journal states that Mr. Lanier called a meeting of bond-holders at the Hotel de Russie, and made them a short address, in the course of which, after explaining that the government had no intention of asking for new loans, he declared that "the revenues of the government for 1866, were estimated at two milliards of francs (about four hundred millions of dollars), and that Congress would lay an export duty on tobacco, cotton, and other staples, the result of which, it was expected, would be to give an excess of three hundred millions of francs, or six millions of dollars of revenue over expenses; and that the circulation of paper money would not be materially increased."

In reply to this, the German bond-holders were so far from expressing their satisfaction with the prospect held out to them, that they gave Mr. McCulloch's envoy to understand that "he had not confirmed their confidence by his explanation, and that they particularly did not believe the American revenue would be benefited by a duty on exports, or by increasing the duties on imports, both of these measures being contrary to the spirit of the age and to the now dominant tendency throughout Europe, which was to lessen duties on imports and exports." As for the "paper currency," these outspoken Germans declared that they "considered it to be a financial volcano, the eruption of which might take place at any moment."

This revelation is especially important at the present moment, when Congress is on the point of assembling. It is in the highest degree desirable that our representatives should be made to understand accurately the effect upon our credit abroad of any further perseverance in the financial policy introduced by the chaotic Republican party. Such a course will certainly shake the confidence of thinking men everywhere in the good sense of our people and in the capacity of our statesmen, and it will be followed by a depreciation of our national securities proportionate to the injury which it is sure to inflict upon our resources.—N. Y. World.

General Grant's Report.

In submitting his report, Lieut. Gen. Grant says he has been impressed from an early period of the rebellion with the idea that the active and continuous operations of all the troops that could be brought into the field regardless of the season and the weather were necessary to success. Our armies East and West acted without concert, like a balky team, no two ever pulling together, enabling the enemy to use to great advantage his interior lines of communication, and it was a question whether our numerical strength and resources were not more than balanced by these disadvantages and superior position. Convinced no peace could be obtained until the military forces of the rebellion were entirely broken, I determined, first, to use the greatest number of troops practicable against the armed force of the enemy, preventing him from using the same force at different seasons against the first one, and then another of our armies, and the possibility of repose; second, to hammer continuously against the armed force of the enemy and his resources until, by mere attrition if in no other way, there should be nothing left to him but an equal submission to the loyal section of our common country to the Constitution. These views, General Grant says, were kept constantly in mind, and orders given and campaigns made to carry them out. Whether they might have been better in conception and execution is for the people who mourn the loss of friends fallen, and who have to pay the pecuniary cost, to say. All I can say is that what I have done has been done conscientiously, to the best of my ability, and in what I conceived to be for the best interests of the whole country.

Gen. Grant then refers to the situation of the contending forces at the date of his appointment, the main armies of the rebels being commanded by Lee in Virginia, and Johnston in Georgia, our forces being commanded by Sherman in the West, and Meade in Virginia. Gen. Grant exercising a general supervision of the movements of all the armies.—Sherman was instructed to break up Johnston's army, and go into the interior of the enemy's country, and inflict all the damage he could on the enemy's war resources, and if the enemy showed signs of giving way, to follow him to the full extent of his abilities, while he, Grant, would prevent Lee's concentration near Sherman.

Gen. Grant then details his instructions given to Generals Banks, Butler, and others, and enters into a detailed account of the progress of the campaigns. Of Butler's movement against Perry's Bluff, Grant says the time consumed lost to us the benefit of the surprise and capture of Richmond and Petersburg, enabling Beauregard to collect his loose forces in North and South Carolina, and bring them to the defense of those places. Subsequently, the enemy attacked Butler, who was forced or drew back into intrenchments between the James and Appomattox Rivers, and his (Butler's) army was as completely shut off from the operations directly against Richmond, as if it had been a bottle strongly corked.

The Michigan Argus.

ANN ARBOR, FRIDAY MORNING, DEC. 9, 1865.

The President's Message. Knowing the anxiety with which our readers were looking for the first annual message of President Johnson, we gave it to them in an extra on Wednesday morning, and presume that before this sheet reaches them all will have given it a careful perusal.

The message is high-toned and conservative, and in most respects will give the Democracy better satisfaction than it will the Republicans. He treats of the Southern States as never out of the Union, and as entitled to representation in Congress as soon as they shall severally return to their allegiance. He does not recognize the propriety of maintaining military governments, nor the right of Congress to interfere with the right of suffrage, the radical sine qua non. But the majority in Congress have no sympathy with these views, and refused on Monday to admit even the members from Tennessee, the President's own State.

On financial matters the President is sound, and scouts the idea that a national debt is a national blessing. On our foreign relations he is not very definite, but seems to advise no immediate enforcement of our claims against Great Britain, or of the Monroe doctrine.

In a recent editorial in the Argus in reference to the constitutional amendment abolishing slavery, the following sentence incidentally occurred: "We say legally, for we do not hold to the theory of those ultra democrats—the colleagues or complement of the radicals—who deny the right of Congress to enact the amendment in question," which seems to have stirred up the wrath of our cotemporary of the Ypsilanti Sentinel, who forthwith pitches into us in savage style. As we had no allusion to our cotemporary when we wrote the article, we are not disposed to answer his reflections upon our Democracy. We don't believe that he has been long enough in or of the party to entitle him to administer any rebuke, or define even what Democracy is; and yet, if he makes any pretensions to being a Democrat, we are not surprised, in view of a recent paragraph from his pen, that his rancor should cause such a fluttering. We quote: "We have no particular sympathy with Wirtz or any other man whose stupidity and blunders ensured the failure of the Confederate cause in spite of the fanaticism, crime and folly which protracted the struggle and made it so disastrous on our side." We certainly rejoice that our opinions do not harmonize with those of our cotemporary.

Cement for Rooms.

An invention of M. Sorol of Paris is stated to be superior to plaster of Paris for coating the walls of rooms. It is used in the following manner: "A coat of oxide of zinc mixed with size, made up like a wash, is first laid on the wall, ceiling or wainscot, and over that a coat of chloride of zinc applied, being prepared in the same manner as the first wash. The oxide and chloride effect an immediate combination, and form a kind of cement, smooth and polished as glass, and possessing the advantages of oil paint, without its disadvantages of smell.

Alcohol as Food.

Dr. BRICHETEAU lately treated a boy suffering from Diphtheria. Tracheotomy was considered necessary, and subsequently the patient refused all food save sugared wine. For a whole month he took daily one bottle and a half of wine and two ounces of rum.

The memorial of Hon. A. C. Baldwin, contesting the seat of Hon. R. E. Trowbridge, claiming to represent the first district of this State, was presented to the House on Tuesday.

In face of the decision of the Supreme Court of this State, it seems hardly possible that the House will refuse to give Mr. Baldwin his seat.

Fenians.

A Dublin telegram of the evening of the 20th, of the Morning Post, says: Pigeon House Fort, commanding Dublin Bay, has been garrisoned since the 18th by large military detachments. All the guards have been doubled, and the guns double shotted, and the men are held under arms all night. During all day on the 20th, four general officers were in the fort, and the gates and bridges were closed. The number of Fenians admitted to bail is regarded as an indication that only the chief will be presented.

Fenian Designs upon Canada.

A despatch from Toronto says Gen. Michel, administrator of the Government of Canada, has been informed of the contents of the papers seized on the Head Centre of the Fenians in Ireland, and that is the reason why riflemen numbering about 600 have been concentrated at Isle aux Croix to be ready to receive the Fenians by way of Lake Champlain. An address was issued by the late State Fenian convention in California, to the Irishmen in the Pacific States, in which they are urgently called upon to contribute to their strength and means towards the struggle for the independence of Ireland and the establishment of an Irish Republic.

Death once seen at our hearts, leaveth a shadow which abideth there forever.

Notes From Chicago.

CHICAGO, Dec. 4th, 1865. FRIEND ARGUS:—Having a leisure hour this afternoon, and being desirous of spending it in a profitable manner, I have thought best to write to you, giving a short account of some important works which may be of interest to some of your readers, even in the language which I may be able to employ.

The great absorbing topic here at present is the Artesian Wells, two of which have been sunk to the depth of seven hundred and eleven feet, and are now discharging water which is as clear as crystal. These wells are but nine feet apart, and it is expected to rim them out to twenty inches in diameter, which must furnish an immense supply of water, as the force from below throws it one hundred feet above the surface.

Next comes the Lake Tunnel, which is perhaps the greatest work undertaken by man since the construction of the Egyptian Pyramids? This work can be best described by stating what has been undertaken, and then telling how it is progressing. Some time before the Artesian wells were bored, a project was started to tunnel the Lake to a point where pure water could be obtained. Chicago took hold of the work with her accustomed energy and determination. A crib was sunk seventy-six feet perpendicularly on the shore, and then, by turning at a right angle, the channel was started under the boisterous Lake Michigan, and has been pushed nearly a mile from the shore. A strong wooden frame has been sunk to the bottom of the Lake, at a distance of two miles from the shore, which is to be the outer terminus of the tunnel.

And now they are engaged in sinking a huge iron cylinder, nine feet in diameter, which is to reach from the bottom of the Lake to the channel below, which is arched with brick as fast as pushed forward. At the shore end the immense buckets are raised to the surface by means of a steam engine, which winds an inch and a quarter wire cable upon a cylinder or unwinds it as desired. Below, a railroad track is laid from the shore crib to where the men are at work, and a mule of no mean pretensions is there employed to draw the cars from the works to the shore crib and back. There are also two or more of these cars used as buckets to haul the dirt to the surface. One goes down and then another comes up with its load of clay, and all that one sees is that it moves and does its work well.

And then the Mechanical Bakery, and the round friction match manufacturer claim a fair share of attention, the former of which bakes the very best of soda crackers by the car load; and the latter is turning out two millions of the best matches per day, and they are now doubling their machinery, which will give them a capacity of four million matches per day, a number better imagined than realized.

Then, perhaps the Chamber of Commerce and the Board of Trade rooms might attract some attention.

At a point some three miles from the business portion of the city, on the line of the Michigan Central Railroad, rest the remains of the immortal DOUGLAS. Cottage Grove is one of the most attractive places near Chicago. The beauty and homelike air of the place are such that thousands visit it yearly, and all leave the place regretting the fall of the great DOUGLAS. There are many other places of interest here, but space and a full knowledge of the inferiority of this sheet forbids the thought of attempting another.

The Boston Military Commission.

The object of the Government in appointing a Military Commission to sit in Boston, is to meet a demand of the Prussian Government for investigation into a charge that Massachusetts officials caused Prussian subjects to be brought over and enlisted into the army, for the purpose of filling up the quota of that State. The latter expects to establish the fact that fraud and compulsion were practised by Massachusetts upon Prussian local emigrant commissioners. The demand is not unlike that which the United States made upon Great Britain for encouraging illegal enlistments here, during the Crimean war, and which resulted in the dismissal of Minister Crampton and of the British Consuls at New York and Cincinnati. The Commission consists of Generals Mat. Smith, E. A. Hitchcock and Seth. Williams, as telegraphed a few days ago. After meeting in Boston for the accommodation of the authorities of Massachusetts, they will adjourn to Washington and open a session there for the convenience of the Prussian Minister.

Estate of Ellen Nelligan.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, ss.— Notice is hereby given that by an order of the Probate Court of the County of Washtenaw, made on the twenty-eighth day of November, A. D. 1865, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of Ellen Nelligan, late of said County deceased, and that all creditors of said decedent, for examination and allowance, or for payment of the twenty-eighth day of May next, and that such claims will be heard before said Probate Court, on Saturday, the twenty-fourth day of February, and on Monday, the twenty-eighth day of May next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the Court House in Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Estate of Ida Ham.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, ss.— Notice is hereby given that by an order of the Probate Court of the County of Washtenaw, made on the twenty-eighth day of November, A. D. 1865, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of Ida Ham, late of said County deceased, and that all creditors of said decedent, for examination and allowance, or for payment of the twenty-eighth day of May next, and that such claims will be heard before said Probate Court, on Saturday, the twenty-fourth day of February, and on Monday, the twenty-eighth day of May next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the Court House in Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Estate of John Wilcox.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, ss.— Notice is hereby given that by an order of the Probate Court of the County of Washtenaw, made on the twenty-eighth day of November, A. D. 1865, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of John Wilcox, late of said County deceased, and that all creditors of said decedent, for examination and allowance, or for payment of the twenty-eighth day of May next, and that such claims will be heard before said Probate Court, on Saturday, the twenty-fourth day of February, and on Monday, the twenty-eighth day of May next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the Court House in Ann Arbor, Michigan.

The Republican Programme.

The Republicans, to the number of 124, met in caucus Saturday night in the hall of the House of Representatives. No members were present from any of the late insurrectionary States. Hon. L. M. Morrill, of Maine, was appointed Chairman, and Hon. J. Donnelly, of Minnesota, Secretary.

On motion, a committee of seven was appointed, consisting of Mr. Stevens, of Pennsylvania; Mr. Raymond, of New York; Mr. Spaulding, of Ohio; Mr. Washburne, of Illinois; Mr. Payne, of Wisconsin; Mr. Boutwell, of Massachusetts; and Mr. Blaine, of Maine, who reported the following resolution: Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States in Congress assembled, That a joint committee of 15 members shall be appointed, of which nine shall be members of the House and six of the Senate, who shall inquire into the condition of the States which formed the so-called Confederate States of America, and report whether they or any of them are entitled to be represented in either House of Congress, with leave to report at any time by bill. Until such report shall have been made and finally acted on by Congress, no member shall be received into either House from any of the so-called Confederate States, and all papers relating to representatives of said States shall be referred to said committee without debate.

The Habeas Corpus Partially Restored.

The following proclamation has just been issued by the President of the United States of America: PROCLAMATION. Whereas, By the proclamation of the President of the United States of the 15th of December, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus in certain cases therein set forth was suspended throughout the United States;

And whereas, The reasons for that suspension may be regarded as having ceased in some of the States and Territories; Now, therefore, be it known that I, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, do hereby proclaim and declare that the suspension aforesaid, and all other proclamations and orders suspending the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus in the States and Territories of the United States are revoked and annulled, excepting as to the States of Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas and Texas, the District of Columbia, and the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. Done at the City of Washington, this first day of December, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five, and of the Independence of the United States of America, the ninety-ninth.

By the President, ANDREW JOHNSON. Wm. H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

The cotton factories at Newburyport are all running to their fullest capacity. They have cleared no less than \$400,000 in the last six months.

Married.

At St. Andrew's Church, on Tuesday, 5th inst., by Rev. G. D. Gillespie, JAMES TROBROCK SWARTHILL, and ELIZABETH MATILDA ROR, all of Ann Arbor.

New Advertisements.

CITY LOTS! At the solicitation of several friends, I have concluded to continue the Sale of City Lots, at but a small advance on my former prices, until New Year. Any persons who want one or two lots each to build on or to make money on by selling again, will do well to call immediately, for the prices are sure to be very much higher next Spring.

WILLIAM S. MAYNARD, 871088 December 6th, 1865.

Estate of Ellen Nelligan.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, ss.— Notice is hereby given that by an order of the Probate Court of the County of Washtenaw, made on the twenty-eighth day of November, A. D. 1865, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of Ellen Nelligan, late of said County deceased, and that all creditors of said decedent, for examination and allowance, or for payment of the twenty-eighth day of May next, and that such claims will be heard before said Probate Court, on Saturday, the twenty-fourth day of February, and on Monday, the twenty-eighth day of May next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the Court House in Ann Arbor, Michigan.

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Estate of Alvah Burgess.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, ss.— Notice is hereby given that by an order of the Probate Court of the County of Washtenaw, made on the twenty-eighth day of November, A. D. 1865, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of Alvah Burgess, late of said County deceased, and that all creditors of said decedent, for examination and allowance, or for payment of the twenty-eighth day of May next, and that such claims will be heard before said Probate Court, on Saturday, the twenty-fourth day of February, and on Monday, the twenty-eighth day of May next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the Court House in Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Estate of Harriet L. Rice.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, ss.— Notice is hereby given that by an order of the Probate Court of the County of Washtenaw, made on the twenty-eighth day of November, A. D. 1865, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of Harriet L. Rice, late of said County deceased, and that all creditors of said decedent, for examination and allowance, or for payment of the twenty-eighth day of May next, and that such claims will be heard before said Probate Court, on Saturday, the twenty-fourth day of February, and on Monday, the twenty-eighth day of May next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the Court House in Ann Arbor, Michigan.

THE EVENING POST, New York.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT AND PARKE GODWIN. PROSPECTUS. THE EVENING POST, now in its sixty-fifth year, having begun with the nineteenth century, has always maintained a leading position among the metropolitan journals.

The fearless and hearty support which it has always given to the great principles of universal justice and freedom has made it the almost indispensable companion of brave and true men, who are more deeply interested in the success of principles and the progress of humanity than in the triumph of party.

During the war the EVENING POST was one of the most earnest and vigorous supporters of the cause of the Union; it held up the hands of our brave soldiers in the field, and encouraged the hearts of our noble men and women at home; every project for pushing on the column had its zealous support; while it no less solemnly rebuked and rebuked treason in all its forms, whether open and avowed, or secret and disguised, and mean, as at the North.

The great measure of the war particularly—the Proclamation of Emancipation was early welcomed—immediately adopted—and most joyfully approved by it, as the true and only basis of permanent peace, and, no less important, the Constitutional Amendment, has found in the EVENING POST its latest and most persistent, as well as its earnest and most energetic advocate.

At the same time, with all its enthusiasm for Liberty and Union, the EVENING POST has not lost sight of the dangers of an abuse of power; it was the enemy of all undue encroachments of the central authority, of all kinds of political tyrannies, and of all other measures which tend to subvert the principles of the Constitution. To these principles the EVENING POST is ever true, and looking only to the interests of the whole country, now happily reunited and united, it will welcome any measure which tends to secure the permanent establishment of the Union.

WM. C. BRYANT & Co., Publishers, 41 Nassau st., cor. Liberty, New York.

ELECTIC MAGAZINE, Literature, Science, and Art.

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The ELECTIC MAGAZINE, as its name indicates, a selection from other magazines and periodicals. These selections are carefully made each month, from the contents of the foreign and domestic press, and are entirely unlike other magazines, and has no rival. The following are some of the works from which selections are made: London Quarterly, Revue des Deux Mondes, British Quarterly, London Society, North British Revue, Bentley's Miscellany, Popular Science, Cornhill Magazine, Saturday Review, Fraser's Magazine, Leisure Hour, Temple Bar, Westminster Revue, Chambers's Journal, Dublin University, London Review, Art Journal, London National Revue, Macmillan, Sunday Magazine, Good Words, Sunday at Home, Victoria Magazine, Leader, Edinburgh Review, Blackwood, Athenaeum.

Wm. H. Bidwell, 8 Beekman Street, N. Y.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER. VOLUME XVII, FOR 1866.

This famous Agricultural, Horticultural, Literary and Family Newspaper, contains upon its pages the most valuable and interesting information for every farmer, gardener, housewife, and every one who is interested in the progress of the world.

VARIETY OF CONTENTS.

The simple pages of this (the original) RURAL NEW-YORKER contain a variety of interesting and valuable information for every one who is interested in the progress of the world. The contents are as follows: AGRICULTURE, LITERATURE, ARTS AND SCIENCES, DOMESTIC ECONOMY, HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY, GENERAL NEWS, POETRY, ENIGMAS, REVERIES, &c., &c.

AIMS AND OBJECTS.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER has long been awarded the highest praise for its excellence, and its circulation is increasing rapidly. Its object is to give to the farmer, the gardener, the housewife, and every one who is interested in the progress of the world, the most valuable and interesting information for every one who is interested in the progress of the world.

FORM, STYLE AND TERMS.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is published in Quarto Form, each No. comprising Eight Double Column Pages, (forty columns) printed in Superior Style, and clear Type, good Paper and many fine Engravings and Illustrations, as our object is to give to the farmer, the gardener, the housewife, and every one who is interested in the progress of the world, the most valuable and interesting information for every one who is interested in the progress of the world.

C. H. MILLEN

Has returned from New York with the Second Large Invoice of FALL AND WINTER GOODS!

COTTON GOODS

OF ALL KINDS, ARE REDUCED IN PRICE!

ALL DRESS GOODS LOWER!

CALL & SEE.

C. H. MILLEN. Ann Arbor, Nov. 25th, 1865.

NEW GOODS!

IMMENSE ARRIVAL

DRESS GOODS!

Gents' FURNISHING GOODS.

CASSIMERES, Cloths, Satinets, &c., DOMESTICS, SHOES, HATS & CAPS.

GROCERIES, &c.,

Are to be sold at prices that will guarantee the sale.

THE LATEST STOCK OF CALICOES AND BROWN GOODS

In the City at less than Manufacturer's prices.

MACK & SCHMIDT.

I AM OPENING THIS WEEK

NEW DRESS GOODS, NEW CLOAKS & TRIMMINGS, NEW SHAWLS, NEW WOOLERY & GLOVES, NEW HOSELY GOODS, BROAD CLOTHS, BEAVERS, CASSIMERES & CLOAKINGS, CARPETS & OIL CLOTHS, NEW STOCK OF FAMILY GROCERIES.

W. H. BIDWELL, 8 Beekman Street, N. Y.

S. M. Pettengill & Co., No. 37 Park Row, New York, & 6 State St.

TAX RECEIPTS

Just printed on good paper, and for sale at this office. Township Treasurers are invited to send in their orders.

To OUR PATRONS.—We respectfully invite every person indebted to the Argus Office, for advertising, job work, or on subscription, to make immediate payment, and thus save us the labor and delay of making out and forwarding bills.

If the "Local" of the Courier had not cut a sentence of ours in two, he could hardly have stretched his own powerful imagination sufficient to accuse us of prejudging his libel suit.

You can get Business Cards printed at the Argus Office better and cheaper than at any other office in Ann Arbor.

We are glad to announce the establishment of a Commercial College in our city, under auspices that promise to make it a permanent institution.

If you want a fashionable and handsomely printed Visiting Card, send your orders to the Argus Office.

Miss ADELINA CORNWELL is now engaged in canvassing our city for "Cobbins' Illustrated Domestic Bible."

The Argus Office is just the place to get your Posters, Programmes, Bill Heads, &c.

The ladies of the Presbyterian Church are to hold a Festival in the convenient and commodious basement rooms of their church, on Friday evening next, December 15th.

We invite attention to the prospectus of the Rural New Yorker, for 1866, to be found in our advertising columns.

You can get Ball Cards printed at the Argus Office neater, quicker, and cheaper than at any other office in the city.

We have the December number of the Ladies' Repository, which completes the twenty-fifth volume of that most excellent family magazine.

We have on hand a large number of volumes of Magazines, etc., which have been bound from three months to as many years, which the owners are requested to call for.

We have the December number of Frank Leslie's Lady's Magazine and Gazette of Fashion.

The October number of the Edinburgh Review has the following papers:—Journal and Correspondence of Miss Bury, Life in the Criminal Class, The Rock-cut Temples of India, Life of Carl Maria von Weber, Campbell's Frost and Fire, Posthumous writings of Alexis de Faqueville, Palgrave's Arabia, The Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland, Sir Thomas Wise's Peloponnese, American Phycomania, the letter a review of the doctrines of Spiritualism as taught in the works of Davis, Dexter, Tallmadge, and Hare.

We invite attention to the prospectus of the New York Evening Post in our advertising columns.

Business was generally suspended in our city yesterday, and Thanksgiving day generally observed.

Dr. A. B. PALMER delivered a lecture before the Students' Lecture Association, on Tuesday evening.

The December number of the Horticulturist, with a readable and valuable table of contents, completing the 20th volume, is on our table.

In another column will be found the prospectus of the Eclectic Magazine, a periodical which we recommend to all who wish to post themselves in foreign literature.

A slight snow storm occurred on Wednesday evening, a reminder that December is not to be all sunshine.

REPEAL OF THE INCOME TAX.—There will be a proposition before the Finance Committee of the Senate, and probably before the Committee of Ways and Means of the House, to reduce national taxation to a point that will yield no more revenue than what is sufficient to pay the expenses of the Government.

THE WAY TO PAY THE PUBLIC DEBT.—The New York Evening Post insists that only two ways for the payment of the public debt present themselves—one by delving and saving; by a process of laborious industry, unostentatious and unenterprising, accompanied by the most rigid parsimony, and a general privation of all but the most common and necessary comforts of life.

THE LADIES OF THE PRESBYTERIAN Church are to hold a Festival in the convenient and commodious basement rooms of their church, on Friday evening next, December 15th.

We invite attention to the prospectus of the Rural New Yorker, for 1866, to be found in our advertising columns.

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We have the December number of Frank Leslie's Lady's Magazine and Gazette of Fashion.

IT is especially important at this time, when the markets of the United States are flooded with the direct poison, under the name of imported liquors, and when domestic compounds purporting to be medicinal, but not a whit less pernicious, are heralded to the world as "sovereign remedies," that the public should fully understand the facts.

A Cough, Cold, or Sore Throat, REQUIRES IMMEDIATE ATTENTION, AND SHOULD BE CHECKED, IF ALLOWED TO CONTINUE.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

For Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Consumptive and Throat Diseases.

WHISKERS! WHISKERS! Do you want Whiskers or Mustaches? Our Green Compound will force them to grow on the smoothest face or chin, or hair on bald heads.

A GOOD TREE IS KNOWN BY ITS FRUIT.

PROFESSOR R. J. LYONS, THE GREAT AND CELEBRATED PHYSICIAN OF THE THROAT, LUNGS AND CHEST.

NEW CARPETS

OIL CLOTHS!

NEW PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF.

PEALON'S "NIGER BLOOMING ORANGE"

PRINTS & DELAINES LOWER.

NEW STYLES

MANHOOD: HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED.

ESTATE OF CHARLES HYLAND.

LOOK AT THE NEW CLOAKS

RICH SHAWLS

LOOK AT THE GREAT VARIETY

ELEGANT DRESS GOODS!

RICH SHAWLS

LOOK AT THE GREAT VARIETY

ELEGANT DRESS GOODS!

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LOOK AT THE GREAT VARIETY

ELEGANT DRESS GOODS!

RICH SHAWLS

LOOK AT THE GREAT VARIETY

ELEGANT DRESS GOODS!

JUST OPENED! A Mammoth Stock OF WINTER GOODS!

P. BACH, including CASSIMERES, CLOTHS, FLANNELS, CLOAKS, SHAWLS, DRESS GOODS, PRINTS, DOMESTICS, GROCERIES, &c., &c.

Call and see them!

BLISS & HILL

A LARGE STOCK OF GOODS

REDUCED PRICES

CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY,

TABLE & POCKET CUTLERY,

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, &c.

CLOCKS, WATCHES, & JEWELRY,

REPAIRED BY

EXPERIENCED WORKMEN,

Old and young should use

STERLING'S AMBROSIA

FOR THE HAIR.

It prevents or stops the Hair from falling; Cleanses, Beautifies, Preserves, and renders it Soft and Glossy, and the Head free from Dandruff.

STERLING'S AMBROSIA MANUFACTURING CO'Y,

SOLE PROPRIETORS, NEW YORK.

SHILDON'S DYSPEPSIA TROCHES

Dyspepsia Permanently Cured!

DR. SHILDON'S DYSPEPSIA TROCHES not only give immediate relief, but are sure to effect a permanent cure in Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

PRINTS & DELAINES LOWER.

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LOOK AT THE GREAT VARIETY

ELEGANT DRESS GOODS!

RICH SHAWLS

THE GREAT WARDROBE

FALL AND WINTER TRADE!

ANN ARBOR.

COMPETITION

GREAT WARDROBE

BENEFIT THE PEOPLE

STOCK IN STORE,

Entire State,

GOODS!

GREAT WARDROBE,

Ready-Made Clothing,

THE GREAT WARDROBE

FRANKLIN BLOCK,

MILLER & BROWN.

HATS & CAPS!

STRAW GOODS!

RIBBONS, FLOWERS,

TRUNKS, VALISES,

GLOVES, HOSIERY, &c., &c.

GENTS' & LADIES' FUR GOODS!

LADIES' FURS!

HATS, CAPS,

STRAW GOODS!

JOHNSON & PIERSON

SPRING GOODS

GENTS' SILK HATS—all styles.

GENTS' SOFT AND STIFF BRIM HATS.

GENTS' AND BOYS' DERBY HATS.

GENTS' AND BOYS' CAPS—all kinds.

JOHNSON & PIERSON.

Western State.

BOOTS & SHOES!

LEASE OF STORE,

STORE FIXTURES,

FOR SALE!

FLORENCE

SEWING MACHINES.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,

THREAD, SILK,

MACHINE OIL, &c.

FAMILY

SEWING MACHINE

DURABILITY,

BEAUTY OF STYLE, and

VARIETY OF WORK, it

"STANDS UP HEAD."

THE WONDER OF THE WORLD!

CHANGE OF DATE. 1866.

PROF. R. J. LYONS

MONITOR HOUSE,

21st OF EACH Month,

JACKSON, ON THE 20th,

INDIAN HERB DOCTOR!

INDIAN HERB DOCTOR!

AS A SINGLE WIT

THE MOST SKEPTICAL.

RED JACKET

BITTERS.

STOMACH

SOLE PROPRIETORS.

WHOLE SALES & RETAIL

Fresh Arrival at the Headquarters of

GUITERMAN & CO'S

CLOTHING ESTABLISHMENT

Second to none in the States

YOU CAN FIND

Articles of Every Description

FOR MEN'S WEAR,

manufactured at prices at which we

Defy Competition Whatever!

GOOD AND CHEAP GOODS

Such as no other House can boast of.

We are now ready to exhibit a large stock of

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Also a large stock of

Beaver Cloths,

VESTINGS, & CASSIMERES,

TO BE MADE UP TO ORDER,

OR SOLD BY THE YARD,

at very low prices.

GUITERMAN & CO.

JUST OPENING!

THE LARGEST STOCK AND BEST ASSORTMENT OF

CABINET FURNITURE!

ever brought to this city, including

SOFAS,

TETE-A-TETES, LOUNGES,

BED ROOM SETS, CENTER TABLES,

BUREAUS, CHAIRS, Looking Glasses, Gilt Frames and Mouldings, COFFINS, METALIC CASES, &c., &c.

and all other goods kept in the best and largest houses in the country. We keep no second hand or inferior of American goods. Coffins kept constantly on hand, and made to order. My goods are offered at

