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THE MICHIGAN MUTUAL LIFE INS. COMPANY OF DETROIT, MICH. ESTABLISHED IN 1867.
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THE TWO WISHERS—AN EGYPTIAN TALE.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

In Babylon, some ages since, Death took, one day, the reigning Prince; And so,—his necessities being great, The heir-apparent reigned instead. (For then as now it was the law "Le roi est mort," &c., &c., &c.) In the same breath the courtiers sang, "The King is dead!"—"Long live the King!"

ON THE SHORE.

"Going away," I think you said? With never a word for me; Going away, and I turn my head In vain, for he is never a star, And all dead on the darkening sea.

A NIGHT ATTACK.

If, reader, you are robust and young and have a taste for hard work, and that agreeable proceeding termed "roughing it" in South America, invest in land—near the large towns, where your yearly gains will be swallowed up in the dissipations of a week; but become a pioneer, and seek the fertile plains on the Indian frontier, and you will be indulged to the very top of your bent; for there the labor of your own hands must raise the roof which shelters you, and all your vigilance and courage will be required to live under it in safety.

Deer, ostrich and wild horses there are in plenty to gallop after with dogs, rifle, or lasso; or the excitement may be pleasingly varied, and arrived at, by becoming the pursued yourself; for the Indians, your pursuers, esteem most highly "a white devil hunt"—the scarcity of the animal adding, as is natural, a pleasurable zest to these true lovers of sport.

It is at this hour that the most potent of blue devils, except home-sickness, enters in and takes possession of his host's hardened exile; and surely he does his work. First, he insinuates thoughts of home, kind and kin, bright fires and pretty faces, memories of pleasant gatherings and genial sports; next, he institutes a comparison (odious, indeed), and bids you think upon your present lot by day and uneasy, danger-haunted sleep by night; then having prepared you by his concluding effort, which is to render you utterly and ridiculously miserable, he pours into your scarcely resisting mind a sea of longings, the tide rising strongly in the direction of a return (which he will parenthetically remind you is impossible) to the scenes and enjoyments of "yesterday."

I had but lately come out from England to join Dick Merton, my former chum and protector at a public school, and my last friend always. Our joint property was a modest little farm, and an old log on account of its defective title (it was claimed with some thousands besides, by the Pampa Indians, who made entry upon it, gave notice to quit by brandishing lances at us, and levied a distress upon our horses, and our own two men, who had often

boasted of what they meant to do and had already done in the way of fighting Indians—were quite useless. They behung us pitiously to fee, and so hampered us that Dick's patience evaporated, and having lavished a series of heavy kicks among them, he consigned them forcibly to neither and more salutary regions, kindly offering horses for that or any other journey they might wish to make. They dare not, however, ride away even from the coming danger; and presently, to our great relief and delight, we saw them scramble through the ditch, and into our solitary field of maize, where, as we learned afterward, they lay concealed, with their faces buried in the ground, like ostriches, until the storm should blow over.

Our preparations were very simple—a box of cartridges was opened (for we were provided with those inestimable peace and life preservers, breech-loading rifles) and placed ready to hand, together with a bottle of whisky, and a jar of water; the door and window, our weak points, were secured as strongly as possible; and then sheltering our bodies behind the parapet, we peered cautiously over and strained our eyes to get the first glimpse of an enemy.

Nothing is so daunting as suspense to a young campaigner, and I felt my heart thumping against my ribs with excitement, and a sort of nervous dread that I should not play a man's part in the struggle we expected. But Dick's voice, calm, low, and with a slight drawl in it, reassured me.

"Don't hurry, but in with your cartridges," I heard next; and both fired again together. This was too much for them—they halted, wavering one moment and then disappeared as if by magic—our rapid system of firing having completely disconcerted them.

I looked at my companion's face; it was very pale, and the expression decidedly ugly.

"Listen!" he continued hurriedly. "Thisascal has come to make some proposal to us. Keep your eye on him; and the moment you get a fair chance, fire at him. If you kill her, it is the better fate. When I hear the shot, I will throw open the window, which I can

From the Boston Congressionalist.

Advice To Young Ladies.

Now, ladies, I will preach to you just a little about as I incline. I don't see any of you in this case nothing but a sermon will do.

Now stand with me at my office window, and see a lady pass. There goes one now isn't that a pretty girl, a wilderness of curls and frills, a hanging up of the dress here and there, an enormous, hideous mass of false hair or bark piled on top of her head, surrounded by a little fall, ornamented with bits of lace, birds' tails, etc., etc. The shop windows tell us, all day long, of the paddings, whalebones, and steel springs, which occupy most of the space within that outside rig.

Secondly, With that wisp waist, squeezing your lungs, stomach, liver, and other vital organs, into one-half their natural size, and with that long trail dragging on the ground, how can any man of sense who knows that life is made up of ease, of service, of work, how can he take such a partner? He must be desperate indeed to unite himself for life with such a fettered, half-breathing ornament!

Then I heard a heavy fall in the room below; Dick had thrown his burden clean through the open window, at the risk of breaking a limb, and turning, found himself engaged hand to hand with a dozen Indians. He set his back against the wall, and drew his revolver with his right hand, receiving as he did so a spear-thrust through his left arm; but his arm, fortunately reserved until now, played among the attacking party, and a man was dropping at every shot; so they drew off. Dick managed with a great effort to drag himself through the window, and then fainting away from loss of blood and exhaustion; and when I ran down the ladder to make fast the window again I found him comfortably reclining with his head in Rosita's lap, the latter having been stunned by her unceremonious entry. But I could not stay to help here; my post was on the roof. I hurried up the ladder, noticing for the first time that I had myself suffered in the scrimmage to the extent of a slight flesh wound from a bullet. The fight was over. Throughout the remainder of the night, the Indians lingered about, and stole most of the horses and some sheep, but they had not plucked enough again to encounter the deadly breech loader—Seldom, indeed, had such a severe lesson been taught them; and when the glorious sun rose (never sight more welcome), we saw them ride beaten off the field, bearing with them five of the slain, and six other corpses were lying in front of the window, where the fiercest struggle had been had, and two more were afterward found, who had crawled into the ditch like wild animals to die.

Some years ago passed since that eventful night, Dick and Rosita are living at Don Ramon's estancia, that worthy old gentleman having departed this life shortly after their marriage. I, too, am with them as a partner in the land, locks, and herds, of which we have a goodly quantity; and whenever the increasing stock of little Dick's and Rosita's ask me, that they invariably do of an evening, to tell them a story, I know that nothing less will content them than a full, true, and particular account of the night attack.

Our first and last long and short ranged interview with the late Admiral took place at Fort Jackson, on the morning of the 24th of April, 1862. Four thousand intimations in the way of thirteen-inch mortar shells had been previously sent, with the compliments of Vice-Admiral D. D. Porter. Given: a month, day and night at the guns; a week's bombardment, and all hands almost exhausted for want of sleep; the hour two o'clock; the head of a line of dark vessels, looking like some great sea monster, appears; in a moment the solitary roar of a gun in the low water battery is heard; then began a scene which was indescribably grand. For three hours there were antipodal roars of guns fired and forts, while the sheets of fire lighted up the vessels for the moment, and enabled the forts to take a precarious aim. On the fleet moved, however, through the iron and fiery hail of shell, solid and hot shot. It is a superb sight. Those who faced another day can never forget it. Let them shake hands over the grave of that brave old iron nerved sailor, while we testify to his superb courage and marvelous daring on that memorable night.

Sketch of the Youth.

He was then as now taciturn with strangers to an embarrassing degree, but with any with whom he was intimate and whose confidence he relied on, he was as free of speech as any man need be. He was never even then without his cigar or cigarette, and was fond of smoking on the streets; or in a ramble on the Bergen Heights. He was never weary of admiring the view of the Hudson, Staten Island, Hong Island and the bay that was to be obtained from a spot here and there. One of the greatest privations of his royal or imperial state is that which compels him, on so many occasions during the day, to forego his cigar. Of his own will, it would never be out of his mouth.

His Residence in Hoboken.

He lived in Hoboken at a time when Hoboken had not attained its present dimensions, and did not even seem likely to rise at any time from its quiet, ducklike rest on the seashore, to expand its wings over the swamps to the hills beyond—when, in fact, it was a mere village and nothing more. His abode was for many years on Bloomfield street—or what is now Bloomfield street—in quarters of no pretensions to aristocracy or even gentility. His room was in the attic of a large frame building, the basement and first floor of which was occupied by stores, and the intervening stories by mechanics' boarding and lodging.

He always managed—how few could tell—to have a good bottle of wine in his room, and never to be out of tobacco. All this, however, was secondary—nothing of his nature in this respect, too low different from the man who drew the smoke of the Persian ambassador's shibook into his stomach, and was laid up for a week in consequence of that solitary attempt at smoking.

He was the very best customer of a little Alsatian Frenchman named Sanglet, who kept a tobacco store opposite him, and many a discussion took place between them. Napoleon, who, perhaps, in temperament, the least of a Frenchman of all men to day living, seemed to take huge delight in drawing out his excitable neighbor on topics that were likely to excite him.

It was amusing to see even then the quiet mastery with which the young controller of men, became master—perhaps preserved his temper in discussion with his white-headed but highly irascible opponent.

APRIL FEATHERS.—One quart of flour with a teaspoonful of powdered yeast, a little salt, one pint of milk, three eggs, two nice apples sliced very thin. Fried in hot lard.

