

One square (12 lines) one week, 50 cents; and 15 cents for every insertion thereafter, less than 100 lines.

Equal advertisements, first insertion, 50 cents per line, 15 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

Legal advertisements, first insertion, 50 cents per line, 15 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

Job Printing.

Books Binding.

Business Directory.

CARDS CARDS CARDS.

Having purchased a Complete Rotary Diamond Card Press, with a fine assortment of cards, 17 1/2 x 2 1/2 inches.

All Losses promptly adjusted.

MERCHANTS' INSURANCE CO., OF HARTFORD, CONN.

Cash Capital, \$200,000.

Total Assets, Jan 1st, 1862, \$27,287 00.

Liabilities, \$1,554 00.

W. N. STRONG.

NALL, DUNCKLE & Co.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Dry Goods, Carriages, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Trunks, Paper Hangings, and a general assortment of Furnishing Goods.

RAYMOND'S and Fine Art GALLERY.

No. 255 and 257 Jefferson Avenue, DETROIT.

Photographs, Life Size, colored or plain, cabinet, mounted, or in any style.

WASHINGTON LODGE No. 9, of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows meet at their Lodge, Room 10, every evening, at 7 1/2 o'clock.

L. STUBBS.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Tobacco, Cigars, &c., Main St., sign of a "Big Indian," Franklin Block, 1st Floor.

G. SUTHERLAND & SON.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Hats, Caps, Trunks, and all other articles.

J. M. SCOTT.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Hats, Caps, Trunks, and all other articles.

RISON & HENDERSON.

Dealers in Hardware, Stoves, House Furnishing Goods, The Ware, &c., No. 136, Main Street.

A. P. MILLS.

Dealers in Ready Made Clothing, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Hats, Caps, Trunks, and all other articles.

BEAKES & ABELE.

Attorneys and Counselors at Law, and Solicitors in Chancery, Office, 136 Main Block, over Webster & Co's Shoe Store, Ann Arbor.

KINGSLEY & MORGAN.

Attorneys, Counselors, Solicitors, and Notaries Public, have Books and Plans showing titles of all lands in the county, and to buying and selling interests in any part of the State.

WM. LEWITT, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon, Office at his residence, North side of Huron street, and 62 1/2 West of Division street, Ann Arbor.

O. COLLIER.

Manufacturer and Dealer in Boots and Shoes, 1 door West of the Post Office, Ann Arbor.

MOORE & LOOMIS.

Manufacturers and Dealer in Boots and Shoes, 1st Floor, Block, Main Street, one door North of Washington.

M. GUTERMAN & CO.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers and Manufacturers of Clothing, Cassimere, Dressing, &c., No. 5, New Block, Ann Arbor.

C. B. PORTER.

Business Director, Office corner of Main and Huron streets, over F. Bach's store, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

WM. WAGNER.

Dealers in Ready Made Clothing, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Hats, Caps, Trunks, and all other articles, 4 Ann Arbor.

BACH & PIERSON.

Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Boots and Shoes, &c., Main Street, Ann Arbor.

SLAWSON & GEER.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers, and Manufacturers of Clothing, Cassimere, Dressing, &c., No. 5, New Block, Ann Arbor.

C. BLISS.

Dealers in Clocks, Watches, and Fancy Goods, at the sign of the "Old Key," No. 27, Francis Street.

J. C. WATTS.

Dealers in Clocks, Watches, and Silver Ware, No. 22, New Block, Ann Arbor.

T. B. FREEMAN.

Barber and Fashionable Hair Dresser, Main Street, Ann Arbor, Michigan. Hair, Fingert and Curly cut constantly on hand.

SCHOFF & MILLER.

Dealers in Miscellaneous, School, and Blank Books, Stationery, Paper Hangings, &c., Main Street Ann Arbor.

D. DEFOREST.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Sash, Doors, Blinds, Water, and all other articles, Building Materials, and all other articles, at the lowest possible rates, on Detroit Street, a few rods from the Detroit Depot. Also operating extensively in the Patent Cement Roofing.

WASHTENAW COUNTY BIBLE SOCIETY.

Distributors of Bibles and Testaments at the Society prices at W. C. Voorhies.

CHAPIN, WOOD & CO.

Manufacturers of Print, Book, and Colored Mediums, Wrapping Paper, &c., ANN ARBOR, MICH.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO CUSTOMERS.

Accounts over six months will be settled at 10% discount. Cash on all other accounts.

The Michigan Argus

ANN ARBOR, FRIDAY, AUGUST 15, 1862. No. 865

FRUITS.

BY W. C. KENT.

The swollen pear, smooth tapering to its stalk, Droops large and stitices in the generous sun.

The crumling medlar on the garden walk, Ray-sudden lumps, fall brownly one by one.

And, piced by beak of linnet, in a flood, The darkling damson drips with ruby blood.

All tingling hot the salicy will o'erspread By snake like branches writhed and in-laced,

Sustains the peach whose cheek of darkened red The summer-wild bee's kisses have de-faced.

Pink veined from rugged stone to tender peel All faintly powdered with a pearly meal.

See, quivering from the jeweled stems, Redundant cherries twinkle moist in air;

Lo! deep in umbrage that the day contains, The soft big blackberries in the sylvan train;

Behold in clumps that trail the single sod, The pebble filbert in its shaggy pod.

A Foraging Party in Virginia. KENTUCKY CONSERVATISM.

A humorous writer in the Sunday Mercury gives this amusing illustration of conservatism.

Upon quitting the Strawberry Festival I returned post-haste again to Paris, where I arrived just in time to start with Captain Bob Shorty and a company from the Comic Section of the Mackerel Brigade on a foraging expedition.

We went to look up a few straw beds for the feeding of the Anatomical Cavalry horses, my boy, and the conservative Kentucky chap went along to see that we did not violate the constitution and the rights of man.

"It's my opinion, comrade," says Capt. Bob Shorty, "that we should not, 'tis my opinion, my Union ranger, that this here unusual war is getting worked down to a very fine point when we can't go out for an armful of forage without taking the constitution along on an ass. I think," says Capt. Bob Shorty, "that the constitution is as much out of place here as a set of fancy harness would be in a drove of wild buffaloes."

Can such be the case, my boy—can such be the case, my boy—can such be the case? Then did our revolutionary forefathers live in vain.

Having moved along in gorgeous cavalcade until about noon, we stopped at the house of a First Family of Virginia who were just going to dinner. Capt. Bob Shorty ordered the Mackerels to stack arms and draw canteens in the front door yard, and then we entered the domicile and saluted the domestic mass-meeting in the dining room.

"We come, sir," says Bob, addressing the venerable and high-minded chivalry at the head of the table, "to ask you if you have any old straw beds that you don't want, that could be used for the cavalry of the United States of America."

The chivalry only paused long enough to throw a couple of pie plates at us, and then says: "You ain't *Prisms* reporters—'tis you?"

"The conservative Kentucky chap stepped hastily forward, and says: 'No, my dear sir, we're the conservative element!'"

The chivalry's venerable wife, who was a female Southern Confederacy, leaned back a little in her chair, so that her little son could see to throw a tea-cup at me, and says she: "You ain't *Prisms* reporters—'tis you?"

"We are all nones and no ayos. Quo a feature in social intercourse, my boy." The aged chivalry seated at three fresh chairs to be placed at the table, and having smiled discharge the fowling piece which he had pointed at Capt. Bob Shorty, by reason of dampness in the square, he waived us to rest, and says he: "Sit down, poor lincings of a gorilla depot, and learn what it is to taste the hospitality of a southern gentleman."

"You are Lincoln hounds," says the chivalry, shaking his white locks, "and have come to butcher the Southern Confederacy, but the southern gentleman knows how to be courteous even to a canine foe."

Here the chivalry switched out a vane which he had concealed behind him, and made a blow at Capt. Bob Shorty.

"See here," says Bob, indignantly, "I'll be hush!" says the conservative Kentucky chap, agitatedly, "don't irritate the old patriarch, or the future amicable reconstruction of the Union will be out of the question. He is naturally a little provoked just now," says the Kentucky chap, soothingly, "but we must show him that we are his friends."

We all sat down in peace at the hospitable board, my boy, only a few sweet potatoes and corn cobs being thrown by the children, and found the fare to be in keeping with the situation of our distracted country—I may say war fare.

"In consequence of the blockade of the Washington Ape," says the chivalry, pleasantly, "we only have one course, you see, but even these last year's sweet potatoes must be luxuries to mercenary nudsils accustomed to hucks."

I had just reached out my plate, to be helped, my boy, when there came a great noise from the Mackerels in the front door yard.

"What's that?" says Capt. Bob Shorty. "O, nothing," says the female Confederacy, taking another bite of her cake—"I've only told one of the servants to throw some hot water on your reptile hirings."

As Capt. Bob Shorty turned to thank her for her explanation, and while his plate was extended, to be helped, the aged chivalry fired a pistol at him across the table, the ball just grazing his head and entering the wall behind him.

"By all that's blue!" says Capt. Bob Shorty excitedly, "now I'll be—"

LETTER FROM THE MICHIGAN 14TH.

[We are permitted to extract the following from a private letter received by one of our citizens.—Ed. Argus.]

DEAR BROTHER: One week ago yesterday we left the shades of Camp Big Springs, near Corinth, and after five days of very fatiguing march, through dust, and under the intense rays of a southern sun, we arrived here, our destination.

After we left Tishamingo county we struck a beautiful and fertile country—this began as we came within the line of Alabama, marching through a valley of nearly two miles in breadth, with mountainous hills observable on either side.

It is within this valley that splendid plantations are to be seen, cultivated with all the care and interest which is manifested by our northern Horticulturalists.

Their main staple of production for this season are cotton and corn. I saw one field of cotton containing 1500 acres. It is a beautiful sight, growing as this was with all the luxuriance usually characterizing such fields.

Corn fields of 1000 acres we passed by, showing marked indications of extreme industry, as not a weed could be seen. These plantations all displayed fine residences, far superior to any that can be found in our own State, being at the same time well stocked with "niggers," some having over one hundred in number, all well clothed and fed, and much more contented and happier than most of the whites in the north.

There is a matter connected with these plantations which to me is a mystery, as far as military rule and law is concerned. It is this: invariably the large land holders, and those possessing the largest amounts of growing products, hesitate not at all in proclaiming their secession proclivities; and this even in the face of our Generals.

Notwithstanding such promulgations, guards are placed around their door yards and orchards, and the soldier is not even allowed to pick a peach or apple for fear of being placed under arrest, and if we purchase any fruit of these wretched offenders, it is by paying exorbitantly for the same. Why do we do this, under such circumstances, the military authorities confiscate the property, &c., and use it in part toward defraying our own war expenses, instead of leaving it to nourish and feed the rebel army, which no doubt this unusual yield of corn is intended for. Our people in this particular, I must confess, are too merciful.

In this city, Tusculum, a place which in time of peace has nearly 2000 inhabitants, (now only about 600 remain, the absent ones being in the Confederate army), it is a common thing to see assembled together a conference of secessionists, expressing publicly sentiments wholly characteristic of a genuine Confediate. The proprietor of the large hotel declares that he will never take the oath of allegiance, but will conduct his business from day to day, without any molestation whatever, charging only \$2 per day for board, and not much to eat at that.

Tusculum is a beautiful place, being situated with two and a half miles of the Tennessee River, through which the Tusculum River runs. Cold springs, water clear crystal, are numerous, furnishing water to make a small sized river, and if the North would make another Saratoga. The water from these springs is very healthy, containing as it does mineral salts. We allow our men to drink freely from them, as we consider water not in the least injurious.

An interesting natural cave is to be visited here. It is said by residents to be its origin from the Appalachian or Quaker in the neighborhood for work.

"I will furnish thee with work and will pay thee for it, friend," said the Quaker, "but it is not my custom to give alms to one who is able to labor like thee."

"Well, that's all I want," said the Yankee, "of course I am willing to work."

"What can do, friend?" "I will do anything to get a little money to help me out of my difficulties."

"Well, there is a log yonder, and there is an axe. They may pound on the log with the head of the axe, and if the log is diligent and faithful, I will give thee a dollar a day."

"It is as soon do that as anything else!" And the youth went to work and pounded lustily with the head of the axe upon the log.

After a time he paused to take breath then he began again.

But after half an hour he stopped, threw down the axe, impatiently, and walked away saying, "I'll be hanged if I'll cut wood without seeing the chips fly!"

Biddy is a native of the Emerald Isle, who partook of her meals solitary and alone. One morning the father rang his bell, the well known tinkling of which caused his domestic to appear immediately.

"Biddy, bring me some salt." "Sure and I will, your reverence."

Fortwith reappeared Biddy with the article in her hand. Said the father, in an angry tone: "Never again bring me anything in your hand. You should have brought it on a plate."

The evening meal being over, the bell was again rung, and the faithful domestic instantly appeared.

"I want my slippers." Biddy went, and returned bearing in her hand a plate, upon which were the priest's slippers.

If fate designs a man to teach, she compels him to learn—bitter lessons, too, whether he will or not.

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SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Mr. Phillips assisted at the celebration of emancipation day at Abington, Massachusetts. His address is thus reported:

If there is any chance of getting out of the war it will be by stumbling out of it. The government fights to preserve slavery, and therefore it fights in vain. Mr. Lincoln is waging a political war. It is politics that stand out in every act of Mr. Lincoln and his Generals. The slaves who sought refuge in Gen. Butler's lines, in New Orleans, were given up to satisfy the demands that this made a political war. The President is more afraid of Kentucky this day than he is of the whole northern portion of the nation, Kentucky and the Boston Daily Advertiser are the powers he dreads most—the one on his right and the other on his left. All civil wars must be political wars. If Mr. Lincoln believed in the North and liberty he would let the army act upon the principles





