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The Michigan Argus.

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I. O. O. F.
WASHINGTON Lodge, No. 9, of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows meet at their lodge room, every Friday evening, at 7 1/2 o'clock. P. B. Ross, Secy.

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SEPTEMBER.

O golden autumn morn! thy balmy breath
Come freighted with the fields of ripened grain,
Laden with sweets to steal away my pain,
With whispered anthems for the summer's death.

There is a breathless stillness all around;
A rare and wondrous silence, as waits
Some new-born angel for those peary garbs
Where streets of gold and bowers of bliss are found.

The great waves of the grand old ocean swell!
With a hushed murmuring against the shore!
And in my heart a peace unknown before
Thrills me with joy, whose depths I may not tell.

The light wind plays along the waving fields,
And the tall grasses bend to meet it there;
And I am happy! far-gone all my care—
My soul to heaven its grateful homage yields.

WOUNDED.

BY BARBARA BRANDE.

The sunlight shone brightly into the cosy little sitting-room, giving a brighter glow to the crimson fuchsias and fragrant geraniums in the window-seat, waking Ruby the merry mocking-bird from his momentary doze, glancing over the ivory keys of the grand piano and falling with subdued light on May Keith's sunny ringlets, till they gleamed like burnished gold.

Little May stood with her blue eyes cast down, as if to avoid the sight of the dark, handsome face bent above her—the tiny hand playing with the silken cord which confined her snowy morning robe, the other nervously clasping the gold chain encircling her throat, a pout on her pretty lip, and bright tears trembling on the brown lashes.

"You are unjust and unreasonable, Percy," she said at last, breaking the silence. "What possible harm can come from my attending with George Elliot this, the grandest party of the season? If you were to be here, of course I should not dream of such a thing, but as you cannot be my escort, I have accepted Mr. Elliot's invitation."

"Accepted! And without consulting me?" Percy Lincoln checked the hasty words that were thronging for utterance and added, more calmly: "I would not have dreamed this of you, May."

"Percy, are we already married, that I must consult you in regard to all matters? You presume too much on your position, Percy. Remember I will not be dictated to."

"Forgive me, I did not intend it, darling. If one of my friends were to accompany you, I should not have uttered a word on the subject. But George Elliot is my enemy, and I know him to be a vile, dishonorable man. Can't you give up just this once, little May, for my sake?"

"And break my word? No! You misjudge Mr. Elliot, willfully misjudge him. I shall keep my promise at any cost."

"Then, Miss Keith, as you do not in the least regard my wishes, the sooner our engagement is broken, the better. The woman who pays no regard to her lover's entreaties, would treat with equal scorn and contempt her husband's wishes. Thank God, my eyes are opened in regard to your character before it is too late."

"I, too, am thankful that I have discovered your tyrannical disposition before I am your slave for life. May's tone was haughty as his own and drawing the slender golden circlet from her finger, she placed it in his hand. Crushing it beneath his heel, Percy Lincoln left the house, outwardly calm and collected, but in a tumult of agony within. They were both proud, fiery, haughty, and suffer as they might, no one should know of their anguish.

A sad heart fluttered under May's silken bodice that evening, as she glided through the brilliantly lighted rooms, leaning on George Elliot's arm. He was tall and graceful, with pale features, and fierce black eyes. Percy Lincoln might well have hesitated, ere he entrusted his dove to the care of this hawk. Looks of surprise and curiosity followed them, and when, at a late hour Percy sauntered carelessly into the parlors, accompanied by Lola Altin, a gay, sparkling beauty, the astonishment of the crowd was with difficulty restrained.

May was standing near the centre of the long drawing-room as they entered, conversing with an admiring group, which her sallies of wit had drawn around her. The soft light fell in golden waves around her, adding a new beauty to the flashing eyes and golden hair, the pure snowy features and graceful form. As her glance fell upon the pair, she started slightly, but instantly recovering her self-possession, made some laughing remarks in reference to the laggards.

None who saw her brilliantly beautiful countenance and gay smile, or heard the sweet voice breaking forth in musical peals of laughter, would have dreamed that her heart was full of agony—full of doubt, and indignation, and despair. At an early hour she left the crowded rooms; but not until she had heard from a mutual friend an explanation of Percy's presence. He had been intending to go to Boston, but a telegraphic dispatch from his partner in that city had made the journey unnecessary.

The next day was dark, gloomy and disagreeable. Major General Sun, after a vain attempt to review his disorderly army—the clouds—retired from the scene in disgust. Even the easy sitting-room with its sparkling fire, fragrant flowers, and the mocking-bird's merry notes, seemed to May to share in the general gloom. As she entered, pale, silent and sad, Mr. Keith was setting by the fire intent upon the morning paper. He looked up at her entrance, and with a pleasant "good morning," said:

"Have you heard the news, May?"
"News? No indeed. I did not suppose it possible to have any while the times are so hard. What is it, pray?"
"Young Lincoln has enlisted."

The sound of dear home-voices, the cracking of the fire, and the bird's merry music, were for an instant blended in May's brain, then all was blank. She opened her eyes to see her mother tenderly chafing her temples, while her father bent over her, an expression of painful solicitude on his pleasant countenance.

"What is it?" she mourned, feebly.
"Don't you remember, dear? The room was so warm you fainted."
The tide of recollection rolled back, and she turned her face aside, that her loved ones might not see the tears trembling beneath the long lashes.

"I think I heard you say, father, that Mr. Lincoln had enlisted."
"Yes, and so strange, too, as a private! A man of his worth and intellect. He could have obtained a commission without an effort, but said he did not feel qualified for such a position, and should earn his shoulder-straps on the field of battle. All romantic nonsense, of course, but I admire his spirit. He left this morning."

May lay very still, her little wet face buried amid the cushions. Percy had gone, and without even bidding her good-by. She had all the time cherished a hope of reconciliation, but now he would be killed, of course he would, and she would be his murderer. Then a store of bitter fancies passed through her mind. The sad little heart burst forth in such a storm of passionate sobbing as called her mother to her side at once.

"What is it, darling? Are you ill?" she asked anxiously.
"I am not well, mother, I have had too much excitement of late. Must I attend any more of these weary, tiresome parties?"

"Certainly not, child, unless you wish it. I have only encouraged your attendance because I thought you needed more society. If that is all, darling, set your heart at rest. You need go only when it pleases yourself; and now, May, go to sleep, and awake our own light-hearted darling."

All the long day May lay on the crimson sofa, in front of the blazing fire, striving in vain to find one ray of light amid the darkness that surrounded her. If she could only tell her mother all! But she knew that Mrs. Keith, kind and compassionate as she was, would say her punishment was just; and so, too proud to confess herself in the wrong, she suffered in silence and alone.

The days wore wearily away. Many and wondering were the remarks when it was discovered that May would not again enter society, although her pale cheeks and mournful eyes gave credence to her unvarying apology that she was not well. She searched the papers eagerly, and read with interest the rapid promotion which rewarded Percy for his bravery and good conduct. Through three battles he passed unharmed; in the third saving his captain's life, and by the unanimous wish of the company being made a lieutenant in place of the officer killed at this time. Then came the bloody field of Antietam. For several days the reports were delayed, and May meanwhile was wild with apprehension. It was some slight relief at last, to see wounded and taken prisoner opposite his name.

"Thank God!" she said, "he is still alive. And O, what must be his sufferings! Scorned, abused, hated, alone among foes, would not death be preferable?"

The receipt of this intelligence caused for a time a great sensation among young Lincoln's acquaintances. Then as other matters of interest occupied the public attention he was gradually forgotten.

It was a bright sunny day in October. The long wreaths of blue mist hung tenderly and dreamily over the distant hills. As the wind swept by, leafy masses of crimson and gold went whirling through the air in a giddy dance. Among the maple boughs hung clusters of leaves as Virginia battle fields, and down among the rose bushes golden treasures crept out of sight. The oaks, brave and defiant to the last, tossed their green boughs in scorn, but up among the topmost branches, scarlet dashes told of the coming death.

The little sitting-room at Keith Lodge was bright and cheery as ever, but the piano was closed, and Ruby, the mocking-bird, had disappeared. May could not bear his song, it reminded her so painfully of lost hopes and happiness. She had changed much since that bright winter's morning when she parted with Percy Lincoln. A mournful look had succeeded to the bright laughing glance of yore, and a something useless and undefined, told that the gleesome, merry girl had changed into the sad, earnest woman. Yet never in the days of her wild, happy gaiety, had she been so beautiful as now. The girl had captivated the eye, the woman won the heart.

Still no tidings from the lost one, and she had tried to still her heart to the belief that he was with the ransomed in glory. But a wild hope would some times spring up in her heart, that she should again listen to the music of his voice, that his dear glance should again rest upon her prayer for forgiveness.

These were the thoughts that were passing through her mind that hazy October morning, as she sat calm and silent by the fireside.

"Bless me!" said her father, as his glance fell upon a paragraph in the morning paper. Then in response to May's inquiring look, he added: "You remember George Elliot, who created such an excitement here in fashionable circles a year ago? He has been arrested for robbery, and in the trial it appears that

he has been for a long time a gambler by profession, although he has managed so well that but few suspected him."

Then it was not jealousy that had caused Percy to oppose so strongly her intimacy with Mr. Elliot, but a wish to free her from the companionship of a bad man. May's punishment was greater than she could bear. She felt that she could no longer endure the pain and sorrow which had been hers for so long, without a confidant. She determined to go to Mr. Lincoln's only sister, confess her wrong, and beg her advice and sympathy, even if she could not obtain her forgiveness.

Out through the little gate, and down the sidewalk, carpeted with fallen leaves, she passed. Her heart failed her as Lincoln Hall, stern, stately, and grand, towered up before her. For an instant a wild impulse seized her to turn and leave the spot. How would his sister receive her? Would she not scorn her when she heard her confession, and with bitter reproaches cast her off forever? Would not this shame, this contempt, be harder to bear than her silent sorrow? She remembered that this must be a part of her expiation for her crime. This confession, torturing her heart as it did, must be made ere she could hope for rest or peace. So she went up the walk with firm, steady steps, and rang the bell.

The little parlor to which the servant conducted her was warm and cheerful. Near the window a lady was seated, Percy's sister, the resemblance was too strong to be mistaken. Kneeling by her side, her face buried amid the folds of her dress, May related all the sad story. Freed at last from the restraint she had so long imposed upon it, the heart gave free utterance to the tide of sorrow and despair which overwhelmed it.

"I do not ask you to forgive me," she sobbed at last, wearily, exhausted by the violence of her emotion. "I know that you cannot, my crime is too great. But if you only knew all that I have suffered you would at least pity me."

"Look up, dearest girl. Here is one to whom you must go to for forgiveness and not to me." And gently disengaging herself from May's clasp, Miss Lincoln left the apartment.

May raised her eyes in astonishment, and met Percy Lincoln's tender gaze. In a moment his arm encircled her, and resting her head on his shoulder, she sobbed for pardon.

"I have nothing to pardon, May, darling," he said, gently. "I was too exacting, although I knew George Elliot's true character, and wished to save you from his influence. I am glad that we have had this explanation, May, for now I can leave you with more resignation than before."

"Leave me?" Her eyes asked for an explanation.
"Yes, dearest, I must go; for I could not endure to stay and see you the wife of another, nor could I, maimed and helpless as I am, ask you to be my wife." He glanced at his empty coat sleeve, and May remembered the good left arm buried at Antietam. "I did not mean to see you when I arrived last night," he continued, "for I thought I could not endure it, and now it seems so hard to give you up, after this, our brief moment of happiness; but go, I will not longer detain you."

"Can you think me so base, so dishonorable, Percy?" May's voice trembled with wounded feeling. "I drove you away by my cruelty—to danger, suffering, everything but death, and now that you have returned, after bravely battling for country, can you think I have so little honor, so little patriotism, so little pride, as to scorn you for your crippled body? O, Percy, maimed as you are, you are dearer to me than when in the days of your perfect manhood, I promised to be yours for all eternity. What I said then, I say now. I am yours if you will take me. Will you send me away?"

The lights gleamed cheerily in Keith Lodge the next evening, and robed in snowy white, pure orange blossoms resting on her brow, May promised to love, honor and obey the brave soldier, who had proved his worth on southern battle fields, and in southern prisons—tainted, scorned, persecuted, but true through all, to the blue-eyed fairy of Keith Lodge.

Coolness of our Soldiers Under Fire.
History is full of anecdotes of the remarkable nerve and indifference displayed by soldiers of different nations when under fire. It is to be hoped that the future historian of the present war will not omit to chronicle, among other incidents, the following paragraph illustrative of the qualities referred to: "We asked an officer if the loss of life had been great from rebel shells. 'No,' said he, 'we take them as a joke; there will be one along directly and you can see—What time is it, Ben? Just fifteen minutes since the last—time is up—here she comes—hello, old fellow! Plash! and the shell buried itself in the ground, throwing the dirt over the tent, and some of the pieces falling within reach of us—the hole only twenty feet from the door. They laughed heartily, why, he could not tell; it was anything but amusing to us. We were about to bid them good day, when they kindly invited us to stay and see another. It will not be long, gentlemen, there will be another in fifteen minutes; don't hurry. We did not see it in that light, and sped on our adventurous way. Had the ground been hard or rocky, the shell would have exploded on the surface, and then there would have been two firelighters shot."

Why are ladies the biggest thieves in existence? Because they steal their petticoats, bone their stays, and crib their babies. Yes, and hook their eyes, too.

The Barber's Ghost.

A gentleman, traveling some years ago in the upper part of the State called at a tavern, and requested entertainment for the night. The landlord informed him that it was out of his power to accommodate him, as his house was already full. He persisted in stopping, as he, as well as horse, were almost exhausted with traveling. After much solicitation, the landlord consented to his stopping, provided he would sleep in a certain room that had not been occupied for a long time, in consequence of a belief that it was haunted by the ghost of a barber, who was reported to have been murdered in that room some years before.

"Very well," said the man, "I'm not afraid of ghosts."
After having refreshed himself, he enquired of the landlord, how and in what manner the room in which he was to lodge was haunted. The landlord replied that shortly after they retired to rest, an unknown voice was heard, in trembling and protracted accent, saying: "Do you want to be shaved?"

"Well," replied the man, "if he comes he may shave me."
He then requested to be shown to the apartment, in going to which he was conducted through a large room where were seated a great number of persons at a gambling table. Feeling a curiosity which nearly every one possesses after having heard ghost stories, he carefully searched every corner of his room, but could discover nothing but the usual fixtures of the apartment. He then lay down, but did not close his eyes to sleep immediately, and in a few minutes he imagined he heard a voice saying:

"Do you want to be shaved?"
He arose from his bed and searched every part of the room, but could discover nothing. He again went to bed, but had no sooner closed his eyes than the question was repeated. He again arose, and went to the window, the sound appearing to come from that quarter, and stood awhile silent. After a few moments of anxious suspense, he again heard the sound distinctly, and convinced that it was from without, he opened the window, when the question was repeated full in his ear, which startled him not a little. Upon a minute examination, however, he observed that the limb of a large oak tree, which stood under the window, projected so near the house that every breath of wind, to a lively imagination, made a noise resembling the interrogation—"Do you want to be shaved?"

Having satisfied himself that this ghost was nothing more nor less than the limb of a tree coming in contact with the house, he again went to bed, and attempted to go to sleep, but he now was interrupted by peals of laughter, and an occasional volley of oaths and curses, from the room where the gamblers were assembled. Thinking that he could turn the late discovery to his own advantage, he took a sheet from the bed and wrapped it around him, and taking the wash basin in his hand, and throwing a towel over his arm, proceeded to the room of the gamblers, and suddenly opening the door walked in, exclaiming, in a tremulous voice:

"Do you want to be shaved?"
Terrified at the sudden appearance of the ghost, the gamblers were thrown into the greatest confusion in attempting to escape it—some jumping thro' the windows, and others tumbling heels over head down stairs. Our ghost, taking advantage of a clear room; deliberately swept a large amount of money from the table into the basin, and retired unseen to his room.

The next morning the house was in the utmost confusion. He was immediately asked if he rested well, to which he replied in the affirmative.

"Well, no wonder," said the landlord, "for the ghost, instead of going to his own room, made a mistake and came to ours, frightened us out of the room, and took away every cent of our money."

The guest, without being the least suspected, quietly ate his own breakfast and departed, many hundred dollars richer by the adventure.

A BRAVE IRISHMAN.—One of our Indiana regiments was fiercely attacked by a whole brigade in one of the late battles in Mississippi. The Indians, unable to withstand such great odds, were compelled to fall back about thirty or forty yards, losing to the utter mortification of the officers and men their flag, which remained in the hands of the enemy. Suddenly a tall Irishman, a private in the color company, rushed from the ranks across the vacant ground, attacked the squad of rebels who had possession of the conquered flag, with his musket felled several to the ground, snatched the flag from the regiment. The bold fellow was of course immediately surrounded by his jubilant comrades, and greatly praised for his gallantry. His captain appointed him to a sergenty on the spot; but the hero cut everything short by the reply:—"Oh, never mind, Captain!—say no more about it. I dropped my whisky flask among the rebels and fetched that back, and I thought I might just as well bring the flag along."

"I am astonished, my dear young lady, at your sentiments; you make me start." "Well, sir, I have been wanting you to start for the last hour."

Man creeps into childhood, bounds into youth, sobers into manhood, softens into age, totters into second childhood, and stumbles into the cradle prepared for us all.

Greek Fire.

People read in the telegraphic dispatches of the "Greek Fire" which General Gilmore is now pouring into Charleston and which Beauregard pronounces a most villainous compound unworthy of civilized nations, and they have a very indefinite idea what it is. They, however, generally imagine that it is some Yankee invention which is being experimented with and which is calculated to change the whole aspect of warfare, as did the invention of gunpowder. They believe it to be one of the inventions of fruitful modern brain, as are iron-clads, and the thousand and one queer projectiles which are being tried.

It is by no means a new thing in the operations of warfare. It first began to be used in the seventh century, and since that time it has been used more or less in all important European wars down to the present time. The name Greek Fire is taken from the Greeks, who used it mostly in their naval contests in the way of fire ships, to destroy the enemy's fleet. For a long time after its introduction in Europe, it was a source of great terror to all against whom it was used.

The historian informs us that the deliverance of Constantinople was chiefly effected by the novelty, the terror and real efficacy of the Greek Fire. In the Netherlands was the panic which invariably seized the Spanish soldiery at the appearance of the Dutch "Fire Devils," will be remembered as one of the prominent causes, which contributed to secure religious liberty in the low countries.—Gibbon, in The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, describes this compound as a mixture of Naptha, or liquid bitumen, which springs from the earth, mingled with sulphur and pitch. Recently, however, it has been modified and improved, and the principal ingredient now is petroleum. In speaking of its effects, Gibbon says:

From this mixture, which produced a thick smoke and large explosion, proceeded a fierce and obstinate flame, which not only rose in perpendicular ascent, but likewise burnt with equal vehemence in descent or lateral progress; instead of being extinguished it was nourished and quickened by the element of water; and sand or vinegar were the only remedies that could damp the fury of this powerful agent, which was justly denominated by the Greeks the liquid or maritime fire. For the annoyance of the enemy it was employed with equal effect by sea and land, in battles or in sieges. It was either poured from the rampart in large boilers or launched in red hot balls of stone and iron, or darted in arrows and javalins, twisted round with fax and tow, which had deeply imbibed the inflammable oil. Sometimes it was deposited in fire ships, the victims and instruments of a more ample revenge, and was most commonly blown through long tubes of copper which were planted on the prow of a galley, and fancifully shaped into the mouths of savage monsters, that seemed to vomit a stream of liquid and consuming fire."

Such is the material which is now being raised down upon the doomed city. The shells which are charged with this fearful mixture are known as Birney's invention, and the rebel commander designates them as the "most destructive projectiles ever used in war." The greatest distance ever thrown before this war was about three miles, and the consternation of the rebels may well be imagined at receiving these fiery messengers from the "Swamp Angels" in the heart of their city, a distance of five miles from the batteries.—Free Press.

Beautiful Answers.
A pupil of the Abbe Sicord gave the following extraordinary answers:

"What is gratitude?"
"Gratitude is the memory of the heart."
"What is hope?"
"Hope is the blossom of happiness."
"What is the difference between hope and desire?"
"Desire is a tree in leaf, hope is a tree in flower, and joy is a tree in fruit."

"What is eternity?"
"A day without yesterday or to-morrow—a line that has no end."
"What is time?"
"A line that has two ends; a path which begins in the cradle and ends in the tomb."
"What is God?"
"The necessary being, the sum of eternity, the machinist of nature, the eye of justice, the watchmaker of the universe, the soul of the world."
"Does God reason?"
"Man reasons, because he doubts; he deliberates—decides. God is omniscient; He never doubts—He, therefore never reasons."

JOHN S. MOSBY.—John S. Mosby, the noted guerrilla chief, whose activity and daring have long rendered him a prominent object among the rebels operating in Virginia, is reported to have died at or near Drainsville, on Friday, of wounds received in a skirmish at Rector's Cross Roads on the 24th of last month. He was known to the soldiers of the Potomac army as the most successful, perhaps, of the class of raiders to which he belonged. Many a story is told by Sutters whom he victimized, of the manner in which he contrived to inform himself of where a rich haul of stores and provisions was to be made, the suddenness with which he poached upon his victims, and the mysterious way in which his little band, their work done, would scatter and disappear. His capture of Gen. Stoughton, in March last, at Fairfax Court House, was characteristic of the man. Certainly people hardly knew whether to be angry or laugh most at the cool audacity of the exploit. He was a man of medium height, and not disagreeable appearance, and was thirty two years old.

A Conscript's Epistle to Jeff Davis.

The following quaint epistle has been furnished for publication by a member of the Mounted Rifles, who picked it up in a deserted rebel camp on the Chowan River, about thirty miles from Winton, while out on a scouting expedition last spring.

The letter was addressed in this wise:
"Read, if you want to, you thieving 'Scalp Hunter,' whoever you are, and forward, postpaid, to the High Chancellor of the Devil's Exchequer (?) on earth."
"JEFF DAVIS,
"Richmond, Va."
HEADQUARTERS "SCALP HUNTERS,"
CAMP CHOWAN, N. C., JAN. 11.

Excellency Davis:
It is with feelings of undeveloped pleasure that an affectionate conscript entrusts this sheet of confiscated paper, to the tender mercies of a Confederate States mail carrier, addressed, as it shall be to yourself. O Jeff Red Jacket of the Gull, and Chief of the Six Nations—more or less. He writes on the stump of a shivered monarch of the forest, with the "pine trees wailing around him," and "Eudymion's planet rising on their." To you, O Czar of all Chivalry and Khan of all Cotton Tartary, he appeals for the privilege of seeking, on his own hook a land less free—a home among the hyenas of the North. Will you not halt your "brave columns," and stay your gorgeous career for a thin space—and while an admiring world takes a brief gaze at your glorious and Godforsaken cause, pen for the happy conscript a furlough without end? Do so and mail it if you please, to that city the windy, wandering Wigfall didn't winter in, called, for short, Philadelphia.

The Etlesian winds sweeping down the defiles of the Old Dominion, and over the swamps of Suffolk, come moaning through the pines of the Old State laden with music, and sigh themselves away into sweet sounds of silence to the far off South. Your happy conscript would go to the far away North whence the wind comes, and leave you to reap the whirlwind, with no one but your father, the Devil, to rake and bind after you. And he's going.

It is with intense and multifarious proud satisfaction that he gazes for the last time upon our holy flag—that symbol and sign of an adored trinity—cotton, negroes and chivalry. He still sees it in the little camp on the Chowan, tied to the peak of its Palmetto pole, and floating over our boundless Confederacy, the revived relic of ages gone, banner of our king of few days and full of trouble. And that pole, in its tapering uprightness testifying some of the grandest beauties of our nationality; its peak pointing hopefully towards the tropical stars, and its biggest end run into the round. Relic and pole good bye. 'Tis best the conscript goes; his claim to chivalry has gone before him. Behind he leaves the legitimate chivalry of this unbounded nation centered in the illegitimate son of a Kentucky horse-thief.

But a few more words, illustrious President, and he is done—done gone. Elevated by his sufferings and sufferings to the highest office in the gift of a great and exceeding free people, you have held your position without change of base, or purpose of any sort, through weary months of war, and want and woe; and though every conscript would unite with the thousands of loyal and true men of the South in a grand old grief at your downfall, so, too, will they sink under the calamity of an exquisite joy when you shall have reached the eminent meridian whence all progress is perpendicular.

And now, bastard President of a political abortion, farewell.
"Scalp hunter," relic, pole and chivalrous confederates in crime, good bye. Except it be in the army of the Union, you will not again see the conscript.

NORM HARROLD,
OF Ashe Co., N. C.

Courting by a Sharp Man.
Potts is a sharp man, a man of business tact, and when he goes into a store to trade he always gets the lowest price; and he says: "Well, I'll look about, and if I don't find anything that suits me better, I'll call and take this."

Gilmore's Letter to Beauregard.

Washington, Sept. 2.
The following is Gen. Gilmore's reply, a brief notice of which has been published in the rebel papers, to Gen. Beauregard's communication already printed at length:

Department of the South, Headquarters,
Morris Island, S. C.,
9 P. M., Aug. 22d.

"Sir:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of this date, complaining that one of my batteries had opened upon the City of Charleston and thrown a number of heavy shells into the city, the inhabitants of which, of course were asleep, and unarmed. My letters to you demanding the surrender of Fort Sumpter and Morris Island and threatening, in default thereof, to open fire upon Charleston, was delivered near Fort Wagner at 11:15 A. M., of 21st instant, and should have arrived at your headquarters in time to have permitted your answer to reach me with in the limit assigned, namely, four hours. The fact that you were absent from your headquarters at the time of its arrival may be regarded as an unfortunate circumstance for the city of Charleston, but it is one for which I clearly am not responsible. This letter bore date at my headquarters, and was officially delivered by an officer of my staff. The inadvertent omission of my signature doubtless afforded ground for special pleading, but it is not the argument of a commander solicited only for the safety of sleeping women and children and unarmed men. Your threats of retaliation for acts of mine which you do not allege to be in violation of the usages of civilized warfare, except as regards the length of time allowed as notice of my intention, are passed by without comment. I will, however, call your attention to the well established principle that the commander of a place attacked, but not invested, having his avenues of escape open and practicable, has no right of a notice of a bombardment other than that which is given by the threatening attitude of his adversary. Even had not this letter been written, the city of Charleston has had, according to your own computation, forty days' notice of her danger. During that time my attack upon her defenses had steadily progressed. The ultimate object of that attack has at no time been doubtful. If, under the circumstances, the life of a single non-combatant is exposed to peril by the bombardment of the city, the responsibility rests with those who have first failed to remove the non-combatants, or to secure the safety of the city after having held control of all its approaches for a period of two years and a half in the presence of a threatening force, and who afterwards refused to accept the terms upon which the bombardment might have been postponed.

"From various sources, officially and otherwise I am led to believe that most of the women and children of Charleston were long since removed from that city, but upon your assurance that the city is full of them, I shall suspend the bombardment until 11 o'clock P. M., to-morrow, thus giving you two days from the time you acknowledge to have received my communication of the 21st instant.

"Very respectfully your obedient servant,
Q. A. GILMORE,
Brig-Gen. Comd'g.

"To Gen. G. T. Beauregard, Commanding Confederate Forces at Charleston, S. C."

From Washington.

Washington, Sept. 8.
The following are extracts from the Richmond Examiner of Sept. 7th:
"CHARLESTON, Sept. 6th.—To-day has witnessed another furious bombardment of Forts Wagner and Gregg by the enemy's fleet and batteries. The firing was begun at daylight and was maintained steadily until dark. A monitor is now firing on Fort Moultrie, and another assault on Battery Wagner is deemed probable to-night. Since yesterday no further attack has been made on Sumpter, which has been held twenty days against all the efforts of the enemy's great guns by land and sea. Of 7,551 shells which have been fired at it, 3,495 have struck outside, and 2,130 inside. The flag has been shot away fourteen times.

"SECOND DISPATCH.—CHARLESTON, Sept. 6, 9:30 A. M.—The bombardment of batteries Wagner and Gregg has been incessant for the last fifty-two hours. The noise of the cononade is tremendous. Last night the enemy landed near Cumming's point in barges, and assaulted Battery Gregg. The assault was repulsed. No particulars.

"ATLANTA, Sept. 4.—A special to the Appeal, from Lenoxia, says: General Price had an engagement with the enemy fifteen miles below Little Rock, and obtained a victory over the Yankees. The Arkansas army had been rapidly reinforced.

"It is understood Gen. Halleck says in three weeks he will have troops under Gen. Banks to move on Mobile, from Pascagoula."

"CHATTANOOGA, Sept. 5.—Although the armies are in close proximity, there are no indications of an early engagement, but a slight cause may bring on one at any moment."

"ATLANTA, Sept. 6.—A special to the Confederacy says Col. Morrison, of the First Georgia cavalry, repulsed the enemy at Diamond Gap, on the night of the 3d inst. Our loss is three wounded. The enemy's loss not known. The brigade fell back south of the Tennessee River. The enemy shelled Loudon on the 2d and killed two women. The bridge was burned to prevent the enemy from crossing. Gov. Brown has issued a proclamation calling upon the State militia to hold themselves in readiness to march at a moment's warning."

"A FIRST RATE SOLDIER.—We see that the Rev. Theodore Tilton, editor of the Independent, is drawn as a conscript in Brooklyn. He is comparatively a young man, able bodied, strong, and believes in fighting to free negroes.—We have not the least idea (have we?) that he will pay the \$500, or shuffle for shoulder straps, or ask for a Chaplain's post—and we are quite sure (are we not?) that he will take the musket, shoulder arms, and go on with the first gang.—N. Y. Express.

"It is stated that telegraphic communication will be established between London and India by March next.

The Russo-American Alliance.

From the Vienna Press, Aug. 19.
We hear that communications have been received from an English source, according to which we must prepare ourselves for the approaching ratification of an offensive and defensive alliance between St. Petersburg and Washington. This eventually, should this somewhat speculative information be confirmed, would principally affect the bearings of the Mexican and Polish questions.

From the London Post, (Government organ.)
Aug. 22d, 1863.

We learn from the Scotia's news that an offensive and defensive alliance is reported to have been concluded between the United States and Russia. Mr. Cassius M. Clay, whose particular friendly utterances regarding England are in most people's recollection, is the reported hero of this interesting and natural fraternization. In the event of the Western Powers, declaring war against Russia, we are told that the United States would declare war against France and England. No doubt the elements and conditions of sympathy and friendly feeling are abundant just now between Washington and St. Petersburg. It is proverbial how wondrous kind a fellow feeling makes us. In respect to Poland and the Southern Confederacy, the relative positions of Russia and the United States are identical. Russia refuses to offer mediation between the North and South; the United States refused to mediate—in conjunction with the Western powers of Europe—in the Polish question. Of course the United States would be glad of a European war in which France and England would be engaged; and Russia would be no less glad of a war between these two Powers and the United States. The more England and France had on their hands in the Old World the more the Federal government could have it all its own way in the New, and might not even yet despair, under favorable circumstances, of being able to revive and to carry into practice the cherished project of Monroe. And if England had to defend Canada, and France to maintain itself in Mexico, and both to wage a maritime war against the largest mercantile marine in the world turned into fleets of privateers, preying upon their enemies' commerce in every quarter of the globe (for the United States was no party to the abolition of these sea freebooters), Russia might wreak her vengeance upon Poland in security and peace. If this report of a Russo-Federal alliance were to prove unfounded, its origin and existence might easily be accounted for by circumstances which render it so likely a problem. It is reported that several Cabinet meetings at Washington resulted in a determination to demand of France the abandonment of the monarchical scheme in Mexico, and it is not all improbable that serious complications may arise from the cause and in the quarter indicated.

From the London Times, Aug. 20.

The Mexican Expedition.

The Emperor Napoleon is said to have told Marshal (then plain General) Forey, when he was about to start for Mexico, that he was undertaking "la plus grosse affaire de mon regne." I believe I am not solitary in my opinion that it will prove the most disastrous event of this reign. Its unpopularity is wide spread and invincible. Nothing appears to render it palatable to the country. Wrap it up in publicists, set it ablaze with rockets and Bengal lights, promise untold riches from its mines, dress up the subject in any way you like, the people, to use a common phrase, won't have it. I for one utterly refuse to believe that the Mexican question forms a part of any vast scheme in the teeming brain of the French Emperor. I look upon the Mexican expedition as a solitary fact—one of the many desperate and reckless throws of the political dice which we have witnessed, and probably shall yet witness, during this adventurous reign, and I anticipate that each new phase of the "occupation" will be marked by new and increasing difficulties. For instance, here is this blockade question. Already we learn the seizure of an English ship, the Carolina Goodyear, by the French steam frigate Panama. The complications which have arisen between us and our American cousins are at hand to show us how great are the risks of ill-blood in these questions of blockade.

General Programme for the State Fair of 1863.

ENTRIES.—All articles or animals for competition must be entered at the Secretary's office, in conformity with the rules and regulations. These entries may be sent to the office of the Secretary, at 130 Jefferson avenue, Detroit, at any time previous to the 14th of September. All entries after that date must be made at the office of the Secretary, Kalamazoo House, Kalamazoo, or on the fair grounds in that city. All articles of machinery or implements for trial should be entered, and are required to be on the ground by the 21st of September.

THE PLOWING MATCH AND TRIAL OF IMPLEMENTS, will commence on the first day of the fair, under the direction of the special committee.

ON WEDNESDAY, the viewing committees will enter upon their duties, and the EXAMINATION OF CATTLE, according to their different classes, will commence in the cattle ring. On the afternoon of the same day, the TRIAL OF THE CLASSES OF YOUNG HORSES will be held on the track.

ON THURSDAY, the Trial of the several classes of Horses will commence, and the ANNUAL ADDRESS will be delivered at 3 o'clock, P. M.

ON FRIDAY, the TRIAL OF HORSES FOR CITIZENS' PURSES and the Annual Meeting of the Society for the Election of Officers will be held.—Michigan Farmer.

PEACHES A DRUG.—The peach crop is very heavy in this county—the trees are breaking down in many localities with their burden of fruit—the farmers are anxious to know what they shall do with them; there is at present no purchaser in the market, and the crop is likely to be a drug.—Allegan Journal Sept. 7.

The St. Louis papers of last week contain advertisements of nineteen different steamboats to leave for points on the lower Mississippi, including New Orleans, Vicksburg, Helena and Memphis.

The Michigan Argus.

ANN ARBOR MICHIGAN.

FRIDAY MORNING, SEPT. 11, 1863.

The Editor has reached home in good condition, but too late to inflict any Editorial upon his readers. Next week he will be on duty, and will, perhaps, continue his jottings.

Latest News.

The rebels evacuated Morris Island on the 7th inst., and Cummings Point, with Batteries Wagner and Gregg and in full possession of the Federal troops.—This insures the speedy evacuation of Charleston.

Crittenden's division of Rosecrans' army took possession of Chattanooga on the 9th, the rebels retreating southward.

Gen. Burnside is also in possession of Knoxville, and the rebellion in East Tennessee is effectually squelched, and the unionists liberated.

In the Southwest everything appears to be progressing favorably.

Quantrel is again threatening Kansas.

All quiet on the Rappahannock.

THE EDITOR ABROAD.

SCHROON LAKE, N. Y.,
Sept. 2, 1863.

DEAR ARGUS:—

It is just two weeks since we "dropped you a line" from Boston, Boston or Boasting—which is it?—and now in the language of the original letter writer, "we now take our pen (cil) in hand," &c. We have no excuses to offer for our silence. The fact is we left home to get rid of work, and made many promises of correspondence, but having an odd hour to command have concluded to respond to the d—l's cry for "copy," which and then will sound in our ears in spite of the distance 'twixt him and us.

To begin where we left off in our former letter, we commenced sight seeing almost immediately, and continued it during our stay like the stories in the N. Y. Ledger and kindred sheets, but we hope to a better purpose. On the opposite side of School street from our hotel, and fronting on Tremont street, stands King's Chapel, a church building of pre-revolution history. But not of the building, in its rear, with his back to the City Hall building in process of erection—a mark of disapproval of Boston innovations—stands a fine bronze statue of Benjamin Franklin, by Greenough, the bass reliefs on the four sides of the base depicting prominent events in the life of the Boston Kriener-Boy.

In the afternoon a friend takes us to Faneuil Hall, Quincy Market, through the old part of the city, &c. In Faneuil Hall, facing the entrance, hangs the celebrated painting representing Daniel Webster delivering his great speech in the U. S. Senate in reply to Hayne.—The figures in this painting are many of their portraits, and in the distinguished presence, we were led to reflection, and in reflection to a thought that if the principles of Webster had always been taught in Faneuil Hall, and in Boston, the great struggle for life which is now upon our country would have been avoided. But, alas, from the "old cradle of liberty" oft and on many occasions have gone forth words calculated to stir up strife, jealousy, and disunion, and from men who are now par excellent the patriots(?) of the land. There are other paintings hung upon the walls, among them many portraits of olden time men.

In our rambles this day we pass the Old South Church, and the Brattle Street Church, both buildings of pre-revolution fame. Firm fixed in the front wall of the latter—over the main entrance—is a ball lodged there by a chance shot from a British cannon prior to the battle of Bunker Hill.

Thursday, our first visit is made to the Common, the hub of Boston, as literary Bostonians sometimes imagine Boston is of the universe. But, really, Boston Common is not without interest to every American, as it has a history identified with that of the nation. A walk along its well kept avenues, and beneath its venerable elms is calculated to call up memories of the stirring events enacted here. Here is where the Boston Boys, drinking in inspiration from their fathers, erected their snow forts; and from here, when those forts were destroyed, they marched to headquarters and entered that spirited protest which led Gen. Gage to surmise that it might not be so easy a matter to trample upon and subdue their fathers. But, all this is recorded in history.

The old Elm still stands near the pond, and seems to have taken a new lease of life. It is known to have been full grown in 1722, and its broad-spreading branches sheltered the first settlers of Boston. Long may it flourish.—And speaking of the Common and the pond reminds us of fiction as well as history. Yonder, fronting Beacon street, are the veritable "swell fronts" which figure so conspicuously in the "Professor at the Breakfast Table," and we may now be walking in the same path which the school mistress turned into when she was asked, "Shall we take the long path?" Turn to the

story again, readers, dear, and say if the question was ever more neatly popped.

From the Common we went to the Public Garden, soon to be one of the most beautiful spots in Boston, and to the newer grounds resurrected from the water of the Back Bay. But three or four years ago this garden with its lawns, and ponds, and ornamental grounds, was submerged; and where now are avenues and stately mansions the tide flowed and ebbed. The work is being done by the State, and the sales of the new-made lands we believe pay for the improvement and largely increase the educational fund of the State. Here is to be the aristocratic quarter of Boston.

From the Back-Bay we found our way to the Public Library—one of the largest and best arranged in the country—the State House, and the Athenaeum. In the State House yard stands a fine bronze statue of Daniel Webster, the very one which the Boston fanatics—wish the race was dead—petitioned the Legislature for an order of removal, and for the beheading of which by some ruffian hand Theodore Parker publicly offered a reward. Within the entrance hall there is a full length marble statue of Washington, some relics of the Washington Family, and other revolutionary relics. We visited the Senate and Representative Halls, Library, &c., &c., but will not detain the readers with writing up our notes.

In the Library of the Athenaeum is preserved the family library of Washington. The books cover quite a range of subjects, and include some curious specimens—curious not alone for their old style letter and quaint bindings, but for the subjects upon which they treat. In many of these we find Washington's name written by his own hand, and also the hand writing of his father and of other members of his family.

In the galleries of sculpture and paintings of the Athenaeum are many note-worthy works both of the chisel and brush. Among the paintings are many excellent copies from the old masters, and many originals from painters of whom America is proud. Every visitor will notice the unfinished portraits of George and Martha Washington, by Stuart, left purposely unfinished by that artist, that they might be the more surely left as an heir-loom to his family. There are also many fine paintings by Allston, including several unfinished ones, and on these he worked up to almost the last hour of his life.—But, we cannot linger.

In the afternoon we visited Mt. Auburn, one of the oldest and loveliest of the Rural Cemeteries of our country. It is handsomely located, beautifully laid out, and much wealth has been lavished upon its adornment. Many elegant and costly monuments have been erected to the memory of the sleeping dead, and on these are inscribed many familiar names. In the beautiful Gothic Chapel have been deposited four marble statues, too costly and delicate to be placed in the open grounds. These are, of the late Judge Story, by his son; of John Winthrop, Massachusetts' first Governor, by Richard Greenough; of old John Adams; and of his cotemporary, James Otis. Their historic is equal to their art value. Returning from Mt. Auburn we stopped at Harvard Square, and took a stroll through the classic shades which surround old Harvard. As the buildings were closed to visitors we contented ourself with leaning hard against several of them, and can truthfully report that we have visited Harvard. Had it been one of Gael Hamilton's "Gala-Days" we might possibly have gotten matter for a longer paragraph. By the way, we believe the Boston ladies hold a grudge against "Gael," and especially protest against her reflections upon their beauty, and in return for her compliments brand her "old maid," etc.

Infing to Mt. Auburn we pass several residences which have a historical interest. First is that owned and occupied by the poet Longfellow, and formerly called the Crugie House. It was the headquarters of Gen. Washington during the siege of Boston, and the room used by the General as a study serves the poet in the same capacity. The room in the rear of the study, occupied by the aids-de-camp, is now the library. Longfellow has thus paid tribute to the associations which surround him:

"Once, ah, once, within these walls,
One whom memory oft recalls,
The Father of his Country dwelt,
And yonder meadows broad and damp,
The fires of the besieging camp
Enriched with a burning bait,
Up and down these echoing stairs,
Heavy with the weight of cares,
Sounded his majestic tread;
Yes, within this very room,
Sat he in those hours of gloom,
Weary both in heart and head."

It is well to recur to such associations, but "those hours of gloom" are now being eclipsed.

Next comes the residence of John Brewster, occupied by the Brunswick General, Baron Reidesel, and his family, while Bergoyne's captive army remained in the vicinity; and the Dr. Lowell's residence, erected by Andrew Oliver, the stamp commissioner who was hung in effigy by the patriots of

Boston, and whose estate was confiscated after the war broke out. The house was used as a hospital during the stay of the American army at Cambridge, and was afterwards owned by Elbridge Gerry, signer of the Declaration, Governor of Massachusetts, and one of the early Vice Presidents.

This ended our day's labors. Friday forenoon we visited the Bunker Hill Monument—which stands on Breed's Hill, Charleston, where the battle of Bunker Hill was singularly fought—and climbed its 295 steps to the top—221 feet. The morning was so foggy that we did not get the fine view that is usually procured from the top. Two guns, ancient looking pieces, are preserved in the look out, each of which bears this inscription: "Sacred to Liberty. This is one of four cannons which constituted the whole train of field artillery possessed by the British Colonies of North America, at the commencement of the war, on the 19th of April, 1775. This cannon, and its fellow, belonging to a number of citizens of Boston, were used in many engagements during the war. The other two, the property of the Government of Massachusetts, were taken by the enemy. By order of the United States, in Congress assembled, May 19th, 1788." One of these guns was named "Hancock," and the other "Adams." They are pigmies by the side of modern pieces, and then, but four of them in the whole Colonies. Our forefathers were certainly not over-well prepared for war. In the room in the base of the monument is preserved an exact model of the monument erected to the memory of Gen. Warren, in 1794, by King Solomon's Lodge of Masons. In one of the rooms of the entrance lodge is a fine marble statue of Gen. Warren.

Friday afternoon we visited a ship yard at East Boston, Monitor hunting. The finished craft had sailed, and the one on the stocks was not far enough advanced to give us any real idea of its construction.

Saturday morning we steamed away for Nahant, and enjoyed a day's ramble around the rock bound shores of that beautiful peninsula, varying the exercise by a dip in the surf that was truly invigorating. The large hotel, which once accommodated hundreds of fashionable visitors was burned some years ago, and Nahant is now out of date as a watering place. There are many fine cottages, however, occupied by citizens of Boston, and they certainly could not find a more healthy or delightful summer retreat.

Back to Boston at evening. Sunday to church, Monday down to Plymouth to see the "rock." Tuesday in random ramblings "about town," and Wednesday morning, early off towards home, in a rain storm. But of none of this now.

Our present temporary abiding place is the rural village of Schroon, at the head of Schroon Lake, in among the Schroon Mountains; and in visiting a large circle of relatives breathing pure mountain air we hope to recuperate a little faster a few weeks of knocking about.

EDITOR.

From the Boston Traveller, August 31.

The Northern Fortifications.

Not a long time will now elapse before the defenses of Boston harbor will be fully defended against the attacks of iron-clads and other vessels by the mounting of a large number of 15 inch Rodman guns. The government agents are now hard at work in preparations for mounting these guns, a number of which, cast at Alger's foundry, have already been landed on the forts of the harbor. The carriages of these guns, which are monuments of skill and ingenuity, were manufactured at the Watertown Arsenal. It is stated that the cost of mounting one of these monstrous masses of iron upon the carriages will be between four and five hundred dollars.

From the Salem (Mass.) Register, Aug. 31.

The reconstruction of Fort Pickering and Lee is being steadily prosecuted.—Some two hundred and eighty men are employed, and there is still room for more. As the agricultural demand for laborers is diminishing, the works on Salem Neck offer a good opportunity for employment. We understand that a considerable addition to the force is desirable, in order to hasten the completion before the winter months arrive.

The Siege of Charleston—What Gilmore's Guns Can Do.

The Washington Star remarks: "In connection with the operations now in progress at Charleston, it is interesting to know that a hollow shot weighing eighty pounds can be thrown from a 100 pound parrott eight thousand four hundred and fifty three yards with a charge of No. 7 powder. With a charge of No. 5 powder the same shot can be thrown eight thousand eight hundred and forty five yards. This is forty five yards over five miles. By increasing the charge of powder the range can be considerably increased. The elevation of the gun to attain this great range is so considerable as to materially reduce the number of firings the gun will bear, but the fact is well established that a 100 pounder can throw shot from our batteries into Charleston, and that our 200 pounders can do it with great degree of certainty. So General Gilmore does actually command Charleston with his batteries, irrespective of his 300 pounder."

Why is a lawyer like a restless man in bed? Because he lies first on one side and then he turns over and lies on the other.

Correspondence of the Baltimore American.

THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON.

OPERATIONS ON THURSDAY.

Port Royal, July 31, 1863.
I learn from Charleston Bar that the operations of the siege progressed yesterday very favorably, both by land and sea. The same routine of bombardment of Fort Wagner, from both the monitors and the siege battery of General Gilmore was kept up through the day, and late into the night, and fine progress is reported to have been made on shore during the day.

CONFIDENCE IN THE FINAL RESULT.

I find that although there is considerable confidence entertained as to the ultimate result of the undertaking, that no very rapid progress is looked for. Like all sieges, it is a work of time, and it has been undertaken by General Gilmore and Admiral Dahlgren with no anticipation of progressing with any great rapidity.—The defenses of Charleston, by both land and sea, were greatly strengthened since the first attack of Admiral Dupont, which did nothing but demonstrate their weak points, and enable them to strengthen them. All the works on the lower end of Morris Island which have been taken by General Gilmore, were not then erected, and the parapet guns of Sumpter were not regarded by the enemy as of any great value. The guns of the Keokuk were also then in our possession.

THE NAVAL BATTERY.

The naval battery, which I mentioned yesterday as in progress of erection, under the command of Captain Foxhall A. Parker, of the Wash, to be manned, by about three hundred bluejackets, will not be ready to open on the enemy, probably, for a week to come, and until it is finished nothing decisive may be looked for.

We will have our daily bombardment, the monitors will go up before dinner, after dinner, and after tea, in squads of two or three, regularly relieved by the Ironsides, keeping the enemy closely packed away in his "rat-holes" night and day during this sultry weather, giving him no opportunity to cook or eat, or sleep with any degree of comfort. The sailor boys are confident of success when they are ready and will dash in with their usual vim.

THE REBEL WORKS.

Wagner responds and will continue to respond with an occasional gun. Sumpter about once in ten minutes throws a heavy rifle shot at the impenetrable armor of our iron clads, or hurls a shell in the direction of the land battery, and occasionally there is a report coming from the direction of James Island, showing that General Gilmore is keeping close watch and guard over any flanking movements that may be attempted by the enemy. He is also assisted in this work by some of the smaller gunboats, and all was progressing well in that direction at last accounts.

As to the fall of Sumpter soon after the fall of Wagner, no one seems to have the least doubt. Fort Wagner which was passed in silence by Admiral Dupont, is undoubtedly the key of Charleston, as evinced by the indomitable defense made by the enemy, with such terrible loss. There probably never was a fortification besieged with such frightful sacrifice of life to the besiegers as has been the case at Fort Wagner, and from the preparations making, there is no doubt that bloodier times are yet in store for them.

EFFECTS OF THE ENGAGEMENTS ON THE IRON CLADS.

The results of the siege, so far as our iron-clads are concerned, are emphatically satisfactory. The Ironsides' walls of solid iron have proved impenetrable, though she does not go into such close range as the monitors, but still she has only received numerous scars of war, which have beautified rather than diminished her appearance, or lessened her efficiency. The pivots of her port-guns have been drilled to a state of efficiency that is truly admirable.

The monitors go in and come out, and the light duty progresses with the report "nobody was hurt," so far as the iron-clads were concerned.

Of course there are a few casualties in the shore batteries, but very few in view of the magnitude of the undertaking or the punishment of the enemy.

STATEMENT OF DESERTERS.

Two deserters from the Thunderbolt Battery, on the Savannah River, were brought on board the Vermont last night. They represent the people in high glee at the successful defense of Fort Wagner and begin to regain some confidence as to their ability to hold the city. When the siege of the fort commenced, all were despondent, but the successful resistance of the two assaults has restored confidence. They say that there is no truth in the rumor that Admiral Tatnal was preparing to come down the Ossabaw with another iron clad. Such a movement was talked of, but the people generally, after the fate of the Atlanta, wanted their remaining boat retained for the defense of the city.

OUR MOVEMENTS IN GEORGIA.

The progress of Rosecrans in the direction of Rome and Atlanta was regarded by the rebels as a faint, and attacked but little attention. A demand had been made for the return home of the troops from that part of the State, but the answer was that they were all at Charleston, and that there are scarcely any troops at Savannah, though Thunderbolt battery is garrisoned by about six hundred effective men, it being the outpost of the defensive works of the city.

HOGS IN WASHINGTON.

A Washington letter writer says the demand for places to live in Washington is treble the supply already, and when Congress meets it will be as difficult to accommodate all the people as it used to be on inauguration days. Such a thing as a vacant house is unheard of. Ordinary houses on the back streets, that once rented for \$150 and \$200 per annum, are now commanding double that amount and the tenant often gives a premium of a hundred dollars or so for the privilege of paying such a rent. It is estimated that from five hundred to a thousand vacant houses are needed at this moment. Only the rich can keep house.

From the Free Press.

From the Mississippi.

Memphis, Sept. 3.
By the arrival of the Progress, advised from Bayou Metairie and Duvall's Bluff, to the 31st ult., have been received. General Davidson, with an army of artillery and cavalry, numbering about 8,000 men, moved from Brownsville, on the 26th, and met the pickets of the enemy at a place on Bayou Metairie, known as Bayou Metairie Bridge. The force of rebels was estimated at about 7,000, posted on an eminence quite difficult of access, which commanded the main road to the bridge over which Gen. Davidson intended to move. It was soon apparent to Gen. Davidson that in order to gain that point the enemy must first be dislodged from his position. Heavy skirmishing continued till towards night, when both armies ceased firing. Casualties, owing to the distance between the contending armies, were light. Our loss in killed and wounded did not exceed twenty-five men. During the night Maj. Gen. Davidson placed his guns in position and early on the morning of the 28th they commenced their work of destruction. It took but a few rounds to satisfy the rebel General commanding of the futility of attempting to hold his position. Our boys pointed grape and shell among the rebels with such impetuosity that before the middle of the day they commenced falling back, and before sunset not a battered soldier, save prisoners, was on the north and east side of Bayou Metairie. As soon as the rebels had gained the opposite bank the torch was put to the bridge, which was soon consumed with fire. Their loss in that brilliant fight was 200 prisoners, with killed and wounded, many of whom are left on the field. Our loss is about thirty-nine killed and wounded.

The health of the army is fair.

From Charleston.

Philadelphina, Sept. 7.
The transport New Jersey, from Charleston on the 3d, has arrived. Operations were progressing favorably. On the first there was a general engagement between the iron-clads and Forts Sumpter, Wagner and Moultrie. Much damage was done to the forts. The fleet Captain, Oscar C. Badger, successor to Captain Rodgers, had his leg broken by a shell. It is feared amputation will be necessary. The Ironsides was at anchor, but not engaged. When the New Jersey left, four monitors had gone up, ready for action, and were nearly abreast of Fort Sumpter, preparatory to making a new attack. The land batteries were firing night and day. The bombardment of the city had not been resumed, but new batteries would open at the proper time. The army was in fine spirits.—Gilmore was working with the utmost energy, and all were confident of success.

New Advertisements.

Disolution.
THE Copartnership heretofore existing between W. W. Wines & Co., and J. H. Wines, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Wines & Co., is this day dissolved by mutual consent. D. HISTORIC.
Ann Arbor, Sept. 2d, 1863.

Copartnership Notice.
CHARLES H. WORDEN having bought the interest of J. Daniel Hiseck in the firm of Wines & Co., the name of the firm is changed to Wines & Worden, and the name of Wines & Worden, continuing by the same name to business to receive a continuance of the very liberal patronage bestowed upon the late firm of Wines & Co.
W. W. WINES,
CHAS. H. WORDEN
Ann Arbor, Sept. 2d, 1863.

Sheriff's Sale.
BY VIRTUE OF an execution issued out of and under the seal of the Circuit Court for the County of Washtenaw, State of Michigan, bearing date the second day of September A. D. 1863, and so far direct and delivered against the goods and chattels and for the same thereof lands and tenements, John Hiseck, defendant therein named, I did on the 4th day of September A. D. 1863, levy upon and seize all the right and interest of said John Hiseck, in and to the following described land, to-wit: A certain lot or parcel of land, situate in a square form from the northeast corner of the west half of the northwest quarter of section number thirteen (13) township number one south range five east in the County of Washtenaw and State of Michigan, which premises are described as follows: A certain lot or parcel of land, situate on the east side of the Court House, in the City of Ann Arbor, in the County of Washtenaw, State of Michigan, on the 24th day of October next, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day.
PHILIP WINEGAR, Sheriff.
Dated, September 10th, 1863.
7921.

Chancery Sale.
STATE OF MICHIGAN, Fourth Judicial Circuit, in and for the County of Washtenaw, in Chancery, wherein Francis Hillman is complainant, and Benjamin Hillman is defendant, do hereby order and decree, that the said Benjamin Hillman, do and cause to be done, on the 4th day of September A. D. 1863, at the office of the Clerk of the said Circuit Court, in and for the County of Washtenaw, Michigan, to sell to the highest bidder, for cash, all the right and interest of said Benjamin Hillman, in and to the following described land, to-wit: A certain lot or parcel of land, situate in a square form from the northeast corner of the west half of the northwest quarter of section number thirteen (13) township number one south range five east in the County of Washtenaw and State of Michigan, which premises are described as follows: A certain lot or parcel of land, situate on the east side of the Court House, in the City of Ann Arbor, in the County of Washtenaw, State of Michigan, on the 24th day of October next, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day.
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7921.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY.
51 Vesey Street, New York.
Since its organization, has created a new era in the history of the tea trade.

Wholesaling Teas in this Country.
They have introduced their selections of TEAS, and are selling them at not over

TWO CENTS (20 CENTS) per pound above Cost.

Need deterring from the ONE PRICE cost. Another peculiarity of the Company is that their TEAS are not only delivered free to the selection of their TEAS as to quality, value, and particular style for particular localities of country, but they also have the honor to send out of their enormous stock each tea as it is adapted to their particular wants, and not only by this, but points out to him the best variety. The Buyer has in this establishment over all others, a Tea if he is in a hurry, or if he is in a hurry, or if he is in a hurry, or if

LOCAL.—"All is quiet" on the Huron. We have journeyed around town night and day, have peered into people's faces, and stood upon the corners and asked "what's the news?" until we have become tired, vexed, mad, and now we have a notion to get up "a other" item on our own hook...

EMPLOYMENT.—A runaway has happened in our city the present week, which has furnished food to gossipers, and excited the sons of Ethiopia to an extent never before witnessed among these "American citizens of African descent."

STATE FAIR.—The State Fair is to be held at Kalamazoo, on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, Sept. 23, 24, 25th. Arrangements are being made by the citizens of that enterprising town for the accommodation of "every man and his wife," and it is expected that there will be a large gathering of agriculturists, stock-growers, etc.

NEW FURNITURE ESTABLISHMENT.—W. D. SMITH has opened a new and complete stock of Furniture in the upper rooms and basement of the Shoe store on Noble & Rider, on Huron street.

During our recent stay in Boston we made our headquarters at the office of S. M. PETTINGILL & Co., General Newspaper Agents, and as such are indebted to Mr. PETTINGILL and his gentlemanly Book-keeper for many courtesies.

St. Andrews Episcopal Church.—The Rev. returning the present week, the usual services will be held in the Church on Sunday next.

Morning service, - at 10 1/2 o'clock. Evening " " " 7 1/2 " Sunday School, - " 2 1/2 "

Success Upon Merit.—If there is an instance upon the records of our country where an article of American manufacture has made its way to universal favor solely upon its own merits and without extraneous aid, it is that of the Chemical Salutaris. It has only to be sold in one place, and it is demanded in another; and so it has gone on increasing in favor until the products of the extensive Chemical Works of D. B. De Land & Co., at Fairport, Monroe county, N. Y., are now immense.

This article is made only at these works by a process known only to the proprietors, and is better for all purposes than soda. Try it.

"STONEWALL JACKSON—HIS LIFE AND MILITARY CAREER," by MARKINFIELD ABBEY. This is a title of a work recently published by Mr. C. T. Evans, publisher New York. The name of no General, either in the Northern or Southern armies, stands so prominently before the world as that of "Stonewall" Jackson. His short military career reminds us of a meteor that flits suddenly across the horizon, and then is lost to the human gaze.

The September number of that able religious periodical, the Ladies' Repository, has been received. No periodical in the country is gotten up in better style, or has more interesting reading matter. \$2.50 a year. Address, Post & Hircocox, Cincinnati, Ohio.

We have received the North British Review, with the following table of contents: Roger Collard—Philosopher and Politician; Wilson's Prehistoric Man; Thomas de Quincy—Grave and Gay; Henry St. John and the Reign of Queen Anne; The Education and Management of the Imbecile; The West Highlands of Scotland; Pretensions of Spiritualism—Life of D. D. Hume; Mormonism—Past and Present; The Cotton Famine and Lancashire Distress; The National Defence, \$3.00 a year. The four Reviews and Blackwood \$10. Address L. Scott & Co., N. Y.

The sale of Fairbanks' Scales the present year, particularly at the West, has been largely in advance of any previous year during the whole history of the Messrs. Fairbanks' business, which shows the unusual prosperity of those branches of business in which weighing is done, and also the increasing popularity with the public of these celebrated Scales.

THE MARKETS. Apples, Green, per bushel, 20 @ 30. Apples, Dried, per bushel, 1.00 @ 1.10. Beef, per bushel, 4.00 @ 6.00. Butter, per bushel, 1.75 @ 1.85. Beans, per bushel, 1.25 @ 1.50. Corn Meal, per bushel, 1.25 @ 1.25. Corn, per bushel, 55 @ 60. Cheese, per bushel, 9 @ 12 1/2. Eggs, per dozen, 8 @ 10. Flour, per bushel, 7.00 @ 7.75. Hay, per ton, 7.00 @ 9.00. Pork, per bushel, 12 @ 12 1/2. Oats, per bushel, 39 @ 45. Potatoes, per bushel, 40 @ 60 1/2. Wool, per bushel, 15 @ 65. Wheat, white, per bushel, 1.00 @ 1.10. Wheat, red, per bushel, 95 @ 95.

Special Notices.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILROAD. Passenger trains leave Detroit for Chicago, and the several Stations in this County as follows: GOING WEST. Leave Detroit, Mich., 7:30 A.M., 5:00 P.M. Ann Arbor, 7:15 " 4:45 " 3:55 " 9:15 " 4:30 " 6:30 " 7:45 " 7:30 A.M. The mail trains go only to Michigan City.

GOING EAST. Leave Chicago, Ill., 7:15 P.M., 5:00 A.M. Ann Arbor, 4:45 A.M., 3:55 P.M., 4:43 P.M. Ypsilanti, 5:05 " 6:55 " 4:35 " 5:00 " 4:30 " 6:15 " 7:45 " 6:20 " 4:30 " 6:30 " 7:45 " 7:30 A.M. The mail trains go only to Michigan City.

RESERVE YOUR BEAUTY, SYMMETRY OF FORM, YOUR HEALTH, AND MENTAL POWERS, BY USING THAT SAFE, PLEASANT, POPULAR, AND SPECIFIC REMEDY KNOWN AS DR. DUPONCO'S GOLDEN PILLS FOR FEMALES.

DR. DUPONCO'S GOLDEN PILLS FOR FEMALES. Infallible in correcting, regulating and removing all obstructions, from whatever cause, and always successful as a preventive.

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The Great French Remedy! MADAM ROUVIN'S CELEBRATED SILVER-COATED FEMALE PILLS. The only certain and safe remedy for all Uterine Obstructions, Monthly Difficulties, Irregularities, and all the other diseases to which the Woman, Wife and Mother is peculiarly liable.

HEIMSTREETS Inimitable Hair Restorative. IT IS NOT A DYE. Restores gray hair to its original color, by supplying the capillary tubes with natural substances, impaired by age or disease.

DIPHTHERIA. DR. DEGLUON'S DIPHTHERIA SPECIFIC. CERTAIN CURE FOR DIPHTHERIA AND CROUP. In the past year over 2000 CASES OF DIPHTHERIA in and around Rochester, N. Y., CONSIDERED HOPELESS, have been cured with this medicine.

A WORD ABOUT AMERICAN WATCHES.

AFTER A THOROUGH TRIAL OF MORE THAN TEN YEARS, the timepieces manufactured by the American Watch Co., of Waltham, Mass., have gained a firm hold upon the favor of the public, and now, less than 75,000 of them are speaking for themselves in the pockets of the people.

Robbins & Appleton, Agents for the American Watch Company, 152 Broadway, N. Y.

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1863. May. 1863. NEW SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS, AT THE "Old Corner" I am now receiving a well SELECTED STOCK OF NEW GOODS, FOR THE Spring and Summer Trade, CONSISTING OF STAPLE DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, TRIMMINGS, SHAWLS, HOOP SKIRTS, BOOTS AND SHOES, NOTIONS, &c., &c. Also a full assortment of Family Groceries!

Wool! The highest Market price paid for Wool! C. B. THOMPSON. At the Farmers' New Cash Store, Corner of Main and Washington sts. (904th) Ann Arbor.

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FIRST NATIONAL BANK ANN ARBOR. Subscription Agency for U. S. 5-20 Loan. We are now authorized to receive subscriptions for the United States 5-20 Six per Cent Bonds AT PAR for Legal Tender Notes, or New York Exchange, interest on these bonds is payable semi-annually in Gold. They are also exempt from taxation.

THE ROOTS AND THE LEAVES WILL be for the Healing of the Nations. Prof. H. J. LYONS THE GREAT AND CELEBRATED PHYSICIAN OF THE THROAT, LUNGS, HEART, LIVER AND THE BLOOD, KNOWS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY AS THE CELEBRATED INDIAN HERB DOCTOR!

Office, 282 Superior Street. East of the public square, opposite the Post-Office. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 12 M., and from 2 P. M. to 4 P. M. On Sunday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M. "Maxim strictly adhered to."

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Ayer's Sarsaparilla THE WORLD'S GREAT REMEDY. SCROFULA AND SCROFULOUS DISEASES. From Emery Edes, a well-known merchant of Oxford, Maine. "I have sold many bottles of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, but never yet a bottle which failed of the desired effect and full satisfaction to those who took it. As far as people are concerned, I have never known a medicine like it before in our country."

From Mrs. Jane E. Rice, a well-known and much-esteemed lady of Dennismore, Maine. "I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla for several years, and it has cured me of all my skin diseases, and I have never since had a return of any of them. It is a most valuable medicine, and I can recommend it to all who are afflicted with any of the diseases it cures."

From Dr. Robt. Savin, Houston, Tex. "I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla for several years, and it has cured me of all my skin diseases, and I have never since had a return of any of them. It is a most valuable medicine, and I can recommend it to all who are afflicted with any of the diseases it cures."

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DR. RADWAY'S PILLS. NEWLY DISCOVERED PRINCIPLES IN PURGATION. DR. RADWAY'S PILLS ARE THE BEST PURGATIVE PILLS in the World, and the only Vegetable Substitute for Calomel, or any other mineral purgative. They are composed of Vegetable Extracts of Ginseng, Senna, Pile, Roots and Flowers. Strengthens—Invigorates—And regulates the System.

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Who Maximilian is. Ferdinand Maximilian Joseph, Archduke of Austria...

The candidature of Archduke Maximilian for the Mexican throne is not new, for he was the first choice...

The WAY GILMORE'S MARSH BATTERY WAS CONSTRUCTED.—A correspondent says: "The famous Marsh Battery, which is one of the many proofs of General Gilmore's daring and energy..."

There was a wild wag of a fellow, by the name of Thornton, who one day got up during service and walked out of church, making rather a prominent display of a gold-headed cane...

An old lady ventured out in the midst of Morgan, and his men in a little town in Indiana, and inquired of a rebel who was sitting backwards upon his "frame," "Whor is the gay-riller?"

Rumor of a ROYAL MARRIAGE.—The Paris Press says: "There is serious talk of a marriage which will greatly astonish those who have not heard of it. This marriage is to be between the Queen of England and the ex-King of Portugal, the same who refused the Greek throne."

"John," said a stingy old hunk to his hired man as he was taking dinner, "do you know how panecakes you have eat?"

"Well, you've eaten fourteen!" "Well," said John, "you count and I will eat."

I plows, I sows, I reaps, I mows, I gets up wood for winter; I digs, I hoos, and taters grows, and for what I know, am indebted to the printer. I do suppose all knowledge flows right from the printing press, so off I goes in these 'ere clothes and settles up—I guess.

A farmer more celebrated for his fine stock than a good education, spoke to the Secretary of an agricultural society in regard to entering his animals for premium offered, and added as a postscript as follows: "Also enter me for the best jackass. I am sure of the premium."

THE ALL-SUFFICIENT THREE. THE GREAT "AMERICAN REMEDIES." Known as "Helmhold's" GENUINE PREPARATIONS, VIZ.: HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT "BUCHU," HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT "SARSAPARILLA," HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT "ROSE WASH."

HELMHOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU FOR WEAKNESSES. Arising from Excesses, Habits of Dissipation, Early Indiscretion, or Abuse. ATTENDED WITH THE FOLLOWING SYMPTOMS: Indolence to Exercise, Loss of Memory, Weak Nerves, Horror of Disease, Dimness of Vision, Universal Lassitude of the Muscular System, Dryness of the Skin.

HELMHOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU CURES Secret Diseases. In all their stages; at little expense; little or no change in diet; no inconvenience. AND NO EXPOSURE. It causes frequent desire, and gives strength to Urinary, thoroughly removing obstructions, preventing and curing Stricture of the Urethra, Leucorrhoea, or Inflammation, or frequent in this class of diseases, and excelling POISONOUS, DISEASED AND WORN OUT MATTER.

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SCHOFF & MILLER. A RESTILL ON HAND at their old Stand, No. 2, Franklin Block, with the most complete assortment of Books and Stationery, PERFUMERIES, FANCY GOODS, WALL AND WINDOW PAPERS, SHADES, ROLLERS, CORDS, TASSELS, GILT CORNICES, CURTAINS, HOOKS AND PINS, STEREOSCOPES & VIEWS &c.

THE REBELLION ON HIGH PRICES FOR CLOTHING. HAS COMMENCED AT THE OLD & RELIABLE CLOTHING EMPORIUM! No. 3 PHENIX BLOCK, MAIN ST.

WM. WAGNER, who has just returned from the East, with a large assortment of Ready-Made Clothing, SPRING & SUMMER GOODS, LOW PRICES!

EMPORIUM OF FASHION, the subscriber flatters himself, that his long experience and general success, will enable him to give the greatest satisfaction to all who may trust him in the way of Manufacturing Garments to order. W.M. WAGNER.

C. BLISS. Would take the method of informing his old friends and patrons, and all others who may favor him with their patronage, that he has greatly enlarged his Stock and Assortment!

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. 80 ACRES of excellent timbered land, the E. of Sec. 2, Twp. 5 N., Range 3 W., Clinton County, N.Y.

Empire BOOK STORE. J. R. WEBSTER & CO., Opposite the Franklin House, Ann Arbor.

POCKET CUTLERY! And everything pertaining to the trade, and more to which we would invite the attention of the country.

Rifle Factory! Beutler & Traver, Manufacturers of and Dealers in Guns, Pistols, Ammunition, Flasks, Pouches, Gun Bags, and Every other article in that line.

A. & C. LOEB, OF THE CLEVELAND CLOTHING HOUSE, are now offering to the citizens of Washtenaw county, and the State of Michigan generally, A LARGER AND BETTER SELECTED STOCK OF SPRING & SUMMER GOODS.

NEW BOOT & SHOE STORE. N. B. COLE, (Successor to Moore & Loomis) has opened a store in the FRANKLIN BUILDINGS, Main street, Ann Arbor, and has on hand a large assortment of BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS.

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I am Bound for 1868. NEW SPRING GOODS! AT Reduced Prices! M. GUTERMAN & CO'S!

SONDHEIM always ready to take your measure, GUTERMAN will sell you Goods with great pleasure, At figures LOWER than you will find in the State.

1500 OVERCOATS of Cloth, Beaver, and Bear, Warranted for almost ever to wear. COATS of Cloth and Cassimere of our OWN IMPORTATION, Forwarded through our New York relations.

BUCKEYE GRAIN DRILL, and Grass Seed Sower, Manufactured at Springfield, Ohio. THE VERY LATEST IMPROVEMENT, and better than all others adapted to sowing Wheat, Rye, Oats, Barley and Grass Seed.

OHIO REAPER & MOWER, acknowledged to be the very best in use. We are just in receipt of 100 Grain Cradles Which we will sell Cheap.

STOCK OF HARDWARE, NAILS, GLASS, PUTTY, PAINT, and LINSEED OIL. A complete assortment of STOVES, TINWARE, AND EVERY TROUGH always on hand and put up at the shortest notice.

C. H. MILLEN'S CHEAP CASH STORE. MAIN STREET, ANN ARBOR. April 17, 1868. 4w900.

1863. SPRING. 1863. We are now opening A Large and Beautiful assortment of STAPLE AND FANCY Dry Goods!

MACK & SCHMID, Ann Arbor, March 19, '63. 8961f. CITY COOPER SHOP. Wholesale and Retail. O. C. SPAFFORD

Butter Firkins. I am manufacturing the New York State Firkin, which is a better Firkin than has ever before been offered in this market.

GREAT, GREATER, GREATEST BARGAINS EVER OFFERED 1859. 1859. A LARGE STOCK OF New Spring Goods.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills. BOTTLED BY DR. J. C. WATTS, 74 W. W. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Mortgage Sale. DEPARTING having been made in the conditions of a certain Indenture of Mortgage executed by James D. Goodale and Sarah A. Goodale his wife, of the City of Ann Arbor, County of Washtenaw, State of Michigan...

Estate of William Kelly. STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Washtenaw, ss.—At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate Office, in the City of Ann Arbor, on Wednesday, the 11th day of August, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three.

Sheriff's Sale. BY VIRTUE of one execution, issued out of the County of Michigan, to me directed and delivered, upon a State of Michigan, do me directed and delivered, upon a State of Michigan, do me directed and delivered, upon a State of Michigan...

Estate of Timothy Riley. STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Washtenaw, ss.—At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, on Tuesday, the twenty-eighth day of July, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three.

P. BACH. Is now receiving GREAT, GREATER, GREATEST BARGAINS EVER OFFERED 1859. 1859. A LARGE STOCK OF New Spring Goods.

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