

The Weekly Michigan Argus.

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No. 983.

The Michigan Argus.

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ELIHU B. POND, Editor and Publisher.

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SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

The following magnificent lyric was written by Thomas Buchanan Read. It deserves to rank with "The Cavalier" and "The Cavalier's Boy."

Up from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester first dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar,
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled
Making the blood of the listener cold
As he thought of the stake that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down!
And there, through the flush of the morning
A steed, as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight—
As if he knew the terrible need
He stretched away with his utmost speed;
Hill rose and fell—but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still spring from those with hoofs, thunder
Jing south,
The dim, like the smoke from the cannon's
mouth,
Or the trail of a comet sweeping faster
and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster;
The heart of the steed and the heart of the
man,
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their
walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to
full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurting feet, the road,
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace
Swept on, with his wild eyes full of fire,
But to be near his heart's desire—
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops;
What was done—what to do—a glance told
him both,
Then striking his spurs with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course
At these heroes.

The sight of the master compelled it to pause,
With foam and with dust the black charger
was gray;
By the flash of his eye, and his red nostrils'
play.

He seemed to the whole great army to say:
"I have brought Sheridan al the way!
From Winchester down to save the day!"
Hurrah, hurrah, for Sheridan!
Hurrah, hurrah, for horse and man!
And when their status are placed on high
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldiers' Temple of Fame,
There with the glorious General's name
Be it said in letters both bold and bright:
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester—twenty miles away!"

MAKING HAY.

Maul Muller on many a summer day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Paul Clifford stood leaning on his
rake with half-shut eyes and dreamy
air, listening to the trills of a bobolink
that, perched on the topmost branch of
a swaying elm across the meadow, was
filling the morning air with brilliant
fashes of song in a hundred different
tongues. Paul had the soul of a true
poet, and what with the clear June air,
the smell of new mown clover and lilies,
the flash of the undried dew on the tree
and grass, the rich bird song, and the
memory of a pair of bright brown eyes
he had seen that morning, he had so far
lost himself that he was wholly uncon-
scious of the neighborhood of any hu-
man being, until a clear round voice at
his elbow syllabled forth in a peremp-
tory tone:

"Let me have that rake; I'm going
to make hay."

Paul opened his eyes very wide, and
turned round very quick, to find himself
looking down into the very eyes he
had been dreaming about, and as he
took a survey of their owner, he saw
that he had before failed to note, that
the face to which those "soul windows"
belonged, was a pretty face, would have
been very pretty but for an expression
of scornful indifference, almost supercil-
ious, that lurked in every feature, from
the curls that clustered on the white
temples, to the arched upper lip and
dimpled chin. He comprehended her
thought, yes, her whole character at a
single glance, as he saw her looking
with an unconcealed sneer at his coarse
shoes, and he smiled to think what a
mistake she had made in spoiling so
fair a face to so poor a purpose, and
made a quiet little resolve. She re-
peated her command, and even more
commandingly, added, "Are you
frightened? one might think so from
the way you stare!"

"Not at all frightened, thank you;
but I half thought the bobolink had
stopped singing and gone to talking.
This rake is too heavy for you; I will
bring a lighter one;" and just giving a
glance at her to see that the look of
sneer had changed to one of surprise,
he turned away.

Nellie Moore felt, as a Yankee would
say, a little queer. She would as soon
have expected a compliment from one of
the cows over in the pasture, as from
Uncle Ben's hired man, whom she had
scarcely deigned to notice at breakfast
time, when said uncle introduced him in
his plain way—"Nellie Ellen, this is
Paul Clifford, our hired man." She had
not given him even a second glance,
feeling herself almost insulted by being
brought down to what she mentally de-
termined a vulgar level with country
servants, and here he had returned her
the very prettiest compliment she had
ever received, albeit pretty sayings and
flatteries were not new to her; her lit-
tle head had been nearly turned by
them last winter, for last winter Nellie

"came out," and was the belle par ex-
cellence of a very select set. She was
now on a visit to her uncle's in the
country, to recover her health.

Well, there she stood waiting, and
wondering, when she saw him com-
ing she said to herself "let us see what
manner of man this Sir Rustic is who
talks poetry to me;" and to her sur-
prise she saw that he had the bearing
of a perfect gentleman, despite the blue
overalls and smock frock, and as he
drew nearer, surprise deepened, for she
was sure she never saw a handsomer
face than that under the shilling palm
leaf that was pushed back from the
broad white brow, whiter by contrast
with the bronzed cheek and bearded
lip.

"I wish I had stayed at the house;
he must think me bold," she said to her-
self; then tossing her head half angrily,
"but what do I care what she says! a spec-
imen thinks of me," and she fell to pat-
ting the fallen grass with her boot toe,
hardly looking up when Paul handed her
the rake. He went on with his
work, and she tried to go on with her's,
but somehow things did not go just as
she expected; she pushed as much hay
back as she drew toward her, and her
hands did not seem to be in the
right place on the handle. She thought
she would never ask him to show her,
but before she was aware of it she called
out, "Why didn't you bring me a
better rake? this does not do well at
all."

He turned with a smile and said,
"Ah, what is the matter with the
rake?"

"Why, it doesn't make the grass
come up all smooth, as yours does;
see."

His smile was a little broader as he
said, "Pardon me, but I hardly think
the rake is in fault; let me show you—
take hold in this way."

She watched him awhile—"There,
thank you, I can do it now, I think,"
and she took the rake again; but it was
growing rather warm, and she con-
cluded she had done enough for the
first time; so gathering up her armful
of clover and lilies, she went over
under the old elm tree, and sat down to
make a huge bouquet for the bronze pic-
ture on the mantle piece in Aunt Nancy's
"spare room," and watch Paul at his
work; wondering how it happened
that he knew how to speak so properly,
yes, even politely, when he had prob-
ably never seen a city. So she went on
with waving flowers and fancies, until the
shrill blast of the dinner horn aroused
her from her reverie, in which pavements
and clover fields, ball-rooms and farm-
houses, Leon Howard and Paul Clif-
ford, were strangely blended and com-
mingled.

After supper he was missing—in his
room writing, aunt Nancy said; and
so it was day after day, until days be-
came weeks, and Nellie began to think
he might afford to be civil at least, al-
though she could not tell an unwill-
ing he had ever said or done—on the
contrary he had been very polite, very
deferential, perfectly gentlemanly at all
times, but she had got the impression
that he did not consider her worthy of
much attention, and with a woman's
caprice she resolved that Mr. Paul
Clifford should see that she was a
young lady of some importance, and
forthwith set about making herself very
agreeable, where she had hitherto been
quite supremely indifferent, and with
good effect, for she soon had the satis-
faction of seeing him devote an hour
that had hitherto been given to the se-
clusion of his room to her.

Nellie, for awhile, felt inclined to
laugh "on the sly," at what she sup-
posed to be an assumption of dignity
and learning, but all unconsciously to
herself she grew deeply interested in
him as their acquaintance progressed,
and she found that it was not assumed
that he was educated—"almost ready
for college," he told her incidentally
one evening. Seeing her look of sur-
prise, he said:

"You think me a vain dreamer, Miss
Moore, but I am not, as you shall see."
Then he told her a story of wrong, and
suffering, and struggle, such as she had
never heard—told her how, by his own
unaided exertions, he had climbed over
almost insurmountable obstructions, so
far up the hill of life, and that he was
yet far enough from the mark he had
set.

She did not ask him what that was;
did not inquire as to his plans for the
future; she was thinking what a grand
noble, heroic life such a one must be,
and drawing mental comparisons be-
tween it and some others she knew;
and that night when she received a let-
ter from Leon Howard, tendering her
his heart, and ten thousand a year, she
sat down and wrote a very decided re-
fusal, without reference to "papa." Nel-
lie had learned a good lesson; her
views of life had enlarged; she was be-
ginning to think that her own life had
been miserably poor, weak, and useless;
albeit she had always been accounted a
worthy young lady, a dutiful daughter
—but to think what she might have
been, with her opportunities! And
Leon Howard, whom she had considered
so nearly perfect! "who waltzed and
sang so divinely!"—laugh! "A jewel-
ed mass of military!" was all the term
she now found fit for him. She took
up his dainty little letter, "smelling of
musk and insolence," and read it again
with contemptuous curl of the lip—
"Marry him, no, she would never mar-
ry." She would live a life that would
put to shame all her past vanities—live
a life to be proud of—do something
good and great, she hardly knew what.

Yes Nellie had learned a good lesson;
Paul meant she should. Beneath the
crust of conventionality and pampered

vanity presented to his gaze, he saw
the possibility of a grand woman; un-
derneath that coquettish light of that
blue eye he discerned a deep, unwa-
kened fire that might be kindled into
an earnest flame to light and warm no-
ble deeds, and he resolved that his
should be the influence that should de-
velop a "perfect woman nobly plan-
ned," from the giddy young city belle,
who had never had half a dozen
thoughts on a graver subject than a
ball room or opera.

Nellie was progressing wonderfully
in the good graces of aunt Nancy; she
had churned ever so many times, and
believed she could make cheese, so she
wrote to her mother; and her cheeks
were as red as any farmer's daughter's,
and her hands as an oak leaf in au-
tumn. "When was she coming home?"
"Not until all the nuts and apples
were gathered," she answered. She
could not bear to think of the hot city,
with its filth, and sin, and shame; its
flaunting misery and gilded vice. She
thought she could never be contented to
stay there again, since she had learn-
ed how pure and uncorrupted the
country was.

October with her hair afloat,
Flashed brow and purple finger tips,
Across the southern orchards came,
And touched the apples with her lips."

Hospitality.
The home education is incomplete
unless it includes the idea of hospitali-
ty and charity. Hospitality is a biblical
and apostolic virtue, and not so often
recommended in Holy Writ without rea-
son. Hospitality is much neglected in
America, for the very reasons touch-
ed upon above. We have received our
ideas of propriety and elegance of living
from old countries, where labor is cheap,
where domestic services are well under-
stood, permanent occupation, adopted cheer-
fully for life, and where, of course, there
is such a subdivision of labor as insures
great thoroughness in all its branches.
We are ashamed or afraid to con-
form honestly to a state of things
purely American. We have not yet ac-
complished what our friend the doctor
calls "our weaning," and learned that
diners with courteous courses, and di-
vers other continental and English re-
finements, well enough in their way, can
not be accomplished in families with two
or three untrained servants, without an
expense of care and anxiety which makes
them heart-withering to the delicate
wife, and too severe a trial to occur of-
ten. America is a land of subdivided
fortunes, of a general average of wealth
and comfort, and there ought to be,
therefore, an understanding in the social
basis far more simple than in the Old
World.

Many families of small fortunes know
this—they are quietly living so—but
they have not the steadiness to share
their daily average living with a friend,
a traveler, or a guest, just as the Arab
shares his tent, and the Indian his bowl
of succotash. They can not have com-
fort, they say. Why? Because it is
such a fuss to get out the best things?
Why not give your friend what he would
like a thousand times better, a bit of
your average home life, a seat at any
time at your board, a seat at your fire?
If he sees that there is a crack across
one of your plates, he only thinks, with
a sigh of relief, "Well, mine ain't the
only things that meet with accidents,"
and he feels nearer to you ever after; he
will let you come to his table and see
the cracks in his tea-cups, and you will
condole with each other on the transient
nature of earthly possessions. If it be
come apparent in these entirely unad-
ressed rehearsals that your children are
sometimes disorderly, and that your
cook sometimes overdoes the meat, and
that your second girl is sometimes awk-
ward in waiting, or has forgotten a table
propriety, your friend only feels,
"Ah, well, other people have trials as
well as I," and he thinks, if you come to
see him, he shall feel easy with you.—
Atlantic Monthly.

A Virtue Needed in America.
We Americans are the most wasteful
and extravagant people in the world.
We waste fearfully in food, in clothing,
and in extras. We waste on every sec-
ular day of the week, and waste a dou-
ble amount on Sundays. Men waste
shamefully, women shockingly, boys and
girls, too, are permitted to waste woefully.
Wastefulness is one of our worst na-
tional vices; for if economy be a virtue,
then extravagance must be a vice. The
English don't waste half as much as we
do; the French not a quarter; and the
Germans (while in Germany) don't waste
at all.

Hundreds of leading hotels here and
throughout the country, prepare daily
from twenty to fifty different dishes for
dinner, and out of these from a half to
two-thirds are vulgarly wasted. Thus
not only is food wasted, but also labor at
the same time. In ordinary families un-
wholesome meals of half a dozen dishes
are gotten up, where a plain meal would
at once be more economical and whole-
some. We gorge ourselves with great
numbers of articles which are neither nu-
tritious nor delicious, but simply costly.
Men buy four hats a year, where one
ought to last them four years. They
throw away coats and pants when they
are but little worse for wear; and in-
stead of having their shirts mended, and
their stockings darned, they purchase
new ones, and tinge away the old. Wo-
men wear very expensive articles of dress
without wearing them out; and, we have
heard, are inclined to spend and waste
money and material without stint.—
New York Times.

Mr. Swipes, I've just kicked your
William out of doors." "Well, Mr.
Swingle, it's the first bill you've footed
this many a day."

The Michigan Argus.

ANN ARBOR MICH.
FRIDAY MORNING, NOV. 18, 1864.

Foreign Correspondence of the Argus.
The Hospice of St. Bernard—Down the
Alps—Aosta.

Turin, Aug. 22d, 1864.
My *dear* mot was from the Hospice
of the Great St. Bernard. A word
more about the monks. When one con-
siders that often as many as 15,000 trav-
elers cross the pass in one year, he can
imagine the enormous amount of food
and fuel that is consumed, and he can
see the *labors* of the monks. When one
considers that the majority of these trav-
elers are poor pilgrims, without money
and without bread, each one of whom re-
ceives a hearty and free welcome at St.
Bernard, one can realize the *dissipated*
nature of the monks. When one thinks
of the wintry toil, the searches for trav-
elers, the care of the sick and the frozen,
he can imagine the *anxieties* of the monks.
And when one thinks that all this is done
for no earthly recompense, no earthly
consideration, he can believe in the *phi-
lanthropy* of the monks.

I could not look on these men without
admiration. Cutting themselves away
from all those socialities, and social joys
which are so dear to man, braving the
cold, dreary blasts of the mountains,
feeling always the wintry air, shortening
their lives in this rigid atmosphere, and
giving up all for God and humanity—
what is more noble? what is more
Christ-like?

These are things to admire in the
Catholic religion. It makes men disin-
terested, philanthropic, noble. It sends
them into deserts, into wildernesses, up-
on mountain-tops—aye, wherever humani-
ty can be aided, or a soul saved.—
Where will you not find a Catholic
priest? He is upon the battle-field, he
is in the hospital, he is among the poor,
he braves pest, contagion, and tumult.

I am a Protestant but not one of those
miserable fanatics who can see no virtue
but in their own sect, no holiness but in
bowing to their own creed. The more
I see of the different christian religions,
the more I am convinced of the value
of all; and I believe that "in every na-
tion he that feareth God and worketh
righteousness is accepted of Him,"
whether he carry the name of Catholic
or Protestant, Jesuit or Calvinist.—
Away then with this sectarian spirit—the
child of ignorance and let us praise and
profit by whatever of true or good we
see in another individual, nation, or re-
ligion. Let me not be misunderstood.—
Let no one say that I am turning catho-
lic or infidel. I cling and shall cling to
the religion of my fathers, but I will
admire what is beautiful the world over.

Upon the descent from the Hospice
upon the Italian side, one is struck with
the wild and savage grandeur of the
Alps. Rock piled on rock appears;
desolation; no tree crowns the
mountain summit, no flower blooms up
on its side, but the avalanche of rock has
made its mark here and there, and the
mountain torrent has carried with it
ruin. Sterility is spread itself every-
where. The eye searches in vain for
some speck of life. Not even a chamois,
that Arab of the Alps, can be discerned.
All is barrenness and desolation. It is
one of those ruined hearts of Nature,
forsaken of joy, of hope, of life, and
given over to tempests, to confusion, to
death!

A short distance from the Hospice
enters Italy, but it is not yet the smiling
plains of romance and of poetry. St.
Remy, a little village, where lazy gen-
darmes peep into your knapsacks, is pass-
ed, and a charming little valley is en-
tered, the foot-path of the mountains giving
way to a beautiful carriage road. Every-
thing now is the contrast of the scenery
left behind. The husbandmen and wo-
men are working in the fields, the cows
and goats are grazing in the meadows,
the habitations of man dot here and
there the earth's surface, and life and ac-
tivity takes the place of death and re-
pose. How beautiful this narrow valley
leading to Aosta! How pleasant to
ramble along its road and admire its
scenery! Only one meets such contrasts
and such a change of sights that he is
often surprised and saddened. The soul
one moment may be filled with rejoicing
at the beautiful world around; it may be
admiring the waterfall, the blooming hill-
side, the fruitful campagne, the enchant-
ing prospect, when the eye is suddenly
arrested by an object, either lying in the
dirt by the road side, or approaching
with a jagged, limping air, and one recoils
with a shudder to find that object a man!
Yes, it is man—he has the human form
—but man animalized, degraded of his
dignity, his self respect, his intellect, his
moral nature; man become a beggar, an

outcast, a brute. O, humanity! it seems
but a step from thy high God given es-
tate—the intellectual and moral world—
to the animal and sensual sphere; yet
what a fall it is! What demer more
terrible than a fallen angel! what brute
more pitiable than a fallen man!

As the voyager approaches Aosta the
scenery becomes richer, and the valley
more fertile. Fields of Indian Corn
greet the eye of an American, kindling
a momentary enthusiasm in his heart,
and, strange enough, sending his thoughts
quickly across the ocean to another
country, and filling his memory with a
hundred souvenirs of home! Indian
Corn! why the very name suggests to
the American abroad a crowd of remin-
iscences. Those which appertain to his
social nature, to friends and relatives left
behind, are dear, very dear; but those
which appertain to his gastronomical na-
ture are tantalizing in the extreme.—
Imagine an Alpine traveler, who has
mastered a six hours walk with nothing
to eat, suddenly finding his palate grow
animated at the thought of Johnny-
Cakes, and Corn-oysters, and Flap jacks,
and succotash. Imagine sober expe-
rience tapping him on the shoulder and
saying to him, "none to be had!" *Ma-
fo!* that's enough to make a man think
for a moment that the world is Hades,
and that he has been suddenly trans-
formed into Tantalus. Oh! that some king
of the kitchen from the New World would
rise, spread his sails, go through Europe,
and scatter far and near instructive light
upon the beauties of Indian Corn, and
its full capability, when rightly and ju-
diciously managed, to meet the wants of
the inner man! Europe might learn an
art that would gratify her epicure and
give joy to American travelers.

Six hours walk from the Hospice
brought our party to Aosta and its valley
so celebrated. If age insures veneration
then Aosta ought to be respected by all
travelers. It claims to be three thous-
and years old; looks upon Rome as a
middle aged man in comparison with it-
self, upon Paris and London as mere
boys in their round-about, while New
York plays before it the part of a swad-
dling baby!

If it takes the prize for age it is also
ahead in filth and disease. Such de-
formed specimens of humanity and in
such numbers, I had never before seen.
Every five persons in ten are terribly
deformed. Some are dwarfed, some are
blind, some are foolish, some are goitred,
some are cretins—taken together, a sad
mass of afflicted beings. This, thought
I, is Italy with a vengeance. I had
pictured the Peninsula as swarming with
lazaroni, and filled with dirt, but after
reading and picturing the darkest table-
land of "poor Italy," I had never yet
imagined anything like what I saw at
Aosta. Is Aosta a representative city,
thought I, and is this but a beginning of
what is coming afterwards? or is it an
exceptional place among the mountains,
suffering from local diseases arising from
local causes. I was soon to discover.

Aosta is proud of its old monuments.
The Romans have left here the marks of
their hands. The Triumphal arch of
Augustus, the Basilica, the bridge which
spans the Buttier, the walls and towers
of the town—all make one think of a
Roman standard, and a Roman legion,
and a Roman war. Besides, the Tower
of the Lepier which Xavier de Maistre
has immortalized, and the Cathedral
with its sacred relics, and the Church
of Saint Inis attract the traveler and
excite his curiosity. Then it was a
pleasure to me in walking the streets of
Aosta to think that he had walked the
same, who, led by sympathy for the poor
traveler, had established the Hospice
which I had just left. His work lives
after him, and each year augments the
number that reverence the name of St.
Bernard.

From Aosta by diligence to Jurea,
through the charming valley of the Aosta.
What forts, castles, towers; what
vegetation, fruit, grain; what rivers,
cascades, waterfalls; what towns, vil-
lages, habitations. Men of all tastes
can find here their particular objects of
gratification.

As one approaches Jurea the mountain
heights which shut in the valley are left
behind, and the prairies of Piedmont ap-
pear. The eye wanders afar over rich
plains. Vegetation and foliage are luxu-
riant. Upon a line here and there, rising
from the plain, can be discerned the pal-
ace of some aristocrat, or a chapel of
prayer. Lakes now and then appear.—
Villages are frequent; and forests of
trees add beauty.

The people, too, seem different. They
are not deformed like the Aostans, but
appear intelligent and laborious.

From Jurea the cars hurried me to
the capital of the modern kingdom.—
Here I am in the city where Victor

Emanuel, Garibaldi, and Cavour, have
oft met together with the object of unit-
ing what had been divided; of restoring
what had been destroyed; of giving life
once more to Italy! F. W. B.

"Goneg it Blind."
Old Judge L., who was for
years the circuit judge of Louisiana,
known as Atakapas county, was justly
celebrated for his legal learning, and
was greatly beloved by his neighbors
and his friends. He was stern, upright
and honest, and the death of the good
old man, which occurred some years
ago, was universally regretted through-
out the State.

But with all his book-lore and
legal attainments, he was, perhaps, not
the greatest man at cards in his entire
circuit. It has been said that he did
not know the "Jack of Trumps" from
a diamond. In the village of Opelousas,
three individuals were sitting
around a table, in one of those doggeries,
"with a billiard table attached,"
which are so common in the Creole pa-
rishes, playing a small game of three
handed poker, when a quarrel ensued,
which resulted in an aggravated case of
assault and battery. This did not end
the affair, for at the next term of the
court, at the head of the docket, stood
"The State of Louisiana vs. John Al-
len, for an assault and battery, with in-
tention to kill, on the body of Enos
Griggs."

WASHTENAW OFFICIAL.

The Board of County Canvassers was in session on Tuesday, and we are able to give the following statement of the aggregate vote received by each candidate in the county, exclusive of the army vote, statements of which have not yet been received:

Table listing candidates for various offices including Presidential Electors, Member of Congress, Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Secretary of State, Auditor General, State Treasurer, Commissioner of Land Office, Attorney General, Superintendent of Public Instruction, Member of State Board of Education, Associate Justice of Supreme Court, Judge of Probate, Sheriff, County Clerk, Register of Deeds, County Surveyor, County Corners, and Representatives for various districts.

The aggregate vote polled was 7,494 against 6,675 in 1862, and 8,076 in 1860.

The State News "highfalutes" considerably over the result of the election, and throws considerable mud at the defeated Democracy.

Gen. McClellan has resigned his commission in the army, and now occupies the honorable position of a private citizen.

The Tribune gives the Democrats 12 members of the State Senate, and 33 of the House.

We regret to say that Baldwin is probably defeated in the 5th Congressional District.

The Board of County Canvassers adjourned to meet Thursday, Dec. 22, and the several Senatorial and Representative canvassers adjourned to meet same day.

The Board of Supervisors met on Tuesday and adjourned until Wednesday morning, at which time it adjourned on Thursday, Dec. 22.

THE ELECTION—OFFICIAL TABLES.

We append tables of votes in the several Towns of Washtenaw County, for candidates named, as determined by the County Canvassers on Tuesday. The soldiers' vote is to be added when received:

ELECTORS AND MEMBER OF CONGRESS.

Table showing votes for electors and members of Congress across various towns like Ann Arbor City, August, Bridgewater, Dexter, Freedom, Lima, Lodi, Lyndon, Manchester, Northfield, Pittsfield, Salem, Sharon, Superior, Sylvan, Webster, and Ypsilanti Town.

Majority for McCLELLAN, 204; JOHNSON, 190.

GOVERNOR AND ASSOCIATE JUSTICE OF SUPREME COURT.

Table showing votes for Governor and Associate Justice of Supreme Court across various towns.

Majority for FENTON, 198; FELCH, 241.

JUDGE OF PROBATE AND SHERIFF.

Table showing votes for Judge of Probate and Sheriff across various towns.

Majority for BEAKES, 259; for WINGGAR, 123.

CLERK AND REGISTER.

Table showing votes for Clerk and Register across various towns.

Majority for POND, 212; for TUITTE, 104.

TRUSTEES AND PROSECUTING ATTORNEY.

Table showing votes for Trustees and Prosecuting Attorney across various towns.

Majority for BURN, 162; for BLOMBERG, 115.

CIRCUIT COURT COMMISSIONERS.

Table showing votes for Circuit Court Commissioners across various towns.

Majority for FRAZER, 171; for CARPENTER, 183.

SEVENTH SENATE DISTRICT.

Table showing votes for the Seventh Senate District across various towns.

Majority for JONES, 96.

EIGHTH SENATE DISTRICT.

Table showing votes for the Eighth Senate District across various towns.

Majority for ROBINSON, 87.

FIRST REPRESENTATIVE DISTRICT.

Table showing votes for the First Representative District across various towns.

Majority for SHIER, 225.

SECOND REPRESENTATIVE DISTRICT.

Table showing votes for the Second Representative District across various towns.

Majority for MILLER, 8.

THIRD REPRESENTATIVE DISTRICT.

Table showing votes for the Third Representative District across various towns.

Majority for FORBES, 80.

FOURTH REPRESENTATIVE DISTRICT.

Table showing votes for the Fourth Representative District across various towns.

Majority for HAIRE, 505.

APPORTIONMENT OF TAXES.

Table showing the apportionment of taxes for State and County taxes across various towns.

We were favored with Winter's advanced compliments on Monday evening last, in the shape of a snow-storm.

McClellan gets three States, New Jersey, Delaware, and Kentucky.

Lincoln takes the rest. No note is to be.

FROM THE 5th MICH. CAVALRY.

COMMISSARY DEPARTMENT, 1st BRIGADE, 1st DIV. CAV. CORPS, NEAR STAUNTON, VIRGINIA, November 14, 1864. FRIEND POND: My facility for getting items being now very limited, must be my excuse for not writing oftener, and the constant moving of the army, since we have been in this department, leaves me but little time to write except to my own family.

It is needless for me to write of the advance of our army (to many of our boys their third advance) up the beautiful Valley of the Shenandoah, for I know that the Press are teeming with it, but I must mention the charge on Winchester, for it was here that Custer's Old Brigade was assigned the terrible duty of charging the city. Never did men receive an order more cheerfully, for with a yell they dashed through the place, driving the enemy pell mell before them.

General SHERIDAN was not on the field at the onset, but I saw him on the road near Newtown, dashing along at a fearful pace for the front, entirely alone, having outstripped even his aides and escort.

Our men were not allowed to stop here, nor did they wish it. Fisher's Hill lay the other side of Strasburg. It was there the rebels were to make their grand stand, with what success you have seen by the General's report.

The health of our men was never better, and they are in good spirits. The weather has been very fine of late, but it is now quite cold, the mountains being capped with snow.

The Washtenaw boys that I have a chance to see are well. TOM KEARNS, of Ann Arbor, had a narrow escape the other day; a ball passed through the neck of his horse, while another flattened on his pistol; but he is well and hearty, and makes a good soldier.

Our army laid still for a time at this point, with only an occasional skirmish. The prisoners being collected, were sent to the rear in squads. I saw as many as 6,000 in all, at different times.

On the 4th of October, our forces commenced to fall back, having got too great a distance from the base of supplies (Harper's Ferry), near 100 miles. The backward movement was done in three columns, the infantry taking the main pike, and the cavalry the flanks.

CHARLES BROOKE, Comd'g 1st Div. Cav. Corps.

FROM THE MISSISSIPPI SQUADRON.

ANCHORED OFF PADUCAH, KY., Nov. 1st, 1864. FRIEND BEN:—We are under sailing orders for the Tennessee. The rebels up the river have impeded navigation so that transports and gunboats cannot pass, and in short old scows either. Two are on the other side of some fort, I do not remember the name, now, and cannot come down, and we are going out this afternoon, if possible, to silence the batteries, and open the way for the gunboats.

The weather is very mild for this time of the year. I suppose up in Michigan you are having cold, raw, windy, disagreeable weather, while we are blessed with the genial rays of the "bright luminary."

I suppose that politics occupy the attention of the people to a great extent up there, we hear very little of politics here; its all about FORREST, the everlasting pest of the Southwest. We have been on numerous scares, but this one that we will soon pass through is no scare, but a stern, armed, sober reality.

Well, BEN, this is the first opportunity I have had of adding anything further to this squib. We have been constantly on the move, and it was utterly impossible for me to write or do anything for myself; but having a few leisure moments this rainy Sunday forenoon, I will embrace the opportunity proffered of finishing what I have to say in a very few words, though I might string it out to make whole columns of solid Primer.

We started, according to order, on the afternoon of the 1st, and steamed leisurely up the Tennessee, the gunboat Paw Paw taking the lead and acting as flagship. The reason of this was, the Peosta, the flag-ship of the Tennessee, drew too much water to pass up, as the Tennessee river is very low at the present time.

At any rate they will in the 6th Corps and CUSTER'S Brigade. We Democrats do not have a fair chance, for Republican documents are scattered around broadcast, and you can get "Democratic truths" only through sealed mail. While their agents are allowed passes to enter our lines, I have not had the pleasure of seeing a Democrat. Is this fair play? Give us but a fair chance in the coming election and you will see a good vote for the whole Democratic ticket.

The following official orders have been issued: GENERAL ORDERS No. 282. WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, November, 16th, 1864. Ordered by the President: 1st. That the resignation of George B. McClellan, as Major General in the U. S. Army, dated Nov. 8th, and received by the Adjutant General on the 10th inst., be accepted as of the 8th of November.

2d. That for personal gallantry, military skill, and just confidence in the courage and patriotism of his troops, displayed by Philip H. Sheridan on the 19th of October, at Cedar Run, where, by the blessing of Providence, his routed army was re-organized, and a brilliant victory achieved over the rebels for the third time in pitched battle with 30 days, Philip H. Sheridan is appointed Major General in the U. S. Army, to rank as such from the 8th day of November, 1864.

E. D. TOWNSEND, Assistant Adjutant General.

An Important Rumor.

New York, Nov. 15. The Express has the following: There have been mysterious rumors of peace lately on the street, and the speech of Gen. Butler last evening is regarded as very significant in some quarters. That there is something on foot, the movement of Sherman's army is supposed to have something to do with it, and the story runs as follows: Some time ago there was a conference in the leading men of Georgia, including Gov. Brown, and Vice President Stephens, and an ambassador was sent to Washington. This gentleman was authorized to assure the President that Georgia would secede from the Confederacy if Sherman would march through Georgia and take possession of Charleston and Savannah. The response of Mr. Lincoln to this request, about three weeks since, was that he was not quite ready, but would do it after election. It is contended that this is the real secret of Sherman's movements, and that it is done with a view not only of bringing back Georgia, but with this it was rumored on the streets this afternoon that Augusta had been captured.

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A Model Farm.
We know of a snug little farm of thirty-four acres of cultivated land, and seven acres of rocky pasture, which yields a profit much larger than one hundred and fifty acres we know of. It upholds a snug little cottage of eight rooms, a large barn with modern and useful improvements, three acres of splendid orchard of all valuable fruits, half an acre of excellent garden; an acre and a half more devoted to carrots, turnips and onions; the fences are all post and rail, and the whole place is exceedingly fair to look upon, and to live on. This man is getting rich by being thorough in everything. His hen-house is perfect. His pig sty is well supplied with muck, and the house-boys run into it. After taking the first premium he puts about six acres of corn into it, which makes manure; he carries and turkeys he puts into beef, which makes more manure. Manure and thorough tillage are the grand secrets of all farming—in New England at least. This man lives well, he does not eat turkey, but he eats turkeys, and lams, and the first of his fruits and herds. He dresses well, rides in a carriage, and sends his children to the first institutions of learning. His wife isn't worked to death, and has a piano in the parlor. He pays about fifty dollars a year for help—visits his neighbors, and knows how to fish. No rich uncle ever left him property—he began life by owning half his farm, without any building upon it, and five thousand dollars would not buy his real estate today. This farmer is no myth; we know him, and more minute statistics might be given to show that fifty acres is enough—enough unless a man desires to dig and scrub over a large farm of half tilled acres, and perhaps not any better off in the end than my easy friend with a small farm. —Country Gentleman.

The Love of Home.
The following noble sentiments were uttered by Daniel Webster. They are indeed pearls of the rarest value. We place them here in order that mothers may see them and read them to their children:

"It is only shallow-minded pretenders who make either distinguished origin a matter of personal merit, or obscure origin a matter of personal reproach. A true man is not ashamed of his early condition. It did happen to me to be born in a log cabin, raised among the snow drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney, and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the rivers of Canada.

"Its remains still exist. I make it an annual visit. I carry my children to it, to teach them the hardships endured by the generation before me. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the narration of incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode. I weep to think that none of those who initiated it are now among the living; and if ever I fail in affectionate veneration for him who raised it, and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all domestic comforts beneath its roof, and through the fire and blood of seven years' revolutionary war, shrunk from no toil, no sacrifice to serve his country, and to raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name and the name of my posterity be blotted from the memory of mankind!"

FACTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.—A breakfast cake: Two cups of corn meal, one cup of flour, teaspoonful of salt, tablespoonful of molasses, two cups of cold water or milk, a small teaspoonful of soda.

The yeast prepared by the Hungarians will keep for a whole year. During the summer season they boil a quantity of wheat bran and hops in water, the decoction is not long in fermenting, and when this has taken place, they throw in a sufficient portion of bran to form the whole into a thick paste, which they work into balls that are afterwards dried by a slow heat. When wanted for use they are broken, and boiling water is poured upon them; having stood a proper time the fluid is decanted, and in a fit state for leavening bread.

Pickles already made can be preserved by putting in a few roots of horse-radish. If the vinegar is pure and clear, they may be kept for months without scumming over.

A tablespoonful of flour to each quart of soup or pumpkin pie is equal in value to one egg.

Paper, torn up into inch bits, makes a good bed, a substitute for hair or feathers.

Put some juice of the frost grape in to your cider if you would make vinegar come.

Give your hens with their food at the rate of a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper every other day to a dozen fowls. It makes them lay finely.

FIX AT HOME.—Don't be afraid of a little fun at home, good people! Don't shut up your house lest the sun should fade your carpets; and your hearts, lest a hearty laugh shake down some of the dusty old cobwebs there! If you want to ruin your souls, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left out of the threshold, without, when they come home at night. When once a home is regarded as only a place to eat, drink, and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in gambling houses and reckless degradation. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere; if they do not find it at their hearthstones, it will be sought at other, and perhaps less profitable places.—Therefore, let the fire burn brightly at night, and make the hearthstone delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand. Don't repress the buoyant spirits of your children; half an hour of merriment round the lamp and freight of a home, blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day, and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the unseasoned influence of a bright little domestic sanctum.

Look to the Bedroom.
If two persons are to occupy a bedroom during a night, let them step up on the scales as they retire, and then again in the morning, and they will find their actual weight to be at least a pound less in the morning. Frequently there will be a loss of two or more pounds, and the average loss throughout the year will be more than one pound. That is, during the night there is a loss of a pound of matter, which has gone off from their lungs and partly through the pores of the skin. The exhaled material is carbonic acid and decayed animal matter of poisonous exhalations. This is diffused through the air in part, and in part absorbed by the bed clothes. If a single ounce of wood or cotton be burned in a room, it will completely saturate the air with smoke that one can hardly breathe, though there can be one ounce of foreign matter in the air. If an ounce of cotton be burned every half hour during the night, the air will be kept continually saturated with smoke, unless there can be an open door or window for it to escape. Now, the sixteen ounces of smoke, thus formed, is far less poisonous than the sixteen ounces of exhalations from the lungs and bodies of the two persons who have lost a pound in weight during the eight hours of sleeping, for while the dry smoke is mainly taken into the lungs, the damp odor from the body is absorbed both into the lungs and into the pores of the whole body.

Need more be said to show the importance of having bedrooms well ventilated, and of thoroughly airing the sheets, coverlets and mattresses, in the morning, before packing them up in the form of a neatly made bed! —People's Journal of Health.

The Late Duke of Newcastle.
The City of Manchester brought news of the death of the Duke of Newcastle, one of the most liberal and judicious of the class of able statesmen who followed the fortunes of Sir Robert Peel. The deceased peer, Henry Pelham Clinton, was born on the 22d of May, 1811, and he was consequently in his fifty-fourth year. He was long known as a member of the House of Commons, under the title of Lord Lincoln. He succeeded his father in the Dukedom in 1857, and since then he has taken a leading part in various governments, first as Secretary of State for War, and more recently as Secretary of State for the Colonies. He had held at different times subordinate Government positions in the successive governments of Sir Robert Peel. His loyal adherence to the latter, when the Conservatives deserted him, caused an estrangement between the late Duke and his father, who was an extreme protectionist and Tory. This caused him the loss of his seat in the Commons for South Nottinghamshire, but through the influence of the Hamilton family, into which the late Duke had married, he was elected for the Falkirk burghs in Scotland, and he sat for these till he succeeded to the peerage. His domestic relations were unhappy. He got divorced from his wife in 1851, and recently one of his children made an unfortunate marriage. Those things doubtless aggravated the complaint of which he died. His name, although not such as to rank him with the foremost of British statesmen will be remembered in connection with Sidney, Lord Herbert, Lord Dalhousie, Lord Elgin and Lord Carnarvon, men who were earnest, honest, laborious rather than brilliant. The Duke was possessed of eminent discretion, and to this was due his selection as the chief adviser of the Prince of Wales to this country.

Paris Correspondent of Liverpool Journal, Sept. 9.
Matrimonial Romance.
The marriage of M. Erlanger, the banker, to Miss Slidel, is causing no small sensation.

M. Erlanger being just divorced from Mlle Odelle Lafitte (Charles Lafitte's daughter), and the divorced lady being about to enter the bonds of matrimony with the cause of the divorce, makes the event of the highest order of picturesque interest. One of those curious circumstances which can never happen but in France is recorded of the incident which led to the divorce. The guilty party being pursued by the defamed husband was, of course, struck with terror; but philosophy and contempt had done much to mitigate the pursuer's wrath, and so, instead of "chastising the insolence" according to the fashion observed in novels, he quietly placed his pocket-book into the hands of the fugitive, exclaiming, "Ah malheureux!" You have only taken ten thousand francs, and you are going to Rome! Knowing your fair companion well, I can safely say that such a paltry sum as that will be devoured before you get to Marseilles. There is double the sum. This will enable you to go further on to Naples, perhaps—and I shall be the gainer, for you will be forced to remain there." And with this consolatory speech the injured party turned upon his heel and walked off.

A Long speech.
A member of the bar of one of the Eastern States was noted for possessing all the attributes of a good advocate but one; he never knew when to stop; indeed, it sometimes seemed as if he never would stop. On one occasion he had completely exhausted the patience of the court, the jury and the other counsel; still the stream of his eloquence ran on as glibly as ever. At last he made a splendid peroration; every one experienced a feeling of relief, and every eye was turned towards him, expecting to see him take his seat. But at this moment to their astonishment and horror, he started off afresh on a new track.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said he, "astronomers tell us that there are some stars situated at a distance so remote from this earth that their light, though it left them on the morning of creation, and has been traveling ever since, has not yet reached us."

"Never mind, Brother T.," interposed the opposing counsel, "it will be sure to get here before you have done!"

A debating society out West is discussing the question whether the last snow was a foot deep, or twelve inches high.

THE ROOTS AND THE LEAVES
Will be for the Healing of the Nations.
Bible.
Prof. R. J. LYONS,
THE GREAT AND CELEBRATED PHYSICIAN OF THE THROAT, LUNGS, HEART, LIVER AND THE BLOOD.
Known all over the country as the
GREAT
INDIAN HERB DOCTOR!
OF 282 Superior Street, Cleveland, Ohio.
Will visit the following places, viz
APPOINTMENTS FOR 1862, 1863 and 1864.
Prof. R. J. Lyons can be consulted at the following places every month, viz:
Detroit, Russell House, each month, 15th and 19th.
Ann Arbor, Monitor House, each month, 20th and 21st.
Jackson, Hubbard House, each month, 21st and 22nd.
Adrian, Bradley House, each month, 23rd and 24th.
Toledo, Ohio, Collins House, each month, 24th, 25th, and 26th.
Hillsdale, Mich., Hillside House, each month, 27th.
Coldwater, Mich., Southern Michigan House, each month, 28th.
Birmingham, Ala., each month, 29th.
South Bend, Ind., St. Joe Hotel, each month, 30th.
Cape Girardeau, Mo., each month, 31st.
Wooner, Ohio, Grand Exchange, each month, 1st and 2nd.
Mansfield, Ohio, Miller House, each month, 9th and 10th.
Warren, Dayton House, each month, 11th and 12th.
Painesville, Ohio, Cowles House, each month, 4th and 5th.
CLEVELAND, OHIO, RESIDENCE AND OFFICE, 282 SUPERIOR STREET.
East of the public square, opposite the Postoffice. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 12 M., and from 3 P. M. to 7 P. M. On Sundays from 10 A. M. to 12 P. M.
Maximum strictly adhered to.
I give special aid to those who are afflicted with the following diseases, viz:
Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Stomach, Dropsy in the Chest, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Fits, or Falling Sickness, and all other nervous derangements. Also all diseases of the blood, such as Scrophulous, Erysipelas, Cancer, Fever, Dropsy, and all other complicated chronic complaints.
All forms of female diseases attended to with the greatest results.
It is hoped that no one will despair of a cure until they have tried the medicine of this doctor. He is a fair and faithful trial. During the doctor's travels in Europe, West Indies, South America, and the United States, he has seen the most successful results of his medicine in the hands of a God's hand, to restore to health and vigor thousands who were given up and pronounced incurable by the most eminent medical physicians. My more, thousands who were on the verge of the grave, are now living merrily and enjoying the fruits of his skill and successful treatment, and are daily exclaiming, "Blessed be the name of the Great God who has cured me!"
Painstaking references will be gladly and cheerfully given on request.
The doctor pledges his word and honor that he will in no wise, directly or indirectly, induce or cause any invalid to take his medicine without the strongest probability of a cure.
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Mode of examination, which is entirely different from the faculty. Dr. Lyons professes to diagnose disease by the eye. He therefore asks no questions, nor does he require patients to explain symptoms. Call on him and all diseases of the blood, such as Scrophulous, Erysipelas, Cancer, Fever, Dropsy, and all other complicated chronic complaints.
All forms of female diseases attended to with the greatest results.
It is hoped that no one will despair of a cure until they have tried the medicine of this doctor. He is a fair and faithful trial. During the doctor's travels in Europe, West Indies, South America, and the United States, he has seen the most successful results of his medicine in the hands of a God's hand