

The Weekly Michigan Argus.

The Michigan Argus.

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

C. H. MILLEN.
DEALER in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, &c. &c. Main Street, Ann Arbor.

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

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DEALER in Miscellaneous and School Books, Stationery, Wall Papers, &c. Huron Street, Ann Arbor.

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AGENT for the New York Life Insurance Company, 100 Broadway, New York. Also has on hand a stock of all the most approved sewing machines. No. 85 St.

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DEALERS in Hardware and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, and all other articles, both sides of Huron, &c., &c., Corner of Main and Liberty Sts.

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DEALER in Groceries, Provisions, Flour, Produce, &c., &c., Corner Main and Washington Streets, Ann Arbor. The highest market prices paid for country produce.

L. O. O'F.
WASHBURN Lodge No. 9, of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, at their Lodge Room, 175 1/2 S. State St. Meeting every Friday evening, at 7 1/2 o'clock. S. S. W. M. Secy.

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WHOLESALE and Retail Dealer in Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Sash, Doors, Blinds, Water-Lime, Graft, Brazed Plaster, Plaster Paris, and all other articles. Largest and most complete assortment of the above, and all other kinds of building materials constantly on hand at the lowest possible rates on Detroit St., a few rods from the Railroad Depot. Also operating extensively in the Patent Cement Roofing.

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OFFICE OVER DOBELL'S STORE, HURON STREET,
B. F. GRANGER, } Ann Arbor, Mich.
R. H. FINLEY, } Jan. 28, 1864. 9411f

FOR SALE!
A NEW GROVER & BAKER SEWING MACHINE, also a NEW SINGER MACHINE, either Family or Manufacturing pattern. Apply at THE ARGUS OFFICE.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

THE GERM OF LOVE.

A traveler through a dusty road
Strewed acorns on the lea,
And one took root, and sprouted up,
And grew into a shade.
Love sowed its seed at evening,
To breathe its early vows,
And age was pleased, in beams of noon,
To look beneath its boughs,
The dormouse loved its dangling twig,
The birds sweet music bore;
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink—
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that men might drink.
He passed again—and, lo! the well,
By summers never dried,
Had cooled a thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropped a random thought;
'Twas odd, and yet was new—
A simple fancy of the brain
But strong in being true;
It shone upon a genial mind,
And lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
A monitorial flame.
The thought was small—its issue great;
A watch fire on the bill,
It sends a radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still.

A nameless man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied, from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrum—
A transient gleam—
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death,
O gem! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last.

Boy Lost.
He had black eyes with long lashes,
Red cheeks, and hair almost black and almost curly. He wore a crimson plaid jacket with full trousers buttoned on. Had a habit of whistling, and liked to ask questions. Was accompanied by a small black dog. It's a long while since he disappeared. I have a very pleasant house and much company. My guests say, "Ahl! it is pleasant here! Everything has much of an orderly put-away look—nothing about under foot—no dirt!"

But my eyes are aching for the sight of the whittlings and cut paper upon the floor; of tumbled-down card-houses; of wooden sheep and cattle; of pop-guns, bows and arrows, whips, tops, go-carts, blocks, and trumpets. I want to see crumblers on the carpets, and paste spit on the kitchen table. I want to see chairs and tables turned the wrong way about; I want to see candy-making, and corn-popping; and to find jack knives and fish hooks among my muslin, and yet these things used to fret me once.

They say:—"Ah! you have leisure—nothing to disturb you; what heaps of sewing you have time for!" But I long to be asked for a bit of string or an old newspaper; for a cent to buy a slate pencil or pea nuts. I want to be coaxed for a piece of new cloth for jibs or mainsails, and then to hem the same, I want to make little flags, and bags to hold marbles; I want to be followed by little feet all over the house; teased for a bit of dough for a bit of cake, or to make a pie in a saucer. Yet these things used to fidget me once.

They say:—"Ah! you are not tied at home. How delightful always to be at liberty to go to concerts, lectures, and parties; no confinement for you!" But I want confinement; I want to listen for the school bell in the morning; to give the last hasty wash and brush, and then to watch from the window nimble feet bounding to school. I want frequent rents to mend, and to replace lost buttons; I want to obliterate mud stains, fruit stains, and paint of all colors; I want to be sitting by a little crib of evenings, when weary little feet are at rest, and prattling voices are hushed, and others may sing their lullabies, and tell over the oft-repeated stories. They don't know their happiness then—those mothers. I didn't. All these things I called confinement once.

A manly figure stands before me now. He is taller than I, has thick black whiskers, and wears a frock coat, bosomed shirt and cravat! He has just come from college. He brings Latin and Greek in his countenance, and bursts of the old philosophers for the sitting-room. He calls me mother but I am unwilling to own him.

He stoutly declared he is my boy, and says he will prove it. He brings me a small pair of white trousers, with gay stripes at the side, and asks me if I didn't make them for him when he joined the boys' militia. He says he is the very boy, too, that made the bonfire near the barn, so that we came very near having a fire in earnest. He brings his little boat to show the red stripe on the sail (it was the end of the piece) and the name on the stern, Lucy Low—a little girl of our neighborhood, who because of her curls and pretty round face, was the chosen favorite of my little boy. Her curls were long since cut off, and she has grown to be a tall, handsome girl. How the red comes to his face as he shows me the name on the boat. Oh! I see it all as plain as if it were written in a book. My little one is lost, and my big one will soon be. Oh! if he were a little tired boy, in a long white night-gown, lying in a little crib, with me sitting by, holding his hand in mine, pushing his curls back from his forehead, watching his eyelids drop, and listening to his deep breathing.

"If only had my little boy again, how patient I would be! How much I could bear, and how little I would fret and scold! I can never have him back again; but there are still many mothers who haven't lost their boy. I wonder if they know they are living their best days; and now is the time to really enjoy their children! I think if I had been more to my little boy, I might now be more to my grown up one.

A Few Facts About Brazil.

The empire of Brazil has by far a greater territorial area than any other South American State, some three million square miles. Its greatest length from north to south is two thousand four hundred and fifty miles, and its greatest breadth two thousand six hundred and thirty, while it has a coast line of nearly four thousand miles.

Probably the greatest mineral wealth of Brazil lies in its diamonds, the most inferior sort of which comes from the province of Bahia, which is the port just now celebrated by the seizure of the Florida. Gold, silver and iron are found in small quantities in various provinces of the empire, and mineral coal of an inferior quality is also obtained. The forests of Brazil are almost an inexhaustible source of wealth; from them come the caoutchouc, Brazil wood, anatto, bertholletia, (or Brazil nuts) cocoa nut, mahogany, rosewood, grandilla, fustic, Brazilian ivy, saraparilla, vanilla, ipecacanha, copal, cloves, cinnamon, samaritis, chinchona, and cacao (or chocolate) of commerce. Bamboo of a superior quality is abundant; sugar, tobacco, cotton and tea—the latter in small quantity—are also raised. The principal agricultural product of Brazil, however, is coffee; half the world's supply being furnished by that country alone. The annual exports of coffee from Brazil to the United States alone, before the war, averaged more than one hundred and eight million pounds, while even a greater quantity was sent to Europe. The annual export of sugar is about two hundred and fifty million pounds.

The population of Brazil is nearly, or quite eight millions, distributed over twenty provinces. Miscegenation flourishes to an extent that would gratify the most insatiate abolitionist, the population being composed of Portuguese, Frenchmen, Spaniards, Germans, white natives, calling themselves Brazilians, mulattoes of all shades of color, from that of sugar-house molasses to that of a mild buckwheat cake, and who are the true miscegens; mamalooses, or left hand mahalenkos, the descendants of whites and Indians; cabacooses, or domesticated Indians; wild, simon-pure savages; free negroes born in Brazil, manumitted Africans, and mestizos, or zambos. The slaves of the country are now all negroes.

The government of Brazil is a hereditary, limited and constitutional monarchy, leaving the law-making power in the hands of the general assembly. The present Emperor is Don Pedro II, who was crowned on the 18th of July, 1841. He is said to be a very liberal minded man, courteous in his demeanor, and possessing otherwise very amiable traits of character. A sister of this sovereign is married to the Prince de Joinville.

The standing army numbers about 20,000 men; and in addition there is a national guard of about one hundred thousand men. This national guard is similar to our militia in character. Its officers are thoroughly drilled, and one-third of the rank and file can be called into service in case of invasion.

The Brazilian navy consists of about one hundred vessels—over thirty of which are gunboats. The total naval force cannot be less than five thousand men. Brazil has no iron clads as yet.

The report, now made temporarily famous by the seizure thereof of the Florida, is the second commercial city of Brazil. It is situated on the west side of a strip of land forming the east side of the entrance to the Bahia de Todos Santos, or all Saints' Bay, immediately within Cape San Antonio. It is eight hundred miles N. N. E. of Rio de Janeiro. The town is divided into two parts, in the lower part or shore, all the business houses being here located. Here also are the custom houses, arsenal, and ship yard. The residences of the wealthier citizens are situated in the upper town, where, likewise, are the most important public buildings. Among the latter are the Governor's palace, the Archbishop's palace, mint, court-house, public and military hospital, theatre, and granary. The population of the city is about one hundred and thirty thousand. The harbor of Bahia is considered one of the best in America, and is suitable for vessels of any size. It is defended by seven stone forts; a light house is at the entrance. Vessels of war lie in front of the city, southeast of the fort known as San Marcello, while merchant vessels lie farther west, toward the fort called Montserrat. These stone forts could be crumbled to pieces by the fire of our iron-clad and heavy vessels of war in a very few hours.

A country gentleman, walking in his garden, saw his gardener asleep in an arbor. "What!" says the master, "sleep, you idle dog; you are not worthy that the sun should shine on you!" "I am truly sensible of my unworthiness," answered the man, "and therefore I laid myself down in the shade."

A contemporary inquires if the young ladies of the present day are fitted for wives. A much more important inquiry is, whether they are fitted for husbands.

The Michigan Argus.

ANN ARBOR, MICH.
FRIDAY MORNING, DEC. 2, 1864.

Foreign Correspondence of the Argus.
GENOA, PLAISANCE, MILAN, LAKE COMO.
Genoa, Sept. 15th, 1864.

The morning is beautiful in which the Genoa train puffs out of Turin. Its course lies directly across the plains of Piedmont. Field after field of wheat and corn are ready for the harvest. Vegetation is in its luxuriance. How strange the contrast between this voyage and that of a day or two since! The Alps of Switzerland and the Plains of Italy—what extremes in the natural world!

The cars stop and Asti is announced. Ye toper, are you not thirty? Without doubt you are at the name of Asti; for here, be it known, grows the grape which produces the finest wine of Italy. I saw a connoisseur holding up a glass of the sparkling nectar, regarding it with delight, and snacking his lips as an eulogy upon its beauty. "Grow ye vines!" cried he, "ripen upon a hundred hills, and may sun and showers give thee their richest endowments!"

Once more we are off, again hurrying through the same fertility. Alexandria is announced, and we catch a glimpse at one of the old enemies of Frederick Barberossa. Pay attention, voyager, as you leave this ancient town; for soon you are passing over the field of Marengo. This is one of the foot prints of Napoleon. Where can they not be seen? Europe was his play-ground. Kings were his toys, and he knocked around here with such force that half a century has not erased the marks of his game—Marengo is one. It, however, does not look to-day like a battle field. The golden grain covers the ashes of men. The green grass grows and the cattle graze peacefully where squadron met squadron in the shocks of war. And the gentle brutes, at peace with one another, seem to reproach man that he also can not thus live, but must seek to destroy his neighbor in dread contest.

Novi is passed, and the Apennines appear in the distance. We approach them and are soon rushing through their very hearts. Rocks and mountains are no impediment to that hundred handed worm—man. He bores right through the Alps and the Apennines, and, cruel monster! tears out their very bowels as if in rage!

The Apennines are what Pat would call "small pertainties," in comparison with the Alps. Green and cultivated to their summits, with a sort of soft and gentle look, they are a contrast indeed to the ruggedness and abruptness of the mountains of the north.

Now we leave behind Pontedecimo, and presently I catch my first glimpse at the Mediterranean. I can remember with what enthusiasm I first caught sight of the shores of the Old World. I was about to see another continent, another civilization, another existence. I was about to tread the earth made rich by the blood of heroes, to visit the birth-places of great reforms, to stand upon the battle-grounds of revolutions that have shaken the world! But my heart is almost equally moved, as the blue, billowy Mediterranean suddenly lies spread out before me. Old sea, I murmured to myself, thy existence has been eventful. The Phoenician launched his boat upon thy waters; the merchants of Tyre and Sidon made thee their high-way; the Grecian trireme has often ploughed thy waves, and the Roman galley turned them into blood. But thou shalt live!—while Phoenician, and Syrian and Grecian, and Roman are gone. Thou hast seen the rise and fall of a hundred nations; and, old, silent witness, thou shalt see the birth and death of a hundred others. Honor to thee, Mediterranean! Whatever there is of durability, of history, of interest, is thine.—Thou needest but the heart of man to make thee proud.

But here we are at Genoa, "the superb city," and I have no longer time to muse.

My dreams of Orientalism are realized. Imagine an American accustomed to wide avenues and plenty of room, making his way through a labyrinth of streets, three feet in width! Imagine a man who likes air and sun perambulating where neither the one nor the other can be found! Genoa is superb in its narrowness, obscurity, and dirt.

However, let us be just. We do not deny that as we walked along the Via Balbi, with its stores, and the Via Nuova, with its marble pavements and palaces, or the Via di St. Bartolomeo, with its fountains and its gardens, that our first impressions were changed. Yes,

Genoa has some avenues of beauty; its churches and palaces merit perhaps the name of "superb," while its villas are little Edens. Then too, its cafes!—what shall I say of its cafes? Glittering in gilded ceilings and mirrored walls, at night glaring with a hundred burners—oh, the cafes also merit all praise. Here *Madame* cats gracefully an ice made to perfection; here *Monsieur* sips his coffee with the utmost *nonchalance*; here the belle criticises a *granita* before her lover, and the Young-America Italian extols sentimentally a *sorbetto* "to eyes which speak again." Indeed the inhabitants of the Peninsula are something like the Americans in their cafe life. They do not drink beer like the Germans, nor wine like the French, nor whisky like the Swedes. They love coffee and ices and nidd-drinks, while drunkenness is seldom seen.

At Genoa the women wear their hair like brides, and smoke; the churches have solemn representations of the crucifixion and operatic music; the hotels have the choicest viands and mosquitoes; the streets are crowded with marble palaces and dungeons; the air is filled with the fragrance of orange groves and sink-holes; the ear is enchanted of an evening with the sweetest melody and the donkey-cry! O, Babel! was there ever such confusion and contrast?

A visit to the Villa of Valluciano, where I walked in an American forest, under African trees, amid Asiatic plants, and through European gardens; a half before the statue of Columbus, where the navigator stands with his hand upon an anchor and America at his feet; an inspection of the *checkered* cathedral with its white and black marble exterior, and the most important of the other eighty-two churches of the city; a look into the interior of the principal palaces; a plunge in the Mediterranean, and finally a general "doing up" of the town, and I am off once more for the North—leaving Southern Italy for another excursion, when the days are cooler and the nights more refreshing.

DOMO D'OSOLA, Sept. 21st, 1864.
From Genoa I returned by the same route by which I had come, as far as Alexandria. Here I enjoyed a terrible *annui* for one day—for the city is anything but interesting—and then I was off for Plaisance, passing the village of Montebelle, which the two Napoleons have rendered historic, and the old desert plain of Trebia which Hannibal has immortalized.

Plaisance is rich enough in old structures, but not particularly so in new. Its St. Anthony Cathedral dates from 900, its City Hall from 1280, and it has numerous other buildings almost as old as the hills. One of my companions is a young architect, perhaps one day to rival Michael Angelo or Christopher Wren. He is particularly attracted by these old structures. Sketch book in hand, he circumspects every corner, traces every outline, and seems wrapt up in his labors, finding beauties where others can see only deformities. He reads history from architecture, traces the civilization of a people from its edifices, and loves to look at the changes in the society of the past through the spy-glass of style. To him such a town as Plaisance is interesting; but, (architects aside) it is enough to excite the spleen of an Englishman, the *annui* of a Frenchman, and make an American (forgetting himself for a moment) say, "confound such a town!" Then good bye, old Plaisance, *portez vous bien*, and hurrah for Milano, (Milan ho!) here sculptor, painter, pleasure-seeker, relic finder, nation-studier, or humble voyager can each one find gratification for his particular taste.

Well then, here we are rushing through Lombard cultivation. Mulberry trees line the road and bow to us as we pass. We return the salutation, for we honor thee, old mulberry tree. Thou feedest the worm that spies the cocoon, that forms the silk, that employs the laborer, that adorns the belle, that quickens commerce, that enriches an empire! Oh! the ramification of which thou art the author, Mulberry tree. Let the Parisian *modiste* thank thee, let the London merchant adore thee, let the New York beauty praise thee!

But hold! what's this? Lodi? Yes, and the Adda. The little Corporal once more! Spirit of Napoleon where dost thou not hover?

Milan is at length reached. I was more pleased with this city than any that I had seen in Italy. Its monuments are grand and beautiful, its churches are rich in paintings, its Duomo is one of the seven wonders of the world, its public gardens blossom and bloom with beauty.

I stood in a military barrack, once a convent, upon the wall of whose chapel Leonardo da Vinci painted his "Last Supper." The wall is now crumbling, the picture once bright and beautiful is defaced and obscure. But in its ruin even one can trace its former superiority. The sad, lovely countenance of Christ, as he announces his betrayal, the suspicious regards of Bartholomew towards the betrayer, the horror of Peter at the words of his master, the innocent, ignorant aspect of John as one demands of him what all this means, the hard, peevish, unmoved visage of Judas, the painful looks of the other disciples as each demands, "Is it I?"—all can be traced even now in its decline. It seemed sad to me to see such a work of art hastening to destruction. Soon this world famed picture will have met its ruin. Like the works of man it shall see corruption. I gazed upon it, thinking of its origin, its history, and its decline. I could not but think of the nations that like it have been, but which are not, yet in their very death giving evidences of their quondam greatness and glory.

Of course I went to see Napoleon's Arch, and his Arena, and the Castle, and the Brea, and the Church of St. Ambrose, where German emperors and Lombard kings have worn the iron crown—But I paused longest in and about the Duomo, that miracle of beauty, whose airy pinnacles, and light, graceful towers, and springing arches and lofty columns are all that is marvelous in art. O, man, thou hast magic fingers! Thou touchest marble and it speaketh, the rock and it springeth into beauty!

The citizens of Milan, like those of Paris, worship the pleasure god. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon the *gai monde* commences to whirl in its carriages through the *Corso Vittorio Emanuele*. The public gardens are all stir with a wandering crowd. The garden restaurants are filled with a cream-eating, lemonade-drinking assemblage, while hands of music fill the air with harmony. But it is during the evening that each one gives himself over to a general *abandon*. The cafes are filled with ladies and gentlemen, crowds through the theatres, the streets are all alive with fashion, concerts in the open air abound, and all sorts of amusements prevail. Pleasure to the Italian is like the half of his existence. He feeds upon it, worships it. Take it from him and you make him miserable. And yet he is miserable with it. For it is of that sensual kind which neither strengthens the intellect, nor rests the body, nor calms the soul, but rather fatigues the one, enfeebles the other, and destroys the last. Let a man seek pleasure if he will, but let him beware of what sort it is. For there are pleasures that are sweet as honey to the tongue at first, but bitterness and despair at last!

Let us jump from Milan to Como and turn ourselves amid the beauties of Italia's lakes. Como is not Leman—Her mountains are not the Alps, "the giant Alps," but there is about her a soft grandeur that charms the eye. Groves and gardens adorn her shores, and here and there, peering out from rich vegetation, is the villa of some Italian prince or foreign *seigneur*, whom Como has attracted to her side. Tranquil retreat, whither one can flee from the gaieties and corruptions of the world, and commune with nature and Nature's God!

From Como to Lugano—a little gem—and then over the placid waters of Maggiore, beautiful as a picture. Isola Bella, looking in the distance like a fairy Eden with its white palaces and tropical gardens, is visited, and then we turn our faces towards the North, where the dark rugged Alps are waiting to receive us.

And now as I say good bye to Italy, what shall be my parting word? She seems to me to be rising from her lethargic sleep. The long dark night which has brooded over her, begins to see the dawn. Unity is making her strong, education is driving away her superstition, a firm government is giving her a national character. Protestantism is spreading, beggary is disappearing, convents are being abolished. Will not "the throne and grave of empires" be the cradle of a great nation! Will not another golden age make her literary firmament as bright in the future as in the past? Will not other Ciceros and Virgils and Raphaels and Galileos make Italy once more the glory of the world? The future shall reply.

F. W. B.

The *North American Review* argues that profanity indicates a chronic weakness of intellect and a poor education, for it requires no genius to swear, while it does require some learning and talent to converse in genteel language. Let the profane make a note of this.

Man is partly a creature and partly the creator of circumstances.

The Parisians complain that the American ladies don't buy as much as they formerly did.

The New Jersey Senatorship—The *Trenton Gazette* states that John P. Slocum, of that city, is much more likely to be elected United States Senator than is Gen. McClellan.

San Francisco's taxable property amounts to \$82,000,000 and the rate of taxation is \$2.98 per \$100.

Twelve thousand dogs are registered in the State of Vermont, yielding an annual revenue of as many dollars.

The True King.

Where a person that is poor, that is out of health, that is surrounded by many discouragements, and that is made to suffer in various ways, lifts himself above his misfortunes, and cheers his companion and children, and fights with this side and on that, and bears humiliation, putting it under his feet, without losing faith in God, and saying to all the world, "I can be poor, and yet be a man"—oh, crown him! You pass him by; but you do not know what you are passing by. Kings sometimes walk incognito, and then they do not wear crowns. There are kings in your streets. There are men walking about in your midst that wear crowns in their hearts, which, if they were to put them on their heads, would shine so bright that you would think that twilight had dawned. There are thousands who understand and obey the injunction of the Apostle, when he says, "Quit you like men, be strong." I tell you they are heroes; and angels know it, if you do not. And angels know what to write down. When you laid the foundation of that big house, they forgot to record that in heaven. And when the walls went up, and the beautiful apartments were finished, and the whole magnificent structure was completed, of the architecture of which you were so proud, as sure as you live they forgot to put that down. And when you unrolled your rich carpet, and hung your fine pictures, they forgot to make a note of that. But when that man went down out of his splendid mansion into a fourth class house, in an obscure street, shedding, it may be, some tears, as a tribute of nature, and gathered his little flock on the first evening around the fire, and made the room bright with love, and faith, and prayer, you may be certain that they put that down. They remember that. And when that man went on from day to day, and from week to week, there was not one noble heart-beat, there was not one generous purpose of fidelity, there was not one thing that made him a man in his trouble that God did not see, that angels did not behold, and that by-and-by will not be sung in glory in heaven.—*Becher*.

The Decay of Conversation.
The ancient art of talking is falling into decay. It is an ascertainable fact, that in proportion to an increased amount of population, the aggregate bulk of conversation is lessening. People now-a-days have something else to do than talk; not only do they live in such hurry that there is only leisure for just comparing ideas as to the weather, but they have each and all a gross quantity to do, which puts talking out of the question. If persons remain at home, they read; we have met misguided individuals out in the open fields with books in hand; young folks have been seen stretched underneath trees, and upon the banks of rivers, poring over pages; on the tops of mountains, in the desert, or within forests—everywhere men pull printed sheets from their pockets, and in the earliest, highest occupations of life, they read. The fact is incontrovertible, that modern men and women are treading themselves into a comparatively silent race. Reading is the great delusion of the present time; it has become a sort of lay piety; according to which, the perusal of volumes reckon as good works; it is, in a word, the superstition of the nineteenth century.—*Chambers' Journal*.

The Confederate Ten-dollar Bill.
A number of the Second New York Artillery, writing to a friend, incloses a ten-dollar Confederate bill. The bill is printed on inferior paper, but the mechanical execution is very good. The letter gives the following account of the manner in which the bill came into the writer's possession:

"I send you a ten-dollar Confederate bill; I will not ask you to give me credit for it, any more than the credit of fighting for it. I was out on picket the other night, and my pit was quite close to the rebel line, so much so that I had a talk with a 'Johnny' directly opposite. Towards morning we agreed not to fire at each other, and then we got on more friendly terms.

"He asked me what I would give him for a plug of tobacco? I offered him an old Jack knife, which he agreed to take. He told me to bring it over. I could not see it, so I told him to come and get it! At length we agreed to meet each other half way. We did so, and made the exchange; but mark his treachery! I had sorely tempted my back to return, when he called me, and tried to drag me into the rebel lines. We had quite a scuffle. At last I got the villain by the throat with my left hand; I then threw my right leg behind him, and backed him over it! Down came the Confederacy! As he struck the hard ground, his pocket-book fell from his pocket; also the knife I had given him. These I picked up in quick time, and ran to my pit.

"When 'Johnnie Reb' got up, he looked daggery. He would like to have made a rush upon me, but I don't think he liked the looks of my rifle pointing towards him. I found nothing in the pocket-book but twelve dollars, two of which I sent to my mother, and ten I reserve for you."

The New Jersey Senatorship—The *Trenton Gazette* states that John P. Slocum, of that city, is much more likely to be elected United States Senator than is Gen. McClellan.

San Francisco's taxable property amounts to \$82,000,000 and the rate of taxation is \$2.98 per \$100.

Twelve thousand dogs are registered in the State of Vermont, yielding an annual revenue of as many dollars.

OUR EXCHANGED PRISONERS.

We publish below interesting extracts from H. J. W., the regular correspondent of the New York Times, who accompanied the Commissioner of Exchange to Savannah, and there witnessed the reception of our poor starving prisoners who were overjoyed at the release from a captivity worse than death:

POINT ROYAL, SOUTH CAROLINA, Monday, Nov. 21st, 1864.

The past few days have been fraught with a very painful interest to everybody who has been connected in any way whatever with the exchange of our sick and wounded prisoners now in progress on the Savannah River. Colonel Mulford began to receive our poor fellows last Friday, and the delivery is to continue at the rate of from 800 to 1,200 per day, until the aggregate number of the wretched suffering creatures, estimated at 10,000, return to our welcome keeping.

REBEL VINDICTIVENESS.

Of the vindictiveness of the rebel authorities the irrefragable proof is lying before me, not alone in the ex parte testimony and wasted hungry aspect of the sufferers, whose filth and squalor and skeleton frames appeal for justice to the God of justice, but in the official papers of the rebel surgeons at Andersonville, and the records of the charnel-houses, mis-called hospitals, at that terrestrial hell—records never meant to pass the limits of the Confederacy, but which a merciful Providence has brought to light, that out of their own mouths these barbarians, with whom we are at war, should be convicted.

EFFECTS OF REBEL CRUELTY.

The task before me I undertake with great reluctance. Aside from the indignation which every man cannot help feeling at the visible effects of the cruelties that have been practiced—an indignation almost forbidding a calm recital of the facts—the task invests itself with another difficulty, as words are found incapable of expressing the revolting experiences and incredible hardships of the men who have been languishing without hope, month after month, shelterless, naked and half starved—to the number of from 25,000 to 30,000—like sheep in a foul pen, dying at an average of 100 in every 24 hours.

It is a distressing fact, but one of which I have found abundant proof in many conversations with the men so far brought back, that the prisoners very generally believe that they have been abandoned by our Government. This idea is sedulously inculcated by the rebel authorities. I am convinced that many a brave heart has succumbed under the cruel aspersions that the sympathies of the people are dead to their woes. Hunger, squalor, filth, nakedness and disease may be borne, but that hope deferred which results in heart sickness—that longing for home which superinduces mental depression, cannot long be survived. Nostalgia is the parent of physical ailments, and under the terrible monotony and privations of the prison pens, it is more fatal than bullets on the field of battle.

HOW THE EXCHANGE IS CONDUCTED.

The rendezvous for the exchanges is at Venus Point, on the Savannah River, a bend of the stream whence the spires and many of the houses of the city of Savannah are visible. Our boats are invariably the first at the rendezvous, anchored in mid-river awaiting the rebel vessels, whose tardiness proceeds from the fact that it is only at the proper tide certain obstructions of the channel above can be crossed. Finally they appear over the low marshes, belching their turbid clouds of dense black smoke, and in half an hour their uncouth, grotesque, towering shapes are puffing and wheezing near us. Col. Mulford immediately goes in a yawl boat to the Gen. Beauregard, a small steamer used by Capt. Hatch, the rebel agent, as the flagship of his transport squadron, and after a few moments' consultation, during which the rolls of the prisoners are transferred, the two agents go together on board one of the floating objects laden with the released men, and she is at once laid alongside a neat Union vessel, and the poor fellows are transhipped.

EFFECTS OF LIBERTY.

Those of them who are able to move without aid pass to the protection of the old flag first; then come those (alas! there are many of this class) who hobble on crutches, and last the few whose helplessness requires that they should be carried on stretchers. In all this operation the greatest formality is observed. A number of rebel civilians, with bands round their hats, labeled "Committee for the Wound'd," whose position corresponds with our own Sanitary Commission, accompany the boats from Savannah to attend on the sick, and assist in the transshipment, but seldom on either side is a word spoken except on the subject of the matter in hand. It is no uncommon thing to see a man who has been so crippled by sorolula that crutches were necessary to his locomotion, under the influence of his ecstasy at again being free, spurn from him his artificial supports and walk, or a time, as erect and as instantaneously as he whom the Saviour miraculously cured by the healing waters of Bethesda. When the rebel boat moves off and the men are huddled together on the docks of our own vessels, all fully understand that the last link which bound them to rebellion has been severed, then rises hearty shouting and cheering, which only can be given under these circumstances. There is the music of intense gratefulness in it. Three cheers and a tiger for the old flag; three more and a tiger for Col. Mulford; then comes a burst of song, most often the words being "Rally round the flag, boys, from near and from far, down with the traitor and up with the star," the rebels still within hearing.

APPEARANCE OF THE PRISONERS.

The vermin infested rags, till now highly prized as the only cover for nakedness, are rudely torn off and flung into the water or cast with glee into the flaming furnaces of the steamers, and new clothes are issued, and a general cleaning time inaugurated. But the bathing has long been used, and scarcely comes soon enough. Many of the men, through illness or carelessness, are so begrimed with filth, that were it not for the dead color of the blacked epidermis, they might be taken for the sons of Ham. The steamer Eliza Hancock, one of the exchange fleet, has a spacious deck, affording room for dancing,

and Terpichore finds her votaries, even though they are tattered-demons, who dance not ungracefully in their streaming tags.

FOOD FOR FAMISHED MEN.

As soon as possible, barrels of hot coffee are prepared, and hams are cooked, and boxes of hard bread opened, for the refreshment of these men, to whom delectable food has been for a long time unknown. It is a touching sight to see them, each with his quart can, file by the steaming coffee barrels, and receive the refreshing draught whose taste has long been unfamiliar. It seems scarcely possible that men should feel such childish joy as they express in once more receiving this common stimulant. And then, the eager, hungry glare which their glassy eyes cast upon the chunks of ham as they clutch and devour their allowance with a wolf-like avidity!

HORRIBLE SUFFERINGS.

Such is the condition of the men whom we are now receiving out of chivalrous Dixie. These the sons, brothers, husbands and fathers of the North. Men reduced to living skeletons; men almost naked; shoeless men, shirtless men, hatless men; men with no other garment than an overcoat; men whose skins are blackened by dirt, and hang on their protruding bones loosely as bark on a tree; men whose very presence is simply disgusting, exhaling an odor so fetid that it almost stops the breath of those unaccustomed to it, and causes an involuntary brushing of the garments, if with them there is accidental contact. Imagine 25,000 of such wretched creatures penned together in a space scarcely large enough to hold them, and compare their condition with the most miserable condition that can be imagined. The suffering of the Revolutionary captives on the prison ships at Walabout Bay will not stand the comparison, and the horrible sight in the Blackhole of Calcutta scarcely excel in atrocity.

FRIGHTFUL MORTALITY.

Before the change from Andersonville was made eleven thousand victims had been buried, uncoffined, in the shallow trenches near the prison. From the official record I transcribe the number of deaths daily, from July 23d, to Sept. 5th, inclusive:

Table with 3 columns: Date, Deaths, Buried. Rows from July 23 to Aug 14.

Of the cruelty of Capt. Wertz, the rebel officer having charge of the prison at Andersonville, all the prisoners speak in unmeasured terms. His vindictiveness is attributed to the fact that during one of the Union raids in Alabama his property was destroyed.

Peace Resolutions.

In the rebel House of Representatives, on the 25th, J. T. Leach, of North Carolina, offered the following resolutions, with a preamble: Whereas, The unfriendly interference of citizens of non-slaveholding States with reserved rights of States was the cause of this social, bloody and relentless war; and, whereas the citizens of the slave States, in an unguarded moment, under the influence of unwise counsels, without mature deliberation as to the fearful consequences, made the election of Abraham Lincoln the occasion for precipitating the Confederate States out of the Union, followed by fearful train of consequences; and, whereas, the representatives of the people, desire to place ourselves fairly before the civilized world as anxious to secure an honorable and permanent peace; therefore,

Resolved, That any attempt to infringe upon the reserved rights of the States, should be resisted by all lawful means. Resolved, That when the United States shall signify its willingness to recognize these rights, and guarantee citizens their rights of property, as provided by the Constitution and Laws of Congress, we will agree to treat for peace on such terms as may be agreed upon by commissioners, or by States acting in their sovereign character, and ratified by a majority of the people, which shall constitute the bond of peace between the North and South.

Mr. Leach sustained these resolutions in a speech, and then they were voted down almost unanimously.

Death of Prof. Silliman, Jr.

The death of Prof. B. Silliman, which occurred at New Haven, Ct., on the 24th inst., has already been announced by telegraph. Mr. Silliman was the son of Gen. Gould Silliman, who rendered his country important services during the revolutionary war. He graduated at Yale in 1798, afterwards studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1802. He afterwards accepted the chair of chemistry in Yale College, and visited Europe to prosecute his studies in a science which was at that time almost unknown in America. He returned after an absence of fourteen months, and published an interesting account of his travels. In 1818 Prof. Silliman founded the "American Journal of Science and Arts," better known in Europe and America as "Silliman's Journal," of which he remained senior editor until 1846. He was one of the earliest Americans to give popular lectures on scientific subjects. In 1863 he visited Europe a second time. He resigned his Professorship in 1853, but continued to give lectures two years longer. He was a man of simple tastes and active habits, and his old age was remarkably free from mental or bodily infirmity, and to the very last he took a deep interest in the progress of science, humanity and freedom all over the world. At the time of his death, he was 85 years of age.

The Michigan Argus.

ANN ARBOR MICH.

FRIDAY MORNING, DEC. 2, 1864.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY.

FROM THE 5th MICH. CAVALRY.

5th MICH. CAV., 1st BRIGADE, 1st DIV. DIV. CAV. CORPS, NOV. 18, 1864.

Mr. POND:—Since writing my last letter to the Argus, "the Michigan" Brigade has been in several small fights, in which we have lost some few men.

On Thursday last the enemy menaced our whole line. Our Brigade was lying this side of Newtown, the rebels had possession of the town, the 5th Michigan, in company with the 25th N. Y., was assigned the duty of charging them, and to drive them out, which they did, meeting however, a very warm reception. It is asserted that the women fired on our men from the houses as they dashed through the place. The 25th is nearly all new recruits, and did not know their business as well as our boys; the consequence was, they lost considerably in killed, wounded, and prisoners, their regiment being cut in two. The 5th only lost two killed, and one wounded. The two killed were J. MORGAN, Co. E, of Birmingham, Oakland County, and Sergt. JAMES, Co. H; the one wounded was FRED POND, Co. E, of Berlin, St. Clair County. It was a running fight, the "Johnnies" taking the lead as they always do when the Michigan boys are after them.

Gen. POWELL (AVERILL's old com-mand) had quite a lively time with them at Front Royal on our left; he whipped them badly. I saw the next day 175 prisoners he had captured, also two pieces of artillery and two battle flags. The prisoners were marched past our brigade on their way to Winchester—they were a sorry looking set. I have heard that Gen. CUSTER also did a nice thing on our right, but did not learn the particulars. From scouts we learn that the rebels are in force near Newmarket; squads of them even venture very near our pickets, under cover of the mountains, they loom up on both sides of us. The boys are fixing up winter quarters, already many of the regiments have got their "stockades" up, and their fire-places built, but it is doubtful if they will be allowed to remain here, for the "Johnnies" seem very restless. I anticipate another good fight this fall yet; I hope they will bring all their spare artillery, for they will be sure to have to turn it over to us. I will give you a sketch of how "Moskey" and his myrmidons treated some of our boys a short time ago: Capt. BREWSTER, Co. S, of our brigade, started from Winchester to come out to the command, with Gen. FORBES and his escort; when but three miles on the road, thinking it safe, he, with his brother (a lawyer from N. Y. City) and three others, started ahead of the escort, but had not got in the advance over a hundred rods over a hill, when they were met by a squad of men in our uniform. Imagine their surprise on being halted, with revolvers cocked, and placed in close proximity to their ears—what could they do? Nothing. They were hurried off the road into the dense wood; the Gen. and his escort passed on, never thinking of them. After taking them a considerable distance, they came to a halt, where twenty-two more of our men were held prisoners, having been captured that day, and at the same spot. MOSKEY was present himself. After searching them and taking all their money and valuables, (Capt. B. had \$1,600 on him) MOSKEY told them that seven of them were to be hung, in retaliation for those of his men Gen. CUSTER murdered (?) at Front Royal. They proceeded to determine who the seven should be, by putting seven marked pieces of paper, and twenty banks of the same size into a hat, and handed it around for the poor fellows to draw! GEORGE H. SOULE, Co. H, 5th Michigan, drew one of the marked lots, the Capt. drew a blank; after the drawing they were sent on to the place of execution near Berryville, it was by this time, late in the night, and raining hard, they of course had to walk, their horses being the first thing disposed of; on nearing the place where they were to be hung, GEORGE SOULE being in the advance, (they were all tied by the arm with a cord, and marched in single file) slipped the cord off his arm, and dropped into a hole they were passing, the others did not stop so he was left in the rear; they had got but a few yards when he got up and ran, which seemed to give spirit to some of the others; he thinks they tried to get away, for he heard the rebels swear and fire several shots, and that some were hit, as he heard them cry out in their pain. He ran to an old oak, thick in leaf, and climbed into its branches, from which he saw three of his late comrades hung on the limb of a tree with their feet just off the ground, and three others shot, two dead, the other wounded made his escape. One of those hung was WALLACE PROUTY, of Kalamazoo, a new recruit for the 5th, and on his way to join the regiment. SOULE staid up in the tree until 11 o'clock the next morning, when finding the rebels had all gone, he slipped down from the tree, and soon a man came by driving a buggy, who proved to be a Union man, and brought him to Winchester. They left the bodies hanging, and the two shot dead on the ground. Since then Capt. BREWSTER gave them the slip and came into our lines, evading their pickets; disguised as a negro, he hid days and traveled nights. He was from Mon-

day until Saturday on his journey from Orange Court House to Winchester. They—the rebels—say they are bound to have Gen. CUSTER, but they will have to catch him first. One thing I am certain of, that no mercy will be shown to any of their gang if they fall into the hands of the "Michigan Brigade."

The health of the army in this department is first rate. The boys from Ann Arbor are well. I saw EDWARD STRADMAN, brother-in-law of SPAULDING, a short time ago, he was looking rugged and well. The weather is getting very wintry; but the men are well provided with warm blankets, clothes, and tents. Election passed off very quietly, the republicans having it all their own way. I think the result would have been very different in the army had the democrats attended to their business; there was hardly a democratic ticket to be had, while the camps were strewn with republican ones. I don't know whose fault it was, but think the commissioners were very remiss in their duty. But we are beat, and so we will have to chew the cud, bitter though it be. I will write you again soon. Yours, C BROOKE, Issuing Sergt., 1st Brig. 1st Div. G. C.

Southern Reports. New York, Nov. 29. Late rebel papers give information regarding Sherman's movements. They show the separate moves of the respective columns under Howard and Slocum. Both, it is admitted by rebel papers, are well across the Oconee river. The report that Milledgeville has been occupied is confirmed, and also the destruction of the foundries at Griswold. The panic created both in Georgia and South Carolina by the march of the irresistible conqueror is something which has had no parallel during the war. A levy en masse of the Georgia and South Carolina militia has been ordered, and desperate efforts are being made to concentrate at Augusta an army sufficient to present some opposition to Sherman.

The Augusta Constitutionalist, of the 23d, says: "A raiding party of the enemy are on the road 10 miles east of Macon, and have destroyed some lumber trains, and the freight trains were turned back in haste. Heavy cannoning and musketry were heard off east of Gordon. It is supposed Gen. Wayne had been attacked and Milledgeville had been evacuated by our forces before the enemy entered. Everything of value was brought away."

The Augusta Dispatch, of the 21st, says: "The movement of Sherman at Milledgeville was a feint for the purpose of concentrating our forces there, and the raid on the Central Railroad was for the purpose of keeping them there, whilst the whole force of the enemy moves on and captures Augusta or Savannah."

The Augusta Constitutionalist gives the progress of a column under Slocum. About 1,000 cavalry visited Madison on the Georgia State road, and burnt it on the 19th. On the 20th an engine sent up the road found the enemy at Buckshead, 11 miles nearer Augusta."

On the 19th some of our men were 75 miles from Augusta, probably a raiding party. The Augusta Chronicle of the 20th says that a large cavalry force had left Greenville, S. C., and was bound across the country in the direction of Atlanta, with a view to cut off a Yankee column moving down the Georgia road in this direction. "It is said that Breckinridge was to leave upper East Tennessee with his troops on the 12th for the Georgia line. With Hood in the rear, Breckinridge on the flanks, and 30,000 veterans on his front, Sherman can't escape."

The Augusta Constitutionalist says: "As we write, the glad and familiar shout of veteran troops just arriving from the South Carolina department, comes up from the streets. If Sherman's men retreat this way they will hear the whistle of bullets from trusty guns which have often been pointed at fanatics on the banks of the Potomac and James. Be fore our readers see this, other glad shouts will be heard in our streets."

The Macon Confederate of the 20th inst., says General Hardee arrived this morning. Gen. Beauregard will probably be here to-morrow.

Since the date of the above, communication with the East has been cut off by Sherman, and both Hardee and Beauregard are left far in the rear of Sherman. Gov. Brown and Dick Taylor and Beauregard were reported at Macon on the 3d.

Richmond papers of the 25th and 26th, says they have encouraging news from Georgia, but will not print it. Still they assure their readers that the official advices are as favorable as could be expected.

Foreign News. New York, Nov. 29. Franz Muller was to be executed the day subsequent to the sailing of the Ariel. He made no confession of guilt, nor yet did he unequivocally declare his innocence, asserting that evidence given in court did not justify his conviction.

The London Post says arrangements are rapidly progressing by which the French flag may be withdrawn from Mexico, and the emperor Maximilian left to govern his people with the aid of the native army and foreign contingent, which will amount to 10,000 or 12,000 men, composed of Belgians, Austrians and French.

The Turkish government has decided upon immediately dispatching an Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of Mexico. The Times' Paris letter says the attack on St. Albans, Vt., under authority of a warrant from Jeff. Davis, is going to have a singular result. The secessionists about are now discussing whether they may not, under like warrant, attack and pillage American Legations at Paris, London and elsewhere.

Egypt will raise about \$100,000,000 worth of cotton this year. It will bring her lots of British gold, and will add greatly to her internal wealth.

Sherman's Orders for His March. SPECIAL FIELD ORDER—NO 120. HOURS. MILITARY DIV. OF THE MISS., IN THE FIELD, KINGSTON, GA. NOV. 8.

I. For the purpose of military operations, this army is divided into two wings, viz: the right wing, Major-General O. C. Howard commanding, the Fifteenth and Seventeenth corps; the left wing, Major-General H. W. Slocum commanding, the Fourteenth and Twentieth corps.

II. The habitual order of march will be, whenever practicable, by four roads, as nearly parallel as possible, and converging at points hereafter to be indicated in orders. The cavalry, Brigadier-General Kilpatrick commanding, will receive special orders from the commander-in-chief.

III. There will be no general trains of supplies, but each corps will have its ammunition and provision train, distributed habitually as follows: Behind each regiment should follow one wagon and one ambulance; behind each brigade should follow a due proportion of ammunition wagons, provision wagons and ambulances. In case of danger, each army corps should change this order of march by having his advanced and rear brigade unencumbered by wheels. The separate columns will start habitually at seven A. M., and make about fifteen miles per day, unless otherwise fixed in orders.

IV. The army will forage liberally on the country during the march. To this end, each brigade commander will organize a good and sufficient foraging party, under the command of one or more discreet officers, who will gather near the route traveled, corn, or forage of any kind, meat of any kind, vegetables, corn meal, or whatever is needed by the command; aiming at all times to keep in the wagon trains at least ten days' provisions for the command, and three days' forage. Soldiers must not enter the dwellings of the inhabitants, or commit any trespass; during the halt or at camp they may be permitted to gather turnips, potatoes and other vegetables, and drive in stock in front of their camps. To regular foraging parties must be entrusted the gathering of provisions and forage at any distance from the road traveled.

V. The army commanders is intrusted the power to destroy mills, houses, cotton gins, &c., and for them this general principle is laid down: In districts and neighborhoods where the army is unharmed, no destruction of such property should be permitted; but should guerrillas or bushwhackers molest our march, or should the inhabitants burn bridges, obstruct roads, or otherwise manifest local hostility, then army corps commanders should order and enforce a devastation more or less relentless according to the measure of such hostility.

VI. As for horses, mules, wagons, &c., belonging to the inhabitants, the cavalry and artillery may appropriate freely and without limit; discriminating, however, between the rich who are usually hostile, and the poor or industrious, usually neutral or friendly. Foraging parties may also take mules or horses to replace the mules of their trains, or to serve as pack mules for the regiments or brigades. In all foraging, of whatever kind, the parties engaged will refrain from abusive or threatening language, and may, when the officer in command thinks proper, give written certificates of the facts, but no receipts; and they will endeavor to leave with each family a reasonable portion for their maintenance.

VII. Negroes who are able-bodied, and can be of service to the several columns, may be taken along; but each army commander will bear in mind that the question of supplies is a very important one, and that his first duty is to see to those who bear arms.

VIII. The organization at once of a good pioneer battalion for each corps, composed, if possible, of negroes, should be attended to. This battalion should follow the advance guard, should repair roads and double them if possible, so that the columns will not be delayed at later reaching bad places. Also, army commanders should study the habit of giving the artillery and wagons the road, and marching their troops on one side; and also instruct their troops to assist wagons at steep hills or bad crossings of streams.

IX. Captain O. M. Poe, chief engineer, will assign to each wing of the army a pontoon train, fully equipped and organized, and the commanders thereof will see to its being properly protected at all times. By order of Major Gen. W. T. SHERMAN. L. M. Dayton, Aid-de-Camp.

The Florida. Washington, Nov. 28. A statement appears in one or more of to-day's papers, erroneously attributed to the Washington Agent, and reported for the Associated Press, that Commander Collins has been ordered to return to Bahia, Brazil, with his quasi prize, officers and crew, and purporting to give the result of the action of the Government upon that subject, with other assumed facts in the same connection. No such telegram originated with the Agent and reporter of the Associated Press, but there is the best authority for saying that all statements of opinion have arisen in the Cabinet concerning the case of the pirate Florida, or that a decision has been made for or against her restitution, are without foundation. No action of the Government has been taken in the case, and no discussion of it has been held, and the Navy Department authorizes the following statement: The original order for the Wachuset, upon her arrival at Hampton Roads, was to proceed to Boston for repairs, taking with her the passengers captured on the Florida, to be assigned to Fort Warren. Before the order reached the vessel the prisoners had been sent to Point Lookout, and in a day or two were to be transferred to the army authorities at the Old Capitol. They were immediately ordered back to Point Lookout, which at once sailed for Boston.

Mind Your own Business. The Times is trying hard to lay down the "true functions of an opposition party." It had best bestir itself till it discover what are the true functions of an administration party. It is ludicrously ignorant of both; but its duty lies with the latter, and it will presently discover that the discharge of its own function is more than it is competent to, without prescribing the function of others.

Ever since the election the readers of these government organs have been treated to essays on other people's duties. Pastors sometimes find their pious instructions fruitless because each hearer applies them to his neighbor. But a sermon to one congregation on the duties of another congregation will hardly be heard till the Times writer puts on his spectacles. Whenever he ceases to muddle politics, and takes to muddling theology, his congregation will be perturbed on a Sunday morning with a sermon proving that there are no Christians except in his sect, and declaring damnation around the land to the sinners of every other persuasion. In the afternoon he will preach a sermon on the duties of Christians of other communions.

The late campaign was conducted with utter and reckless mendacity by the abolition organs. They falsified history and law, the objects of their own party, the purposes of ours. They falsified the condition of affairs, and the prospects before us, and no career was too honorable, no name too spotless for them to slander and besmirch with their vile calumnies. If their hold on power could be tightened by it, they would open the sluices and let loose these filthy torrents again to-morrow. But it is for their interest to contain themselves just now, and so the opposition bears nothing but honeyed words from the President elect, down to his last dinner-table desfer at the Metropolitan Hotel. Mr. Lincoln, who sent Butler to New-York, suppressed the Democratic papers of Maryland, and managed in "my way" in Tennessee, before election, now takes no pleasure in triumphing over anybody. Mr. Seward, who at Auburn had the effrontery to impeach the loyalty and the intelligence of more than three-eighths of his fellow citizens, at Washington insults nine-tenths of them with the assumption that the contest was in all minds what it was in his own—a mere scramble for the front seats; and says, perhaps we did do injustice, and was too severe."

One Lincoln organ, the Herald proposes an era of good feeling in the interests of the sharks of abolition, and the jockdaws of shoddy; another Lincoln organ, the Tribune invites the Democratic press to advocate forcible abolition by federal authority, because slavery is dead; and the third Lincoln organ, the Times, lays down a scheme by which the Democratic party can at once fulfill all the duties of a constitutional opposition, and at the same time entirely please the administration. We "patrons" and copperheads propose to stand aloof. You have got the machine. Now run it. Prove your own capacity as engineers, and omit your lectures on engineering. You discharged us of responsibility by defining us. Our schemes for saving the nation, you, with the power and authority of the government at your back to make it safe, hooted as "treason," now go on and see what you can do with your "loyalty." There is absolutely nothing to be done by a people or a party in sustaining an administration which we have not shared in the liberal doing of. We have helped you with the men and all the money you have so much as asked for. Finally we have "assisted" at an election which gave you the control of the federal, and about all the state governments. That empties our capacity to help you. Don't pester now about our duty. Attend to your own. We are at war. Bring peace. The Union is lost. Save it.—N. Y. World.

Roger A. Pryor Captured. WASHINGTON, NOV. 29. The rebel ex-Gen. Roger A. Pryor, serving as a private in the Confederate army, was captured Friday by our pickets, while attempting to exchange papers. This was done in retaliation for the recent capture of Capt. Burbridge by a rebel picket. Pryor says Lee issued an order for the return of Capt. Burbridge on Saturday, and Pryor will probably be returned as soon as Burbridge arrives. Pryor was captured, Burbridge has been dismissed from the army for disobedience of the order for surrendering the exchange of papers, or holding intercourse with the enemy, under any pretext. Pryor is now in the Old Capitol prison.

Married. On Thursday, Nov. 24th, at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. A. E. Baldwin, Mr. NEWLAND C. CARPENTER, of Pittsfield, and Miss EUDORA E. SMITH, of Salem.

New Advertisements. Ann Arbor and Lodi Plank Road Company. FIVE ANNUAL MEETINGS of the Stockholders of the Ann Arbor and Lodi Plank Road Company, for the election of Directors for the ensuing year, for such other business as may properly come before the meeting, will be held at the Office of the Company in the City of Ann Arbor, MICHIGAN, on THURSDAY the 21st day of January 1865, at 2 o'clock, P. M. JOHN W. HUNT, Treasurer. Ann Arbor, Dec. 1st, 1864.

Taken Up. ON THE 15th of October, a Brown and White Co. dog about 10 years old, was strayed. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges, and take his dog away. JOHN MCINTYRE, Northfield, Nov. 24, 1864.

LADIES' FURS! LADIES wishing can have their FURS and MUFFS dressed and REMOVED in FASHIONABLE STYLE, by experienced persons, and at low charges, sending upon the subscriber over D. L. Wood's Store, south of Public Square, Ann Arbor, Michigan. MISS V. PARKER THOMPSON. Ann Arbor, Nov. 24th, 1864.

Ayer's Ague Cure. Ayer's Ague Cure. Ayer's Ague Cure.

Closing of the Mails. Mails leaving Ann Arbor for the East and West close as follows: ...

Tax Receipts. We have just printed a convenient form of Tax Receipts on good paper. ...

Rescue of a Boy from a Wreck. Capt. Robinson, of the bark Luzon, who arrived at this port to-day from Shanghai, China, (May 8,) reports: ...

One of Dean Richmond's political mottoes is said to be, "Never go the trouble and expense of electing an Assemblyman. It is cheaper to buy him after he's elected!" ...

The University.—On the 24th of November the number of students in the several departments, as compared with the same date of last year, was as follows: ...

Special Notices. MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILROAD. Trains now leave the station in this city as follows: ...

Our neighboring cities are actively engaged in raising men for the 30th Michigan Infantry, now being raised exclusively for home service. ...

The Fall Term of the Public Schools of this city closes to-day. During the term the several departments have been unusually full, and general good order has prevailed. ...

The Ticket office at the depot was broken into on Wednesday evening, and about \$100 stolen from the money drawer. ...

The walls of the new hotel are up, and if pleasant weather is "in order" for a few days longer, the roof will soon be on. ...

The October number of the London Quarterly has: Cochui-China and Cambodia, Workmen's Benefit Societies, Rawdon Brown's Venetian State Papers, Dr. William Smith's Dictionary of the Bible, Sanitary State of the Army in India, Life of Lockhart, Photography, Law Reform, and Dr. Newman's Apologia. ...

The December number of the Electric Review has a fine full length portrait of Sir Rudolph Rutherford, and a table of contents from thirteen of the leading British periodicals, including: Russia under Alexander II., Women's Friendships, The Queen's English, The Circassian Exodus, Poland during the Insurrection of 1863-4, Madame de Sevigne and her Friends, The Future of Germany, &c. ...

A GOOD TREE IS KNOWN BY ITS FRUIT. So is a good Physician by his Successful Works. PROFESSOR R. J. LYONS, THE GREAT AND CELEBRATED PHYSICIAN OF THE ENGLISH HERB DOCTORS. ...

Messrs TICKNOR & FIELDS have issued a prospectus for a new illustrated monthly magazine for Boys and Girls, to be called "Our Young Folks." ...

A Card to the Suffering. SWALLOW two or three heagheads of "Bechu's S" (Tonic Bitters), "Sarsaparilla," "Neurotic Antidote," &c., &c., &c., and after you are satisfied with the result, then try one box of OLD DOCTOR BUCHAN'S ENGLISH SPECIFIC PILLS; and be restored to health and vigor in less than thirty days. ...

Excitement in Piano Fortes! WM. B. BRADBURY'S New Scale Pianos In the Ascendant!!! Seven dist premiums awarded in four weeks over every competitor. ...

THE INCOME TAX.—Persons who have not paid their income tax on the ground that they have never been called on for anything of the kind, are told in Washington to bear in mind that the law makes it imperative on them to make the return of the same, as is shown by the following extract from the act of Congress on the subject: ...

THE ACT OF CONGRESS approved June 30, 1864, makes the same provision that parties shall make return to the assessor or assistant assessor; and, under both acts, parties who "neglect or refuse" to make returns, are liable to prosecution for attempting to defraud the government. ...

A VERY LARGE AND attractive Stock of Foreign and Domestic DRY GOODS! now opened at J. H. MAYNARD'S, consisting of IRISH POPLINS, French and English Merinos, EMPRESS CLOTHS, Black and Colored Alpacaes, DELAINES, FANCY PLAIDS, Cloths and Cassimeres, FLANELS, PRINTS, Bleached and Brown Sheetings, DENIMS, TUCKINGS, Blankets, &c., &c. and a choice stock of FAMILY GROCERIES! all of which were bought during the Great Panic!

in NEW YORK, and consequently can be sold much lower than those who made their purchases early in the season.

All kinds of PRODUCE taken in EXCHANGE for GOODS as usual.

J. H. MAYNARD. Ann Arbor, Oct. 31st, 1864. 3m981

A LECTURE TO YOUNG MEN. Just Published in a Sealed Envelope. Price Six Cents.

A LECTURE on the Nature, Treatment, and Radical Cure of Spermatorrhea or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Emission, Sexual Debility, and Impediments to Marriage generally. Nervousness, Consumption, Epilepsy, and Fits; Mental and Physical Inapacity, resulting from Self Abuse, &c. By JOHN J. GULFILL, M.D., Author of the "Green Book," &c.

THE WORLD RENOWNED author, in his admirable Lecture, clearly proved from his own experience, that the awful consequences of Self Abuse may be effectually removed without medicine, and without dangerous surgical operations, by the use of his "Green Book," &c. ...

Send under seal, to any address, in a plain sealed envelope on the receipt of six cents, or two postage stamps, by addressing CHAS. J. E. KLINE & Co., 127 Bowers, New York, Post-Office Box, 1486.

THE LADIES' FAVORITE for 35 Years. No Magazine has been able to complete with it—None attempts it.

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They cure or obviate these numerous diseases, that spring from irregularity, by removing the obstructions in the bowels, and restoring the regularity of the system. ...

They cure Green Sickness (Chlorosis). They cure Nervous and Spinal Affections, such as the St. Vitus's Dance, Trembling, Headaches, Fatigue on slight exertions, Pains in the Heart, Looseness of Spirit, Hysteria, St. Andrew's Disease, &c. In a word, by removing the irregularity, they remove the cause, and all the other troubles springing from it. ...

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Sugar Cured Hams. A writer in the Scientific American says:

"The meat must not be allowed to freeze under any circumstances—freezing destroying the property in the juices, which prevents any application of sugar, molasses, or salt, from uniting with them and forming the chemical combination which keeps them from souring. Separate the right and left hams; spread them on a floor, shelf or in a box, the thick part of each ham overlapping the thick part, with their butts elevated three inches more than the shanks. Bear in mind, through the whole process, that the retention of the juices by placing the hams in a proper position, and free from any kind of pressure is essential.

"To cure a ham of fifteen pounds weight requires one pound of good brown sugar, two ounces refined and ground saltpetre, half a pound of ground sea salt. First application—saltpetre, and cover the face of the ham with sugar a quarter of an inch thick; on the fifth day rub the skin side with sugar. Second application—saltpetre and a mixture of three parts sugar, and one part salt; on the seventh day rub as before. Third application—half sugar and half salt; in seven days rub as before. Fourth application—same as last; in seven days rub with half sugar and salt, clean the flesh side of the ham. Fifth application—very good molasses (not sorghum) as long as the meat will absorb it. Saturate the ham with sugar as you would in preserving fruit; the salt is only to flavor it; for hams intended for boiling, and which require more salt, you may use salt according to your judgment and give more time. The ham is now cured, and for purposes of boiling it will be found delicious.

"Hams should always be dried without smoke, hanging them in domestic sacks, shanks down. If you prefer smoke, hang for two months, and then commence smoking, observing to have your meat elevated as many feet from your fires as practicable. Smoke-houses should be constructed so that the smoke is admitted at the top of the building; the meat being near a dry floor, the smoke settles on the meat after being cooled. How smoke should never touch meat. Smoke very slowly, using green hickory, smothered with green sawdust from white or burr oak timber, if you can get it. I have never used anything else, and therefore cannot speak of the merits of corn cobs or sawdust; but as a rule use timber that smokes red, not black; during the last six hours smoking, throw red peppers on the fire, it keeps off the 'skinner bug.' You may want to know what are the advantages gained by curing hams by this expensive process. Well, they are weight and superior quality; as to their keeping I never had a chance to ascertain it—hams cured in this way being 'rotted up' immediately when placed in market—their keeping qualities don't get a chance to be tested. Compared with a sweet pickled ham there is just the same superiority in quality as there is between the sweet pickled and salt. Try a few.

"One word more about the special advantage of curing with sugar; fat cured with salt is repulsive to weak stomachs, consequently a large portion of it is trimmed off hams intended for the American market, that in England is always retained, for two reasons—economy and preserving the juices. Stomachs that reject fat when salted, find it palatable and delicious when cured with sugar."

"What is my Thought Like?"

"There is a game frequently used by the young members of society as a means of mental amusement, called 'What is my thought like?' In the course of this play, many excellent puns are brought forth. The leader of the party thinks of something—a noun—and keeping his notion to himself, inquires of his right hand neighbor, 'What is my thought like?' The person asked must immediately respond aloud, naming anything that he pleases; the question goes round the company till everybody has stated something in answer. The leader then tells his thought and requires each person to find a comparison between the selected object, and the subject of the answer previously given. For instance, I ask a person what my thought is like, and am answered by several individuals—an auction room—a dead body—a dancing master—a bed, and a hen fowl. Now here is a pleasing variety of similes to be embodied in one word, and that is ship, which I declare to be the object thought of, and require the first speaker to give a reason why a ship is like an auction room. The answer is obvious, sales are requisite to both of them. Dead bodies require shrouds, so do ships. The next must be a little farther fetched. A ship is like a dancing master because it gives balls. Ships are the connecting points between ships and beds. Why is a ship like a hen-fowl? This is rather puzzling, I confess; but we must stretch a point, and say that although a ship cannot lay one egg, she can lay to, and abounds in hatch ways."

"Progression.—An incident recently occurred at 'Yale,' which, I think, goes very far to establish as a fact that 'the world moves.' A Yale alumnus of twenty years standing, recently returned after a long absence to visit his alma mater, and was very courteously received and 'shown around' by professor T.—After having exhibited to his guest most of the modern improvements, the Professor said to him, 'You have now seen, I believe, all that is now in the institution, except the gymnasium. Come, let's go up there, and I'll roll a string of ten-pins with you.' 'What, sir?' exclaimed the guest, starting back in real or simulated astonishment. 'Why,' explained the Professor, 'we have a fine alley in our gymnasium, and I would like to go there and roll a string of ten-pins with you.' 'Roll ten-pins with you, sir!' cried the alumnus, with a gleam of malicious fun in his eye; 'why, sir, I was expelled from this college for rolling ten-pins.'

The Working Women of France.

The great misfortune of French villages is the degradation of the women through labors which belong to men. In their earliest years they tend the flocks and gather in the harvest. While young girls, an instinct of coquetry, and the foresight of their mothers removes them from the rude fatigues of husbandry; but no sooner do they marry than all is changed; they abandon the house, and follow their husbands into the fields. You see them bowed to earth, as laborers, or laden with enormous weights, like beasts of burden. There are districts in France where they are harnessed to carts with the ox and the ass. From that time their skin becomes shriveled, their complexions like coal, their features coarse and homely, and they fall into a premature decrepitude, more hideous than that of old age. But, whilst thus performing the labors of men, their own labors—those labors which sweeten and refine all others—remain neglected or unknown. Nothing can be more filthy, nothing more unwholesome, than the interior of their cottages—fowls, ducks, pigs, contending for a meal—the door opening into the mud, and the windows, where there are any, serving only as vent-holes to carry off the smoke. It is there, nevertheless, in a hole mired as that of a savage, amidst the gruntings and fetid emanations, that every evening two human beings, male and female, repose from the fatigues of the day. Nobody is there to receive them, nothing to flatter their regards; the table is empty, and the hearth cold as ice. There, lastly, other labors await the woman, and, before thinking of her husband's supper, or the care of her children, she must think of the stable and of supper for the beasts.

If asked for examples of these things, we will cite whole provinces, the richest as well as the poorest of France; and particularly, where the women live in a state of filth and abjectness, which reacts on the whole family; Picardy and Limousin, where, degraded to the lowest rank, and as of an inferior race, they serve their husbands at table, without ever daring to take a place at his side; Brezcia, where they are mere laborers, mere beasts of burden; lastly, Brittany, where the husband wife, and children, reduced to a state almost savage, live all pell-mell, in the same filthy chamber, and eat black bread in the same trough with their sheep and hogs. Everywhere is the degradation of the women a necessary consequence and reaction from the degradation of the men. Do not offer them comforts or well being; they would reject it as something worthless or very strange. To desire comfort, it is necessary for them to know what comfort is, and ages have passed over their cabins without leaving there any other thoughts than those of labor and wretchedness.

Sheltering Cattle Saves Fodder.

A certain amount of food is craved by a healthy beast, even if it do little labor, and is kept comfortably warm all the time. The appetites of different animals vary considerably; and some animals are more easily kept in good condition than others, when in health and under the same circumstances. These facts fall under the daily observation of all farmers. The temperature of the animal body is always much warmer than the surrounding atmosphere, except a few hours at a time in the heat of summer. It requires a considerable consumption of food to maintain this heat, and the colder the air, the more heat-producing food is eaten by the animal as a natural consequence. If it cannot get all that it needs, its system must nevertheless keep up its temperature, and this is done first at the expense of the fat, and afterward of other parts of the body. The animal grows thin, and can endure far less labor or exposure than if well fed. Work causes a similar increased consumption of food to supply the waste of the muscle which is worn by the labor. To secure the greatest advantage from a certain amount of food, animals should be sheltered, and the warmer their stables are, the less they will eat. The question to be considered is: How warm may they be kept consistently with health? Fresh air is a necessity to neat cattle and horses, and they will do well in very warm stables if there be good ventilation. The same is true of hogs. Sheep, on the contrary, will not do well if kept very warm. They demand a much freer ventilation, if maintained in good health. When shut up simply for rapid fattening, they feed better and fatten faster if their pens are airy; but when kept for breeding, it is essential that they have but little more than thorough shed protection from the storms and high winds. Statements in regard to cooked food and its great advantage over uncooked, for most classes of stock, are to a very limited extent applicable to sheep. They need open air, (not exposure to storms), and plenty of good food.—American Agriculturist.

We once heard a woman of the world say.

"The state of widowhood is inconvenient; one must assume all the modesty of a young girl without being able to feign her ignorance."

LAST CALL!

"TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

All persons indebted to the late firm of SCHOFF & MILLER, either by note or book account, are hereby requested to call and make an immediate payment of the same, and those who fail to comply with this request at the end of SIXTY DAYS from this date, will find their accounts in the hands of an officer for collection.

FAIRBANKS' STANDARD SCALES, OF ALL KINDS, ALSO, Warehouse Trucks, Letter Presses, &c. FAIRBANKS, GREENLEAF & CO., 172 Lake Street, CHICAGO, Sold in Detroit by FARRAND, SHELEY & CO. Be careful to buy only the Genuine. 291755

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

THE ROOTS AND THE LEAVES

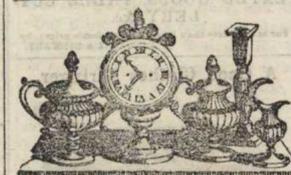
WILL be for the Healing of the Nation.

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 CELEBRATED

INDIAN HERB DOCTOR! 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, 18th and 19th. Ann Arbor, Monitor House, each month, 30th. Jackson, Hubbard House, each month, 21. Windsor, Brackets House, each month, 22nd and 23rd. Toledo, Ohio, Collins House, each month, 24th, 25th, and 26th. Hillsdale, Mich., Hillsdale House, each month, 27th. Coldwater, Mich., Southern Michigan House, each month, 28th. Hillsdale, Mich., Hillsdale House, each month, 29th. South Bend, Ind., St. Joe Hotel, each month, 30. La Porte, Ind., The Garden House, each month 31st. Windsor, Ohio, Grand Exchange, each month, 7th and 8th. Mansfield, Ohio, Weller House, each month, 9th and 10th. Mt. Vernon, Kenyon House, each month, 11th and 12th. Newark, Ohio, Bolton House, each month, 13th and 14th. Painesville, Ohio, Cowles House, each month, 14th. 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 2 P. M. to 4 P. M. On Sunday from 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M.

He is a physician indeed, who cures the following complaints in the most obstinate stages of their existence, viz: Diseases of the Throat, Lungs, Heart, Liver, Stomach, Dropsy in the Chest, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Piles, or Falling Sickness, and all other nervous derangements. Also all diseases of the Blood, such as Scrofula, Erysipelas, Cancer, Fever Sore, Leprosy, and all other complicated chronic complaints. All forms of female diseases attended to with the happiest results. It is hoped that no one will despair of a cure until they have tried the Indian Herb Doctor's Medicine, a fair and faithful trial. During the Doctor's travels in Europe, West India, South America, and the United States, he has been the instrument in God's hand, to restore to health and vigor thousands who were given up and pronounced incurable by the most eminent old school physicians; nay, more, thousands who were on the verge of the grave, are now living monuments to the Indian Herb Doctor's skill and scientific treatment, and are daily exclaiming: "Blessed be the day when first we saw and partook of the Indian Herb Doctor's medicine."



C. BLISS

Would take this 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!

and having adopted the

CASH SYSTEM BOTH IN BUYING & SELLING

is prepared to sell Goods at Reasonable Prices, which system consists in part of the following: AMERICAN AND OTHER

Watches!

The Celebrated SETH THOMAS

CLOCKS! Fine Jewelry Sets GOLD CHAINS, TABLE AND POCKET CUTLERY!

Frazers, Shears, Scissors and Brushes, ROGERS PLATED WARE, the best in market, Gold Pens, Steel Pens, Pencils, PAPER AND ENVELOPES,

Musical Instruments, Strings & Books for Instruments, SPECTACLES, of Gold, Silver, Steel, and Plated, with

PERISCOPIC GLASS, a superior article.

Persons having difficult watches to fix with glasses can be accommodated, as my stock is large and complete.

P. S. Particular attention to the REPAIRING

Making and Setting new Jewels, Pistons, Stuffs, and Cylinders, also CLOCKS, & JEWELRY neatly repaired and warranted, at his old stand on side of Main Street.

C. BLISS, 82611

GREAT GREATER GREATEST

BARGAINS EVER OFFERED

1859. 1859.

In this City, are now being offered at the CHEAP, CLOCK, WATCH, & JEWELRY Store.

Subscription would say to the citizens of Ann Arbor, in particular, and the rest of Washtenaw County in general, that he has just IMPORTED DIRECTLY FROM EUROPE,

Tremendous Stock of Watches! All of which he binds himself to sell CHEAPER than can be bought west of New York City.

I have also the

CELEBRATED AMERICAN WATCHES,

which I will sell for 35c. Every Watch warranted to perform well, or the money refunded.

Jewelry, Clocks, Plated Ware, Gold Pens, Fancy Goods, Musical Instruments, Cutlery, &c., and (nearly variety of everything usually kept by Jewellers can be bought for the next ninety

OWN PRICES!

Persons buying anything at this well known establishment can rely upon getting goods exactly as represented, or the money refunded. Carefully and secure the best bargains ever offered in this City.

One word in regard to Repairing:

We are prepared to make any repairs on our common Watches, even to making up the entire watch, if necessary. Repairing of Clocks and Jewelry as usual. Also the manufacturing of RINGS, BROOCHES, or anything else desired, from California Gold on short notice. Engrave in all branches executed with neatness and dispatch. J. C. WATTS.

Dissolution Notice.

THE FIRM OF CHAPIN, WOOD & CO. was dissolved January 10, 1862, by mutual consent. C. A. Chapin and A. B. Wood will settle the accounts of the firm. C. A. CHAPIN, A. B. WOOD, V. CLAYTON, E. WELLS.

Ann Arbor, June 24, 1862.

Partnership.

THE UNDERSIGNED entered into partnership Jan. 30, 1862, by the firm name of CHAPIN, WOOD & CO., and will continue the business of manufacturing printing and wrapping paper.

C. A. CHAPIN, A. B. WOOD, V. CLAYTON, E. WELLS.

Ann Arbor, May 24, 1862.

BANNER

HAT STORE!

GO TO S. G. TAYLOR'S

Before you buy, Spring and Summer styles of

HATS, CAPS, STRAW GOODS!

GENTS' Furnishing Goods, &c.

Ann Arbor, April 20th, 1864. 3m563.

EMPIRE BOOK STORE!

Having purchased J. B. WEBSTER'S stock of Books and Stationery, I shall endeavor to keep a constant supply of

SCHOOL BOOKS, TEXT BOOKS!

MEDICAL & LAW BOOKS

STANDARD AND MISCELLANEOUS WORKS,

which will be sold at the

LOWEST CASH PRICE.

Also ALBUMS, GOLD PENS, SHEET MUSIC

and a superior quality of

WALL PAPER!

and everything usually kept in a well conducted Book Store. Opposite Franklin House.

G. W. SNOVER, Ann Arbor, June, 1864. 13950

Rifle Factory!

Butler & Traver, (Successors to A. J. Sutherland.)

Manufacturers of and Dealers in Guns, Pistols, Ammunition

Flasks, Poaches Game Bags, and Every other article in that Line.

REPAIRING done at the shortest notice, and in the best manner. KEYS, a full assortment always kept on hand and made order.

Shop corner Main and Washington streets. Ann Arbor, Oct. 8, 1862. 5161f

MICHIGAN CENTRAL INSURANCE COMPANY

Kalamazoo Mich. Insures against Loss or Damage by Fire or Lightning.

CHARTER PERPETUAL. Guarantee Capital by State Authority, \$300,000.00.

DIRECTORS: J. P. KENNEDY, MASH CHIDINGS, A. P. MILLS, GEO. W. SNYDER, S. D. ALLEN, GEO. W. ALLEN.

OFFICERS: J. P. Kennedy, Pres., T. P. Sheldon, Vice-Pr. Geo. W. Snyder, Sec., A. P. Mills Treas., H. E. Hoyt Ass't Sec., S. D. Allen, Gen. Agt. 9401f

NEW FIRM!!

GRUNER & SEYLER

WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALERS IN TOBACCO, CIGARS, Merschaum Pipes, &c.

We, the undersigned, beg leave to inform the CITIZENS OF ANN ARBOR and vicinity, that we have this place one door North of the Franklin Block, Main Street, where we shall always keep a full assortment of the best qualities of

SMOKING & CHEWING TOBACCO!

as also a large and choice selection of the best brands of CIGARS!

PIPES, (Merschaum, Brier and Rose-wood.)

CIGAR HOLDERS, INDIA RUBBER POUCHES, SNUFF & CIGAR BOXES.

Will be found with us of all kinds and of Prices so

Small as to suit every one. We shall sell all of the above mentioned articles and many others which belong to our line of trade at the lowest possible rate for cash.

Please call and examine. N. B.—Sign—Square with cigar box, one door north of the Franklin Block.

GRUNER & SEYLER, Ann Arbor, May 24, 1864.

CLOTHING AT

JUST OPENING!

M. GUTERMAN & CO'S!

Having just returned from East with a large stock of

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS!

we invite all our old friends and customers to come and examine our stock of

CLOTHS CASSIMERES & VESTINGS.

Dispute the fact if you can, It takes the TAILOR after all to give appearance to the outer man.

If you wish to appear well You must accordingly Dress Well.

Go to M. Guterman & Co's, There you will find things exactly SO.

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, Take heed—CALL EARLY, else you are too LATE.

The INDUCEMENTS are now greater than ever, Our CLERKS will find obliging and clever.

We will show you good CLOTHING of our own GETTING UP, Filling our Store from BOTTOM TO TOP.

STUDENTS especially will find it to THEIR ADVANTAGE, For it takes but LITTLE MONEY to replenish.

COATS of Cloth and Cassimere of our OWN IMPORTATION, Forwarded through our New York relations,

From England, Belgium, Germany and France, Such as you can STAND UP IN, OR WEAR, at the dance.

Pants! Pants!! Pants!!! Fancy CASSIMERES and DOESKIN of every grade, We sell them from ONE DOLLAR up to EIGHT.

VESTS, &c., of every description, You will find it so without fiction,

FURNISHING APPARELS From SHIRTS to UMBRELLAS.

This is all we say NOW, Therefore we make our bow

Yours truly, ever so, M. GUTERMAN & Co.,

P. BACH

has a new and complete

STOCK OF SPRING GOODS

bought before the recent

GREAT RISE IN GOLD!

Which will be Sold

FOR CASH ONLY,

AT THE

LOWEST MARKET PRICES!

Call and see!

Ann Arbor, April, 1864.

COSTAR'S VERMIN EXTERMINATORS

For Rats, Mice, Roaches, Ants, Fleas, Bugs, Moths in Furs, Woolen, &c., Insects on Plants, Fowls, Animals, &c.

Put up in 25c. 50c. and \$1.00 Boxes, Bottles, and Flasks. \$3. and \$5. ones for Horses, Poultry, INSTRUCTIONS, &c.

"Only infallible remedies known."

"Not dangerous to the human family."

"Rats come out of their holes to die."

"Soft White-wash in all large cities."

"Sold by all Druggists and Retailers everywhere."

"Beware!! of all worthless imitations."

"See that 'COSTAR'S' name is on each Box, Bottle, and Flask, before you buy."

"A dress."

HENRY R. COSTAR, 62 Broadway, New York.

Sold by all Wholesale and Retail Druggists in Ann Arbor, Michigan. 6m954.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION,

PHILADELPHIA, PA. Diseases of the Nervous System, Urinary and Sexual Systems—new and reliable treatment—in reports of the HOWARD ASSOCIATION—Sent by mail in sealed letter envelopes, free of charge—Address Dr. J. SKILLIN HOWARD, Howard Association, No. 2 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. 13m32

Reference: Preston, Willard & Keen, Chicago. S. Botsford & Co., Ann Arbor, Mich.

JUST OPENING!

CABINET FURNITURE!

The largest Stock and best assortment of

SOFAS, TETE-A-TETES, LOUNGES, BED ROOM SETS, CENTER TABLES, BUREAUS, CHAIRS,

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

and all other goods kept in the best and largest houses in the country. We keep a second hand furniture or

made to order. My goods are offered at

THE LOWEST CASH PRICES

S. B. I must have money, and respectfully request those indebted to call and fix up their old matters without delay.

O. M. MARTIN, Ann Arbor, Oct. 6, 1863. 9251f

RISDON & HENDERSON

Have the 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.

1st. It has a Rotary Feeder.

2d. Will sow all kinds of Grain and Grass Seed.

3d. Never bunches the Grain.

4th. Never breaks the Grain.

5th. Sows Grass Seed broadcast behind the Drill.

6th. Has high wheels and long Iloes.

7th. Has long and wide steel points.

8th. It has a land measure or Surveyor.

9th. It has double and single rank drills.

10th. It has a self adjusting shut off slide.

It is neatly and substantially made. There is hardly a Drill offered in the market but can boast of more or less

"FIRST PREMIUMS"

They are about as indiscriminately bestowed as the title of "Professor," which is sometimes applied to the "Adder" or "Boothblack." They cease to convey the idea of merit.

The Buckeye Drill has been on Exhibition at quite a number of State and County Fairs, and without seeking favor at the hands of any Committee, has received its full share of Premiums.

TESTIMONIALS:

We give the following names of a few Farmers in this vicinity who have bought and used the Buckeye Drill:

Godfrey Miller, Solo. Jacob Hollans, Northfield. Jacob Trumper, " Thomas White, " John Brokaw, " Christian Kapp, " Edward Boyden, " James Treadwell, " Daniel O'Hara, " John G. Cook, " O. A. Marshall, " L. Edmond, " George Crouper, " Green Oak, Liv. Co.