

THE SIGNAL OF LIBERTY.

THE INVIOIABILITY OF INDIVIDUAL RIGHTS IS THE ONLY SECURITY TO PUBLIC LIBERTY.

T. FOSTER, Editor.

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1846.

VOL. 6. NO. 21.
WHOLE NO. 281.

THE SIGNAL OF LIBERTY
Is published every Saturday morning by
FOSTER & DELL,
FOR THE MICHIGAN ANTI-SLAVERY
SOCIETY.

Terms of the Paper.
ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS A YEAR IN ADVANCE; IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE, TWO DOLLARS WILL BE INSTANTLY REQUIRED.
All subscribers will be expected to pay within the year.

Rates of Advertising.
For each line of brevity, (the smallest type), the first insertion, 3 cents.
For each subsequent insertion, 2 cents.
For three months, 7 cents.
For six months, 10 cents.
For one year, 15 cents.
Orders by mail will be promptly attended to. Legal Advertising by the folio.
All advertisements must be accompanied by written directions for the time of insertion; otherwise they will be charged for all ordered on. All Remittances and Communications should be addressed, Post paid, to Signal of Liberty, Ann Arbor, Mich. C.

POETRY.

THE MORAL OF WAR.

"It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done;
And here before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.
She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rival,
In playing there had found.
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.
Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
"That some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory."
"I find them in the garden,
For there's many thereabout;
And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out;
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."
"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looked up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for."
"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout;
But what they fought each other for,
I could not well make out;
But every body said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory!"
"My father lived at Blenheim then;
You little stream had by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to lay his head.
"With fire and sword the country round,
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then,
And newborn baby died;
But things like that you know must be
At every famous victory!"
"Great praise the Duke of Marlboro won,
And our good Prince Eugene,
"Why 'twas a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine,
"Nay—say—my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory."
"And every body praised the Duke,
Who this great fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin,
"Why that I cannot tell," said he;
"But 'twas a famous victory."

MISCELLANY.

THE SLAVE-WIFE.

BY FRANCIS H. GREEN.

Among the numerous facts which our "peculiar institution" is continually developing—facts, which from the wild daring on the one hand, and the deep malignity on the other, outvie the most extravagant romance,—may be found evidence that truth is, indeed, stranger than fiction. The following story was related to me by one who well knew the parties; and I give it, as nearly as possible in his own words.
"I have been," said he, "sojourning for several weeks at Dawn, Upper Canada, which you well know, was settled by a Colony of Fugitive Slaves, observing the regenerating influence of a free atmosphere, which is daily working out a phenomenon more wonderful than the dreaming alchemist ever imputed to the philosopher's stone—transmutation of chattels into men. These facts stand out against the deep black ground of Slavery like miracles wrought in lightning, and fraught with an interest strong and deep as the eternal interests of humanity.—There are among these people some fine specimens of the race; whom it would do our negro-haters good to know—and many whose fine manly character—ay, and intellect also, would put to the blush our traducers of the colored race. Of all these none pleased me better, or interested me more deeply, than Laco Ray. He was, I think, as fine a specimen of the physical man, as I ever knew. Tall, muscular, and every way well-propor-

tioned, he had the large expansion of chest and shoulders that are seen in the best representations of Hercules. He was quite black, the skin soft and glossy; but the features had none of the revolting characteristics which are supposed by some to be inseparable from the African visage. On the contrary they were remarkably fine—the nose aquiline; the mouth even handsome; the forehead singularly high and broad. Superadded to this was a noble intellect, with a power of language and expression which under happier circumstances, might have produced the poet, or the orator, and which under every incumbrance, rose at times to the loftiest eloquence. I had often been astonished at the spontaneous exercise of this power; and the rude men among whom he dwelt likewise felt, and quietly yielded to the sway of a master spirit. Although he had been in Dawn only about two years, he had yet acquired no small degree of influence among his people; and both for integrity and ability he was highly esteemed. But notwithstanding all this I observed that a deep shadow seemed to rest upon his heart, and that there was a void in his being which nothing appeared to fill. These tendencies become more distinct as I knew him better, and I was convinced that some very painful circumstance connected with his former life, hung like a pall above him, darkening the glad sunshine, and making bitter the free air he breathed. I determined to learn his history from his own mouth the first opportunity that presented itself. Fortune soon favored my wishes.

I had been walking through the fields of various acquaintances, conversing with them as they worked, or listening to their happy song, or the merry whistle that rang out on the clear air of a fine spring morning, when, at about nine o'clock, I leaned over the rude fence that enclosed the field where my friend Laco was at work. He was at the lower end of the lot; and I stood listening to the native melodies that resounded on every side.

There was in this music fullness of joy that spoke at once of the consciousness and love of freedom; yet not unmingled with occasional notes of the sweetest and deepest pathos, that whispered of friends left far behind, yet groping darkly in the land of bondage; or may be it, uttered the sadness which belonged to memory; or pictured forth shadows which the long-brooding wing of Slavery yet left resting on the free soul. It was infinitely touching; and I could not listen to it without tears. As Laco drew near, I saw that he was unusually sad and disinclined to talk; and, after passing the compliments of the morning, he dropped his eyes to the ground and appeared quite absorbed with his business of planting.—I waited, deliberating within myself how I should best enter upon the subject, until he had advanced to the end of the row, and stood opposite me.

"Well, Laco, I said, extending my hand, as he was about turning to commence another row. This is a very fine morning, but you are not quite in the spirit of it. You seem unhappy. Has any thing happened to distress you?"

"No Massa, no. Nothing happen to Laco now. Nothing now ever happen to him," he replied, turning upon me a look of unutterable sadness.
"Why do you say that, Laco? you surely are happy now you are free—you cannot be insensible to the beauty of this lovely morning! The free sunlight is shining abroad! The birds are singing. They are happy; all are happy. Why should not Laco sing and be happy too?"

"The birds," he answered, "are singing songs of love. Each one has a bird in its nest, but Laco's nest is cold and silent. Why then should he sing? The free are singing the song of liberty; but the light of Laco's freedom is put out. The sun is shining very bright; but he never reaches here," he added laying his hand on his breast, and smiling with the expression of one who feels that he has already met the worst. "Massa very good; but he never make darkness light; he never make the dead live again. It's no use talking, massa. Laco better work. If he would eat, he must make corn grow. Talking never helped him, and he turned away, as if resolved to say nothing more.

"Excuse me Laco," I urged, as I sprang over the fence and stood beside him, "I am your friend. Speak to me freely as a friend; a brother; and the confidence may relieve you. I see your story is a true one."

"Ah, Massa, so slave stories always be. But come to the cabin, Massa; and Laco will tell you, what he has whispered only in the great ear of night, when God and angels alone are waking." He threw down his hoe in the furrow and sprang over the fence at a single bound, I following him; and with a few more steps we

stood in the log cabin where he spent the solitary hours of rest.

A draught of cool milk and water refreshed us; and seating himself on the ground near the rude bench he had offered me, after a pause of some minutes marked by profound emotion, he thus related to me his simple but heart-thrilling story.

"I was raised on the plantation of J. C.—and perhaps few slaves had a kinder master. At the age of twenty-two, I married Clusy Davis, a girl of twenty. She was white. At least no one would suspect that she had any African blood in her veins. Some have said that the only trace was in her eyes; and they were large, and soft, and brilliant, although very black. I believe no one ever knew Clusy without loving her—she was so sweet, and kind, and gentle—and no one ever saw her without admiring her beauty—which I may say now, I never saw the like of, in the fairest lady that ever gladdened the heart of a free man; for it is two years this day since I laid her in her lonely grave away out there in Maryland; and nothing but her sweet soul is left."

He bowed himself to the ground; and I knew by the convulsive heavings of his crouching form that he wept bitterly. The unwonted indulgence appeared to relieve him. He arose and went out a few moments and when he returned to his seat, all trace of tears had been carefully washed away; and he resumed his narrative.

"I had long been tenderly attached to Clusy. We had loved even from childhood; and for about three months after marriage we were happy as the birds.—Until that time I had thought little, though I had been much of the evils of Slavery; for I had begun to love so early, and this so entirely took up my attention, that I had little time to dwell on the sorrows of my less fortunate companions. I had won the favor and confidence of my master and mistress. I always had enough to eat and drink, and I was always well clothed. Upon my marriage I was promoted from the post of errand boy, or runner of the plantation, to that of coachman, and as Clusy was the personal attendant of her mistress, this arrangement added much to our happiness, as we generally travelled together. Both parties were mutually pleased with our new relation; and for a time all went on happily. Clusy was a great favorite with her mistress; they had indeed been raised together, and were more like sisters, than mistress and slave! Our master and mistress were married about a year before we were; and they already had a fine little boy, of which the young parents were very proud. Our courtship had advanced together. Year in, and year out, we went in company to the neighboring plantation of Col. Davis. We shared each other's secrets. All our little love-quarrels; all our hopes, and all our fears, were freely communicated; and in the warmth and confidence of mutual love, we at times forgot we were master and slave; we forgot that there was a gulf lay between us wide and deep as that which separates chattels from men.—Clusy and I were very happy. All our wants were supplied. We were contented in the present, and without care for the future. We considered ourselves the most favored of mortals. We soon found that we stood in a false position. What is true, can never come out of falsehood; what is right can never come out of wrong. I have known Slavery in its best form; but there is no good in it.

"At length I observed that Clusy was getting pale; and I often found her in tears. I asked her the cause; I urged her to tell me; but she would dry them instantly, and say that she was not well, or that she was so lonesome she could not help crying when I was gone. I saw that this was all pretence, and sought in vain for the truth that lay under it; and when at last, she could no longer hide from me the fact of her unhappiness, she resolutely refused to tell the cause. I could find no relief to my anxiety.—Strange, indistinct visions of wrong haunted my bed at night, and my work by day. A new feeling of insecurity came upon me. I felt afraid of I knew not what. A dreamy consciousness of my false position began to present itself; and a vague sense of the horrors of Slavery oppressed me. When I slept it lay upon my breast like a night-mare; and when I woke it started at me with the eyes of a fiend, making hideous faces in the dark. It followed me every where. It looked out from the corners of the road. It mounted the carriage box and sat beside me. This spirit of unrest haunted me forever—a strange intimation of the approach of some unknown evil. It seemed to me that spirits were continually whispering words of warning; and al-

though I did not understand their meaning, I felt their power. In this manner three months wore heavily away. Clusy all the time getting paler, weaker, and more silent, until, at length, she trembled as I approached her; and an act of tenderness on my part seemed to terrify her, so that I began to lose all pleasure in her society; and at length seldom visited her.

"One holiday—it was the Fourth of July, I had resolved to go to a carouse, with my fellow slaves, and drown my troubles in whiskey. My master was even more complacent than usual, and gave me a generous allowance of money. He warmly encouraged my going, as masters always do, because whatever sinks the man secures the slave; and it seems he had another reason for wishing me absent. I had left the plantation and set out to join my companions at a small ale-house about half a mile farther, when my purpose was arrested in a very singular manner. While loitering through the meadow, whistling, not so much for the want of thought, as to drown thought, I came accidentally to a large magnolia tree, where I had first met Clusy, when we were both children. I threw myself into the refreshing shadow, when the times past and long forgotten, seemed to rise before me. There we had often played together in childhood; and when she came to the great house, to the tree I always accompanied her; and here we always parted. Here too, she often came, to meet me in the long starry evenings, after our work was done. Here she first promised to be mine; and here too, my mother blessed us, but a few days before her death; and I remembered well the hand, as it was clasped between the bony and shriveled ones of my mother. I thought then that she wept because she was going to die; but I know it was deeper sorrow, that shook her so fearfully.—Here, too, beneath this very tree, we sat with hand fast locked in hand, on the eve of our marriage, and here the minister blessed us, and called us one. All these things became present with me.—I lived again in the past; and my spirit returned to its former place. I abandoned my design of a frolic. I thought only of Clusy; for Love and Faith once more blossomed in my heart; and I hastened to reach the path which led to the pretty cottage that her loving mistress had built for her. I ran; I flew along its winding; and, almost breathless, I reached the vine shadow of her porch. I would clasp her to my heart, which was throbbing with but one great pulse, for her alone; my love—my wife. I would assure her of my love; I would make amends for all my former coldness. I was nearly insane with the violence of my feelings.—Oh, God! what did I see! My master rushed from the cottage as I drew near; his face flushed, his eyes terribly bright. As if by the help of a flash of lightning, I saw the truth. Too horrible it is to speak of! I had never been jealous of Clusy; why had I not? She was beautiful. She was in her master's power.—She was in the power of every white man that chose to possess her. She was no longer mine. She was not my wife.—And the babe that slept upon her bosom; that, too. A thousand devils seemed to possess me. I rushed into the house.—She lay there almost lifeless. I know not what I did. I know not how long a time had passed. I only remembered that Clusy lay stretched upon the floor, and the hot blood that gushed from her mouth and nostrils was wetting my feet, and stood in puddles upon the ground.—A horrible thought that I had murdered her took possession of me. I lifted her up and bore her to a neighboring spring. I bathed her head; her hands. I drenched her with cold water. For minutes that seemed hours, years, ages, I watched to see whether she would live or die. At length, slowly and faintly, she opened her eyes; and the horrid guilt of murder, like a great weight, was lifted from my soul. I wept; I prayed. I covered her hands, her arms, her very feet with kisses. I blessed her with blessings that seemed wrought out of my heart's blood.

"She appeared very weak; too weak to utter a sound, though she often strove to do so; but she feebly pressed my hand; and when she turned those large, living, truthful eyes full upon me, looking into my very soul, I knew that she was guiltless. Whatever others might have done, she had done no wrong. At length I became completely exhausted. I sank down beside her, weak and helpless as a child; and, side by side, with cheek resting against cheek, we slept together. Clusy was the first to wake. 'Laco,' she whispered, 'rise I pray you! massa will be very angry, if we are seen here together!'

"Why, what do you mean?" I cried, starting up in alarm, you are my wife—my own wife! Did not massa minister, himself, say—What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder? I cannot leave you, for you are ill."

"O, you must, I shall die soon, Laco; very soon—and then you will have no more trouble—your baby will never see the light. It is yours, she added, in a hollow whisper, and I have kept it pure for your sake. After a short pause she resumed; I believe I must tell you now, Laco; I thought I never should, but I believe I must. I shall never get another chance. Let go us to the woods, I dare not speak here. She attempted to rise; but fell back quite exhausted. 'Can you carry me?' she whispered faintly. I took her in my arms and bore her to the wood. She was so light and thin it seemed like carrying a shadow. 'Clusy,' I cried in agony 'how much you must have suffered! And why, why could I not have known it?'

"I will tell you," she answered, 'but hush and be quick, I piled together a heap of fresh leaves, and laid her gently down. 'Sit down by me now, Laco, and turn your eyes away; for you must not look at me while I am telling.'

"O, I wish some of the fine ladies, who think that the slave woman has no virtue; no sense even of decency; could have seen with what a shrinking modesty she told the revolting tale; and when it was finished how she hid her head in my bosom, and wept so piteously! It was a common story, I have since found.—Her master was enamored of her beauty. He had sought in vain to win her favor; at first by entreaty, by presents and flattery, then by violence, and the most abusive treatment."

"And why did you not tell me this before, Clusy? I asked.
"O," said she, looking up in my face, and at the same time clinging to me with a convulsive shudder, 'he said he would kill you, if I ever told; and massa very strong; massa very cunning; massa very rich. What could poor slave do? I never should dare to tell now, only the Lord Jesus Christ came to me last night in my dreams, and say I must. He say poor slave woman come to him presently. There is no selling; there is no buying where the Lord Jesus is; there is no flogging to make poor women wicked, no more.'

"He surely had not dared to flog you, Clusy? I interrupted.
"Look here," she answered, with a shudder, 'see if Clusy tell the truth, or no.' She drew aside from her back the one loose garment, and O, my God! that soft white skin was cut up and crossed and seamed in all directions; and there were deep ridges, and running sores. And all this she had borne without complaint, for my sake—for the love of virtue—for the inborn love of purity—O, God! it was hard to look upon, and think I had no power to help her!

He paused, unable for some time to speak farther. He shook from head to foot, and groans burst from his heaving bosom.

"At length he grew calm and continued. 'We resolved to apply for advice to the minister who had married us. He was a Presbyterian. Mr. and Mrs. C.—, were members of his church.—Clusy and I, also, were baptized members of his flock. I bore my wife to the cottage and laid her on the couch; and having summoned an old woman to attend to her, and to inform her mistress that she was ill, I went in pursuit of the minister. I had the good fortune to find him. I told him my story, in words that seemed to burn me as I uttered them.—And what do you think he said? He said there was no help—that I must submit! Think of that, Christians! a minister of the Gospel in high standing, deliberately instructs one member of his church to sin; that another member may be accommodated in sin! Think of that husbands—ye who have beds you can call your own! ye who have honor to lose—I must submit to see my wife polluted!—I must submit to see her scourged, because she would not yield herself willingly! And she! must submit! Think of that, wives! Think of it, all ye modest and virtuous women, who have husbands, and brothers, and friends, and the laws, to wall around and protect your purity, so that a shadow of evil may not approach you—a gentle and lovely, and delicate woman—ay, and as modest and virtuous as any of you—although she had been taught by her own pure and loving nature—although she was shielded by the modesty of innocence—she who has borne repeated stripes and bitter sorrow, rather than pollution—she was told by her minister—her spiritual guide and pattern, that she must commit a damning sin, that she must have no conscience of her own—that her master was answerable for her offences! She was told this by the very man who had placed on her brow the seal

of baptism—who had mocked her with the rite of marriage! Think of this, all ye virtuous—all ye pious women of the land; and if your virtue, your piety, are not a mere sham—are not a damning lie—give speedy help to the thousands of women—all of them your sisters in the bonds of Humanity—many of them your sisters in the bonds of Christianity—who are daily prostituted on the altar of slavery! while the bleak-hearted, lying Priests, lift up their bloody hands in consecration of the rite!

"Is it strange that I hated religion—that I hated the very form of man! for I came to believe that a devil incarnate had taken possession of it!
"I dreaded to communicate this intelligence to Clusy; but she was prepared. When I told her all, a superhuman strength seemed to possess her. The poor, ignorant, weak, almost dying woman, was changed at once into the form of a seraph. Her eyes shone with a terrible brightness, as she rose up and sat erect on her couch, her long black silken hair streaming, with a contrast almost terrific, over her pale features. Her eyes were raised toward heaven; and for some moments seemed conversing with the spirits that dwell there.

"At length she turned her eyes upon me, with a dignity and majesty I cannot describe although it astonished and terrified me; I thought I had seen a spirit.—"Then he is a liar," she said—"and the Lord Jesus Christ never sent him. He came from Hell; and he will return to Hell again. But the innocent will triumph! God never will forsake his children!" A radiance not of earth overspread her features. She sunk gently down upon her couch, as if the hands of angels had supported her. I could almost feel the breath from their fanning plumes—for I knew they were watching her, when she slept so sweetly, a lamb among prowling wolves. Yet in the simple faith she rested securely; for God kept her.

"I will not, and I need not, recount here all the disgusting steps in this affair. Clusy and I were happier than we had been since we had no secrets from each other. In the deepest trouble we could kneel down and pray together;—and we were not left entirely without comfort, bitter and heavy as the yoke of bondage was. For God drew near unto our souls in the day of trouble; and our good mistress, to whom the whole affair became known, not only felt for but shared our sorrows.

I should have told you that on the Sabbath following the Fourth of July alluded to, the Rev. Mr. Lovegold broke the bread of life, and administered the communion. The seducer, the adulterer—the tenfold murderer was there, and partook of the holy feast—not only unrebuked, but with the smiling approbation of his kind pastor. Our master, finding that I had become apprised of his conduct, threw off all disguise, and openly declared that after the birth of her child, Clusy should be his exclusively; threatening, if I made the least opposition, to sell me into Louisiana. To the birth of our child—that event so pleasing to most parents, we looked forward with the most agonizing fears. How we were sustained I know not; but it really seemed as if an angel had entered into the heart of my wife; for what else could have supported her! From day to day she bore punishments which I cannot repeat—which I dare not even think of—with a heroic gentleness which was nerve to suffer all things, but to yield nothing.—She endured with the spirit of a lamb; but she resisted with the heart of a lion.

"It was early in the month of September that Mr. C., in attempting to extort a promise from Clusy to favor her wishes, became so exasperated by her refusal, that he ordered the overseer to bestow forty lashes on her back, which had never been permitted to heal. She in vain pleaded that fright and agitation had made her very ill—that she could not even stand. She was bound to the stake; and while cruel and vulgar men mocked her agony, there, all the devils in Hell could not have kept me from defending her. But I had been purposely sent at some distance from home, and on my return, I found the wretched mother scarcely alive, and the dead child lying beside her.

"Oh, bless and praise God! were the first faint words she uttered, that he has taken our babe before she knew what it is to be a slave-woman! Think of this, ye wives, whose maternal anguish is alleviated by all that love, and friendship, and art and science can do I think if ye would see your own daughters suffer for the like; and inasmuch as ye would not, strive to redeem these also, from the bitter degradation—the cruel suffering!

"Although extremely weak I found my wife perfectly sane. Her mistress had done everything that could then be done to promote her safety and comfort.—When I arrived she was holding a pale hand of the sufferer between both of hers, and bathing it with her tears. She loved poor Clusy with a sister's love; but she could do nothing to save her.

"Three weeks from that night, I escaped with my wife; for her master had begun to renew his proposals. I asked her if she dared to undertake the journey, in her then weak state. I told her of the blood-hounds, of the rifle shots, of the nameless tortures that would await us, if retaken; for Clusy had been kindly dealt with almost all her life, and knew very little of slavery. 'I can die,' she replied; 'I am ready and willing; and I must die soon; but I cannot live here. That answer determined me. I bore her in my arms that night, to the heart of a thick swamp, and on the cold wet earth we nestled together. There was no terror in the numerous serpents and reptiles that crept around and crawled over us. They were not so cold and venomous, as the heart of the slaveholder. We seldom stirred abroad by day; but at night we crept from our hiding place, found out the north star, and resumed our journey.—When she was overcome with fatigue which often happened, I carried her in my arms; and I really began to hope that the prospect of liberty would be the elixir of life, and completely restore her; but I found that there is no medicine to heal a broken heart. True, she seemed at times, much stronger—her eyes grew brighter every day; and her fair cheek was tinged with a deep spot of red; but when we had reached the northern boundary of Maryland, she could go no farther.

"Lay me down," she whispered—"It is useless to strive on. I have panted for freedom. I have struggled hard for it; but I can struggle no longer. Pile me a bed of leaves, and sit down beside me; for I feel that I am dying. There, let the north wind blow upon my cheek, for it is the breath of the free; and let me look once more upon the bright star we have followed so long. It has been our only friend. Do you think it will shine in heaven, Laco? Ah, now I hear angels singing songs of freedom! I shall never suffer any more; I have no pain—no sorrow. God will send a good spirit to lead you, my husband, into the land of liberty! O, God, pity and forgive poor massa! Oh, Lord! bless dear, dear, Missis! Is their a cloud upon the moon? It is dark—dark. And, now a bright light is springing up within me, and through it I see Heaven! Never mourn for Clusy! She is FREE! FREE!! She murmured a few indistinct words of praise and prayer; then her lips were still; and I saw that without a struggle the free soul had departed.

"In the deep loneliness of a widowed heart, I sat by her till morning, and then by the help of a small flat stone, but mostly with my hands alone, I hollowed out a grave in the sandy earth. There I buried her. There I sat all day, so absorbed in my sorrow that I saw nothing of the flight of time, until it was dark again. The melancholy owl came out and mourned with me. It seemed then as if I had companionship—as if an intelligent being had spoken to me; and I, for the first time, gave utterance to my grief aloud. At length a whippoorwill came and sat upon the new grave, and sang her plaintive song.—I thought the pure spirit spoke to me in the voice of that gentle bird; and then the angel of peace dropped his wings upon my soul, and I slept.

"I left her there sleeping in the lonely woods of Maryland; but I brought with me a shadow, which no earthly sun can chase away. Tell my story," he added as he rose from the ground—"publish it abroad; for if any woman can hear it without a wish, a determination to labor with all her might to abolish THE SLAVERY OF WOMAN, I implore her virtue. She is NOT FREE—she is NOT PURE!"—Liberty Chimes.

"Cooking by Gas.—At the Reform Club, in Pall Mall, a great number of operations in cookery are performed by gas instead of charcoal; it is found to be more economical, as it is found to be turned nearly off when not in use, and is far more cleanly and free from smell. The gas ascends from perforated pipes, in the form of a gridiron, through a bed of pumice stone, which being porous and fire-proof, soon becomes of a glowing, red heat, and every operation of cooking, frying, broiling, stewing, roasting, boiling, &c. may be performed in the most easy and perfect manner.

Men will quarrel about religion—write for it—fight for it—die for it—any thing; but live for it.—Laco.

Men will quarrel about religion—write for it—fight for it—die for it—any thing; but live for it.—Laco.

Men will quarrel about religion—write for it—fight for it—die for it—any thing; but live for it.—Laco.

Men will quarrel about religion—write for it—fight for it—die for it—any thing; but live for it.—Laco.

Men will quarrel about religion—write for it—fight for it—die for it—any thing; but live for it.—Laco.

Men will quarrel about religion—write for it—fight for it—die for it—any thing; but live for it.—Laco.

COMMUNICATIONS

For the Signal of Liberty. LETTER FROM G. W. CLARK. Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Aug. 24, '46.

DEAR BR. FOSTER— Cadding and I, have been in the Territory three weeks. Our first meeting was at Southport—pleasant, thriving village, of about three thousand inhabitants, on the Lake shore, 65 miles north of Chicago.

cause every where should, for progression.— "God speed the right." From this place we went to Burlington, Deanna, and Beloit, on Rock River, thence South into the State.

I shall pass through Michigan the first week in Sept. on my way to New York. Yours ever, G. W. CLARK.

SIGNAL OF LIBERTY.

Saturday, Sept. 12.

\$1.50 a Year in Advance.

LIBERTY TICKET.

For Representative to Congress, 2d DIST. ERASTUS HUSSEY.

For Senator, 5TH DIST. HENRY MONTAGUE.

For Representatives, GENESSEE COUNTY, JOHN W. KING, A. W. HART.

Campaign Papers!

We have been asked if some arrangement could not be made for supplying extra papers for campaign purposes for the ensuing two months. The time is very short, but we will do this:

We will send to new subscribers the Signal Eight Weeks, in packages of Five papers to one address, for One Dollar.— Commence as soon as you please. There is no time to be lost!

SLAVERY:

ITS POLITICAL EVILS, AND THEIR REMEDY.

No. 1. ORIGIN OF SLAVERY.

The first cargo of African slaves was imported into the Colony of Virginia in 1620, ten years after the permanent settlement of that Province, and the same year that the Puritans commenced the settlement of Massachusetts.

We devoted two evenings here to anti-slavery, and one to Temperance. They were tolerably well attended and that is about all I can say.— 'Twas rather cold. But the people will be cold and dead, so long as they countenance and support cold, artificial, formal, spiritless and time-serving piety.

Patricieville, This village lies 30 miles N. W. from Racine, and 16 miles west or Southwest from Milwaukee. It contains about 1000 inhabitants, is pleasantly situated on a small prairie, surrounded mostly by Oak openings. It has 3 or 4 churches, a flouring mill, several mechanic shops, stores, &c. and a full supply of Rum Taverns!

We had large and interesting meetings Friday and Saturday evenings and Sabbath afternoon, and a concert on Monday evening in the Congregational Church.

Our Sabbath afternoon meeting, was held in the large and new Baptist Church, which was obtained with considerable difficulty and only on condition that Cadding would preach a "Gospel sermon."

This idea of the rightfulness of enslaving every class of men except Christians, was generally prevalent, and was carried into practice upon the Indians as well as Africans. By a Statute of Virginia of 1679, "for the better encouragement of the soldiers," it was declared that "all Indian prisoners," taken in a war then pending, should be "free purchase, to the soldiers taking them."

Many of the Slaves laws now in force are more than a hundred years old, and enactments have constantly accumulated and multiplied. Henry Clay's remark that negro Slavery has been sanctioned and sanctified by two hundred years of legislation," is strictly true.

It is not, therefore, very wonderful, that a large portion of Southern men look with surprise and astonishment upon those who dare to question the legitimacy of a letter which has descended from farther to son for generations and been constantly recognised as legal and right by the whole community.

In order to please these men, these professed ministers have neglected the cause of God's poor and rather than sacrifice their "bread and butter," have sacrificed their principles, and turned their backs upon the cause of the slave.

the contrary, and his father and grandfather, and the holy teachers of religion, as well as the whole community, have christened the disobedient and shot the absconding, without a doubt of the propriety of their conduct!

EXTENSION OF SLAVERY.

From 1620, the time of the first importation of Slaves into the Colonies, to the commencement of the Revolution, was a period of a century and a half.— During this long time, slaves steadily multiplied, and Slavery extended farther and wider. Having been co-eval with free institutions in its introduction to our land, it has grown with our growth, and strengthened with our strength.

The Revolution, instead of freeing the Slave, placed additional obstacles in the way of his liberation. When the Continental Congress assembled in 1775, the Southern Colonies were much less zealous and earnest in opposing the British king than the Northern; and one of the first acts of that body was to choose a Southern Slaveholder for a commander in chief of the allied forces, although in the Northern Provinces, there were older and more experienced officers.

The Declaration of Independence did not help the case of the Slave. It was not made for him. Although it declared that the Great Creator had bestowed on all men an inalienable and natural right to Liberty, yet it does not appear that Congress, as a body, intended the slightest design of withdrawing from the slave the long continued and acknowledged tyranny of their own and former generations.

The first slave statute of Virginia was of the date of 1670, fifty years after the commencement of Slavery. It was in these words: "That all servants, not being Christians, imported into this county by shipping, shall be slaves for their lives."

This idea of the rightfulness of enslaving every class of men except Christians, was generally prevalent, and was carried into practice upon the Indians as well as Africans. By a Statute of Virginia of 1679, "for the better encouragement of the soldiers," it was declared that "all Indian prisoners," taken in a war then pending, should be "free purchase, to the soldiers taking them."

Many of the Slaves laws now in force are more than a hundred years old, and enactments have constantly accumulated and multiplied. Henry Clay's remark that negro Slavery has been sanctioned and sanctified by two hundred years of legislation," is strictly true.

It is not, therefore, very wonderful, that a large portion of Southern men look with surprise and astonishment upon those who dare to question the legitimacy of a letter which has descended from farther to son for generations and been constantly recognised as legal and right by the whole community.

WHAT NEWS FROM THE WARS?

A large number of the Louisiana and Alabama volunteers have returned to their anxious mothers; having seen enough of war and glory to last them the remainder of their lives. We don't hear much about "patriotic ardor" now-a-days, and incline to believe that the next time Mr. Polk wants soldiers to fight in his war, that he will find it not quite so easy a task to fill the ranks of the army.

The Louisville Courier, in allusion to the wrongs that have been practiced upon the soldiers, says: "The Church, too, instead of adhering to the poor, for their comfort, has gone with the State, and those who use the means of the State for their own ends, in their oppressions. So far, indeed, has she advanced that she impiously charges the God of justice and mercy and truth, and Jesus Christ, with being, in no way, opposed to Slavery; to one man's stripping his brother of all his rights;—whilst she invites the slaveholder, who holds his fellow-man in bondage; who scourges the husband and the wife and the little ones, too, for believing that 'all men are cre-

"One of the Alabama volunteers speaking of the purchases from the Sutters of the army, says, 'I can positively buy more in Mobile for fifty cents than with five dollars here.' It is really hard to fight for almost nothing, and be swindled out of it in this way. Another volunteer, apparently much troubled in spirit, says, 'It is pretty tough, I can tell you—wages only \$7 a month, whiskey from one to two dollars a gallon, and other necessities of life in the same proportion.'"—Ch. Citizen.

To the Liberty Party.

LOWER SAGINAW, MICHIGAN, Sept. 1, 1846.

A small party, made up, for the most part, of men who are intelligent, and love justice, ought to have their candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency. If such a party fail to nominate, it will either prove, that they have not such men among them as they say they have—or, that disunion so prevails in their councils, that they cannot make a nomination which will satisfy a large majority.

In either case the Liberty party would be unfit to govern the country. But, as I suppose, neither of them is true, I doubt not, that in proper time, a nomination will be made.

It would be affliction in me, to say, that a large number of you, were not looking forward to my re-nomination. But this cannot be. God has been pleased to make me incapable of serving you, in the capacity referred to, were I ever so well disposed. My voice is weak—my enunciation indistinct, and my bodily powers are not so active as they lately were. I cannot now address popular assemblies, so as to be well heard by them—nor do I soon expect to address them, or to mingle with them, as I once did.

Knowing that one ought not to stand for the Presidency, for any party, with suddenly diminished powers, I have long since, made up my mind, from the considerations above set forth, if there were no other, that I will not be a candidate, when a nomination shall be made.

I thus early announce my intention, that I may not be in the way of any nomination, which you may think proper, hereafter, to make.

A few words of counsel, I am convinced, you will hear, from one who has had always too much respect for himself—to say nothing of other considerations,—ever to attempt intentionally to mislead or deceive you.

I know of no good reason, why you will not choose a candidate, who will, in many respects, be a suitable one; one who will be firm and sensible—conversant with public business—who will not be too much inclined to over-legislation—one, in fine, who will represent your principles. In addition to this, he should believe in the God who made him, and in the Savior that died for him; and he should constantly strive, by the rules that God has given him, to perfect his character, and make it better to-day than it was yesterday. This, every man can do—this every man ought to do—and this, I consider, indispensable to be done. The man who believes, that he is cast into this world, to do good or evil, as he pleases—that there is no Being that has any regard for him, here, or to whom he is to render an account, hereafter, is too unworthy to have any office confided to him.

That the Christian Church has proved itself an important element of civilization, is just justice. With it, however, the incident has been preferred to the main design. So little has the Church been regarded as the means of individual salvation, that it is now, more generally, looked on, as merely instrumental to the civilization, by which we are surrounded. Owing to this, and because it loved and sought power, as other large bodies have, it has always embraced christianity in an imperfect and mutilated form.

It is this love of power, that induced them to say, of Constantine, who, after his admission to the church, made a desert of his palace, by murdering his nearest relatives, that he was a saint worthy our highest veneration. It is the same love of power, that leads them to count so one of their number the notorious, though royal Brunnechild, who, to say nothing else of her iniquities, gave one of her two grandsons a slave for his mistress's gift;—and that she, to calm her private griefs, and dashed the head of the infant of one of them to pieces against a stone. Yet it is to her, we are told, that England is indebted for the introduction of Christianity. The same love of power has placed a Pope at the head of the Roman Church—Peter, the First, at the head of the Greek Church, and a George, the Fourth at the head of the Anglican Church.

But, it is said, we are fast that now—that the church, the Protestant church particularly, is much cleansed, compared with what it was—that we have at last a pure christianity preached in the several branches of it, and that he who looks for it elsewhere is quite too strict. So they, doubtless thought in former times, when they admitted to the church "the great," whom I have mentioned, stained with almost all the vices that flesh is heir to, but who as they had "power," were to be indulged in them.

If we compare the past and present, we will not find the difference so great, as in our partiality for ourselves we are inclined to make it. They had then, the temporalities of the church to take care of. So have they now. Now, too, they are abundantly large—sufficiently so, to tempt bad men, and to ruin any church. Beside this—but what seems almost superfluous—they had the theology of the schools to maintain.—So have they now—admitting, that it has degenerated into a subtle defense of their own sect or party, and a censure, or condemnation, of all others. In former times, too, the only science thought worth studying was theology.

In the foregoing remarks, I speak of the church—the thing that acts—not of individuals, who may, perchance, have been connected with it.

In addition, too, to the above causes and proofs of the corruption of the church, the following ought not to be omitted. The State has, in the most solemn manner, declared, that "all men are created equal." In practice, she repudiates it, and so decided is she in her opposition, that she elects to her highest places, those alone, who, by her sanction, deny it. She regards this maxim, too, as an axiom, and as so true as to place it quite beyond debate; while she brands as "fanatics," all who set, in any manner, as if they did believe it.

The Church, too, instead of adhering to the poor, for their comfort, has gone with the State, and those who use the means of the State for their own ends, in their oppressions. So far, indeed, has she advanced that she impiously charges the God of justice and mercy and truth, and Jesus Christ, with being, in no way, opposed to Slavery; to one man's stripping his brother of all his rights;—whilst she invites the slaveholder, who holds his fellow-man in bondage; who scourges the husband and the wife and the little ones, too, for believing that "all men are cre-

ated equal"; who daily denies this fundamental truth of christianity, the equal brotherhood of all men;—such, I say, they invite to expound the Bible to their free congregations—to tell them what is right, and what God would have them to do. And yet the ministers of the Christian Church are much surprised that christianity does not make greater progress than it does, under the system with which they are charged!

But I am free to confess, that I do not regard as lasting, any reform that is, at all, opposed to the spirit of the instructions and example of our Savior. Well, knowing what was in us, he saw, that pride or haughtiness was there;—that it was so highly valued among men, though uniformly, and under every name and description, condemned in the Bible—that it was made the foundation of individual and social preferences, and that in proportion as we eradicated pride, we were happy. One aim of his religion, was, to make us happy here, as rational beings. For this purpose, he has always secured to his follower his self respect—without which no one can be unhappy; and knowing, too, our weakness, he has promised us, for our encouragement, that, if we lose our lives, we shall find them again. He saw, too, that the man who was indebted to God for every thing, but who looked down on his fellow man, with contempt—with pride—with haughtiness, could not be happy—he had not the source of happiness, within himself, which no one could take from him;—therefore, one of the last things he did, was to show his own humility, by washing his disciples feet—one of the last things he said, after doing it, was, "I have given you an example that ye should do as I have done to you," and declaring them "happy," or "blessed," if they did so.

Will we succeed in banishing pride, and in looking on the whole human race as constituting but one brotherhood—will the more favored among us shall be willing to teach the less so?—will that be greatest among us shall be our servant, I apprehend, no reform can be permanent. Without dilating on this idea, I might only mention the Constitution of the United States;—none, certainly, was ever formed which, at one time, bid fairer to consolidate a nation's happiness—none has ever been, in its main object, more warped or departed from; and none, considering its high object, will, in all likelihood, fall shorter of its aim. Under these circumstances, slavery may be done away with, but perhaps, some other form of oppression will be substituted for it. What, Christianity can do for us, as individuals and as communities when embraced in its purity and force, we have yet to learn.

When you have circumspectly chosen as your candidate, such a man as I have only furnished the outlines of, give him your confidence. By so doing, you will prove yourselves worthy of his, and you will get it. In this way only you will put to silence the objection that is sometimes made—that we have waited too long—that slavery has become fastened on the nation—that we know too well the fraud of parties to give our confidence to any—and that, therefore we are not the persons for this enterprise. But without this confidence in each other, you will do but little—ye had better have never been a party, or your candidate. Believe not, he will attempt to deceive you; rather, believe, that the profigate of the other parties will attempt to practice on your credulity. If they find that you can be moved by the charge of treachery to your candidate, he will soon be in your eyes, the worst of men—your, the laughingstock of your enemies. Put down, as fabrications, all stories that make him different from what you supposed he was when you nominated him—and do it, too, at once, of yourselves, and without his aid, for he will have enough else to attend to.

This suspicious course is characteristic of weak and diffident and confiding parties; but let it not be so with you. You have truth on your side, and should be as bold as a lion. Let christianity make you wise as serpents and harmless as doves, and you have nothing to fear. If your honest efforts do go to your fellow-man be not successful here, we know there is a country and a king, where, and by whom, the bare thought of doing them will be eternally crowned.

Very truly yours, JAMES G. BIRNEY.

PROSLAVERY PAPERS.

The Ypsilanti Sentinel, Whig, heads an article respecting us, Meanness Extraordinary, because we published an article from the Emancipator, advising Liberty men to "discourage all you can the circulation of Proslavery papers." Well do you argue the contrary of this, neighbor: Do you think papers that will advocate the continuance of such an unchristian course as Slavery ought to be circulated?

But you say that "by 'proslavery papers,' All understand the papers of the other parties are interested" [intended] Not so. We call all papers proslavery that sustain Slaveholders for office.—All Whig papers do not do this. We have on our exchange list a very honorable exception.

The Editor has given the plainest notice that neither personally by his vote nor by his paper, will he even sustain a slaveholder for any office. Now the Ypsilanti paper will neither say nor do any such thing: therefore, we call it "proslavery," and deem it, with all others of a like character, unworthy of circulation in a free community. It sustains the Slave-Power of this nation in continuing in existence the curse of Human Slavery.

The proof is found in the fact that it stands ready to support for President and Vice President, in 1848, the Whig nominees, should they be one or both of them Slaveholders. Of course, it would fill other offices of the Government with scoundrels, buyers and sellers of their fellow men, provided they were "good Whigs."

By doing this, it supports Slavery in the strongest manner, and is utterly unworthy of encouragement by a Liberty man. As the Sentinel will roll up its eyes in great horror at these charges, we will prove them by a text that cannot be set aside. Will you refuse to support Slave-holders for office, or not? Dare you to make this simple statement in your paper?

"SHOULD A SLAVEHOLDER BE NOMINATED BY THE WHIG PARTY AS THEIR NEXT CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT OR VICE PRESIDENT WE SHALL ON THAT ACCOUNT, WITHHOLD FROM THE ELECTORIAL TICKET OUR VOTE PERSONALLY AND THE INFLUENCE OF OUR PAPER IN ITS SUPPORT."

Dare you come up to this simple and just test, and answer, Yes! You know you dare not!

How, then, can you complain of being called "proslavery," while your influence and paper are pledged to support, for the highest offices in this nation, any Whig Slaveholder that may be called for by Southern Whigs?

Your charges are predicated on your refusal to vote for Slaveholders: Should you respond unqualifiedly YES to the test of your sincerity we have proposed, we will retract every word of the foregoing. But there is no use in alluding to the supposition; for we know you dare not do it: and by refusing, you convict yourself of the worst kind of "PROSLAVERY."

But a refusal of the Sentinel will not only demonstrate its determination to support Whig Slaveholders, and thereby SUSTAIN THE SLAVE POWER, but it will require us to say still more.

The Sentinel is now full of anti-slavery talk, and propositions, and denunciation of Slavery, &c, yet it belongs to a pro-slavery party and will support slaveholders! Here is a double game going on, the object of which can be nothing else than to secure as many anti-slavery votes to its proslavery party, and its slaveholding nominees, as possible! By anti-slavery talk and palaver, it labors to get the support of anti-slavery men for its candidates, whether they be Slaveholders or not. Is not this a shuffling, underhanded, contemptible course? We will let the Sentinel answer.

The same remark apply to several other Whig papers of this State that deal largely in anti-slavery professions.

OUR INQUIRY MEETING.

No. 3.

The subject of inquiry last week was Facts and Principles, and the best method of acquiring them. We recommended to Isaiah to get a standard work on that subject on which he wished for information.

We said to him, Buy it pay for it, write your name in it, and have it in every sense, your own. Next we proposed reading carefully in the work an hour a day till you get through it. And remember and begin at the beginning, reading preface and introduction. Then commence anew, marking with your pencil every important fact or principle that strikes your attention, so that you will notice it whenever you see the page again. So if you find any positions you deem false or doubtful, note the fact in the margin. Should you find important statements to which you desire hereafter to refer, make an index of the pages where they may be found in the blank leaves of your book. Do not be afraid of spoiling it by these marks, you bought it, not to see, but to be used in the manner that will best inform your mind.

To fix the truth you read still more in your memory, adopt the following method, which has been practised with great advantage. Before commencing your second reading, make yourself a little book, of three or four sheets of foolscap, folded small, and stitched. In this book, as you read, enter on the different pages the subjects of the different chapters. For instance, if the subject be Political Economy, your pages will be headed, Wealth, Capital, Money, Industry, Natural Agents, Division of Labor. Poor Laws, Interest, Exchange, Banks, Wages, Rent, Public Consumption, Taxation, &c. Under each of these heads, write in as few words as possible, those principles or facts which seem to you most important to be remembered, numbering each paragraph 1, 2, 3, &c. as you proceed, you will do well also to add such remarks and queries of your own as occur to you. Should you wish to follow up your studies on the same subject, get another standard work respecting it, and go through with it in the same way, minutely under the appropriate heads in your little book, all the new ideas you derive from the perusal of that volume.

The advantages of such a thorough and systematic study of a single subject are numerous and great. When you get through with your book, you will have transcribed every important fact or principle laid down in the work, and have a complete epitome of the science written out by yourself, you will also have an enlarged and comprehensive view of the whole subject transcribed into your mind—an advantage, the extent of which you will never appreciate till you attain it, you will get a greater influence in society, you will not be depended on Squire A., or Lawyer B., or Judge C. for your opinions, but can go at once to the productions of the most gifted writers and thinkers of every age. This will give you confidence on a subject which you know that you understand. You can accomplish more by having a thorough knowledge of your subject. A person of only limited general information, but thoroughly conversant with a particular subject, can not only meet but often overthrow an opponent not well informed on that matter.

THE TRUTH. Tariff of '42 Tar. of '46. Wine: Champagne, per gal. 40 cents 40 p. ct. Burgundy, do in cases 15 " 40 " do in bottles, 35 " 40 " Maderia, in cases or bottles, 60 " 40 " Carpets: Wilton, per square yard, 65 " 30 " Silks, Pocket Hdkfs, per lb 250 " 25 " Wines: Sicily, Maderia, per gallon, 25 " 40 " Carpeting: Treble Ingraine per square yard, 30 " 30 " Wood-Screws, per pound, 12 " 30 " Glass: Plain Tumblers, not cut, per pound, 10 " 30 " Pins: called pound or mixed pins, per pound, 20 " 30 " Mousellin de Laines, 12c per yd., 50 " 25 " Cables and Cordage, tarred, 120 " 25 " (Union, Free Press, Signal of Liberty, &c.) THE TRUTH. Tariff of '42 Tar. of '46.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ARRIVAL OF THE BRITANNIA.

FIFTEEN DAYS TATTER FROM EUROPE.

The Britannia arrived at Boston at 1 o'clock Thursday afternoon. She sailed on the 19th of August.

Mr. McLane arrived home in the Britannia. Flour has slightly advanced in Liverpool in consequence of the general failure of the potato crop.

The London Times regards the alteration in our Tariff as a great triumph of the principles of "Free Trade."

COMMERCIAL.

The state of the potatoe crop, has already influenced the price of grain. At Liverpool the price of wheat advanced from 6d to 9d per 70 lbs. For U. S. and Canada flour 1s. 6d per bbl, and Indian corn from 3s to 4s per 490 lbs. over the rates of the previous week. At advanced prices, considerable business was effected at Mark Lane on Monday. The new crop of wheat advanced from 2s to 2s per quarter, and on foreign flour to 4s. 9d per bbl. The potato blight is general. From East to West, North to South, "the cry is still it comes." In Ireland, every where, the root is rotting, &c

though far his superior in general knowledge. These facts and principles, once thoroughly fixed in your mind, will become the guides of your life; and on every occasion where they are called in question you will not fail to revert to them with confidence. Thus, should the propriety of establishing a rate of interest by law come up for discussion in your debating school, instead of being dependant on the hearsay of others, you can adduce those large and expanded views which have been most conclusive with the profoundest writers and thinkers. Add to these your own reflections, and you will have the very best materials for forming a correct opinion, overthrowing your opponents, and acquiring a high reputation for yourself. What do you say: it will take a long time? Not so long as you think for. Steady, systematic persevering industry will accomplish wonders.— Suppose Dr. Wayland was your next neighbor, and he should offer to convey to you in 100 hours all the information he had been able to acquire on Political Economy by the labor of twenty years: Would you consider a hundred hours a very long time? You would not. All that knowledge you can have, by devoting only an hour a day for a hundred days to his work on the subject. His work will then be yours: and its positions and arguments, for all practical purposes, will be as valuable to you as to him.— Isaiah! you can't excel by skimming lightly over the surface! Be thorough.

MASS COUNTY CONVENTIONS.

For HILLSDALE BRANCH AND ST. JOSEPH. Our notices of these Conventions, in last week's paper, we find, is accidentally distributed. Don't forget the times and places as follows:

HILLSDALE COUNTY. At Hillsdale, Tuesday 22d, September 1846.

BRANCH COUNTY. At Coldwater, Friday, 25th September, 1846.

ST. JOSEPH COUNTY. At Centreville, Tuesday, 29th September, 1846.

Each Convention to commence at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and to continue during afternoon and evening. These meetings will be attended by Messrs. Bibb and Treadwell, and one other good speaker. There will be three sessions during the day, and evening.

THE TARIFF.

We find the following remarks on our recent Tariff article, in the Ypsilanti Sentinel, which we transcribe in its own gentlemanly language, THE FALSHOOD.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Luxuries, Wine, Carpets, Silks, etc.

THE TRUTH. Tariff of '42 Tar. of '46. Wine: Champagne, per gal. 40 cents 40 p. ct. Burgundy, do in cases 15 " 40 " do in bottles, 35 " 40 " Maderia, in cases or bottles, 60 " 40 " Carpets: Wilton, per square yard, 65 " 30 " Silks, Pocket Hdkfs, per lb 250 " 25 " Wines: Sicily, Maderia, per gallon, 25 " 40 " Carpeting: Treble Ingraine per square yard, 30 " 30 " Wood-Screws, per pound, 12 " 30 " Glass: Plain Tumblers, not cut, per pound, 10 " 30 " Pins: called pound or mixed pins, per pound, 20 " 30 " Mousellin de Laines, 12c per yd., 50 " 25 " Cables and Cordage, tarred, 120 " 25 " (Union, Free Press, Signal of Liberty, &c.) THE TRUTH. Tariff of '42 Tar. of '46.

Our readers need not be told that in estimating the per cent of a specific duty it depends on the price assumed. The Union has assumed the highest prices for its "Luxuries," and correspondingly low ones for its "articles of general use." Here is an unlimited chance for misrepresentation and it has been well improved. Gentlemen of the Democratic, Liberty, and self styled neutral press, which object have you in view, which justifies lying or retailing lies!

THE TRUTH.

THE TRUTH. Tariff of '42 Tar. of '46. Wine: Champagne, per gal. 40 cents 40 p. ct. Burgundy, do in cases 15 " 40 " do in bottles, 35 " 40 " Maderia, in cases or bottles, 60 " 40 " Carpets: Wilton, per square yard, 65 " 30 " Silks, Pocket Hdkfs, per lb 250 " 25 " Wines: Sicily, Maderia, per gallon, 25 " 40 " Carpeting: Treble Ingraine per square yard, 30 " 30 " Wood-Screws, per pound, 12 " 30 " Glass: Plain Tumblers, not cut, per pound, 10 " 30 " Pins: called pound or mixed pins, per pound, 20 " 30 " Mousellin de Laines, 12c per yd., 50 " 25 " Cables and Cordage, tarred, 120 " 25 " (Union, Free Press, Signal of Liberty, &c.) THE TRUTH. Tariff of '42 Tar. of '46.

progressing towards decay.

SANTA FE TAKEN WITHOUT FIRING A GUN!

Extract of a letter dated... I have just received a letter from Fort Leavenworth, stating that news had been received by express from Col. Kearney, who reports that he had taken Santa Fe without firing a gun!

FRANK WITH MEXICO—TERMS SETTLED WITH SANTA ANNA AT HAVANNA!

The following article appears in Monday's Tribune in a very imposing form... You are probably aware that Santa Anna and Almonte embarked on board British Steamer Arab, for Vera Cruz, consequences of their having obtained information of a revolution in their favor.

A CURIOUS CURRENCY.—The Government of Oregon recommends that a law be passed making wheat a "legal tender" for debt.

This is going a little further back to first principles than the Iron money of the ancient Spartans. If we lived in Oregon, we should not want to carry with us more than five dollars of such a currency, at a time, and we fear that we should find it quite inconvenient to go the barn and get out the peck measure whenever we wished to make change.

REFORM IN FRANCE.

A calculation, founded on official lists, presents the number of functionaries and employes of the Department of the Interior throughout the kingdom at two hundred and three thousand five hundred and fifty; the total of their salaries forty-six millions two hundred and seventy thousand francs.

IMPORTANT INTELLIGENCE!

Santa Anna at Vera Cruz!—Imprisonment of the Dictator Paredes!—Further news from the Army.—Glorious news from the U. S. Squadron in the Pacific!—Seizure of the Californias!—Probable termination of the War.—Views of Santa Anna.

WASHINGTON, AUGUST 31, 1846.

The steamer McKim arrived at New Orleans on the 23d, with dates from Point Isabel to the 17th, and from Camargo to the 13th. She brought 100 volunteers on the sick list. Gen. Wm. O. Butler was confined to his tent at Point Isabel, by sickness. China, 90 miles above Camargo, was taken by McCulloch and his 75 Rangers, on the 5th of August. Seguin, with 100 mounted Mexicans, took flight from the town, which contains 700 inhabitants. There were 300 regulars at Camargo, on the 9th, ready to start for Monterey.

The volunteers were pouring in.—Gen. Taylor arrived on the 9th, with his staff. Baylie Peyton also arrived on the 9th. A grand review of the troops took place, and it is said Taylor expressed himself in terms of admiration of their discipline. Duncan's battery and McCulloch with a portion of his men left Camargo on the 12th, in the direction of Monterey.

The steamer Arab arrived off Vera Cruz on the 15th August, with Santa Anna on board. He immediately placed himself at the head of the movement in that department. The departments of Puebla and Mexico have declared for Santa Anna, and Paredes has already been taken prisoner. The revolt at the Capital was headed by General Salas.—Before Santa Anna left Havana, he took letters from General Campbell to Commodore Connor, and avowed himself, in reply to some inquiries as to his intentions, as follows:—"If the people of my country are for war, then I am with them, but I would prefer peace."

News had been received in Mexico that Monterey on the Pacific and California had been taken by one of the vessels of the United States squadron. Another account says that all California had yielded to the Americans.

A letter dated at Vera Cruz 16th August, says that advices have been received by Express of the formal Annexation of California to the United States; that is, U. S. forces have taken possession of California. This news came to the British Consulate at Vera Cruz.

Dispatches were to be sent to England and to New Orleans by special express.

VARIETY.

SUN PICTURES.

A Correspondent of the Boston Atlas gives an account of the process of obtaining what are called, in Europe, "Sun Pictures," which appear to be similar to Daguerotypes, only that they are taken on paper instead of metal. They are stated to be quite "the rage" in Europe, at the present time. They are the invention of a Mr. Talbot, and are called by some "Talbotypes, in honor of the inventor. After giving a minute description of the process he goes on to say: "With an atmosphere so transparent as you have in America, wonders may be effected with this Talbotype paper; and I doubt not that as your Daguerotypes are far superior to ours, your Talbotype drawings will be long put us to the blush. Ladies could scarcely find a prettier employment, than in making transcripts of this sort from nature. In England and France, sun pictures are becoming the rage, and because this is the case, I have spent more time on the subject, than I should otherwise have done.

"I will say that the specimen I alluded to just now, is a view of the principal place in the city of Orleans—in fact, the shadow of the houses and squares, thrown on a bit of paper. I can read the signs on the houses—the place where Joan of Arc harangued the populace; notice the solemn towers of Notre Dame looming up, and even make out the carriages at the elopement. I enclose it, so that the readers of the Atlas may look at it, if they call at the office."

A NEW STATE.—The Burlington Hawkeye announces that the Constitution of Iowa has been accepted by about 500 majority. Iowa is there fore the 29th star in our constellation.

The Lexington and West Cambridge Railroad is now in full operation. The first train passed over the line on Monday last.—New Bedford Mercury.

Southern Consistency.—The authorities of Natchez, Miss. have passed a law, prohibiting the boys from flying kites. We wonder how long it will be, before they will prohibit, by law, the cruel inflictions of the lash, that are imposed upon the little "niggers" of Natchez, by their white young masters.—Ch. Cit.

A CURIOUS CURRENCY.—The Government of Oregon recommends that a law be passed making wheat a "legal tender" for debt. This is going a little further back to first principles than the Iron money of the ancient Spartans. If we lived in Oregon, we should not want to carry with us more than five dollars of such a currency, at a time, and we fear that we should find it quite inconvenient to go the barn and get out the peck measure whenever we wished to make change.

Take a pail of water, put into it as much powdered alum as will lay upon a six cent piece, let it stand all night and in the morning you will have pure water, as clear as crystal, and tasteless as before the alum was put in it.

A top is like a cinnamon tree—the bark is worth more than the body.

President Polk and family are rusticating at Old Point Comfort. James is said to be a master fellow for a fishing frolic.

REFORM IN FRANCE.

A calculation, founded on official lists, presents the number of functionaries and employes of the Department of the Interior throughout the kingdom at two hundred and three thousand five hundred and fifty; the total of their salaries forty-six millions two hundred and seventy thousand francs.

WASHINGTON, AUGUST 31, 1846.

The steamer McKim arrived at New Orleans on the 23d, with dates from Point Isabel to the 17th, and from Camargo to the 13th. She brought 100 volunteers on the sick list. Gen. Wm. O. Butler was confined to his tent at Point Isabel, by sickness. China, 90 miles above Camargo, was taken by McCulloch and his 75 Rangers, on the 5th of August. Seguin, with 100 mounted Mexicans, took flight from the town, which contains 700 inhabitants. There were 300 regulars at Camargo, on the 9th, ready to start for Monterey.

The volunteers were pouring in.—Gen. Taylor arrived on the 9th, with his staff. Baylie Peyton also arrived on the 9th. A grand review of the troops took place, and it is said Taylor expressed himself in terms of admiration of their discipline. Duncan's battery and McCulloch with a portion of his men left Camargo on the 12th, in the direction of Monterey.

The steamer Arab arrived off Vera Cruz on the 15th August, with Santa Anna on board. He immediately placed himself at the head of the movement in that department. The departments of Puebla and Mexico have declared for Santa Anna, and Paredes has already been taken prisoner. The revolt at the Capital was headed by General Salas.—Before Santa Anna left Havana, he took letters from General Campbell to Commodore Connor, and avowed himself, in reply to some inquiries as to his intentions, as follows:—"If the people of my country are for war, then I am with them, but I would prefer peace."

News had been received in Mexico that Monterey on the Pacific and California had been taken by one of the vessels of the United States squadron. Another account says that all California had yielded to the Americans.

A letter dated at Vera Cruz 16th August, says that advices have been received by Express of the formal Annexation of California to the United States; that is, U. S. forces have taken possession of California. This news came to the British Consulate at Vera Cruz.

Dispatches were to be sent to England and to New Orleans by special express.

VARIETY.

SUN PICTURES.

A Correspondent of the Boston Atlas gives an account of the process of obtaining what are called, in Europe, "Sun Pictures," which appear to be similar to Daguerotypes, only that they are taken on paper instead of metal. They are stated to be quite "the rage" in Europe, at the present time. They are the invention of a Mr. Talbot, and are called by some "Talbotypes, in honor of the inventor. After giving a minute description of the process he goes on to say: "With an atmosphere so transparent as you have in America, wonders may be effected with this Talbotype paper; and I doubt not that as your Daguerotypes are far superior to ours, your Talbotype drawings will be long put us to the blush. Ladies could scarcely find a prettier employment, than in making transcripts of this sort from nature. In England and France, sun pictures are becoming the rage, and because this is the case, I have spent more time on the subject, than I should otherwise have done.

"I will say that the specimen I alluded to just now, is a view of the principal place in the city of Orleans—in fact, the shadow of the houses and squares, thrown on a bit of paper. I can read the signs on the houses—the place where Joan of Arc harangued the populace; notice the solemn towers of Notre Dame looming up, and even make out the carriages at the elopement. I enclose it, so that the readers of the Atlas may look at it, if they call at the office."

STATE AGENCY REPORTS. Additional Reports. Armada, Macomb Co. Joseph P. Foster Cha'n. Romeo, subscribed \$6,00.

COMMERCIAL. ANN ARBOR, SEPT. 11, 1846. Wheat ranges from 53 to 56. There is not much brought to market as yet.

MARRIED. In Terrytown, New York, on the 1st inst., Mr. Geo. D. Hill, of Ann Arbor, Mich., to Miss Frances A., only daughter of Hon. Fortune C. White, late of Waterbury.

DIED. On the 26th of Aug. Miss S. S. daughter of Sophronia and Jonathan L. Powell, aged 27 years and seven days.

NOTICES. STATE AGENCY. The Central Committee have secured the services of Mr. Plumb, and the Rev. Lyman C. Hough of Utica, N. Y., to lecture in the State for the months of September and October.

RAILROAD IN FRANCE. There are now finished and in operation, 906 miles of railroad in France, and that there are in progress of construction 2619 miles.

APPOINTMENTS OF MR. PLUMB FOR WASHTENAW COUNTY. Monday, September 14, at Sylvan.

APPOINTMENTS OF MR. HUGH, FOR JACKSON COUNTY. Monday, Sept. 14 at Brooklyn.

APPOINTMENTS OF MR. HUGH, FOR JACKSON COUNTY. Monday, Sept. 14 at Brooklyn.

A Card. Protection Fire Company No. 1, return their sincere thanks to the young men of this Village, for their prompt assistance at the late fire on the 31st of August.

COUNTY CONVENTION. The Liberty men of Eaton County, are requested to meet in Convention on the 23d of September, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the Court House in Charlotte, for the purpose of nominating County Officers and Representative to the State Legislature.

WAYNE CONVENTION. The Convention will be held at Perrin's Mills in the town of Nankin, on Tuesday the 6th of October next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to nominate Liberty candidates for the County offices to be filled at the ensuing election.

FIRST CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT CONVENTION. A Convention to nominate a suitable person as candidate to represent Liberty principles in Congress, on the expiration of the term of the Hon. H. McChesney, is hereby convened to assemble at the Court House in Ann Arbor, at 10 o'clock P. M. on Wednesday the 30th day of September next.

FIRST SENATORIAL DISTRICT CONVENTION. A Convention for the above District, consisting of Wayne, Macomb, and St. Clair Counties, will be held at the Court House, in Mt. Clemens, on the 28th day of September next, at 10 o'clock P. M. to nominate three Liberty candidates to represent the district at the next session of the Legislature.

COUNTY AND SENATORIAL CONVENTIONS. A Convention of the Liberty party of the Second Senatorial District, comprising the counties of Jackson, Washtenaw and Livingston, will be held at Ann Arbor, on Wednesday, the 23rd day of September, at 10 o'clock A. M.

STATE AGENCY APPOINTMENTS FOR MESSRS. TREADWELL AND BIER. LENAWEE COUNTY. Medina, Monday, Sept. 14, at 7 o'clock P. M.

NOTICE. WASHTENAW COUNTY, CHIEF CLERK'S OFFICE. The annual meeting of the Board of Supervisors, for this County, will be held at the Court House in Ann Arbor on Wednesday the 12th day of October next.

Co-Partnership. THE undersigned having formed a co-partnership, to take effect from the first day of August, inst., under the firm of B. B. & W. R. Noyes, Jr., will carry on the hardware business at the old stand of W. R. Noyes, Jr. Woodward Avenue.

WOOL! WOOL! CLOTH! CLOTH! THE undersigned would inform the public that they continue to manufacture FULLED CLOTH AND FLANNELS, at their manufactory, two and a half miles west of Ann Arbor, on the Huron River, near the Railroad.

CLOCKS AND WATCHES!! THE Subscriber has just received, (and is constantly receiving) from New York an elegant and well selected assortment of

Jewelry, Clocks, Watches, &c. &c. which he intends to sell as low as at any other establishment this side of Buffalo for ready pay only among which may be found the following in good assortment of

NEW MUSIC. BY E. LIVES JUNIOR. THE MOZART COLLECTION OF SACRED MUSIC, a collection of new Church music, consisting of Psalm and Hymn tunes, anthems, chants &c., adapted to the various metres now in use.

Cheap Hardware Store. THE Subscriber takes this method to inform his old customers and the public generally that he still continues to keep a large and general assortment of Foreign and Domestic

To Country Merchants. THE Subscriber has constantly for sale a good assortment of heavy WOOLEN CLOTHS, well adapted to the country market which he will sell at wholesale or retail, VERY LOW. Call and see them at the MANHATTAN STORE.

FOR SALE. CHEAP FOR CASH, or every kind of country Produce, Saddles, Bridles, Harness, Trunks, Valises, Trunk Valises, Carpet Bags, &c.

LOOK HERE!! THE Subscriber offers to sell Forty Acres of good Land in the County of Livingston.—The land is timbered, and within two miles of where a steam Saw mill is erecting.

A. C. M'GRAW & CO. Are now receiving their Fall Stock of Boots & Shoes Which have been selected with much care for the Wholesale Trade.

ANN ARBOR MARBLE YARD. THE undersigned having purchased the interests of his partner in the Marble Business, would inform the inhabitants of this and adjoining counties, that he continues the business at the old stand in Upper Town, near the Presbyterian Church, where he will manufacture to order, Monuments, Grave Stones, Paint Stone, Tablets, &c. &c.

CHEAP STOVES! AT YPSILANTI!! 125 COOKING & PARLOR STOVES, just received, by the Subscriber, (mostly from Albany) making a good assortment of the latest and best patterns, which will be sold at Low Prices not to be undersold this side Lake Erie.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER! THE Subscriber has the pleasure of announcing to the Public, that he has just received from New York, and opened a choice and well selected assortment of

Hats and Caps, IN all their varieties, also Caps, Silk and Gingham Umbrellas, Suspensers, Rich Silk Scarves and Cravats, Linen and Kid Gloves, with every article in that line can be had at fair prices and warranted to suit by sending your wishes by letter or by calling at No. 55, Wardway Avenue, 3 doors north of Doy's Auction room, Detroit.

Cheap Hardware Store. THE Subscriber takes this method to inform his old customers and the public generally that he still continues to keep a large and general assortment of Foreign and Domestic

To Country Merchants. THE Subscriber has constantly for sale a good assortment of heavy WOOLEN CLOTHS, well adapted to the country market which he will sell at wholesale or retail, VERY LOW. Call and see them at the MANHATTAN STORE.

FOR SALE. CHEAP FOR CASH, or every kind of country Produce, Saddles, Bridles, Harness, Trunks, Valises, Trunk Valises, Carpet Bags, &c.

LOOK HERE!! THE Subscriber offers to sell Forty Acres of good Land in the County of Livingston.—The land is timbered, and within two miles of where a steam Saw mill is erecting.

A. C. M'GRAW & CO. Are now receiving their Fall Stock of Boots & Shoes Which have been selected with much care for the Wholesale Trade.

NEW COOKING STOVE. THE subscriber would call the attention of the public to

And Stoves of all kinds. The subscriber would call the attention of the public to

Woolson's Hot Air Cooking STOVE. Which he can confidently recommend as being decidedly superior to any Cooking Stove in use.

WILLIAM R. NOTES, JR. 76 Woodward Avenue, Detroit, Dec. 12, 1845.

J. HOLMES & CO., WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS, Dry Groceries, Carpeting, and Paper Hangings, No. 63 Woodward Avenue, Larned's Block, Detroit.

50,000 lbs. Wool. Wanted, the above quantity of good merchantable Wool for which the highest market price will be paid.

To Wool Growers. WE beg leave to inform our Wool Growing friends, that we shall be prepared for the purchase of

100,000 lbs. of a good clean merchantable article, as soon as the season for selling commences, as we are connected with Eastern wool dealers, we shall be able to pay the highest price the Eastern market will afford.

FOR SALE AT LOW PRICES AND EASY TERMS. THE Subscriber offers for sale, a Farm, in the town of Dexter, of 166 acres, about 80 acres improved. Also a Farm at the mouth of Honey Creek in Sec. 3, miles from this village, of 140 acres, 90 acres improved.

