

# The North Carolina Whig.

"Be true to God, to your Country, and to your Duty."

VOLUME 4.

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EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

### TERMS:

The North Carolina Whig will be afforded to subscribers at TWO DOLLARS in advance, or TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if paid monthly for three months, and THREE DOLLARS at the end of the year. No paper will be sent until the amount is paid, except at the option of the Editor.

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All letters on business must be directed to the Editor. Letters must be post-paid or they will not be attended to.

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### Poetry.



#### The Tide of Death.

By ROBERT M. CHARLTON.

The tide rolls on—the tide rolls on—  
The never-resting tide,  
That sweeps the pleasures from our hearts,  
The bliss that flows from our side—  
That brings affliction to our lot,  
And anguish and despair,  
And leaves from youth's untroubled brow  
The chain that lingers there.

The tide rolls on; wave after wave  
Its swelling waters flow;  
It sweeps the joys that brighten life,  
It sweeps the hopes that glow;  
The infant from its mother's breast,  
The gay and blooming bride,  
An arrow from the bow of death,  
By that resistless tide.

The tide rolls on; the soldier's eye  
Grows dim beneath its swell;  
The scholar's gleam the mystic lore,  
That he has loved so well,  
From his bright field and hearth,  
And labor's weary toil,  
Rejoices that his hour will know  
The quiet of the grave.

The tide rolls on; like summer brook  
It gusheth to the sea;  
But like dark waters angry tide,  
It rusheth to the sea;  
From snugly built and lowly cot,  
From happy field and hearth,  
It sweeps into oblivion's sea,  
The dwellers on the earth.

Roll on thou dark and turbid wave!  
Thou canst not bear away  
The record of the good and brave,  
That knoweth not decay.

Though there may rush to yonder strife—  
The sword, the lance, the spear,  
Sail forth shall lift her bosom high,  
And guide us through thy sea.

### Miscellaneous.

#### COUSIN SALLY DILLARD.

By HAMILTON C. JONES.

We think, says a Western editor, it is high time that "Cousin Sally Dillard," "Captain Rice" and "Mose," were again brought to the memory of the public. We have read and laughed at the narration of at least twenty times, and should not fail to enjoy it, were it to come under our daily notice for a year to come. The scene is a court of justice in North Carolina. A heedless disciple of Thoreau rises and thus addresses the court:

"May it please your worship, and you gentlemen of the jury; since it has been my fortune—good or bad, I will not say—to exercise in legal acquisition, it has never befitted me to be obliged to prosecute, so difficult, arduous and malicious an assault; a more violent, and dangerous battery; and, finally, a more diabolical breach has seldom happened in a civilized country; and I dare say it has seldom been your duty to pass upon one so shocking to be-veiled feelings as this which took place over at Capt Rice's in this county. But you will bear from the witnesses.

The witnesses being sworn, two of three were examined and disposed of; one said he heard the noise and did not see the fight; another that he "saw the row, but did not know who struck first; and a third that he was very drunk, and could not say much about the skirmish.

Lawyer Chops—"I am very sorry, gentlemen, to have occupied your time with the stupidity of the witnesses examined. It is, however, gentlemen, altogether from misapprehension on my part. Had I known, as I do, that I had a witness here, acquainted with the circumstances of the case, and able to make himself clearly understood by the court and jury, I should not long have trespassed your time and patience. Come forward and be sworn.

So forward comes the witness, a fat, chubby man, a "leettle corned, and took oath with an air.

C.—Harris, we wish you to tell about the fight that happened the other day, at Capt Rice's, and as a great deal of time has already been wasted in circumlocution, we wish you to be compendious, and at the same time as explicit as possible.

Harris—Adzezy—(giving the Lawyer a knowing wink, and at the same time clearing his throat)—(Capt. Rice, he gin a treat, and Cousin Sally Dillard, she come over to our house, and axed me if my wife she mount go. I told Cousin Sally Dillard—that my wife she was poorly, being as how she had rheumatism in the hip, and the big swamp was up, for there had been a heap of rain lately, but homsomer, as it was so, Cousin Sally Dillard, my wife she mount go. I told Cousin Sally Dillard as how Mose he was foreman of the crap, and the crap was smartly in the grass, but homsomer,

ever, as it was she, Cousin Sally Dillard, Mose he mount go.

C.—In the name of common sense, Mr. Harris, what do you mean by this rignarole?

W.—Capt. Rice, he gin a treat, and Cousin Sally Dillard, she come over to our house and axed me if my wife she mount go. I told Cousin Sally Dillard—

Stop, sir, if you please; we don't want to hear any thing about Cousin Sally Dillard, or your wife; tell us about the fight at Rice's.

W.—Well, sir, I will, that is if you will let me.

C.—Well, sir, go on.

W.—Well, Capt. Rice, he gin a treat, and Cousin Sally Dillard, she come over to our house and axed me if my wife she mount go.

C.—There it is again; witness, please to stop.

W.—Well, sir, what do you want?

C.—We want to know about the fight and you must not proceed with this impertinent story. Do you know any thing about the matter before the court?

W.—To be sure I do.

C.—Well, you go on and tell it and nothing else.

W.—Capt. Rice gin a treat—

C.—This is intolerable. May it please the court, I move that this witness be committed for a contempt; he seems to be trifling with the court.

The Court.—Witness, you are now before the court of justice, and unless you behave yourself in a more becoming manner, you will be put to jail; so begin and tell what you know about the fight at Capt. Rice's.

W.—(alarmed) Well, gentlemen, Captain Rice, he gin a treat, and Cousin Sally Dillard she come over to our house and axed me if my wife she mount go. I told Cousin Sally Dillard that my wife was poorly, as she had rheumatism in the hip, and the big swamp was up, but homsomer, as it was so, Cousin Sally Dillard, my wife mount go. Well, Cousin Sally Dillard, she axed me, if Mose he mount go, I told Cousin Sally Dillard as how Mose he was foreman of the crap, and the crap was smartly in the grass, but as it was she, Cousin Sally Dillard, Mose he mount go. So they goes on together, Mose, my wife and Cousin Sally Dillard, and they come to the big swamp, and it was up, as I was telling you, but being as how there was a log across the big swamp, Cousin Sally Dillard and Mose, like general fools, walked the log, but my wife, like a darned fool, heaved her coat and waded right through—and that's all I know about the fight.

A BEGGAR WITH A WOODEN BARY.—A bigger woman came to the door of one of our citizens yesterday, apparently with a child in her arms, which she seemed to be soothing by endearing tones, and gently waving it to and fro, as mothers are wont to do when their little ones are in trouble. She was at the same time weeping, and altogether the appeal was irresistible in the kind-hearted lady of the house, who gave her a good supply of food. As she handed it to her, the woman, in moving her arms to receive it, let fall a "check of wood."

What exclaimed the lady, "is this the kind of bary you are carrying about?" The beggar woman, who appeared to be intoxicated, cursed her like a sixteen and left to practice her imposture elsewhere.—Chicago Press.

REPARTER.—We remember that some years ago, Roger M. Sherman and Perry Smith were opposed to each other as advocates in an important case before a court of justice in Connecticut. Smith opened the case with a violent tirade against Sherman's political character. Sherman rose and very compendiously remarked:

"I shall not discuss politics with Mr. Smith, before the court, but I am perfectly willing to argue questions of law, to chop logic, or even spit hairs with him."

"Split that, then," said Smith, at the same time pulling a short, rough looking hair from his own head, and handing it over towards Mr. Sherman.

"May it please the honorable court," retorted Sherman, "I didn't say bristles."

"My dear don't say 'talo,'—say narrative!" said a modest lady to her little son, who was relating a very interesting tale he had just read in a newspaper. While the little was fellow thinking of his mistake, the old house-dog walked in shaking his tail and looked quite familiarly at the boy, who exclaimed:—"Ma, make Sancho quit slaking his narrative."

A BRIGHT BOY.—"Papa, can't I go to the zoological rooms to see the comestible fight the rhyeno-sir-co-hoss?"

Sartin: my son, but don't get your trousers torn. Strangle my dear, what a taste that boy has got for natural history. No longer ago than yesterday he had eight lion cubs hanging by their tails to the clothes line.

"No! Bless his little heart, come to his mother!"

### A THRILLING NARRATIVE.

James Morgan was a native of Maryland, married at an early age, and soon after settled near Bryant's Station, in the wilds of Kentucky. Like most pioneers of the West, he had cut down the cane, built a cabin, fenced the timber, enclosed a field with a worm fence, and planted some corn. It was on the 14th of August, 1782. The sun had descended; a pleasant breeze was playing through the surrounding wood, the case bowed under its influence, and the broad leaves of corn waved in the air.

Morgan had seated himself in the door of his cabin, with his infant on his knee. His young and happy wife had laid aside the spinning-wheel, and was busily engaged in preparing the frugal meal. That afternoon he accidentally found a bundle of letters which he had finished reading to his wife before he had taken his seat in the door. It was a correspondence in which they had acknowledged an early and ardent attachment to each other, and the present left evident traces of joy in the faces of both; the little infant, too, seemed to partake of its kind parents' feeling, by cheerful smiles, playful humor and infantile caresses.

While thus agreeably employed, the report of a rifle was heard; another followed in quick succession. Morgan sprang to his feet, his wife ran to the door, and they simultaneously exclaimed:—"Indians!" The door was instantly barred, and the next instant their fears were realized by a bold and spirited attack of a small party of Indians. The cabin could not be successfully defended, and time was precious. Morgan, cool, brave, and prompt, soon decided. While he was in the act of concealing her under the floor, a mother's feelings overcame her; she arose, seized the infant, but was afraid that its cries would betray its place of concealment. She hesitated, gazed directly upon it; a momentary struggle between duty and affection took place. She once more pressed her child to her bosom, and again kissed it with impassioned tenderness. The infant, alarmed at the profusion of tears that fell upon its cheeks, looked in its mother's face, threw its little arms around her neck, and wept aloud.

In the name of Heaven, Eliza, release the child, or be lost!" said the distracted husband, in a soft, imploring tone, as he forced the infant from his wife, took up his gun, knife and hatchet, ran up the ladder that led to the chamber, and drew it after him. In a moment the door was burst open and the savages entered.

By this time Morgan had secured his child in a bag and leaped it to his back, and then throwing off some elphorbs from the eelin roof, he resolutely leaped to the ground. He was assailed by two Indians. As the first approached he knocked him down with the butt end of his gun. The other advanced with his uplifted tomahawk; Morgan let fall his gun and closed in. The savage made a blow, missed, but severed the cord that bound the infant to his back, and it fell. The contest over the child now became warm and fierce, and was carried on with knives only. The robust and athletic Morgan at length got the ascendancy; both were badly cut, and bled freely, but the stabs of the white man were deeper and deeper, and the savage fell to the earth. Morgan hastily took up the child and hurried off.

The Indians in the house, barely engaged in drinking and plundering, were not apprised of the contest in the yard until the one that had been knocked down gave signs of returning life, and called them to the scene of action. Morgan was discovered, immediately pursued, and a dog put upon his trail. Operated upon by all the feelings of a husband and a father, he moved with all the speed of a hunted stag, and soon outstripped the Indians, but the dog kept in close pursuit. Finding it impossible to outrun or to elude the cunning animal, trained to hunts of this kind, he halted and waited till it came within a few yards of him, fired and brought him to the ground.

In a short time he reached the house of his brother, who resided near Bryant's Station, at Lexington, where he left the child, and the brothers left for the dwelling. As they approached, light broke upon his eye; his steps quickened, his fears increased, and the most agonizing apprehensions crowded upon his mind. Emerging from the cause-brake, he beheld his house in flames, and almost burnt to the ground. "My wife!" he exclaimed, as he pressed one hand to his forehead, and grasped the fence with the other to support his tottering frame. He gazed on the ruin and desolation before him, advanced a few paces and fell exhausted to the earth.

Morning came, and the luminary of Heaven arose and still found him seated near the expiring embers. In his right hand he held a small stick, with which he was tracing the name of "Eliza" on the ground, and his left hand lay on his favorite dog by his side; looking first on the ruin and then on his dog, with evident signs of grief, Morgan arose. The two brothers now made search, and found some bones buried in ashes, which they gathered and shantly confined to the mother earth, beneath the high spreading branches of a venerable oak consecrated by the purest and holiest recollections.

Several days after this, Morgan was engaged in a desperate battle at the Lower Blue Licks. The Indians came off victoriously, and the surviving whites retreated across the Licking, pursued by the enemy for a distance of six and thirty miles. James Morgan was among the last who crossed the river, and was in the rear until the bill was descended. As he beheld the Indians reappear on the ridge, he felt and saw his wrongs, and recollected the lovely object of his affections. He urged his horse and pressed to the front. While in the act of leaping from his saddle, he received a rifle ball in his thigh, and fell; the Indian sprang upon him, seized him by the hair, and applied the scelping-knife.

At this moment Morgan looked up and recognized the handkerchief that bound the head of the savage, and knew it to be his wife's. This added renewed strength

to his body, and increased his activity to fury. He quickly threw his left arm around the Indian, and with a death-like grasp, hugged him to his bosom, plunged his knife into his side, and he expired in his arms. Releasing himself from the savage, Morgan crawled under a small oak, on an elevated piece of ground, a short distance from him; the scene of action shifted, and he remained undiscovered and unscathed, an anxious spectator of the battle.

It was now midnight. The savage band had, after taking all the scalps they could find, left the battle-ground. Morgan was seated at the foot of the oak, his trunk supporting his head. The rugged and uneven ground that surrounded him was covered with the slain, the once white and projecting rocks, bleached by sun and rain for centuries, were crimsoned with blood that had warmed the heart and animated the bosom of the soldier.

The pale glimmering of the moon occasionally threw a faint light upon the mangled bodies of the dead; then a passing cloud enveloped all in darkness, and gave additional terror to the feeble cries of a few still lingering in the last agonies of protracted death, rendered doubly appalling by the hoarse growl of the bear, the loud howl of the wolf, and the shrill and varied notes of the wild-cat and the panther, feeding on the dead and dying. Morgan beheld the scene with heart-rending sensations, and looked forward with the apathy of despair on his own end.

A large ferocious looking bear, covered all over with blood, now approached him; he threw himself on the ground, and silently commended his soul to Heaven, and in breathless anxiety, awaited his fate. The satiated animal slowly passed without noticing him. Morgan raised his head, and was about to offer his thanks for his unexpected preservation, when the cry of a pack of wolves opened upon him, and awakened him to a sense of danger. He placed his hands over his eyes, fell on his face, and in silent agony awaited his fate.

He now heard a rushing in the bushes; steps approached, a cold chill ran over him. Imagination, creative, busy imagination, was actively employed; death, the most horrible, and fatal; his limbs would, in all probability, be torn from him, and he devoured alive. He felt a touch; the vital spark was almost extinguished. Another touch, more violent than the first, and he was turned over. The cold sweat ran down in torrents; his hands were violently forced from his face. The moon passed from under a cloud; a faint ray beamed upon him, his eyes involuntarily opened, and he beheld his wife, who, in a scarcely audible voice, exclaimed:—"My husband! my husband!" and fell upon his bosom.

Morgan now learned from his wife that after the Indians entered the house they found some alterations, of which they drank freely. An altercation soon took place; one of them received a mortal stab and fell; the blood ran through the floor on her. Believing it to be the blood of her husband, she shrieked aloud, and thus betrayed the place of her concealment. She was instantly taken and bound. The party, after setting fire to the house, proceeded to Bryant's Station.

On the day of the battle of the Blue Licks, a horse with a saddle and bridle rushed by her, which she knew to be her husband's. During the action the prisoners were left unguarded; made their escape and lay concealed beneath some bushes near the bank of the river. After the Indians had returned from the pursuit, and left the battleground, she, with some other persons who escaped with her, determined to make search for their friends, and if on the field, and living, to save them if possible for some time, and almost despairing of success, she fortunately discovered him.

The party of Col. Logan found Morgan and his wife, and restored them to their friends, their infant and their home.

BAOAGINE FOR THE OTHER WORLD.—The following incident occurred in this city a few weeks ago. Two children, a girl of seven years, and a boy of five, were playing in the yard above that in which their mother was sitting with a friend. Suddenly, the quick eye of the mother caught the sound of little feet hurrying to the stairway, and then the voice of the little boy, almost inaudible, through terror, calling her to come, "Come quick Daughty's in the trunk!" Hastening to the spot, she asked eagerly, "Where's the key?" "Oh! Daughty's got it, Daughty's got it," said the little fellow, and he danced wildly about the room and threw his hands in agony! And surely there was cause for his wild flight! The little girl had taken the key in her hand, for fear her brother would lock her in, and placed herself in the large trunk, and now the lid was closed, the spring lock made it fast, and there was no key! Springing to the speaking pipe, the mother called to a servant, in a voice that told for itself of urgency, to bring the axe, and then seizing a cracker from the stove she endeavored to open a crack to afford the child air, and succeeded in opening a very narrow one. Then throwing up the window, they drew the trunk to it. In a few moments—but moments are long in such a time of peril—the axe was brought, and by breaking in the side of the trunk, they liberated the little captive from her close prison house. Stripes of deep color ran down her face and neck, and perspiration in great drops stood upon her skin, but she was rescued and uninjured.—Newark Advertiser.

AN OVAL PROPHECY.—A western exchange tells that a hen's egg was found on the 11th instant, at Chillicothe, Ohio, in a buckster's lot, with protuberated letters in the shell containing these words:—"Consuming fire in 1856." To all appearance it is a natural hen's egg, which is one reason for heading this item. An Oval Prophecy; and the others, we don't think it will come round.

"Martins have you hung up the clothes?" "No madam, I placed them in a state of suspension—hang is vulgar."

### From the St. Louis Intelligencer of April 21.

#### MOB LAW IN MISSOURI.

EXCITEMENT IN PLATTE COUNTY.—In another column of our paper will be found detailed, a description of some violent and vehement proceedings in Platte County, of this State, last Saturday. It seems that the Parkville Luminary newspaper, conducted by George S. Park and W. J. Patterson, had become insufferably offensive to certain citizens of that vicinity, on account of its imagined proclivity towards Free-soilism. In other words, in the cant language of the resolutions passed by the citizens, it was a nuisance which they resolved to abate. They did abate it, in quite a summary way, too. They proceeded to the office, tore the press from the building, mounted it with a cap labelled "Boston Aid," marched it deliberately through the streets of the town, and tossed it into the Missouri river.

They had determined not only to wreak their vengeance on the man, wheels and levers of the printing press, but to give the owners thereof a taste of their wrath also. They dragged Mr. Patterson, one of the editors of the Luminary, into the street, forced him to witness the destruction of his property, and then prepared to tar, feather, and ride him on a rail. But a guardian and protecting angel was sent to save the unresisting man from the mortifying disgrace and degrading punishment ready to be inflicted on him by the enraged populace. His devoted wife clung to him to the last—stuck to him like a leech, as a brutal eye-witness and narrator of the scene expressed it—and endeavored to defend him by her feeble strength from the fury of the crowd. She succeeded. Her frail form was an effectual shield, and saved her husband from the infliction of a personal outrage supposed to be fit only for villains.

But, while he was spared the disgrace of tar and feathers, he was given to understand that he could remain no longer in Parkville. The mob resolved itself into a committee, and resolved that if he and his colleague, Mr. Park, were found in the county at the end of three weeks, they should follow their press and find a grave in the waves of the Missouri. Mr. Park was absent at the time, and is perhaps indebted to that fact, for his exemption from the same humiliation visited on his associate.

We sorely know how to speak of these proceedings. That the Luminary may not have been sufficiently proslavery in its sentiments for the latitude and locality at Platte county, seems to have been the head and front of its offending. Therefore, it was voted a nuisance and summarily disposed of. The Luminary was not an Abolition paper, nor were its owners, Messrs. Park & Patterson, Free-soilers. One of them—Park, we believe—is the owner of slaves, and not at all likely to publish opinions which, while endangering the slave property of others, would also jeopard the safety of his own. But the Luminary spoke no hard and bitter words against the emigrants to Kansas from the North. It did not call them "hiredlings" and "white slaves," bought up and sent out by Northern capitalists to plant the standard of Free-soilism on the soil of Kansas. It welcomed all settlers with open arms and encouraged emigration to the new Territory from all quarters, because its owners knew that the rapid settlement of Kansas by industrious and thrifty emigrants would augment the trade and advance the interests of the border towns and cities of Missouri. For this they were "spotted," tried by a self-constituted jury, found guilty, condemned, and ordered to leave the State.

We think the Platte county people, when they come to reflect coolly on their conduct, will be heartily ashamed of it. It is unworthy the liberal spirit of the age and unbecoming the chivalric character of Missourians; yet they are not so much to be blamed for the affair as those who have instigated it.

What do the repealers of the Missouri compromise think now? Are the fruits of that repeal so glorious and promising as was predicted?

#### From the Platte Argus, Evans.

PARTICULARS OF THE OUTRAGE, AS DESCRIBED BY ITS AIDERS AND ABETTORS.

Below will be read with acidity, the letter of our correspondent at Parkville. It was written by an *impartial* and an intelligent gentleman, who was an eye-witness to the whole occurrence, and may be considered perfectly authentic.

It will be seen that Geo. S. Park and Wm. J. Patterson, who have for years been manifesting freedom and abolition proclivities through the "Luminary" and otherwise, were ordered to depart from the county in three weeks. The resolutions speak first to the *public*; in his determined patriots who know no fear, and mean to defend their rights and their institutions. Let the case be fairly understood; let the people understand that the *people*, in honest simplicity and determination, have destroyed the press and fixtures of the Luminary newspaper, for the reason that George S. Park and W. J. Patterson, who are citizens of a *free State*, supported by slaveholder's money, have been in open rebellion and opposition to the institution of slavery and the interests and safety of our people and property. Week after week the columns of their paper have been filled with violent denunciations of the pro-slavery men of Missouri and Kansas, and in open and avowed aid of the "aid societies" of the North. For this they have suffered, for nothing else. Let traitors beware! The people are aroused; strong arms and stout hearts are enlisted, not for a day or a single campaign, BUT FOR THE WAR! We fight for peace, a *total peace*, for justice and our rights. Again, we say, in tones which we would prefer should resound like the thunder of the heavens: *Let traitors among us beware!* Let those who are coming to oppose us *count well the cost!*

PARKVILLE, (Mo.) April 14, 1855.

Mr. Editor: The spontaneous upheavals of an indignant and outraged community, were manifested here to-day in a decided manner. To tell you that the "Industrial Luminary," a newspaper owned by George Park and W. J. Patterson, in this town, is a Free-soil sheet, and has been aiding and abetting the Eastern Abolition societies in their abortive attempt to abolish Kansas for the past year, is to tell you what you already know. You are also aware that Park has a large hotel in this place, kept by a Free-soiler imported from Illinois, and devoted to the same foul purposes. It seems that certain men of the neighborhood determined "to abate the nuisance." How they managed to notify so many and keep it quiet, I do not understand; but about ten o'clock this morning, we were surprised to see about ten or fifteen of our most respectable country acquaintances ride into town, and go to the printing office and put Patterson under guard. Park, it appears, had either heard of it, or his good luck had prompted him to go to the mouth of Blue, in Kansas Territory. At twelve o'clock, about two hundred men had arrived. The press was very quietly taken down and paraded into the street. The crowd was called to order, and Patterson was brought forth to receive his sentence. One speaker stated that they all were aware that they came from the firm determination to black, tar, and feather, and ride on a rail, G. S. Park and W. J. Patterson, but that, as Park had escaped and left his newspaper to suffer for both, he wished the meeting to decide what should now be done with the prisoner. Another speaker declared that his voice was for mercy, not that he had any excuse to offer for Patterson, for he despised him as strongly as any man could, but that Patterson's wife throughout the morning had hung to him like a leech; that she now leaped on to him, and that we could not inflict the punishment without gross violence to her feelings, and perhaps readiness to her person. He therefore, for the sake of the wife, moved a vote be taken to remit the tar, feathers, &c., and see Mr. Patterson at large for the present. The vote was accordingly taken, and a small majority voted in favor of the prisoner; he was therefore set at large. The following resolutions were then offered and voted on singly, and not one dissenting voice was heard on the ground. Almost every eye voted in the affirmative, and they voted with a "viii," too, that showed they were in earnest:

Resolved, 1. That the Parkville Industrial Luminary is a nuisance which has been endured too long, and should now be abated.

2. That the editors, to wit, G. S. Park and W. J. Patterson, are traitors to the State and county in which they live, and should be dealt with as such.

3. That we meet here again on this day three weeks, and if we find G. S. Park or W. J. Patterson in this town, then, or at any subsequent time, we will throw them into the Missouri river; and if they go to Kansas to reside, we pledge our honor as men to follow and hang them wherever we can take them.

4. That at the suggestion of our Parkville friends, we will attend to some other Free-soilers not far off.

5. That we will suffer no person belonging to the Northern Methodist Church, to preach in Platte county after this date, under penalty of tar and feathers for the first offence, and a hemp rope for the second.

6. That we earnestly call on our sister counties throughout the State to rise in their might and clean themselves of free-soilism.

### From the St. Louis Intelligencer of April 21.

MOB LAW IN MISSOURI.

EXCITEMENT IN PLATTE COUNTY.—In another column of our paper will be found detailed, a description of some violent and vehement proceedings in Platte County, of this State, last Saturday. It seems that the Parkville Luminary newspaper, conducted by George S. Park and W. J. Patterson, had become insufferably offensive to certain citizens of that vicinity, on account of its imagined proclivity towards Free-soilism. In other words, in the cant language of the resolutions passed by the citizens, it was a nuisance which they resolved to abate. They did abate it, in quite a summary way, too. They proceeded to the office, tore the press from the building, mounted it with a cap labelled "Boston Aid," marched it deliberately through the streets of the town, and tossed it into the Missouri river.

They had determined not only to wreak their vengeance on the man, wheels and levers of the printing press, but to give the owners thereof a taste of their wrath also. They dragged Mr. Patterson, one of the editors of the Luminary, into the street, forced him to witness the destruction of his property, and then prepared to tar, feather, and ride him on a rail. But a guardian and protecting angel was sent to save the unresisting man from the mortifying disgrace and degrading punishment ready to be inflicted on him by the enraged populace. His devoted wife clung to him to the last—stuck to him like a leech, as a brutal eye-witness and narrator of the scene expressed it—and endeavored to defend him by her feeble strength from the fury of the crowd. She succeeded. Her frail form was an effectual shield, and saved her husband from the infliction of a personal outrage supposed to be fit only for villains.

But, while he was spared the disgrace of tar and feathers, he was given to understand that he could remain no longer in Parkville. The mob resolved itself into a committee, and resolved that if he and his colleague, Mr. Park, were found in the county at the end of three weeks, they should follow their press and find a grave in the waves of the Missouri. Mr. Park was absent at the time, and is perhaps indebted to that fact, for his exemption from the same humiliation visited on his associate.

We sorely know how to speak of these proceedings. That the Luminary may not have been sufficiently proslavery in its sentiments for the latitude and locality at Platte county, seems to have been the head and front of its offending. Therefore, it was voted a nuisance and summarily disposed of. The Luminary was not an Abolition paper, nor were its owners, Messrs. Park & Patterson, Free-soilers. One of them—Park, we believe—is the owner of slaves, and not at all likely to publish opinions which, while endangering the slave property of others, would also jeopard the safety of his own. But the Luminary spoke no hard and bitter words against the emigrants to Kansas from the North. It did not call them "hiredlings" and "white slaves," bought up and sent out by Northern capitalists to plant the standard of Free-soilism on the soil of Kansas. It welcomed all settlers with open arms and encouraged emigration to the new Territory from all quarters, because its owners knew that the rapid settlement of Kansas by industrious and thrifty emigrants would augment the trade and advance the interests of the border towns and cities of Missouri. For this they were "spotted," tried by a self-constituted jury, found guilty, condemned, and ordered to leave the State.

We think the Platte county people, when they come to reflect coolly on their conduct, will be heartily ashamed of it. It is unworthy the liberal spirit of the age and unbecoming the chivalric character of Missourians; yet they are not so much to be blamed for the affair as those who have instigated it.

What do the repealers of the Missouri compromise think now? Are the fruits of that repeal so glorious and promising as was predicted?

#### From the Platte Argus, Evans.

PARTICULARS OF THE OUTRAGE, AS DESCRIBED BY ITS AIDERS AND ABETTORS.

Below will be read with acidity, the letter of our correspondent at Parkville. It was written by an *impartial* and an intelligent gentleman, who was an eye-witness to the whole occurrence, and may be considered perfectly authentic.

It will be seen that Geo. S. Park and Wm. J. Patterson, who have for years been manifesting freedom and abolition proclivities through the "Luminary" and otherwise, were ordered to depart from the county in three weeks. The resolutions speak first to the *public*; in his determined patriots who know no fear, and mean to defend their rights and their institutions. Let the case be fairly understood; let the people understand that the *people*, in honest simplicity and determination, have destroyed the press and fixtures of the Luminary newspaper, for the reason that George S. Park and W. J. Patterson, who are citizens of a *free State*, supported by slaveholder's money, have been in open rebellion and opposition to the institution of slavery and the interests and safety of our people and property. Week after week the columns of their paper have been filled with violent denunciations of the pro-slavery men of Missouri and Kansas, and in open and avowed aid of the "aid societies" of the North. For this they have suffered, for nothing else. Let traitors beware! The people are aroused; strong arms and stout hearts are enlisted, not for a day or a single campaign, BUT FOR THE WAR! We fight for peace, a *total peace*, for justice and our rights. Again, we say, in tones which we would prefer should resound like the thunder of the heavens: *Let traitors among us beware!* Let those who are coming to oppose us *count well the cost!*

PARKVILLE, (Mo.) April 14, 1855.

Mr. Editor: The spontaneous upheavals of an indignant and outraged community, were manifested here to-day in a decided manner. To tell you that the "Industrial Luminary," a newspaper owned by George Park and W. J. Patterson, in this town, is a Free-soil sheet, and has been aiding and abetting the Eastern Abolition societies in their abortive attempt to abolish Kansas for the past year, is to tell you what you already know. You are also aware that Park has a large hotel in this place, kept by a Free-soiler imported from Illinois, and devoted to the same foul purposes. It seems that certain men of the neighborhood determined "to abate the nuisance." How they managed to notify so many and keep it quiet, I do not understand; but about ten o'clock this morning, we were surprised to see about ten or fifteen of our most respectable country acquaintances ride into town, and go to the printing office and put Patterson under guard. Park, it appears, had either heard of it, or his good luck had prompted him to go to the mouth of Blue, in Kansas Territory. At twelve o'clock, about two hundred men had arrived. The press was very quietly taken down and paraded into the street. The crowd was called to order, and Patterson was brought forth to receive his sentence. One speaker stated that they all were aware that they came from the firm determination to black, tar, and feather, and ride on a rail, G. S. Park and W. J. Patterson, but that, as Park had escaped and left his newspaper to suffer for both, he wished the meeting to decide what should now be done with the prisoner. Another speaker declared that his voice was for mercy, not that he had any excuse to offer for Patterson