

Liberty Weekly Tribune.

BY ROBT. H. MILLER.

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Tribute of Respect.

At a meeting of the members of the Western Bar, immediately after the announcement of the death of WILLIAM THOMAS WYATT, Esq., let a member of said Bar, the following proceedings were had:
On motion of J. N. Burnes, Esq., Hon. S. P. McCurdy was called to the Chair, and H. J. Wolf, was requested to act as Secretary of the meeting.
On motion of Hon. L. D. Bird, a committee of three were appointed by the chairman to draft resolutions appropriate to the occasion. The chair appointed as said committee, Hon. L. D. Bird, C. F. Burnes and Jas. Doniphan, Esqrs.
On motion of S. S. Wilkerson, eight members of the bar were appointed to act as pall bearers at the funeral, to-wit: E. S. Wilkerson, James N. Burnes, L. D. Bird, R. J. Wolf, C. F. Burnes, Daniel Adams, James Doniphan, and S. P. McCurdy.
On motion it was resolved that when this meeting adjourn, it be to proceed to the residence of Lewis Ramsey, Esq., to accompany the remains of our friend WILLIAM THOMAS WYATT, Esq., to the city cemetery.
On motion the meeting then adjourned to meet at the same place again at 7 o'clock tomorrow.

At 7 o'clock, p. m., the meeting was again called to order by the chairman.
The committee appointed to draft resolutions for the meeting, through C. F. Burnes, Esq., presented the following preamble and resolutions:

WHEREAS, The scenes of suffering we have witnessed for the last five days around the bedside of our dying friend and brother, WILLIAM THOMAS WYATT, Esq., have just terminated in a fatal dispensation of Divine Providence, releasing and removing him from all earthly courts to that infinitely higher tribunal, to whose Bar we must all sooner or later be admitted and enrolled, and from whose judgment and decrees, like neither error nor appeal. And whereas, we have just returned from paying to the remains of our young friend and brother, the last sad testimonial of respect, it is fitting that we give expression to our sad and melancholy reflections, aroused at the irreparable loss of brilliant talent and a noble heart. Therefore be it unanimously resolved by the members of the bar within the city of Western:

1. That in him for whose loss we are now in mourning we have known a young man of rare promise, of untiring industry, and of a soul whose true nobility and magnanimity encompassed the whole duties of life—a member of the legal profession, without spot or blemish, and adorned with the pure robe of honor and integrity—who to brilliant natural powers had added and was daily adding the most elevated and enlightened learning, making himself a noble example for the younger members of the profession.

2. That the law has lost an able and ingenious expounder. The profession a noble and gifted brother, and the community in which he lived, a faithful defender of the cause of right and justice—an advocate of the poor—the enemy, only, of oppression and injustice.

3. That we tender our sincere condolence and sympathy to the bereaved father, mother, brothers and family of our departed brother, promising that we can never forget his noble and many qualities, but will cherish his memory and profit by his example.

4. That as a mark of distinguished affection for our deceased brother, we will wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

5. That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the bereaved parents of our late brother, and published in our city papers, with request for Clay county papers to copy.

6. That ———— Esq., present these resolutions to the Western Court of Common Pleas, to be entered upon the record of said court; and that ———— Esq., perform a like duty before the Circuit Court of Platte county, and ———— Esq., to the Circuit Court of Clay county.

Which preamble and resolutions were on motion unanimously adopted.

The thanks in the sixth resolution were then filed by the chairman, who appointed Lewis Ramsey, Esq., to prevent said resolutions to the Western Court of Common Pleas; James N. Burnes, Esq., to present the same to the Platte Circuit court; and B. F. Stringfellow, Esq., to the Clay Circuit court.

On motion, the meeting then adjourned.
S. P. McCURDY, President.
H. J. WOLF, Secretary.

A number of persons have left Owensburg, Ky., for the Arkansas gold mines.

THE SOUTH CAROLINA BELLE, OR, Who Lost the Wager.

CHAPTER I.

My uncle Ned had set his heart upon marrying me to my cousin Rosalie; but the thing favored of compulsion to me, and I had my mind to be just as obstinate as the future of the case might demand. I boasted to being a little sentimental. I have read heaps of novels in my day, from the Children of the Abbey, down to the Black House, and the thought of having my uncle pick out a wife for me was tolerably repugnant to my ideas of propriety and the rights of man.

Uncle Ned was a jolly old fellow, and laughed in my face, when I told him I could not think of such a thing as permitting him to select a wife for me. I looked dignified and felt dignified; and I was not a little mortified when the old fellow haw-hawed right in my face.

"But, my boy, she is as rich as mud—with an income of eight thousand dollars a year," said he. "Think of that."

"My dear uncle, I beg you will deem me above mercenary motives in so important a matter as this," I replied with a seriousness in keeping with the solemnity of the topic discussed.

"Perhaps you don't mean to take a wife—like an old bachelor—eh?" continued he, punching me under the short ribs as he poured forth another of his abominable "gallows."

"Not so; on the contrary, I mean to take a wife just as soon as I can find one exactly suited to my mind."

"And you don't mean to marry a girl that has got any money?"

"That is perfectly immaterial, sir, as you are aware that my fortune is amply sufficient without the addition of a wife's dowry."

"But the money would not do any harm, would it?"

No! I should not object to a lady who has the requisite qualifications, because she happened to have a fortune at her disposal, though in my estimation it would add nothing to her fitness to become my wife."

"Indeed!" drawled Uncle Ned, looking at me with such a funny expression that I could not tell whether he was going to laugh or get mad. "I didn't care much for I deemed it beneath his dignity to attempt an interference in such a delicate matter."

"But, Bob, Rosalie is the most beautiful girl in South Carolina. Thousands of young gentlemen at the South would jump at the chance to step into your shoes."

"They can do so, sir; I tell you plainly she can never be my wife, if she was a pearl and had of all South Carolina for her dowry," said I, with dignified earnestness.

"What?"

"Your sisters will be as useless as your persuasions; they shall not move me."

"But, Bob, you know your father earnestly desired that you should be married, before he died," added the uncle more seriously.

"It matters not, sir; I must be entirely unembarrassed in the choice of a wife. Let me tell you plainly, that, even if I had no other objection, the mere fact that you have attempted to draw me into this marriage were a sufficient reason for me to decline it."

"Eh! you young puppy, what do you mean by that?"

"Just exactly what I say, viz: that I will neither be led or driven into marriage with Rosalie. I think we have said enough about it."

I had begun to talk a little "pootly." He was, in my opinion, treading upon the prerogative of a freeborn citizen.

What did the old fogey mean? Did he think I hadn't sense enough to choose my own wife? Rosalie was entirely out of the question—I could not, on principle, be driven into matrimonial connection, even though the other party was an angel and had a dowry of eight thousand a year.

Rosalie died leaving my Uncle Ned her guardian. I had often been told that Rosalie was a very pretty girl; but she had been to the North only once, and then I was traveling in Europe, so I had never seen her.

I had written Uncle Ned promising to spend a month with him in the autumn. Business had called him to Boston, where our interview occurred. He had more than once expressed a desire that his brother's property should remain in the family, and pressed me to unite my fate to that of his beautiful niece.

This was out of the question. "A made up match" was my abomination. Certainly I had no other reason for my violent prejudice against the marriage. I considered it sacred obligation to fall in love before I took a wife, and the idea of being pledged to Rosalie before I had seen her myself was so absurd that I had no patience to think of it.

And then I had a principle for my guidance in affairs of the heart, which absolutely forbade me think of such a thing as a "marriage for convenience."

The autumn came and I paid my proposed visit to Uncle Ned's plantation in South Carolina. I was disappointed in my cousin Rosalie. She was a tolerably good looking demsel, but in my opinion very far from being like the beautiful creature she had been pictured to me.

"Isn't she handsome, Bob?" said my uncle. "Did you ever see such lips, such a head of hair, such eyes, such a graceful form? Isn't she handsome, eh, you dog?"

And the old fellow punched me in the ribs, and roared with laughter till he nearly split his sides.

I couldn't for the life of me see what he was laughing at.

"Isn't she beautiful, you rogue?" he continued. "Passable!" I replied very coldly. "Passable! You puppy! What do you mean by say Rosalie is not handsome."

"Tolerably," I answered, twisting off the leaf of palmetto, which grew by the side of the bench on which we were seated, just to show him how indifferent I was.

"Bob," said he, "looking more soberly, I had an idea you were a man of taste; but I see you are as likely to fall in love with one of my black wenches as with the prettiest girl in South Carolina."

"Who's that, Uncle Ned?"

This remark was called forth by the sudden appearance of the loveliest creature I ever beheld, and that, considering I have flirted with the belles of Paris, Great Naples and Rome, is saying a great deal. I was confounded by the sudden apparition, and sprang from my seat as if an electric shock had roused the slumbering blood in my veins. I stood upright before her.

Shades of Venus! I such a one ever see such loveliness! I such a graceful movement! such a divine expression.

I could neither speak nor move, so completely was I paralyzed by the glorious beauty of the nymph.

"I didn't know, there was any one here," stammered she, with such a delectable blush on her cheek that I nearly went mad with enthusiasm.

Before I could recall my scattered senses the beauty bounded away as lightly as a fairy.

"What the devil ails you, Bob? What are you staring at?" said Uncle Ned.

"Who is she?" asked I, clasping my hands in the rapturous excitement of the moment.

"That! Why that's little Sylphie Howard, one of Rosalie's friends, who is spending a few weeks with her," he replied indifferently.

"Beautiful!" said I.

"She! Passable." "She is divine."

classic terms; I quoted Milton, Byron and called on all the gods in the calendar of Greece and Rome.

Did she accept me? Of course she did; she couldn't help accepting me—I am not an ill-looking fellow, let me say, in extenuation of her weakness, and I had popped the question in a decidedly original manner.—To be sure she accepted me.

I printed twenty-four kisses on each of her pretty cheeks, and she blushed till I thought her eye lashes would take fire and cheat me of my prize.

We kept our counsel for two or three weeks, and one morning, when we were riding out, we got away from Uncle Ned and Rosalie and clipped it away about ten miles to a clergyman, who was so obliging as to supply us with a marriage certificate.

We rode back more leisurely. I was in my element. An elopement was just the kind of excitement to suit me.

We got back to Uncle Ned's about dinner time.

"Where have you been?" asked Uncle Ned.

"Over to Rev. Mr. ———. Allow me to present my wife," said I with perfect nonchalance.

"The devil!"

"Just so; and Uncle Ned, you have lost the wager. One thousand, if you please," said I, holding out my hand.

"No you don't, you puppy."

"Fairly won?"

"Is it Rosalie?" said he, turning to my wife.

"Eh, what do you mean, Sylphie?"

"Ha, ha, ha," roared Uncle Ned. "I didn't know what to make of the affair at all."

"You have lost, Bob," cried the jolly old fellow as soon as he could speak.

"No."

"Fact, Bob," said he, pointing to her I had hitherto known as my cousin, "this is Sylphie Howard."

"You have cheated me, then."

"I have cheated you into the handsomest wife, and the biggest fortune in South Carolina. The fact is, Bob, you were prejudiced against Rosalie. You came here resolved to be uncivil to her. I determined to give her a fair chance, though I had to tease the judge into compliance. You are caught."

"Not quite, Uncle Ned, this is not a legal marriage. Rosalie was united to me under a fictitious name."

"I don't care a straw for that. You married the lady you held by the hand. But, Bob, we will have it over again. Don't you say so, you dog?"

Hostile Correspondence.

BETWEEN J. B. CLAY AND GEO. D. PRENTICE.

ASHLAND, July 20, 1855.

SIR: This note will be handed to you by my friend Major T. Lewinski. A similar one was addressed to you on the 18th, through my friend Mr. H. C. Pindell, who, having lately engaged in the practice of law in your city, found the delivery of it inconsistent with his views of the moral obligation of the oath he as a lawyer is required to take.

The object of this note is solely to inquire whether you hold yourself personally responsible, as a gentleman, for publications made in the newspaper which you are the editor, attacking private individuals. I am, sir, your obedient servant.

JAMES B. CLAY.

To GEO. D. PRENTICE, Esq., Editor of the Louisville Journal.

LOUISVILLE, KY., July 21, 1855.

SIR: Your note of yesterday, sent by the hand of your friend Major Lewinski, is received. This is the second note of the kind that I have received from the family of Henry Clay. About ten years ago, I received a note from one of your brothers, saying he was informed by some person that I had spoken of him as insane, and asking whether, if he should furnish the testimony of a specified number of men that he was in his right mind, I would accept a challenge from him.

You say that the object of your note of yesterday is solely to inquire whether I hold myself "personally responsible, as a gentleman," for publications in my paper attacking private individuals. I am not aware, sir, that it particularly concerns you to know what general rules of action I prescribe for myself as an editor. I have no objection, however, to informing you that, I do any man such an unprovoked and mortal wrong in my columns as to entitle him, in my opinion, to take or seek my life, I will hold myself responsible to him in the field, and that, if any gentleman does me such a wrong as to make me wish for his blood, I will call him to the field.

I presume, sir, that all which it concerns you to know from me, is whether I would accept a challenge from you on account of my comments in the Louisville Daily Journal of the 18th inst., upon your communication published in the same paper, on the same day. Without putting you to the trouble of addressing the question to me in due form, I say to you plainly that I would not, I do not wish to kill you, and I am very clear in the opinion that my article affords you neither just cause nor rational pretext for killing me. I made no attack or imputation upon your private character, which, for aught I know, is unobjectionable, I merely gave utterance to the thoughts and feelings, naturally and necessarily excited in my mind, and, as I believe, in the whole public mind, by your demolishing the sacred old dwelling-house of your father, and selling the lumber. You stated, in your published communication, that "aspersions both public and private," had been cast upon you for pulling down your father's house. You thus admitted that your conduct had already become a matter of public notoriety and disapprobation, and subject of public and private denunciation, which you called "aspersions," yet these aspersions, so called, had not been noticed by you. When you attempted a defence of your conduct, and assigned your reasons for it, as you did in your article of Wednesday, you certainly gave a license for those comments of mine upon the conduct and the reasons, for which, as I presume, you now wish to hold me to a personal responsibility.

My article was not a tenth part so harsh toward you personally, as yours was toward me. You stigmatized me, by a necessary and direct implication, as a "public calumniator," charged me in the same manner with the "prostitution of the columns" of my paper, and so used the words "LIAISON and VILLAINY" as to show that they were meant for me. I responded with more moderation than you had a right to expect, merely denouncing that act of yours, which as it related to a glorious old memorial of departed greatness, was almost, in its character, a public act, and which has made the heart of the nation recoil.

I repeat, sir, that I treated you with forbearance. You spoke in your communication as if the thought of selling the material of your father's house never occurred to you until much of it had been stolen and otherwise taken away, and you added, that, if you had sold one inch of it for private profit, you would feel yourself "unworthy to be a Kentuckian," and "would fly to some remote corner of the earth" to hide your "vile and dishonored head." I might in reply have shown that the determination to sell the lumber of that old mansion was not only fixed in your mind but avowed and published to the world under your own hand and mouth before the old mansion itself was broken up. I might have shown that you gave public notice, under your own name, in the Lexington Observer of July 8, 1854, and in several successive numbers of that paper, that you expected to take down your dwelling house at Ashland in August, that you would have for sale "a large quantity of the old material" then in it, and that "any one wanting such material could get a bargain by applying on the premises."

However, all this is very little to my present purpose. I have only to repeat that I would not accept a challenge from you on account of my article on Wednesday.

And, as I see no necessity for my adopting the etiquette of duellists in telling you so, I shall send this by mail. I scarcely need add, that, if I have erred in any statements of fact in regard to your conduct, I shall, on having the errors pointed out to me, take pleasure in correcting them.

Yours, &c.
GEO. D. PRENTICE.

J. B. CLAY, Esq.

MO. REPUBLICAN.—Geo. Knapp has admitted Mr. Nat. Paschall and Mr. John Knapp as partners in the publication of the Republican.

Wetting Bricks.—It is important that every one engaged in building should be well informed in regard to the durability of materials. We publish the following from an exchange:

Very few people, or even builders, are aware of the advantage of wetting bricks before laying them, or if aware of it, they do not practice it; for the many houses now in progress in this city, there are very few in which wet bricks are used. A wall twelve inches thick, built of good mortar with bricks well soaked, is stronger in every respect than one sixteen inches thick built dry. The reason of this is, that if the bricks are well saturated with water, they will not abstract from the mortar the moisture which is necessary to its crystallization; and on the contrary, they will unite chemically with the mortar, and become as solid as a rock. On the other hand, if the bricks are put up dry, they immediately take all the moisture from the mortar, leaving it to dry and harden, and the consequence is, that when a building of this description is taken down or tumbles down of its own accord, the mortar from it is so like sand—Scientific Amer.

New York, July 28.—At yesterday's session of the American Protestant Association's National Convention, the proposition was introduced to strike from the constitution the word "American," so that the same would read simply—Protestant Association. Intense excitement followed, and the movers were threatened with a loss out of the window. The chairman finally declared the motion out of order, and matter dropped. The Grand Encampment of the A. P. A. also met yesterday in this city and after the choice of officers adjourned to meet in Cincinnati in June, 1856.

The correspondent of the Herald, writing from Grenada, states, that among the dead of Walker's Expedition were recognized the bodies of Mr. Jules De Brisot, and Captain Poinby, who were both recently attaches of the American Legation in Central America.

CASSIUS M. CLAY'S FARM.—At the Kentucky river commences the domain of Cassius M. Clay—but his residence is some five miles further on. The soil on this side the river, though still very rich, does not seem quite equal to that on the other, and the rock seems to be nearer the surface.

Mr. Clay's mansion is on an embankment, overlooking a part of his plantation, and presenting a rural scene of rare sweetness. Taste and art have added to its charms.—From here I gazed delighted on winding roads and meandering brooks, on carefully kept lawns, and "most boundless woodland meadows; and far off in the distance, could I believe my eyes? was the blue outline of towering mountains. Only he who was born among the mountains, and has been a long dweller on the plains, can appreciate the emotion with which I greeted these finger posts of God—pointing to the skies.

YANKEE INQUISITIVENESS.—One of the last stories of Yankee inquisitiveness makes the victim give his tormenter a direct cut, in telling him he wished to be asked no further questions.

The inquisitor fell back a moment to take breath and change his tactics. The half suppressed smile on the faces of the other passengers soon aroused him to further exertions, and summoning up more resolution, he then began again:

"Stranger, perhaps you are not aware how slightly hard it is for a Yankee to control his curiosity. You'll please excuse me, but I really would like to know your name and residence, and the business you follow. I expect you ain't ashamed of either of 'em, so now won't you just oblige me?"

This appeal brought out the traveler, who, rising up to the extremest height allowed by the coach, and throwing back his shoulders, replied:

"My name is General Andrew Washington. I reside in the State of Mississippi. I am a gentleman man of leisure, and I am glad to be able to say, of extensive means. I have heard much of New York, and I am on my way to see it; and if I like it, as well as I am led to expect, I intend to buy it!"

Then was heard a shout of stentorian laughter ringing throughout the stage-coach and this was the last of that conversation.

PAVILIONED MEMBERS.—The State of Maine is responsible for the following: A gentleman on a visit to Washington one day very coolly opened the door of the Senate chamber, and was about to pass in, when the door-keeper asked—

"Are you a privileged member?"

"What do you mean by that?" asked the stranger.

The reply was—

"A Governor, an ex-member of Congress or a Foreign Minister."

The stranger replied that he was a Minister.

"From what court or country, if you please?" asked the official.

Very gravely pointing up—"From Heaven! sir."

To this the door-keeper waggishly remarked—

"This Government at present holds no intercourse with that foreign power!"

Young man, do you believe in a future state?

In course I does—and what's more I intend to enter it as soon as Betsy gets her wedding things ready.

You mistake me; do you believe in a future state of rewards and punishments?

Most assuredly; if I should cut mugs with a red-headed woman I should expect my hat indented by the first broomstick she could lay her hands on.

Go to, young man, you are incorrigible. Go to.

Go to, if you wasn't the law agin bigamy, I'd darned if I wouldn't go a dozen. But who supposed, deacon, that a man of your years would give such advice to a person just starting life?