# Squatter Sovereign.

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, MERCANTILE AFFAIRS AND USEFUL READING.

*STRINGFELLOW & KELLEY,* *"The Squatter claims the same Sovereignty in the Territories that he possessed in the States."* *EDITORS & PROPRIETORS.*

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## The Squatter Sovereign,

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J. H. STRINGFELLOW & R. S. KELLEY.

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☞ Money may be sent by mail, at the risk of the Editors.

☞ Postmasters are requested to act as our Agents.

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☞ All letters addressed to the Editors must be POST PAID, to receive attention.


### The Law of Newspapers.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.
2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their periodicals, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.
3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their periodicals from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible, till they have settled the bill and ordered them discontinued.
4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publisher, and the papers are sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.
5. The Courts have decided that refusing to take periodicals from the office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facia evidence of intentiona fraud.

## The Poet's Column.

### SEASONS OF LOVE.

BY GEO. P. MORRIS.

The Spring time of love
Is both happy and gay,
For joy sprinkles blossoms
And balm in our way;
The sky, earth, and ocean
In beauty repose,
And all the bright future
Is couleur de rose.

The Summer of love
Is the bloom of the heart,
When hill, grove, and valley
Their music impart;
And the pure glow of heaven
Is seen in fond eyes,
As lakes show the rainbow
That's hung in the skies.

The Autumn of love
Is the season of cheer—
Life's mild Indian Summer,
The smile of the year;
Which comes when the golden
Ripe harvest is stored;
And yields its own blessing—
Repose and reward.

The Winter of love
Is the beam that we win,
While the storm scowls without,
From the sunshine within.
Love's reign is eternal,
The heart is his throne,
And he has all seasons
Of life for his own.

### PRIDE.

Though pride may show some nobleness
When honor's its ally,
Yet there is such a thing on earth
As holding heads too high.
The sweetest bird builds near the ground—
The loveliest flower springs low;
And we must stoop for happiness,
If we its worth would know.

Like water that encrusts the rose,
Still harding to its core,
So pride encases human hearts
Until they feel no more
Shut up within themselves they live,
And selfishly they end
A life, that never kindness did
To kindred, or to friend.

Whilst Virtue, like the dew of heaven,
Upon the heart descends,
And draws its hidden sweetness out
The more—as more it bends.
For there's a strength in lowliness
Which nerves us to endure—
A heroism in distress,
Which renders victory sure.

The humblest being born is great,
If true to his degree—
His virtue illustrates his fate,
Whatever that may be.
Then let us daily learn to love
Simplicity and worth;
For not the eagle, but the dove,
Brought peace unto the earth.

### CARELESS WORDS.

Many a tender tie is broken,
Many a gentle heart distrest,
By a careless sentence spoken,
Spoken only as jest.

## A Mountain Ride.

### A Thrilling Narrative.

In the fall of 1846 I was travelling eastward in a stage coach from Pittsburg over the mountains. My fellow passengers were two gentlemen and a lady. The elder gentleman's appearance interested me exceedingly. In years he seemed about thirty; in air and manner he was calm, dignified, and polished, and the contour of his features was singularly intellectual.—He conversed freely on different topics until the road became more abrupt and precipitous; on calling attention to the great altitude of a precipice, on the verge of which our coach wheels were leisurely rolling, there came a marked change on his countenance. His eyes, lately filled with the light of intelligence, became wild, restless and anxious; the mouth twitched spasmodically, and the forehead was beaded with a cold perspiration. With a sharp, convulsive shudder, he turned his gaze from the giddy height, and clutching my arm tightly with both his hands, he hung to me like a drowning man.

"Use this cologne," said the lady, handing me a bottle, with the instinctive goodness of her sex.

I sprinkled a little on his face, and he soon became more composed; but it was not until we had entirely traversed the mountain, and descended into the country beneath, that his fine features relaxed from their perturbed look, and assumed the placid, quiet dignity that I had at first noticed.

"I owe an apology to the lady," said he, with a bland smile, and gentle inclination of the head to our fair companion, "and some explanation to my fellow travellers, also; and perhaps I cannot better acquit myself of the double debt than by recounting the cause of my recent agitation."

"It may pain your feelings," delicately urged the lady.

"On the contrary it will relieve them," was the respectful reply.

Having signified our several desires to hear more, the traveller thus proceeded:

"At the age of eighteen, I was light of heart, light of foot, and, I fear, (he smiled,) light of head. A fine property on the banks of the Ohio acknowledged me the sole owner. I was hastening home to enjoy it, and delighted to get free from college life.

"The month was October, the air bracing, and the mode of conveyance a stage coach like this, only more cumbrous. The other passengers were few—only three in all—one an old gray-headed planter of Louisiana, his daughter, a joyous, bewitching creature about seventeen, and his son, about ten years of age.

"They were just returning from France, of which country the young lady discoursed in terms so elequent as to absorb my entire attention.

"The father was taciturn, but the daughter vivacious by nature, and we soon became so mutually pleased with each other—she as the talker, and I as the listener—that it was not until a sudden flash of lightning, and a heavy dash of rain against the windows, elicited an exclamation from my charming companion that I knew how the night passed us. Presently there came a low, rumbling sound, and then several tremendous peals of thunder, accompanied by successive flashes of lightning. The rain descended in torrents, and an angry wind began to howl and moan through the forest trees.

"I looked from the window of our vehicle. The night was dark as ebony, but the lightning showed the danger of our road. We could see at intervals huge jetting rocks far down its side; the sight made me solicitous for the safety of my fair companion.

"I thought of the mere hair bredths that were between us and eternity—a single little rock in the track of our coach wheels—a tiny billit of wood—a stray root of a tempest torn tree—restive horses, or a careless driver—any of these might hurl us from our sublunary existence with the speed of thought.

"'"Tis a perfect tempest,' observed the lady, as I withdrew my head from the window. "How I love a sudden storm! There is something so grand among the winds when fairly loose from among the hills. I never encountered a night like this, but Byron's magnificent descri,tion of a thunder storm in the Jara recurs to my mind. But are we on the mountains yet?"

"Yes, we have begun the ascent."

"Is it not said to be dangerous?"

"By no means," I replied, in as easy a tone as I could assume.

"I only wish it was daylight, that we might enjoy the mountain scenery. But what's that?"

"And she covered her eyes from the glare of a sheet of lightning that illuminated the rugged mountain with a brilliant intensity.

"Peal after peal of crashing thunder instantly succeeded; there was a very volume of rain coming down at each thunder burst, and, with the deep moaning of an animal breaking upon our ears, I found the coach had come to a dead halt.

"Louise, my beautiful fellow traveller, became as pale as ashes. She fixed her serching eyes on mine with a look of anxious dread, and turning to her father, hurriedly remarked,

"We are on the mountains."

"I reckon we are," was the unconcerned reply.

With the instinctive activity I put my head through the window and called to the driver; but the only answer was the moaning of an animal borne past me by the swift wings of the tempest. I seized the handle of the door, and strained in vain; it would not yield a jot. At that instant I felt a cold hand on mine, and heard Louise's voice faintly articulating in my ear the following appalling words:

"*The coach is moving backwards!*"

"Never shall I forget the fierce agony with which I tugged at the coach door, and called on the driver, in tones that rivalled the force of the blast, whilst the dreadful conviction was burning on my brain that the coach was being brought backwards!

"What followed was of such swift occurrence that it seems like a frightful dream.

"I rushed against the door with all my force, but it withstood my utmost efforts.—One side of our vehicle was sensibly going down, down, down. The moaning of the agonized animal became deeper, and I knew from his desperate plunges against the traces that it was one of our horses.

"Crash upon crash of coarse thunder rolled over the mountain, and vivid lightning played round our devoted carriage, as if in glee at our misery. By its light I could see for a moment the old planter, standing erect, with his hands on his son and daughter, his eyes raised to heaven, and his lips moving like those of one in prayer. I could see Louise turn her ashy cheeks towards me as if imploring protection, and I could see the bold glance of the young boy flashing indignant defiance at the descending carriage; the war of elements, and the awful danger that awaited him.

"There was a roll—a desperate plunge, as of an animal in the last throes of dissolution—a harsh, grating jar—a sharp piercing of mortal terror, and I had but time to grasp Louise firmly with one hand round the waist, and seize the leather fastnings attached to the coach roof with the other, when we were precipated over the precipice.

"I can distinctly recollect preserving consciousness for a few seconds of time, how rapidly my breath was being exhausted, but of that tremendous descent I soon lost all further knowledge by a concussion so violent that I was instantly deprived of sense and motion."

The traveller paused. His features worked for a minute or two as they did when we were on the mountain; he pressed his hands across his forehead, as if in pain, and then resumed his interesting narrative:

"On a low couch in a humble room of a small country house, I next opened my eyes in this world of light and shade, joy and sorrow, mirth and madness. Gentle hands soothed my pillow, gentle feet glided across my chamber, and a gentle voice hushed for a time all my questioning.

"I was carefully attended by a fair young girl about fifteen, who refused for a length of time to hold any discourse with me. At length one morning finding myself sufficiently recovered to sit up, I insisted on learning the result of the incident.

"'You were discovered,' said she, 'sitting on a ledge of rocks, amidst the branches of a shattered tree, clinging to the roof of your broken coach with one hand, and to the insensible form of a lady with the other."

"'And the lady,' I gasped, scanning the girl's face with an earnestness that caused her to draw back and blush.

"'She was saved, sir, by the means that saved you—the friendly tree."

"'And her father and brother?' I impatiently demanded.

"'We found them both crushed to pieces, at the bottom of the precipice, a great way below where my father and Uncle Joe found you and the lady. We buried their bodies in one grave, close by the clover patch, down in our meadow ground.'

"'Poor Louise! poor orphan! God pity you!' I muttered in broken tones, utterly unconscious that I had a listner.

"'God pity her indeed, sir,' said the young girl, with a gush of heartfelt sympathy. 'Would you like to see her?' she added.

"I found the orphan bathed in tears by the grave of her buried kindred. She received me with sorrowful sweetness of manner. I need not detain your attention by detailing the efforts I made to win her from grief, but briefly acquaint you that at last I succeeded in inducing her to leave her forlorn home in the sunny south, and that twelve months after the dreadful occurrence which I have related, we stood at the altar as man and wife.

"She still lives to bless my love with her smiles, and my children with her good precepts; but on the anniversary of that terrible night she secludes herself in her room, and devotes the hours of darkness to solitary prayer.

"As for me," added the traveller, while the faint flush tinged his noble brow at the avowal, "as for me, that accident has reduced me to the condition of a physical coward at the sight of a mountain precipice."

"But the driver," asked our lady passenger, who had attended to the recital of the story with much attention, "what became of the driver, or did you ever learn the reason of his deserting his post?"

"His body was found on the road, within a few steps of the spot where the coach went over. He had been struck dead by the same flash of lightning that blinded the restive horses."

### A Real Gentleman.

He never dresses in the extreme of fashion, but avoids singulartiy in his person and habits.

Is affable with his equals, and pleasant and attentive to his inferiors.

In conversation he avoids hasty, ill-tempered, or insulting remarks.

He never pries into other people's affairs.

Detests eves-dropping as among the most disgraceful of crimes.

Never slander any of his acquaintances.

Never cuts an acquaintance who has met with a reverse of fortune.

He always pays the postage on his letters, and pays in advance, in good money, for his papers.

☞ "Mine fren, have you seen von little trunk, vat I left to-morrow, as will come from ze steamboat by ze hotel?"

"I did not monsieur, and expect to do so the remainer of the day."

"By gar, if he gets stole, I will kill ze rascal what will take him till he choke.—Sacre! vat a country's."

☞ The superiority of some men is merely local. They are great because their associates are little.

☞ A lady argues, in a new York paper, for a car on railways to be especially used for tobacco chewers.

☞ The Boston Chronicle says that out of the forty-four hundred persons who died in that city last year, over one thousand were buried by one man.

☞ It was lately stated in the British House of Commons that "it was notorious that Marlborough was an illiterate man; that Marshal Saxe could hardly write his name: and that one of the Marshals of Napoleon, with the exception of Bernadotte, was an educated man."

☞ The last words of Estampes, the American who was garroted by the Spanish authorities on the 31st ultimo, were: "*Death to royalty? Liberty forever?*"

☞ A gentleman dining at a fashionable hotel, where servants were few and far between, dispatched a lad among them for a cut of beef.

After a very long time, the lad returned and placed the beef before the faint and hungry gentleman.

"Are you," said the gentleman, "the lad who took away my plate for this beef?"

"Yes, sir."

"Bless me," resumed the hungry wit, "how you have grown since."

☞ "Bill," said one apprentice to another, "my boss is a better man to work for than your old man. My boss ain't always round his shop, interfering with his own business!"

### A New Way of Paying Subscription.

A correspondent of the Lagrange Whig gives the following amusing account of the way a farmer was taught how cheaply he could take the paper. The lesson is worth pondering by a good many men we "wot" of:

"You have hens at home of course.—Well, I will send you my paper one year for the proceeds of one hen for one season, merely the proceeds. It seems preposterous to imagine the products of a single hen will pay the subscription; perhaps it won't but I make the offer."

"Done," exclaimed farmer B———, "I agree to it," and appealed to me as a witness in the affair.

The farmer went away apparently much elated with his conquest, and the editor "went his way rejoicing."

Time rolled around, and the world revolved on its axis, and the sun moved its orbit as it formerly did, the farmer receiving his paper regularly, and regaled himself with the information obtained from it. He not only knew the affairs of his own county, but became conversant upon the leading topics of the day, and political and financial convulsions of the times. His children delighted too, in perusing the contents of their weekly visitor. In short he said "he was surprised at the progress of himself and family in general information."

Sometime in the month of September, I happened up again in the office, when who should step in but our friend the farmer.

"How do you do Mr. B———?" said the editor extending his hand, and his countenance lit up with a bland smile, "take a chair, sir, be seated; fine weather we have."

"Yes, sir, quite fine indeed," answered the farmer shaking the proffered 'paw' of the editor, and then a short silence ensued, during which our friend B——— hitched his chair back and forward, twirled his thumb abstractly, and spit profusely.—Starting up quickly he said addressing the editor, Mr. C——— "I have brought you the proceeds of that hen." It was amusing to see the peculiar expression of the editor as he followed the farmer down to the wagon. I could scarcely keep my risible down. When at the wagon the farmer commenced handing over to the editor the products of the hen, which, on being counted amounted to eight pullets, worth a shilling each, and a number of dozen of eggs, making in the aggregate at the least calculation $2,50, one dollar more than the price of the paper.

"No need," said he, "of men not taking a family newspaper, and paying for it too. I don't miss this from my roost, yet I have paid for a years subscription, and a dollar over. All folly sir, there is no man but can take a paper, it's charity sir, charity you know commences at home.

"But," resumed the editor, I will pay for what is over the subscription. I did not institue this as a means of profit, but rather to convince you. I will pay you for—."

"Not a bit of it sir, a bargain is a bargain, and I am already paid sir, doubly paid sir. And whenever a neighbor makes the complaint I did, I will cite him to the hen story. Good day gentlemen."

☞ Men take less care of their conscience than their reputation.

☞ About 75 prisoners are in the County Jail of St. Louis county.

☞ We notice that our young men are now adopting habits of economy. We note with pleasure that they wear their father's old coats. They are perhaps a little long, but it saves money.

☞ A contemporary describing a dance at a country village in his neighborhood, says:

"The gorgeous strings of glass beads glistened on the heaving bosoms of the village belles, like polished rubies resting on the surface of warm apple-dumplings."—Did you ever!

☞ "Why is my apron like something unpleasant to eat?" asked Ellen of her cousin Fanny.

"Haven't the remotest idea."

"Because it goes against my stomach!" replied Ellen.

The darkies, Doesticks says, are all built after the same model; hand like a shoulder of mutton, teeth white as milk, feet of suitable dimension for a railroad; and mouth big enough for the depot; have all got six toes on each foot, skull like an oak plank, nose like a split pear; the back extends inwardly four inches and a half.

### THE JUDGE'S BIG SHIRT.

The story goes that, on a certain occasion, Judge A——, then on a visit to Raleigh. N. C., was notorious for leaving home without the necessary precaution of carrying along a second shirt.

While here, he was invited to attend a gay and fashionable party, to be given the following evening, at the residence of Judge B——. The visiting judge was terribly perplexed about a clean shirt for the occasion, and while revolving in his mind how he should possess himself of the desired article, (in those days ready made shirts were not, as now, articles of merchandise,) he was called on at his room by Mr. C——, another limb of the law, but not a judge.

After passing the usual compliments, Judge A—— remarked—

"See here, C——, I have just been invited to attend a party to-morrow night, and I haven't a clean shirt for the occasion," hoping, no doubt, that his friend would proffer the loan of one of his. But being a bit of a wag, and relishing a good joke amazingly, he concluded to have a little fun, and at the same time learn his judicial friend a lesson concerning his negligent custom.

"O," said he, there's no difficulty about that. I can have you one made."

"But do you think it can be finished in time?" said the judge.

"No doubt about it. I have a shirt maker who is perfectly prompt and reliable, and I can vouch for its being ready."

"All right, then, if you'll be sure and attend to it."

"You may depend on it. It shall be here by half past six to-morrow evening."

B——, on going home that night, called at the lady's, and ordered her to go to the store, get nine yards of bleached cloth and three yards of linen, and make a shirt of it for Judge A——, and deliver it at his room on the following evening at half past six precisely, and charging her particularly that there was to be no disappointment, and not to deliver sooner or later than half past six.

"But, Mr. B——," expostulated the woman, "you mean three shirts, don't you, out of nine yards?"

"Do as I tell you, madam. Don't you suppose I know what size shirt is required by my friend?"

Early the next morning the cloth was procured, and the making of the shirt entered upon.

About six o'clock in the evening, C——, all attired and ready for the party, called on the judge, when he was saluted on his entrance with—

"See here, that shirt has not been sent yet."

"O," says C——, pulling out his watch, "it is not time yet; it lacks a quarter to the time, for I told her to have it here by half past six."

The couple chatted away awhile, when presently a timid knock at the door was heard.

The judge jumped to open it, when a little girl asked if that was Judge A——'s room.

"All right my nice little miss," and the judge began to prepare for donning the much coveted garment, remarking—

"It is well made and handsomely done up, too. Smart woman, that Mrs. C."

"O, yes; I knew she would not disappoint you in any respect."

By this time the judge had commenced pulling it over him He pulled and pulled, as yard after yard passed, and still his head was enveloped in the shirt. He complained of its size, but his friend told him he had got it twisted, but to hurry it on, as 'twas time they were at the party.

Again he set himself to the task, and by hard struggling got through, finding himself enshrouded in a shirt five yards long and four yards broad, covering the floor with its ample drapery.

"In God's name!" said the judge, in astonishment, "what is this the woman has sent me?" looking with consternation upon the monstrous shirt around and beneath him. "What is it, I say?"

It was with much difficulty that C—— could restrain his laughter, but approaching his enshirted friend, and pulling the huge collar down so that he could see his face, he gazed with apparent wonder, and observed—

"What a silly, stupid woman! I told her to get just enough to make three shirts; instead of making three, she has put the whole nine yards into one shirt!—But we must hurry up and make the best of a bad bargain, for it is high time we were at the party this minute. You can push it down your trousers, and nobody will be the wiser."

So at it the judge went, his friend assisting him, as yard after yard was piled away in his unmentionables—they didn't wear tights in those days—and thus he went to Judge B——'s party, if not the finest dressed, at least the largest shirted gentleman in the crowd.

C—— promised never to "blow" on his judicial friend, and kept his word, until he learned that the judge was compelled to tell it on himself, for unfortunately he carried the big shirt home, and Mrs. Judge wanted to know what tremendous big woman's —— that was in his trunk.

He had to out with it; and it being told him by the judge himself, Mr. C—— felt at liberty to tell it also, which he sometimes does, to the infinite merriment of all who hear him.

UNFORTUNATE COMPARISON.—A lady entered a dry good store, and expressed a desire to see some woolen delains.

The polite clerk, with elegant address, showed her a variety of peices of fine texture and choice coloring.

After tossing and examining to her heart's content, she remarked—

"The goods are part cotton, sir."

"No dear madam," replied the shopman, "these goods are as free from cotton as your breast is—the lady starts—free from guile."

A GREEN HAND.—A sailor, the other day, in describing his first efforts to become nautical, said that just at the close of a dark night he was sent aloft to see if he could see a light.

As he was no great favorite with the lieutenant, he was not hailed for some hours.

"Aloft there!" at length was heard from the lieutenant.

"Ay ay, sir."

"Do you see a light?"

"Yes, sir."

"What light?"

"Daylihght, by jingo."

A lady was told the other day by a travelling gentleman that every lady who had a small mouth was provided with a husband by government.

"Ith it pothibul?" said the lady, making her mouth as little as she could.

The gentleman added "that if a lady had a large mouth, she was provided with two husbands."

"My gracious?" exclaimed the lady, at same time throwing her mouth open to its full extent

The gentleman became alarmed, made his escape immediately, and has not been heard of since.

☞ At the battle of Waterloo, two French officers were advancing to charge a much superior force. The danger was imminent and one of them displayed evident signs of fear. The other observing it said to him, "Sir, I believe you are frightened."

"Yes," returned the other, "I am—and if you were half as much frightened, you would run away." This anecdote exhibits in a happy light the difference between moral and physical courage.

☞ "Will you take this woman to be your wedded wife?" asked an Illinois magistrate of the masculine of a couple who stood up before him.

Well, squire you must be a tarnal greene hand to ax me such a question as that ar. Do you think that I'd be such a tarnal fool as to quit the bar hunt and take the gal from the quilting frolic, if I was'nt conscriptuously sartin and detarmined to have her? Drive on with your business and don't ask foolish questions.

☞ Dr. Beeswax, in his "Essay on Women," remarks with some truth that "beauties generally die old maids." They set such value on themselves, he says, they don't find a purchaser until the market is closed. Out of a dozen beauties who have come out within the last eighteen years, eleven are still single, and they spend their days in working green dogs on yellow wool, while their evenings are devoted to low spirits and French novels."

☞ Clodpole asked his parson how cain could take a wife, there being no woman in the world but his mother.

"None of your business," said the parson; "mind your ploughing."

Exit Clod, to look up his oxen.

A FLOWING STYLE.—"Dear me, how fluidly he does talk," said Mrs. Partington, recently at a temperance lecture. "I am always rejoiced when he mounts the nostril, for his eloquence warms me in every nerve and cartridge of my body."

☞ Experimental philosophy—asking a man to loan you money. Moral philosophy—refusing to do it.