# 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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A. H. STRINGFELLOW & R. S. KELLEY.

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TO CLUBS:—Five copies will be sent to one address for $8. Ten to one address for $17.—Twenty to one address for $32. Forty to one address for $60. ☞ Invariably IN ADVANCE.

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

☞ Postmasters are requested to act as our Agents.

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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.

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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 intentional fraud.

## The Poet's Column.

### POETRY FROM AUSTRALIA.

We clip the following verses from the Tasmania Colonist, of December 28:

### THE WANDERER'S SONG.

Why linger in a world of care,
When all that care for me are gone?
Why drag life's feeble chain so long,
When friends to linger there are none?

A lone one, in a lonely world,
A stranger I but strangers see;
And when I sleep with them that sleep,
A stranger's grave my bed may be.

When youth was gay, and hope was young,
And each small flower was in its prime,
I thought this was a pleasant world,
For happy, happy was that time.

But bleak showers fell, and winter's snow,
With age life's autumn hurried on;
Now fled the flowers with youth's fond hours,
Since summer sun that o'er them shone.

The traveler knows where he will rest;
The weary know where they will die;
Yet here, a weary wanderer I
Know naught but sad adversity.

The wind that tears the sappling oak,
Will scarcely bend a full grown tree;
When shall I lay me down to sleep,
Oh, when will rest be given me?

E. G. DE GEW.

Geelong, December 4th, 1855.

### YOU ASK ME HOW I LOVE THEE.

You ask me how I love thee,
But should I answer true,
You say the heart's fair coloring
Wore much too bright a hue.
You ask me how I love thee—
The question's rather bold—
You state it very plainly,
But the truth you'd not be told.

Love is a mystery—those who feel
Its pure and strongest power,
Ne'er waste that love in idle words,
Nor pass an idle hour;
For 'tis a perfect, solid thing,
Like bags of current gold;
Which charm the heart as well as eye,
Most truly, when untold.

Imagination yields a charm
Which knowledge soon destroys;
We think that 'mong the mass of gold,
There can be no alloys.
We think, too, in the proffered heart
There can be no deceit,
And yield our own when thus we see
The captive at our feet.

What language can have greater force,
Than that spoke from the eyes;
Are there not volumes in a glance,
And tones of truth in sighs?
Yes, more than ever I could tell,
In those are oft confest,
I tell thee that my heart is true,
Then think—and guess the rest.

PREPARE FOR THE 19TH DAY OF MAY.—The world will come to an end on the 19th day of next May. So say the Millerites. This provident people are preparing for the momentous event. We hope we shall live to see the grand spectacle.

## Miscellaneous.

From the Evangelist.

### The Slave Trade in New York.

It has often been said that the slave trade was still carried on from New York, but as the charge has been of a vague and general character, it has attracted little attention. We are beginning to get light on the matter. There is now lying in the Tombs of this city a man who has been tried and found guilty of being engaged in the slave trade. This is said to be the first conviction ever obtained under the law by which it was made piracy. The testimony in the case was ample; and, though he protests against his condemnation, on the ground that he is a foreigner and not emenable to the laws of the United States, he does not deny the fact of his share in the business. He speaks of it freely, and relates with unconcealed exultation the particulars of his wild and desperate career.

We have chanced to see and talk with this noted captain in his cell. What he told us was not communicated in confidence, for he never saw us before, and did not know who we were. He spoke to us as an entire stranger. All our conversation was through the grated door of his cell. We made no attempt to gain his confidence, or to draw out the secret history of his life. He told his own story—not like a criminal making a confession, but rather with the freedom and pride of an old soldier relating his battles. Nor did he intimate a wish that what he said should be kept private. Indeed, he had boasted to others of his deeds on the African coast. His disclosures, therefore, are public property.—Some of these are so curious as to be worth making known. Whether he tells the truth or not, the world must judge. It is not very probable that a man would make up a story which implicated him in a capital crime. Besides, his account is consistent with itself; it agrees with what was proved on the trial, and with the descriptions in Captain Canot's book. We believe, therefore, that he has let out the truth.

"New York," says Captain Smith, is the chief port in the world for the slave trade." He repeated two or three times, *It is the greatest place in the universe for it.* Neither in Cuba nor in the Brazils is it carried on so extensively. Ships that convey slaves to the West Indies and South America are fitted out from the United States. Now and then one taiis from Philadelphia; more from Baltimore; but most of them from New York. This is our headquarters. My vessel was the Julia Moulton. I got her in Boston and brought her here, and sailed from this port direct to the coast of Africa."

"But do you mean to say that this business is going on now?"

"Yes, all the while. Not so many vessels have been sent out this year—perhaps not over twenty. But last year there were probably thirty-five."

"Are there large shipping-houses engaged in it?"

"Yes, I can go down to South street and go into a number of houses that help to fit out ships for the business. I don't know how far they own the vessels or receive the profits of the cargoes. I had rather not have American owners; I prefer Spaniards or Portuguese. But these houses know all about it. They know me. They see me sail out of port with a ship and come back a passenger. They sometimes ask me, "Captain, where's your ship?" [With a shrug.] They know what has become of her. When a cargo of slaves is landed the vessel is often destroyed, not to be a witness against her officers and crew."

"But how do you manage to get away without exciting suspicion?"

"Why, you see we keep close and get everything aboard, and do not ask for our papers until we are just ready to sail.—Then we go to the custom house and take out papers for Rio Janeiro, St. Helena, Cape de Verde Islands, or any port you please—it don't matter where—and instantly clear.
without exciting suspicion?"

"Oh, yes, they couldn't help knowing it. Besides, they must suspect something from seeing such an almighty crew. My little brig carried but two hundred tons, and could be manned by four men; but I had fourteen before the mast. The moment of leaving port is the one of danger, but we don't loose time; a steamer is kept ready, and we immediately get under way. Often two or three slavers leave at once.—We steam down the bay and over the bar, and then the ocean is before us, and we set our course for any quarter we please."

"But when you reach the African coast are you not in great danger from British ships of war?"

"Oh no we don't care for the British squadron. We run up the American flag, and if they come aboard, all we have to do is to show our American papers, and they have no right to search us. So they growl and grumble and go off again."

"That may do very well when you are going in empty, but suppose you are coming out with a cargo of slaves on board?"

"Even then we can get along well enough if the niggers will keep quiet. We put them all below deck and nail down our hatches, and then present our papers.—The officers have no right to look below The only danger in this case is that they will stay on board too long. They often suspect the truth, and hang about for an hour or two. By this time the niggers are stifled, and begin to make a noise. Then the thing is out and they seize the ship."

"After that I suppose you are punished?"

"Oh, no; we generally get off. You see, as we are Americans, they must bring us to an American port to be tried. But if they run the ship into port along the coast they get one pound a head for every recaptured slave. So they generally prefer to let us go, and get their prize money."

"How many slaves could you carry on your vessel?"

"We took on board 664. We might have stowed away 800. If she had been going to the Brazils we should have taken that number. She would carry 750 with pleasure. The boys and women were kept on the upper deck, but all the strong men—those giant Africans that might make us trouble—we put below on the slave deck."

"Did you chain them, or put on handcuffs?"

"No, never; they would die. We let them move about."

"Are you very severe with them?"

"We have to be pretty strict at first—for a week or so—to make them feel that we are masters, then we lighten up for the rest of the voyage."

"How do you pack them at night?"

"They lie down upon the deck, on their sides, body to body. There would not be room enough for all to lie on their backs."

"Did many die on the passage?"

"Yes, I lost a good many ths last cruise more than ever before. Sometimes we find them dead when we go below in the morning. Then we throw them overboard."

"Are the profits of the trade very large?"

"My brig cost $13,000 to fit her out completely. My last cargo was worth $220,000, but it was seized by the late Captain General, Pezuela. He did more to break up the slave trade than any one else. If he had remained in office he would have stopped it altogether. But now Concha is back again, and it goes on as flourishing as ever."

"But I thought Concha was the greatest enemy to the slave trade?"

"So he is—in words. He talks a great deal, but Pezuela acted. From time immemorial the planter's estate has been sacred, but Pezuela respected nothing. He seized the negroes wherever he could find them, even on the plantations. By this he incurred the enmity of the planters, and he would probably have been assassinated if he had not been recalled."

"Did you ever have fights with the English ships?"

"Yes; once a ship of war chased two of us. We knocked the sticks out of her.—We did'nt stop to look after the dead. At another time I was captured. It was in a dead calm, and there was no chance to get away. When I saw that we were gone, I went below, and stove every cask of water but one. The other ship was short too.—So we had both to put in to the land to get water. They put on board of us a lieutenant and crew. But he did not know the coast; and, as we drew toward land, he had to make me pilot, threatening at the same time, to shoot me if I ran her on shore.—I took the helm, and ran her into an inlet. No sooner had we passed the mouth than we saw, on the bank the baracoons of the slave factors. They all knew me, and boats put off from the shore. The lieutenant hailed them in English, and told them to keep off. At the same time I hailed them in Spanish, and told them the vessel was a prize. That night they came off in force and recaptured her. We put the lieutenant and his men into a boat, and set them adrift, while I went down the coast, and took in a cargo of slaves, and carried them safely across the ocean."

"Why, Captain, this must be exciting business.

His eyes flashed fire as he replied:

"It's splendid. It makes a man jump to think of it! To be cutting away at the rate of eleven knots an hour, with a ship in chase, and walking right away from her!"

That instant we saw in the prisoner the rover of the seas, again standing on his deck, with the huge hull of a ship of war looming above the horizon.

"But how did you get caught at last?"

"The mate betrayed me. I never liked the man. He had no heart. You see it takes a man of a *particular constitution* to engage in our business. When once at sea with a slave cargo we are in *free bottoms.* We belong to no country. We are under the protection of no law. We must defend ourselves. A man must have a great deal of nerve in such a situation, when he is liable to be chased by ships of war, or perhaps finds himself in the midst of a whole fleet. The mate once served me a trick for which I should have been perfectly justifiable in shooting him dead. We were running in between the Islands Martinique and Dominique, when suddenly there shot out from behind the land an English steamer. The mate thought it was a ship of war, and so did I. He was frightened to death, and instantly turned the vessel off her course. That was the very movement to bring down the enemy in chase. I saw the danger and flew to the helm, and put her back again, and we passed by in safety."

"But are you not tired of this business?"

"Why, I did'nt want to go out the last voyage. I tried to get another Captain to take charge of my ship. I wanted to stay at home and get married. But *good men in our business are scarce.* And I had to go."

But the noble Captain seemed ambitious of a higher career. "What I should like best of all," said he, "would be, to go *privateering.* To command a merchant ship, and go lumbering along, loaded down with freight—that I cannot bear. It kills me. But give me a well built clipper, with six guns on a side, and a long Tom in the middle, and a letter of marque to range the ocean, and I would'nt call the President my brother."

Such was the substance of Captain Smith's story. We allowed him to run on with his exploits to see what stuff a slaver was made of. Was there ever a more perverted nature? Here is a man whose boasts is in the gigantic character and the success of his villainies. His courage is to show his power over the weak and defenceless; to crowd hundreds of human beings into a close hold, where one hundred and fifty die in a few weeks; and his greatest exultation to have defied the laws of the whole civilised world! But the most important reflection is on the weakness and negligence which permits this trafic to go on unchecked. *New York the chief port in the world for the slave trade!* Thirty-five slavers a year sailing down our bay!—If so, why are not these vessels searched and seized? On whom rests the blame? Do officers of the Government connive at the traffic? Or are they so blind as not to see what passes under their eyes? Or are they too weak or too indolent to enforce their country's justice?

☞ "What brought you here?" said a lone woman who was quite "flustrated" the other morning by an early call from a bachelor neighbor who lived opposite, and whom she regarded with peculiar favor, although she had never dared to tell her love, but "let concealment, like a worm in the bud, hide in the furrows of her unwrinkled face and change her skin to parchment."

"I came to borrow matches."

"Matches! that's a likely story! Why don't you make a match yourself? I know what you come for," cried the exasperated old virgin, as she backed the bachelor into a corner. "You come here to kiss me almost to death! But you shan't' without you're the strongest, and the Lord knows you are!"

☞ An Indian had gone to Albany one cold winter's day, got very drunk.—On his way home, he become completely overcome, lay down, and was frozen to death. His tribe was at that time much disposed to imitate the habits of white men, and accordingly held an inquest over the dead body. After a long powwow, they finally agreed to the verdict that the deceased came to his death "by mixing too much water in his whiskey, which had frozen in him and had killed him."

### Preventing a Wedding, or the Fated Pantaloons.

An old gentleman of London, merchant in Bush Lane, had an only daughter endowed with great mental and physical charms, and possessing every faculty calculated to please and delight. She had besides a fine dowry. She was attached and engaged to a young man in her own rank, as well situated as herself with the world and worthy in all respects of her love and the happiness he promised himself. The preliminary arrangements were made, and after having been postponed two or three times, the marriage was positively fixed for Thursday 15th April, 18—.

The preceeding Monday the young gentleman who ought to have received £10,000 sterling as dowry on the day of his marriage, and 30,000 after the death of his father-in law who was far advanced in life, had with his beautiful betrothed one of those little scenes of jealousy which happen to all lovers, even those the most enamored of each other.

It was a little party. The young lady thought her lover too attentive to one of her friends who had the finest eyes in the world and resplendent tresses of auburn hair, beautiful enough to make a man distracted. To the reproaches which were made to him the young gentleman replied with some little asperity, and ventured some quick remarks upon a certain cousin whose superb waiscoat had attracted general admiration and which they said had been embroidered by the pretty hands of the beautiful heiress. He added even, the young and the impudent, that it would be quite too late for him to be master when he should be married, and that she *"wore the breeches"* rather too soon! After supper, the two lovers grew cooler and cooler to each other in spite of iced Champaigne and Roman Punch so much so that they parted in a pique. The next morning, our young man felt great regret at his conduct on the previous evening, which then appeared to him to have been wicked and unjust. He repented of it, and wishing to make the *amende honorable,* he enveloped with great care a magnificent dress of satin which he had some days before ordered for his betrothed,, and sent it to her with the following note:

My dear——I have not been able to close my eyes all night for thinking of the ridiculous misunderstanding of last evening. Forgive me, I beg of you, and as a pledge of your pardon, deign to accept the garment I send you, and wear it, from your affectionate—— ——"

After having written these lines, the young lover gave the note and the package to a servant; but finding that a pair of his pantaloons required mending, he profitted by the occasion to send them to his tailor who dwelt in a street which led to the house of his betrothed in Bush Lane. The reader suspects already perhaps the fatal mistake of the servant.

The unfortunate man left the elegant robe of satin with Mr. Thompson, the tailor, and the note with the *old worn pants* at the house of the young lady! Her indignation was at the height at this new affront of her lover, and when he presented himself at her house the door was shut in his face. His explanations his apologies, his tears and his prayers were unavailing and repulsed with disdain. The marriage will not take place. The young lady could not be brought to reverse her resolution, and it is said from that day she has cherished an implacable hatred of the sex that *"wears the breeches."*

At one of the hotels, the other night, an honest countryman, who had come to the city for the first time, was awakened by the cry of—"O! buy an Oy!" beneath his window. Frightened half to death, he aroused his fellow lodger, and inquired what it meant. "O, bless, it's nothing but oysters," said his room-mate, in a pet.—"Gosh!" cried Jonathan, "do tell, if oysters holler as loud as that?"

CROUP.—A medical correspondent of the New Hampshire Journal of Medicine states, that for three years he has used alum in croup, and in all that time he has not seen a fatal case which was treated with it from the beginning. He usually gave about ten grains, once in ten minutes until vomiting is induced, using at the same time tartar emetic or the hive syrup freely, the latter subduing the inflamation, while the alum has more of a repulsive action.

☞ A poor woman in New York city complains that after promising to make half a dozen shirts for five cents a piece, she was compelled to find her own thread. Are the shirt-dealers in New York men or monsters?

### Another Dupe.

A man was arrested in this place, on Saturday evening. He had stolen a skiff in Miami; the owners followed down by land and had him arrested. He stated he had been sent out to Kansas, by an abolition society of Cincinnati. Every promise they had made to him, had proved to be a lie. He had taken deck passage on the Sam Cloon, with a view of returning home, His passage money was demanded at Miami; not having a cent, he was put ashore. Despairing of walking to St. Louis, he took the skiff.

The persons arresting searched him, to ascertain if he was telling the truth, in regard to the state of his finances. Not a five cent piece could be found.

He stated this was his first attempt at stealing, and if let off, would pay more respect to the property of others, in future.—After giving him a good supper—he ate like a man nearly starved—he was permitted to go.

Comment is unnecessary. This case is but an illustration of hundreds of others. These poor creatures have been wofully duped. They are now flocking back to their native places, as best they can, without money. We hope they may yet succeed in wresting retribution from those, who have thus most cruelly and criminally deceived them.—*Brunswicker.*

### Strapped.

The Lexington Express, says, never before has there been so many persons—strangers in this community—without money as at the present time. They are passing about through town and country, begging employment at any wages. One gentleman told us that on Monday morning last he had nine different applications, before 11 o'clock, for employment, all of whom said they were out of money; and one offered to sell a valuable pistol for a trifling sum, in order that he might pursue his journey on foot. We presume these persons, generally, are the miserable dupes of Northern fanaticism. A day of retribution will yet come to the heartless wretches who sent these deluded men either to steal, beg or starve, in our midst.

☞ It is a disagreeable fix to be placed in, when you essay a bow to a fair friend, on the opposite side of the way, to have an omnibus obtrude itself just in the season for your bow to take effect directly in the middle of the crowd of passengers inside, half of whom bow to you in return, and the other half stare in a puzzled attempt to recall who you are.

☞ Flogging schoolboys may make them smart, but then it is in the wrong place. If a boy has intellect, he will get along without the cane. If on the contrary, he is dull and stupid, pelting him over the head will make him not so ambitious to overcome algebra as to overcome the schoolmaster. Believers in rattan will please notice.

☞ The editor of the Portsmouth Chronicle thus commences a leader:

"The signs of the times are ominous.—The world is turning over very fast. Wisdom sprouts out of sap heads, like toadstools from a manure heap. We shall soon see wonders. Won't it be a glorious time, when all the girls wear breeches, and go courting? Jolly will be that joyous day!"

☞ The editor of a country newspaper thus takes leave of his readers—

"The sheriff is waiting for us in the next room, so we have no time to be pathetic, Maj. Nab'em says we are wanted and must go. Delinquent subscribers, you have much to answer for. Heaven may forgive you, but I never can."

TWELVE AT A BIRTH.—A country editor, in speaking of a steamboat, says,

"She has twelve berths in her ladies' cabin."

"Oh, life of me!" exclaimed an old lady on reading the above, "what squalling there must have been."

☞ Two Irishmen, in crossing a field, came in contact with a jackass, which was making daylight hideous" with his unearthly braying.

Jemmy stood a moment in astonishment; turning to Pat, who also seemed enraptured with the song, he remarked—

"It's a fine large ear that bird has for music, but he's got a wonderful cowld."

☞ Take the hand of the friendless—smile on the sad and dejected—sympathize with those in trouble—strive everywhere to diffuse around you joy and sunshine,—do this, and you are sure of being loved.

☞ They have fancy names for newspapers out in Keokuk. The three papers published there are called respectively—"The Gate City," "The Morning Glory," and "The Keokuk Nip-and-Tuck." Imaginative people.

### PROVERBS.

Truths, like roses, have thorns about them.

Childhood and genius have the same master organ in common—Inquisitiveness.

Contempt of injurious words stifles them; resentment revives them.

Genius is a plant whose growth you cannot stop without destroying it.

Intellect is not the moral power; conscience is. Honor, not talent, makes the gentleman.

Do good with what thou hast; or it will do thee no good.

The face of truth is not less fair of all the counterfeit wizards that have been put upon her.

You may glean knowledge by reading, but you must separate the chaff from the wheat by thinking.

The shortest and surest way to live with honor in the world is to be in reality what we would appear to be.

A man is never so contented, nor dines so heartily and safely as at home with his family, on a single dish.

The mind may be overburdened; like the body, it is strengthened more by the warmth of exercise than of clothes.

One of the most satisfactory evidences of genuine piety, is the love and good will it inspires towards all mankind.

The nearer we approach the grave the more frequently are we visited by sickness. This may be unpleasant, still it is useful. The more afflictions we have, the more willingly we die.

No evil is wholly evil! This is one of the brightest gleams of light that stream in upon all night, even the darkest. No evil is wholly evil. Behind the blackest cloud the sun shines; or the stars!

I compare the art of spreading rumors to the art of pin-making. There is usually some truth which I call wires; as this passes from hand to hand, one gives it a polish, another a point; others make and put on the head, and at last the pin is completed.—*John Newton.*

☞ An old toper who lately attended an exhibition where a learned professor caused several explosions to take place from gasses produced from water, said—"You don't catch me putting much water in my liquor after this; I had no idea before that water was so dangerous, though I never liked to take much of it."

A GRAVE JOKE.—A western editor enumerates a long list of annoyances and grievances, and winds up as follows,—

"I was vexed too, at a painter who had been paid in advance to print me a sign; but he must go a sailing in the Bay on Sunday and get drowned—just like as not on *my* money—anyhow, he died and made no sign."

☞ It is humorously said that there ought to be plenty of women in the Allied camp, for each night the Russians come out with a fresh "Sally."

☞ An old bachelor, on seeing the words "Families Supplied," over the door of an oyster Saloon, stopped in, and said he would take a wife and two children.

☞ The grave and altar of Pope Alexander, the martyr, have been discovered at Rome. Richly mounted pillars and inscribed marble slabs of the fourth century have been found, in which the pious feel great interest.

☞ When you see a gentleman, at midnight, sitting on the stoop in front of his house, combing his hair with the door-scraper, you may conclude that he has been out at an evening party.

☞ An absconded debtor is advertised by a Mr. Nater, as having sloped. This is one case, we suppose, in which the "debt of *nater*" will never be paid.

☞ The editor of the United States Review, a monthly, published at Syracuse, N. Y., says he belongs to no party and is free from all "isms," rheaumat*ism* excepted.

☞ Mayor Parris, of Portland, says he shall enforce the Maine law to its extent, so those abroad opposed to the law who expected all trouble would be cured by the application of the *plaster of Parris,* will find themselves *stuck O!*

☞ A merchant, not very familliar with geography, on hearing that one of his vessels was in jeopardy, exclaimed:

"Jeopardy! Jeopardy! why, where is that?"

☞ Charles the Second said of a weak man, who was a *popular* preacher in his *own* parish, "I suppose *his* nonsense suits *their* nonsense."

☞ Why was the capture of the city of Mexico like the novel "Ivanhoe?"

Because it was Scott's best work.