# Squatter Sovereign.

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

STRINGFELLOW, KELLEY & LAREY, "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 & P. H. LAREY.

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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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1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.

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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 unsettled for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.


## The Poet's Column.

From the New York Daily News.

### GIVE NO PAIN.

BY DE MAYN.

Soft and cheering to the flowe
As the rain,
Falling in the summer's shower
Nor the plain,
Drops at this fair, musing hour
On my brain;
This sweet thought of soothing powar,
Give no pain.

One cold glance it may dissever
Friendship's chain;
Use you may your best endeavor,
Never again
Will the link's unite—oh, never!
Rent in twain.
As love, wedded first together,
Give no pain.

Speak not harsh to thy frail brother
Sank in shame;
Talk to him as would thy mother,
Thine the blame;
Bitter feelings pray thee smother,
Them no vain;
Love reclaims—no power other—
Give no pain.

Dost thou meet a fallen daughter,
Quell disdain;
Villains to this may have brought her—
To her shame.
Once she was as pure as water
On the main.
Fire false man with base vows sought her;
Give no pain.

Practice in this kindly feeling,
And thy name
Shall be hymn'd by angels kneeling
Round God's fane.
Now, methinks, I hear them pealing
A glad strain,
For earth's loss, whose voice of healing
Gave no pain.

### A DIRGE.

A beautiful gem of poetry, from a mine of pearls, is the following. The appreciative reader can almost hear its music ripples as it gently flows in harmony with the most powerful sentiments of the human heart:

Softly!
She is lying
With her lips apart.
Softly!
She is dying
Of a broken heart.

Whisper!
She is going
To her final rest.
Whisper!
Life is growing
Dim within her breast.

Gently!
She is sleeping;
She has breathed her last.
Gently!
While you are weeping,
She to Heaven has passed.

It's not every one can be a poet,
No, more'n a sheep can be a go-at.

## AN ELOPEMENT IN HIGH LIFE—The Injured Husband threatens Flogging and Slaughter, but commutes for $5000.

Certain events transpired in this city Wednesday night, which illustrates, in a striking manner, the uncertainties of matrimonial life and the checkered nature of human affairs in general.

About a year ago, a well-known New publisher, in the prime of life, married a gay and fascinating young lady in the city of Baltimore. The happy couple circulated freely among the fashionable resorts during the last summer, and some time in the fall took up their abode in the city of Lowell. During their perigrinations they met several times a wealthy Baltimore merchant, somewhat ripened and mellowed by age, who was an old acquaintance of the bride. They met him at Saratoga, accidentally; they met him, accidentally, at New York; they met him, accidentally, at Washington; and, at last, he happened—accidentally, of course—to visit Lowell. Here the Baltimore merchant played the agreeable to his old friend the lady, and his new friend, her husband. It happened one evening, a week or ten days ago, that these three and a sister of the lady in question made a party together at a fashionable saloon, where they partook of supper or refreshments. The husband proposed that all the party should accompany the young lady to her home, which was at some distance. His wife, however, was too much fatigued to walk so far preferring to remain in the saloon, till her husband should carry his sister-in-law home and return to her. Of course the Baltimore merchant remained to beguile the tedious moments of the husband's absence, and alas, before he returned a plan had been formed for the elopement of the parties.

Enough of the conversation between the lady and her Baltimore friend was overheard by a gentleman in an adjoining alcove to arouse his suspicions, and he accordingly sent an anonymous letter the next day to the husband to put him on his guard against the gay Lothario who was about to deprive him of his better half. The husband rubbed the brows that were about to be cornuted, and kept his eyes peeled for breakers. In the meantime the Baltimore gentlemen had come to this city.

On Wednesday morning he examined his wife's portfolio, and found upon her blotter (why didn't she use sand?) an impression of a telegraphic dispatch, in which she informed her lover that she would meet him in this city at 3 o'clock, P. M. Here was a confirmation of the anonymous epistle whose mysterious sentences he could hardly fathom and scarcely believe, and he took measures at mar the plot against his honor and peace of mind.

Accordingly, he informed his wife that he was going immediately Down East, but started directly to Boston. When the hour for the arrival of the three o'clock train approached, he repaired to the Lowell depot.

He soon observed an elegant carriage driven to the depot as if to receive somebody, but he looked in vain for the destroyer of his domestic felicity. When the train arrived, his wife made her appearance, and directly her lover darted from an obscure corner, seized her hand and placed her in the aforesaid carriage. The husband jumped into another carriage and pursued the parties to the American House, where he soon after had the satisfaction of finding their names recorded on the books as "P. Carole and lady, New York, room 384."

Here were the flighty birds fairly caged and the injured husband knew his fate. He immediately made tracks for a lawyer to whom he had a letter of introduction, and laid the case before him. The lawyer advised the immediate interference of the police to prevent the guilty pair from consummating their illicit purposes, but the husband objected. "Wait till night," said he, "and arrest them *in flagrante delicto*; then I can get a divorce from the perjured creature." The lawyer, not wishing to balk a divorce case, assented, and went to hear Meagher's lecture, having previously prepared a writ to commence an action for damages in the sum of one hundred thousand dollars.

Toward midnight, the deputy sheriff, to whom the writ had been committed for service, found the aforesaid lawyer, and the twain looked up their client. It appears that the injured man had worked himself up to a terrible pitch of excitement, and they found him with a revolver, a sword-cane and a horse-whip, and breathing out threatenings and slaughter. He was disarmed and his tools locked up in the sheriff's office, after which the party proceeded to the American House. The clerk of the establishment conducted them to the room where the guilty pair were reposing in each other's arms. The clerk rapped at the door, "Who calls?" cried the Lothario. "The clerk—please step to the door." He did so, and opened it slightly, being in disabille. "That's he," exclaimed the husband furiously, and he straightway pulled off his coat, while the gentleman inside was putting on his pants. His impetuosity, however, was restrained by his lawyer and the sheriff, and he put his coat on again.

The party entered the room and the gentleman from Baltimore was made prisoner. He was as cool and imperturable as if nothing had happened. The lovely sinner in the bed turned her blushing, pretty face in the bed covering.

The lawyer demanded to see her countenance in order that she might be identified for legal purposes. Her face was uncovered, but she kept her eyes closed. "Open your eyes, Mary," said the husband. "I can't, John," was her reply. He brought her face in view of the lawyer and sheriff, and forced her pretty eyes open.

The party then proceeded to the sheriff's office and a negotiation was set on foot. The Baltimore gentleman soon began to be very anxious to settle the affair and agreed to pay down five thousand dollars. The lawyer seems to have had some conscience, for he advised him to get legal advice, and wait for the next morning in order to get a proper understanding of his true position. He persisted, however, in demanding an immediate settlement, and the lawyer made his proposition known to the husband. The gentleman declared, at first, that not a cent less that $100,000 would appease him, and immediately afterwards lowered his demand to $25,000.

He soon relented still further, and agreed to sign a discharge in full for the sum of $5,000—the Baltimore gentleman stipulating with great particularity that the woman should not be thrown upon him, as he should feel in honor bound to support her if her husband should cast her off. The husband assumed the responsibility of the matter and the documents were duly executed, and five thousand dollars paid down in cash and securities.

The injured man pocketed the salve for his wounded honor, and went to the American House with his lawyer. That gentleman thought best to reconcile the parties, and he obtained an interview with the lady to give her some good advice. He believed that she need training, and as his name is *Treanor* it must be supposed that he was just the man *to train her*. After some conversation with the lady, Mr. T. called in the husband who had been so deeply injured and so promptly healed. The scene was a rich one.

The still indignant husband paced the apartment. "Mary," said he, "will you look me in the face?"

"I cannot, John," was her reply.

"Mary, look up to me!"

"I cannot, John!" and she kept her face covered with her hands.

The lawyer exhorted them to become reconciled with each other, and quoted the text which our Saviour wrote upon the sand—"Let him that is without sin cast the first stone." Said Mr. T. to the husband, "your wife has been guilty of a—a slight indiscretion, but she is young and beautiful, and you must forgive her."

"But she don't ask me to forgive her!"

"Yes, John, I acknowledge I have committed a slight indiscretion."

"*Slight* indiscretion? Slight! Mary? Good Heaven, what do you call a great indiscretion?"

"Well, John, you may call it as great as you like—I acknowledge it all, and beg your forgiveness."

"Are you sorry for what you have done, Mary?"

"Yes, John."

"Are you sorry from the bottom of your heart?" (A long pause.) "I am, John."

"Then come to my arms," exclaimed the husband, seizing her petite form and lifting her up like a child. He then intimated to his lawyer that he was at liberty to go and occupy his room at the Broomfield house, as it was past three o'clock, A. M. "Not without you, sir," was the reply, and the legal gentleman tore his client from the handsome wife, not, however, until they had made arrangements to breakfast together.

Thus ended the romance in real life, which shows how frailty is sometimes allied to beauty, and how far "five thousand" will go towards healing a deadly wound upon a husband's honor.—*Boston Herald.*

From the New York Day Book.

## THE SLAVE INSURRECTION IN THE SOUTH.

The Evening Post and Tribune are in ecstacies over the attempted insurrection of a few deluded negroes instigated by northern abolitionists in Kentucky, and exclaim with exultation, "let the South beware—let them look and see what they are coming to!"

Without going into the causes or history of this incurrection, which is probably nothing more than the explosion of some damnable plot of a few abolitionists and villainous mulattoes who wish to satiate their revenge and hatred to the South, we would simply ask the editors of the Tribune and Post how their political doctrines if carried out, would remedy the evils which they say the South suffer? The Black Republicans say they would confine slavery to its present limits—it should not be extended—that the powers of the general government should be exercised to keep it within its present bounds and that such were the principles and policy of the fathers of the Republic, Washington, Jefferson and others.

Now, it so happens that, in George Washington's time, slavery existed only in Georgia, South and North Carolina, Virginia, Maryland and the Northern States. If he and Jefferson and other fathers of the Republic, had been opposed to its extension, they wou'd have confined it to those States and the four millions of slaves now in the Union would all be in the five above named States. Were such the case to-day—were Alabama, Florida, Louisiana, Mississippi, Arkansas, Texas, Missouri, Tennessee and Kentucky free States (which they would have been had Washington and Jefferson been such men as Fremont and Seward,) and the four millions of negroes, now scattered over all that vast territory penned up in the South-eastern States, close, compact, dwelling thickly together, an insurrection would be more than probable, the result of which would be the annihilation of the black race. The post says that it is strange the South cannot see whence they are driving and cease there efforts to extend this dangerous institution into other territory.—Very strange, isn't it? Strange, indeed, that they can't see that to scatter these negroes would increase the danger of a revolt, whilst to pen them up would prevent discontent and insurrection? What would the post think of the captain of a vessel with a mutinous crew, who would refuse to divide his men and put three or four on board of half a dozen different vessels, on the ground that they would endanger all the ships, whilst keeping them together would save all?

We are reasoning now on the Post's supposition that a negro is a white man, and would revolt without a white mans instigation and assistance—a thing as morally impossible as for the woman of New England or the apprentices of New York to revolt, murder their husbands and masters. But the Posts arguments are simply ridiculous not so the Tribune's Its reasonings, if the following paragraph will bear the name are the ravings of a traitor—a deep black hearted scoundrel—one whose neck deserves the halter as richly as ever villain's or traitor's head deserved decapitation:—

"The South must learn that people who live upon the edge of a volcanoe are liable at any moment to be overwhelmed with its eruptions. But instead of seeking safety they invite danger. They ask for more territory to be subject to the taskmaster and his cruelties, to the slave and his insurrections. They should be taught better. Although they may have believed in the sweet assurance of an Everett, that no cause would so readily enlist him as a soldier as one to put down a slave insurrection—and that Everett spoke for the whole North."

* * * * * * *

"It is possible to kick the patient man too hard. Let the South, with her growing insurrections look to it. There is danger ahead, as shore as history has spoken and left words of suppressed warning. These last suppressed insurrections grew out of the discussions on Kansas.—Light will penetrate. Will these discussions cease? No. They will fill the public journals. They will be the main topics in the news papers and on the stump, in the public councils and private conversations, through the thirty-one States. Can all this writhing, all this printing, all this speaking go on and the slave not catch up what is going on? You may make laws defining him as 'a chattel personal'—you may assert that his master has the same right over him that he has over his other animals—but these avail only to show that man errs and laws lie. The slave is not a chattel—not merely an animal. He is first and last now and forever a Man.—Out of this divine entity shall come a just and compensatory law. Freedom must triumph. The manacles of the slave must be stricken off. Whether this future law of liberation comes with love or hate, with peace or war, with civilized softness or barbarous carnage, it is for the South to determine."

There, gentlemen of the South, what do you think of that? Gentlemen of the North—*men* of New York—what think you of it? Do you desire such freedom as that? Do you desire pour mails to carry such documents into the heart of negro communities, and your postoffice to distribute them? What if all the northern papers were Tribunes?—how long would your Union stand? Do you suppose the southern people will permit such publications to come among their negroes? Would *you*, were you an inhabitant of a slave State? No, indeed. Then wonder not that the editor of the Tribune is indicted in Virginia, and that postmasters in the South refuse to be agents for distributing his incendiary appeals to the blacks.—Wonder not that they hold indignation meetings and express a determination to hang all such instigators of insurrection.

Their safety, and the safety of their families—the loving wife and innocent child, whose bleeding and mangled forms may any day and any night, if such papers are allowed to circulate among their negroes, be found in the smouldering ruins of their dwelling demand such a course. Eternal vigilance is their only safety, and just in proportion to the number of Tribunes which you permit to go out from your midst, and just in proportion to the energies of their fanatical and villainous editors, so will the vigilance of the southern fathers, husbands and brothers be increased. And when the time comes (if ever it does come) when the North is filled with Tribunes and the majority of the people are Greeley's and Dana's and Beecher's and Garrison's, then will your mail routes to the South be entirely closed; your commerce with your neighbors and brethren of the slave States cut off, and all friendly intercourse will cease.

Reason and common sense teach us, or ought to teach us, that the South will do whatever it is necessary for its peace and safety, and if we go on increasing its danger, it will increase its efforts and vigilance. A step farther, and the strong men of the South will do whatever it is necessary—aye, gentlemen, it *will be* necessary to stop your mails, to cut off commerce and all communication, to send the negroes of Maryland and northern Virginia to the South, to establish a line of military posts and all the paraphernalia and guardians of hostile borders, and say to us, "thus far shalt thou come, and no farther!" They will make a belt of two hundred miles of free but hostile and barren territory between them and us, over which it will be certain death for a negro or an abolitionist to attempt to travel. The time when this necessity will exist seems to be rapidly approaching, and when the Greeleys of the North bring it upon us, farewell to our prosperity, our happiness, our peace and to our Republicanism, for then will our infuriated populace—starving laborers—seize upon the authors of their calamities and hang them as high as Haman.

FREAKS OF THE INSANE.—Old Dr. Rush, of Philadelphia, used to relate a singular case of monomania in a patient in the Philadelphia hospital. He took it into his head that he was a painter, and resolutely refused for a long time, though possessing fine organs of speech, to utter a word. The doctor one day entered his apartment and found him sketching on a slip of paper a really beautiful rose; for he had by long practice acquired much skill in the art, and was very proud of the accomplishment.

One day a thought struck Dr. Rush that he would surprise him into his voice by dispraising his labors and he resolved to try.

"You are painting a very handsome cabbage there, my friend," he observed to the maniac.

"Cabbage! good gracious, old gentleman! does that look like a cabbage? why, sir, you're a fool! That's a rose, and it is a good one, too!"

It was not long before the patient was well His train of thought was broken, and he returned home.

STRAY SHOT.—There is no adhesive label like a knick name.

A GOOD ONE.—The Philadelphia Times tells the following good story. We do not know how the Times got hold of it—and though it is at the expense of an old and valued friend of ours, we cannot resist the inclination to keep it on its travels:

"It was a few days after the election, and news was pouring in of Van Buren defeats on all sides. Mr. Worthington, the rather venerable editor of the Columbus, Miss., Democrat, was among those who was terribly annoyed by Job's comforters. He was somewhat deaf and rather irritable. In passing along the streets an acquaintance saluted him, and inquired kindly, "How is your family, Mr. Worthington?" Worthington supposing that the inquiry related to the political news of the day, responded, "All gone to h—ll, sir—all gone to h—ll!"

PREPARING FOR HER BRIDAL.—A London paper says:—"The bridal arrangements, the magnificent trousseau of the bride, &c., in view of the approaching marriage of the princess royal of England, at Berlin, attract so much attention, that hundreds are actually going from London to visit them. There are six rooms filled with silks, satins, ribbons, velvets, costly lace, artificial flowers, exquisite embroideries, in gold and silver, bonnets, capes, gowns, gloves, body and table linen, diamonds and jewelry, shawls, mantles, and toilet requirements of every description, color and material. Thirty persons have been engaged during several months on the embroidery, and one hundred and twenty needle-women have worked on the different articles.

IRISH BLUNDER.—A key belonging to a well known bank, having been lost, the bank official sent the Irish city crier to cry its loss, and after telling that "the key was between Mr. Patterson's and the bank about nine o'clock this morning," gave him the injunction not to betray what key it was. The faithful crier, having rung his bell with unusual force, at the corner of the street, made known the loss a follows:

"Lost, between Mr. Patterson's and nine o'clock in the morning, a large key; an' I'm not authorised to tell what kay it was, cos its the kay to the bank!"

A SORRY MAN.—They tell a story about a yankee tailor dunning a man for the amount of his bill. The man replied:

"I am sorry, very sorry indeed, that I can't pay it."

"Well," said the tailor, "I took you for a man that would be sorry, but if you re sorrier than I am, I'll quit."

A GOOD MOVE.—Some members of the North Carolina Legislature introduced a resolution the other day to have Raleigh removed to some place where the moon shines.

☞ A lady with a flushed face and carbuncled nose, consulting Dr. Cheyne, exclaimed—"Where in the name of wonder, doctor, did I get such a nose as this?" "Out of the decanter, madam, out of the decanter," replied the doctor.

☞ If you would increase the size and prominence of your eyes—just keep an account of the money spent foolishly, and add it up at the end of the quarter.

☞ The heart of a woman is said to be like a mirror, receiving an impression from every object, but retaining none.

☞ The scheme of supplying our wants by lopping off our desires, is like cutting off our feet when we want shoes.

☞ Punch says that monstrous tyrant, Henry the Eighth, was so little prone to shilly-shally, that he married his wives first, and "axed" them afterwards.

☞ Before you commit suicide take an emetic. What you take for despair, may only be a couple of pig's feet. Try it on.

☞ "How is your husband this afternoon, Mrs. Squiggs?" "Why the doctor says as how as if he lives till morning, he shall have some hopes of him; but if he don't, he shall give him up."

☞ An Irishman lately bought a large family bible, and taking it home, made his first entry in it thus: "Patrick O'Donohue—born Sept. 20th, 1856, aged three years."

☞ "Pray, can you tell me, lisped an an exquisite, "why I always pause after the first sylable of cupid? It is because I always like to stop when I come to see you."

☞ He who has learned to obey, will know how to command.

☞ A little boy had seen his brother playing with a burning glass, and heard him talk about the focus, and not knowing what the word focus meant, he consulted the dictionary, and found that focus was "the place where the rays meet." While playing on his father's knee, he announced that he knew the meaning of one hard word. His father asked him what it was. He said the word focus.

"Well Bobby," said he, "what does it mean?"

"It means a place where they raise hogs."

This, of course, raised a laugh, but he stuck to his point, and produced his dictionary to prove he was right. "There," said he, triumphantly, "Focus—a place where the rays meet. Hogs are neat, and if they rays meet, they raise hogs. So I am right, ain't I, mother?"

PARITY OF REASONING.—Lately at a distribution of prizes in a German village, a little girl seven years old, whose parents had just been turned out of their lodgings, because they had failed to pay their rent, was asked by the rector:

"Have you studied sacred history, my child?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know the history of the creation?"

"I know that God made all."

"Why were Adam and Eve turned out Paradise?"

The child hesitated a moment, and then, fixing her eyes on the examiner, replied—

"Probably they were turned out because they could not pay their rent!"

☞ A servant girl on leaving her place was accosted by her master as to her reason for leaving.

"Mistress is so quick tempered that I cannot live with her," said the girl.

"Well," said the gentleman, "you know it is no sooner begun than it is over!"

"Yes, sir, and no sooner over than it is begun again."

☞ An honest Dutchman being asked how often he shaved, replied: "Dree dimes a week erery tay but Sonday; den I shave erery tay."

☞ "Would it were lawful to marry two wives," exclaimed an enthusiastic young bachelor, desperately in love with a couple of country cousins.

"Try one to begin with!" was the remark of a surly old bachelor.

☞ A Western editor puts on the door of his sanctum—"Lady visitors are requested to go to the devil when they wish to obtain an interview with the editor."

☞ The reputation of a man is like his shadow—gigantic when it precedes him, and pigmy in its proportions when it follows.

☞ Punch says that when our great parliamentary orators rave for hours about their love of country, they mean their love of talking.

☞ In a country newspaper appears the following: A number of deaths unvoluntarily postponed. Let us hope that the postponement will be a long one.

☞ The poor man with industry, is happier than the rich man in idleness; for labor makes the one more manly, and rather unmans the other.

☞ A park of an extensive nature is to be laid out in Petersburg. French artistists are to decorate it, and lay out the paths, drives, &c.

☞ The road ambition travels is too narrow for friendship, too crooked for love, too rugged for honesty, and too dark for science.

SINGULAR.—To see a boarding school Miss afraid of a cow, notwithstanding she did "all the milking to hum" a few months since.

☞ The barn of Mr. John Terrill, in Orange county, Va., with a quantity of grain, was destroyed by fire on the 4th.

☞ Love is blind, and Hymen is the occulist that generally manages to open his eyes.

☞ Keep your temper in dispute.—The cool hammer fashions the red hot iron any shape needed.

☞ The silent eye is often a more powerful conqueror than the noisy tongue.

☞ We should be cautious not to say all that we know.

☞ Axiom for an important creditor. Do as you would be done by.