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.

VOL. 1. ATCHISON, KANSAS TERRITORY, TUESDAY, MARCH 6, 1855. NO. 4.

The Squatter Sovereign,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING BY

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

Publication Office, in Squatter Sovereign Building, No. 3. Atchison Street.

TERMS:—Two dollars per annum, invariably in advance. Single copies 5 cents, twelve copies for fifty cents.

TO CLUBS:—Five copies will be sent to one address for $9. 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.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

For one square, twelve lines or less	$1 00
Each additional insertion, per square	50
One square, three months	4 00
" " six months	7 00
" " twelve months	10 00
Two squares, three months	6 00
" " six months	9 00
" " twelve months	16 00
One quarter of a column, three months	10 00
" " " six months	15 00
" " " twelve months	20 00
One half of a column, three months	12 00
" " " six months	20 00
" " " twelve months	35 00
One column, three months	30 00
" " six months	45 00
" " twelve months	60 00
Business cards, eight lines or less, 1 year	5 00
" " six months	3 00
" " three months	2 00

☞ Announcing Candidates for office, in advance, $3. If inserted on a credit, candidates will be charged eight dollars.

☞ Communications of a personal nature, will be inserted as advertisements, and charged for at the rates of $2,00 per square, and payment required in advance.

☞ Advertisements not marked on the copy for a specific number of insertions, will be continued until ordered out, and payment exacted accordingly.

☞ All advertisements must be paid for in advance, or at the expiration of three months.

☞ 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 intentional fraud.

The Poet's Column.

YOUNG MEN OF EVERY CREED.

BY W. H. PRIDEAUX.

Young men of every creed!
Up and be doing now;
The time is come to "run and read,"
With thoughtful eye and brow.

Extend your grasp to catch
Things unattained before,
Touch the quick spring of Reason's latch,
And enter at her door!

The seeds of minds are sown
In every human breast;
But dormant lie, unless we own
The spirit's high behest!

Look onwardly, and LEARN,
Look inwardly and THINK;
And truth and love shall brighter burn
O'er Error's wasting brink.

Give energy to thought,
By musing as you move;
Nor deem unworthy aught,
Or trifling for your love!

Plunge in the crowding mart—
There read the looks of men;
And Human Nature's wondrous chart
Shall open to the ken!

Shun oppression—'tis sin!
The deadliest, fatal ban
Which ever veiled the light within,
And palled the soul of man!

In justice walk sublime,
As God designed you should;
The pillared props of growing time,
Supporting solid good.

Tread far the forest; climb
The sloping hill wayside,
And feel your spirits ring their chime
Of gladness far and wide!

Where'er your footsteps tend,
Where'er your feelings flow,
Be man and brother to the end—
Compassionate the low!

Cerb Anger, Pride and Hate;
Let Love the watchword be;
Then will your hearts be truly great,
God-purified and free!

LITTLE THINGS.

Scorn not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power;
There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed,
Waiting its natal bower;
A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.

No act falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its powers may be;
Nor what results unfolded dwell
Within it silently.
Work and despair not, give thy mite,
Nor care how small it be;
God is with all that serve the right,
The holy, true, and free.

☞ A French child said to the parish priest: "Why is it, my father, that we ask every day for our daily bread, instead of asking our bread for every week, or every month, or the whole year?" "Why you little goose, so as to always have it fresh.

Miscellaneous.

MARRYING A COUNT.

BY KATE SUTHERLAND.

"Is any body dead?"

"Yes. Somebody dies every second.

"So they say. But I don't mean that. What are you looking so solemn about?"

"I am not aware that I look so very solemn."

"You do then as solemn as the grave."

"Then I must be a grave subject," The young man affected to smile.

"You smile like death's head, Abel.—What is the matter?

Abel Lee took his interrogator by the arm, and drew him aside. When they were a little apart from the gay company, he said in a low voice—

"You told me that a month ago."

"She is here to night."

"So I See."

"And is as cold to me as an icicle."

"For a very plain reason."

"Yes too plain."

"Whiskers and moustaches are driving all before them. The man is nothing now; hair is every thing. Glover will carry off the prize unless you can hit upon some plan to win back the favor of Miss Arabella. You must come forward with higher attractions than this rival can bring."

Lee drew his fingers involuntarily over his soomth lip and chin, a movement which his friend observed and comprehended.

"Before the hair can grow, Arabella will be won," he said.

"Do you think I would make a fool of myself?"

"Fool of yourself! What do you mean by that? You say you love Arabella Jones. If you wish to win her, you must make yourself attractive, yon have only to cultivate whiskers, mustaches and an imperial, and present a more luxuriant crop than Glover. The whole matter is very simple, and comprised in a nut-shell. The only difficulty in the way is the loss of time consequent upon the raising of this hairy crop.

It is plain, in fact, that you must take a shorter way; you must purchase what you havn't time to grow. Hide yourself for a week or two and then make your appearance with enough hair upon your face to conceal one-half or two-thirds of your features, and your way to the heart of Miss Jones is direct."

"I feel too serious on the subject to make it a matter of jesting," said Lee, not by any means relishing the levity of his friend.

"But, my dear sir," urged the friend, "I propose is your only chance. Glover will have it all his own way, if you do not take some means to head him off. The matter is plain enough. In the days of chivalry a knight would do almost any unreasonable thing—enter upon almost any mad adventure—to secure the favor of his lady love; and will you hesitate when nothing of more importance than the donning of false whiskers and moustaches is concerned? You don't deserve to be thought of by Miss Jones."

"Jest away, Marston, if it is so pleasant to you,' remarked Lee, with a slightly offended air.

"No, but my dear fellow, I am in earnest. I really wish to serve you. Still, if the only plan at all likely to succeed is so repugnant to your feelings, you must let the whole matter go. Depend upon it there is no other chance for you with the lady."

"Then she must go. I would not make a fool of myself for the Queen of Sheba. A man who sacrifices his own self-respect in order to secure the love of a woman becomes unworthy of her love."

"Well said, Abel Lee! That is the sentiment of a right mind, and proves to me that Arabella Jones is unworthy of you.—Let her go to the whiskers, and do you try to find some one who has soul enough to love the man."

The young men separated, to mingle with the company. Marston could not help noticing Miss Arabella Jones more particularly than before, and perceived she was coldly polite to all the young men who ventured to approach her, but warm and smiling as a June morning to an individual named Glover, who had been abroad, and returned home rich in hairy honors, if in nothing else. The manners of this Glover distinguished him as much as his appearance.

"To think that a woman could be attracted by a thing like that!" he said to himself, a little pettishly, as he saw the alacrity with which Arabella seized the offered arm of Glover to accompany him to the supper table.

Marston was a fellow of a good deal of humor and relished practical joking rather more than was consistent with the comfort of other people. We cannot commend him for this trait of character. But it was one of his faults, and all men have their failings. It would have given him great pleasure, could he have induced Abel Lee to set up a rivalry in the moustaches and whisker line; but Able had too much good sense for that, and Marston, be it said to his credit, was rejoiced to find that he had. Still the idea having once entered his head, he could not drive it away. He had a most unconquerable desire to see some one start an opposition to Glover and was half tempted to do it himself, for the mere fun of the thing. But this was rather more trouble than he wished to take.

Not very long after this, a young stranger made his appearance in fashionable circles, and created quite a flutter among the ladies. He had besides large whiskers, large moustache, and larger imperials than Glover, a superb goatee, and a decided foreign accent. He soon threw the American in the shade especially as a whisper got out that he was a French Count, travelling though the country, who purposely concealed his title. The object of his visit, it was also said, was the selection of a wife from among the lovely and unsophisticated daughters of America.—He wished to find some one who had never breathed the artificial air of the higher circles in his own country; who would love him for himself alone, and become his loving companion through life.

How all these important facts in relation to him got wind few paused to inquire.—Young ladies forgot their plain-faced, untitled, vulgar lovers, and put on their best looks and most winning graces for the Count. For a time he carried all before him. Daily might he be seen in the Chesnut street, gallanting some favored belle, with the elegant air of dancing master, and the grimace of a monkey. Staid citizens stopped to look at him, and plan old ladies were half in doubt whether he were a man or a pongo.

At last the Count's more particular attentions were directed to Miss Arabella Jones, and from that time the favored Glover found that his star had passed its zenith. It was in vain that he curled his moustache more fiercely, and hid his chin in a goatee fully as large as the Count's; all was of no avail. The ladies generally and Miss Arabella in particular, looked coldly upon him.

As for Abel Lee, the bitteress of his disappointment was already passed. The conduct of Arabella had disgusted him, and he therefore looked calmly on and marked the progress of events.

At length the count, from paying marked attention to Arabella in company, began to visit her occasionally at her father's house, little to the satisfaction of Mr. Jones the father, who had never worn a whisker in his life, and had a most bitter aversion to moustaches. This being the case, the course of Arabella's love did not, it may be supposed, run very smooth. for her father told her very decidedly that he was not going to have "that monkey-faced fellow" coming about his house. Shocked at such vulgar language, Arabella replied—

"Gracious me, father! Don't speak in that way of Mr. De Courci. He's a French Count, travelling in disguise."

"A French monkey! What on earth put that nonsense into your head?"

"Every body knows it, father. Mr De Courci tried to conceal his rank but his English valet betrayed the secret. He is said to be connected with one of the oldest families in France, and to have immense estates near Paris."

"The largest estates he possess are in Whiskerando, if you ever heard of that place. A French Count! Preposterous!"

"I know it to be true," said Arabella, emphatically.

"How do you know it Miss Confidence?"

"I know it, from the fact that I hinted to him, he did not deny it. His looks and manners betrayed what he attempted to conceal."

"Arebella!" said Mr. Jones with a good deal of sternness, "if you were silly enough to hint to this fellow what you say you. did, and he was imposter enough not to deny it on the spot in the most unequivocal terms, then he adds the character of a designing villian to that of a senseless fop, In the name of homely, American common sense, can you not see plain as daylight that he is no nearer akin to a foreign nobleman than his barber or boot-black may be?"

Arabella was silenced, because it was folly to contend in this matter with her father, who was a blunt, common-sense, clear seeing man; but she was not in the least convinced Mr. De Courci was not a French Count for all he might say, and what was better, evidently saw attractions in her superior to those of which any of her fair compeers could boast,

"My dear Miss Jones," said the Count, when they next, met, speaking in that delightful foreign accent, so pleasing to the ear of the young lady, and with the frankness peculiar to his nature. "I cannot with-hold from you the honest expression of my sentiments. It would be unjust to myself, and unjust to you; for these sentiments too nearly involve my own peace, and it may be, yours."

The Count hesitated, and looked interesting. Arabella blushed and trembled.—The words, "You will speak to my father," were on the lady's tongue. But she checked herself, and remained silent. It would not do to make that reference of the subject.

Then came a gentle pressure of hair upon her cheek, and a gentle pressure from the gloved hand in which her own was resting.

"My dear young lady am I understood?"

Arabella answered, delicately, by returning the gentle pressure of her hand, and leaning perceptible nearer the Count De Courci.

"I am the happiest of men!" said the Count, enthusiastically.

"And I the happiest of woman," responponded Arabelly, audibly, and in spirit.

"Your father?" said De Courci. "Shall see him?"

"It will not be well yet," replied the maiden, evincing a good deal of confusion. "My father is"—

"Is what?" asked the nobleman, slightly elevating his person.

"Is a man of some peculiar notions. Is, in fact, too rigidly American. He does not like"—

Arabella hesitated.

"Doesn't like foreigners. Ah, I comprehend," and the Count shrugged his shoulders and looked dignified as a man whose face is covered with hair can look.

"I am sorry to say that he has unfounded prejudices against every thing not vulgarly American,"

"He will not consent, then?'

"I fear not, Mr. De Courci."

"Hmm-um. Ah!" and the Count thought for some moments. "Will not consent. What then? Arabella!" and he armed in his manner—"Arabella, shall an unfounded prejudice interpose with its icy barriers? Shall the hearts that are ready to melt into one, be kept apart by the mere word of a man? Forbid it love! But suppose I go to him?"

"It will be useless. He is as unbending as iron,"

Such being the case, the Count proposed an elopement; to which Arabella agreed after the expression of as much reluctance as seemed to be called for.

A few weeks susequently, Mr. Jones received a letter from some person unknown, advising him of the fact, that if at a certain hour on that evening, he would go to a certain place, he would intercept Mr. De Courci in the act of running away with his daughter. This intelligence half maddened the father. He hurried home, intending to Comfort Arabella with the letter he had received, and then lock her up in her room. But she had gone out an hour before. Pacing the floor in a state of strong excitement, he awaited her return until the shadows of evening began to fall. Darkness closed over all things, but still she was away, and it soon became evident that she did not mean to come back.

It was arranged between De Courci and Arabella that he was to wait for her with a carriage at a retired place in the suburbs, where she was to join him. They were then to drive to a minister's, get the marriage ceremony performed, and proceed thence to take possession of an elegant suite of rooms which had been engaged in one of the most fashionable hotels in the city. To escape all danger of interference with her movement, the young lady had left home some hours before evening, and spent the time between that and the blissful period looked for with such trembling delight, in the company of a young friend and confidant. Darkness at length threw a veil over all things, and under cover of this veil Arabella went forth alone, and hurried to the appointed place of meeting. A lamp showed her the carriage in waiting and a man pacing slowly the pavement near by, whilst she was a considerable distance off. Her heart beat wildly, the breath came heavily up from her bosom She quickened her pace, but soon stopped suddedly in alarm, for he saw a man advancing rapidly from another quarter. In a few moments this individual came up to the person who was walking before the carriage, and whom she saw to be her lover. Loud words instantly followed, and she was near enough to her an angry voice say—

"I'll count you, you base scoundrel!"

It was the voice of her father! Fearful lest violence should be done to her lover Arabella screamed and flew to the spot.—Already was the hand of Mr. Jones at De Courci's throat, but the Count in disguise, not relishing the rough grasp of the indignant father, disengaged himself and fled ingloriously, leaving poor Arabella to the unbroken fury of his ire. Without much ceremony he thrust her into the waiting carriage, and giving the driver a few hurried directions, entered himself. What passd between the disappointed Countess, that was to be, and her excited father, is not our business to relate.

Not content with having interrupted this nice little matrimonial arrangement. Mr. Jones called at the hotel where De Courci put up, early on the next morning. But the elegant foreigner had not ocupied his appartments during the night. He called a few hours later, but he had not yet made his appearance; in the morning, but De Courci was still away. On the next morning the following appeared in one of the daily newspapers,

"NIPPED IN THE BUD.—Fashionable people will remember a whiskered, moustachoed fellow with a foreign accent, named De Courci who has been turning the heads of half the silly young girls in town for the last two months.—He permitted it to leak out; we believe, that he was a French Count, with immense estates near Paris, who had come to this country in order to look for a wife. This was of course believed, for there are people willing to credit the most improbable stories in the world. Very soon a love affair came on, and he was about running off with the silly daughter of a good, substantial citizen. By some means the father got wind of the matter, and repaired to the appointed place of meeting just in time. He found De Courci and a carriage in waiting. Without much ceremony, he laid violent hands on the Count, who thought it better to run than to fight, and therefore fled ingloriously, just as the daughter arrived on the ground He has not been heard of since. We could write a column by the way of commentary upon this circumstance, but think that facts in the case speak so plainly for themselves that not a single remark is needed to give them force. We wish the lady joy at her escape, for the Count in disguise is no doubt a scheming villian at heart."

Poor Arabella was dreadfully cut down when this notice met her eye. It was a long time before she ventured into company again, and ever after hed a mortal aversion to moustaches and imperials. The Count never after made his appearance in Philadelphia.

The young man named Marston, who had jested with Abel Lee about the loss of his lady love, was seated in his room some ten minutes after the sudden appearance of Mr. Jones at the place of meeting between the two lovers, when his door was thrown open, and in bounded De Courci, hair and all! Cloak, hat and hair were instantly thrown aside, and a smoothe, young, langhing face revealed itself from behind wiskers, moustaches, and goatee.

"Where's the Countess?" asked Marston, in a merry voice. "Did she faint?"

"Dear knows! That sturdy old American father of hers got me by the throat before I could say Jack Robinson, and I was glad to make off with a whole skin. Arabella arrived at the moment and gave a glorious scream. Of anything further, deponent sayeth not.

"She'll be cured of moustaches or I'm no prophet."

"I guess she will. But the fact is, Marston." and the young man looked serious, "I'm afraid this joke has been carried too far."

"Not at all. The moral effect will tell upon our silly soumtaye ladies, whose heads are turned with a foreign accent and a hairy lip. You acted the whiskered fop to a charm. No one could have dreamed that all was counterfeit."

"So far as the general effect is concerned, I have no doubt; but I'm afraid it was wrong to victimize Miss Arabella for the benefit of the whole race of weak-minded girls. The effect upon her may be more serious than we apprehend,"

"No I think not. The woman who could pass by as true a man as Abel Lee, for a foreign Count in disguise, hasn't heart enough to receive a deep injury.—She will be terribly mortified, but that will do her good."

"If it turn out to be no worse than that, I shall be glad. But, I must own, now that the whole thing is over, that I am not as well satisfied with myself as I thought I would be. I don't know what my good sister at the South would say, if they knew I had been engaged in such a mad-cap affair. But I lay all the blame upon you. You with your cool head, ought to have known better than to start a young hot-brained fellow like me, just let loose from college, upon such a wild adventure. I'm afraid that if Jones had once got me fairly into his clutches, he would have made daylight shine through me."

"Ha! ha! No doubt of it. But come, don't begin to look longed-faced. We will keep our own counesel, and no one need be the wiser for our participation in this matter, Wait a while, and let us enjoy the nine Jay's wonder that will follow."

But the young man, who was a relative of Marston, and who had come to the city fresh from college, just in the nick of time for the latter, felt, now that the excitement of his wild prank was over, a great deal more sober about the matter than he had expected to feel. Reason and reflection told him that he had no right to trifle with any one as he had trifled with Arabella Jones. But it was too late to mend the matter. No great harm, however, come of it; and perhaps, good: for a year subsequently, Abel Lee conducted his old flame to the altar, and she makes him a loving and faithful wife.

☞ A country newspaper contains an advertisement in which the details of a "Grocery and Provision Store," are thus whimsically coupled. "Always a great variety of the finest articles, jugs and jewsharps, mutton-hams and mustard, codfish and coffee, candy and cream pitchers, mackerel and matches, shad and shaving-boxes, cheese and chocolate, brooms and beer, teas and tenpenny's, hard soap and soft soap, bed cords and baskets, pipes and pigtail, cigars and cider, brandy and beeswax, gin and gingerbread, whiskey and whip stocks, starch, steamers and stoughtons, &c.

☞ A Gentleman travelling in Europe, last summer, copied the following lines from a tombstone in a grave-yard, in Llangollen, North Wales:

"Our life is but a winter day—
Some only breakfast and away;
Others to dinner stay, and are well fed:
The oldest man but sups and goes to bed.
Large is his debt who lingers out the day:
Who goes the soonest has the least to pay."

☞ A few years ago a couple went to a country Church to be married. When, in the course of the marriage service, the Minister asked the bridegroom, in the usual form, "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" he coolly answered, 'To be sure I will; I'm come o'purpose."

☞ A Jerseyman was very sick, and was not expected to recover. His friends got around his bed, and one of them says:

"John do you feel willing to die?"

John made an effort to give his views on the subject, and answered with his feeble voice:

"I—think—I'd rather stay—where I'm—better acquainted."

☞ When a man has a great deal of fault to find with a newspaper which he never fails read, it is a sure sign that he has not paid for it. People seldom find fault with own property.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

Jedediah Hodge was dead in love with the beauteous Sally, Hammond, but owing to an unconquorable feeling of diffidence, he had never been able to screw up his courage to the sticking point requisite to enable him to inform her of his predilection. Three several times he had dressed up in his "Sunday-go-to-meeting-fixings," and made his way to her father's house, determined this time to "do or die." But, unluckily, his courage oozed away, and became small by degrees, and beautifully less, (as the politicians say,) still, when he was fairly in her presence, he was barely able to remark that it was a warm evening.—Sally at length, got tired of this oft-reiterated observation, and resolved to help him out of his predicament, for, like a true woman, she had not failed to perceive what Jedediah was trying to come at, but couldn't. For the fourth time, Jedediah came, but did not succeed any better. Sally commenced her attack by informing him that Mary Somers, an intimate friend, was going to be married.

"You don't say so," said Jedediah, that being the only idea that occured to him, except one, and that he didn't dare give utterance to.

"Yes," said Sally, "she's going to be married next week. It seems rather queer that she should be married before me, considering she's a year younger.

Jedediah's heart leaped up in his throat, but he didn't venture to say anything.

There was a pause.

"Jedediah," resumed Sally, after a little hesitation, "I'll tell you something, if you'll promise, certain true, that you won't never telll anybody."

"No, I won't. say Jedediah, stoutly proud of the confidence reposed in him.

"It isn't much, after all," said Sally, casting down her eyes, "only a dream, and I don't know whether I ought to tell you after all; though to be sure there was something about you in it."

"Do tell me," pleaded Jedediah, his curiosity overcoming his bashfulness in a degree.

"But I'm afraid you'll tell after all."

"No, I won't certain, true. I hope I may be horse-whipped if I do."

"Then—don't look at me, Jedediah, or I can't tell it—I dreamed that—that—that you and I—I never shall be able to tell you—that you and I were going to be married the day before Mary Somers.

Jedediah started, as if struck by a galvanic battery, and shouted enthusiastically—"So WE WILL, gosh, if you'll only say the word."

Of course Sally was astonished at this sudden application of her dream, and could not believe he was in earnest. At length she yielded her consent, and her dream was vertified at the altar, in less than a week.

Ladies that have bashful lovers, take heed!

Yankee Shrewdness.

When the prospect of forming a large manufacturing town on the Merrimack river was in contemplation, some of the persons concerned sent up Mr. B———, a young gentleman skilled as an engineer, and who was also fond of sporting, to view the water privilege carefully, and to make inquiry as to prices of land in the vicinity. He went with his dog, gun, and fishing-tackle, and obtained board in a farmer's house, a Mr. F.; and spent his time in viewing the falls, and the canal, and the river, and grounds, with occasional fowling and fishing. After spending some time there, in talking with the farmer, one evening he told him that he liked the place very well, and thought that he should be pleased to come and live there. The man said he should be pleased to have him.

"Well, Mr. F., what will you take for your farm?

"Why I don't want to sell it, Mr. B.; nor would I, unless I can get twice what it is worth as I am satisfied here; and don't want to move."

"Well what do you say the farm is worth, Mr. F."

"Why, it is worth $1,500, and I won't sell it for less than 3,000."

"That is too much, I can't give that."

"Very well, you need not."

Here the conversation ended. Mr. B., continued his sporting; and having received his instructions in the course of a few days, renewed his talk with Mr. F., and said to him,

"Well Mr. F., I have made up my mind that I should like to live here very well, and though you ask so much, I will take up with your offer, and give you $3,000."

"Why, as to that, Mr. B., you did not take my farm when I offered it to you, and I am not willing to sell it now for anything less than $6,000.

"You are joking, Mr. F."

"Not so, Mr. B., I am in earnest, and shan't continue my offer more than 24 hours."

B., finding that he was determined, went off for instructions, and the next day told Mr., F. he would give $6,000. The purchase was made, deeds passed, and money paid. Some time afterwards Mr. B. asked the farmer what reason he had, in the course of a few days, to double the price for his farm, and to insist upon it.

"Why, Mr. B., I will tell you; a day or two after I offered you the farm for $3,000, I saw two men on the opposite side of the Merrimack river, sitting on a rock, and talking for some time; then they got up, and went down the river, and after some time returned, and seemed in earnest conversation for half an hour or more, when they arose and went away. I did not know what it meant, but I thought something was in the wind, and I was determined, if you asked me again to sell my farm I would demand double the price."

Thus began the purchase of land upon which the great manufacturing city of Lowell, Mass., has been erected.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

In a certain town in Spain, there was a Moor of great respectability, who had a son, the best young man in the world, full of great projects, but so poor, that he had the will, but not the power to execute them. In the same place there was another Moor, very rich, and he had an only daughter; but she was a devil, and nobody would marry her.

The young man came one day to his father, aud said, "Father, I am weary of the poor and wretched life that I lead, I wish to marry."

The father said he should be delighted if his son could find a partner that suited him. Upon which the young man named his neighbor's daughter. On hearing this, the father was much surprised; but the son persisted in desiring his father to speak to the Moor, who was his intimate friend, and ask him for his daughter. The Moor said, when he was applied to, he had no objection, but whosoever had his daughter, would be better dead than alive.

The wedding day, however, was fixed and the bride was led away to her husband's house; and according to the Moorish custom, a supper was prepared, and a table laid, and the fathers and mothers left the bride and bridegroom together till the next day, not without great fear and suspicion that they should find the bridegroom in the morning dead, or not far from it.

As soon as they were gone, the new married couple sat down at the table, and before she could speak, he looking about him, saw one of his house dogs, and calling to him with a loud voice, ordered him to bring him some water, to wash his hands, which the dog not doing, he got up in a rage, and drew his sword; this the dog seeing, run away, and he after him, till he had caught him, and cut off his head and legs, and body in peices, and dashed the blood over the table, and all over the room, then came and seated himself by the table. He looked round again, and saw a Maltese beagle, and gave him the same order; but on his not complying, he first threatened he would serve him as he served his mastiff; then springing from his chair, he caught him by his legs, and cut him into a hundred pieces. He then returned a second time to the table, making horrid faces and furious gestures, and stared wildly around him.

The bride, who was an eye witness of all this, was beside herself for fear, and stupid, without being able to utter a syllable.

He then swore he would serve every living creature in the same manner, not excepting his horse, which was the only one he had remaining to him; he then having killed his horse, came back to the table, with his sword reeking in blood and seeing no other animal to kill, turned his eyes upon his wife, and cried with a furious voice, "get up and bring me some water to wash my hands."

She immediately rose and brought him water. Then he said, if you had not done it, I would have served you as I served the dogs and horse. He then ordered her to help him, which she did, but with so horrid an aspect that she still expected to have her head cut off. In the same manner they passed the night together, and she never spoke, but did every thing he bade her; and when they had slept some little, he said to his wife, "I have not been able to rest from rage to-night, see that nobody disturbs me to-morrow morning, and take care that I have a good breakfast."

Early in the morning, the parents of the bride and bridegroom knocked at the door, and as no one answered, they concluded that the bridegroom was either killed or wounded, and when they saw the bride come to the door without her husband, they were confirmed in their suspicions.

As soon as she saw them, she began to call them traitors, and asked them how they dared to come to the door without speaking; make no noise or you are all dead men. This astonished them all more, and when they knew how the night had been passed, they thought very highly of the young man for his great skill in governing his wife, and arranging his household; and from that day forward, she is so well managed, that he lived perfectly well with her, and the father-in-law took a hint from his son, and killed a horse to keep HIS wife in order.

CAUTIONARY HINT.

Lord chancellor Brougham lately complained of a noise in his Court, and told the door keeper that "it seemed no use to speak to him; but if the noise continued, he should speak to his successor."

☞ The heart of a young girl is like a nest where the little swallow chirps, shows its head, tries its wings, and watches the favorite moment to fly.

☞ The New Bedford Standard says that the office of Lieutenant Governor of Massachusetts is "like the curl in a pig's tail," more for ornament than use.

☞ "Shall we take a ride up Bradway?" said a young New Yorker, who was showing his country cousin the wonders of the city.—"O dear, no!" said the frightened girl. "I would not do that in the street."