

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

VOL. XX.—NO. 3.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O'MEARA GOODRICH.

TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, June 23, 1859.

Selected Poetry.

BUILDING UPON THE SAND.

BY ELIZA COOK.

'Tis well to woo, 'tis well to wed,
For so the world has done
Since myrtles grow, and roses blow,
And morning brought the sun.
But have a care, ye young and fair,
Be sure ye pledge with truth;
Be certain that your love will wear
Beyond the days of youth.

For if ye give not heart for heart,
As well as hand for hand,
You'll find you've played the "unwise" part,
And "built upon the sand."

'Tis well to save, 'tis well to have,
A goodly store of gold,
And hold enough of shining stuff,
For charity is cold.
But place not all your hopes and trust
In that the deep mine brings;
We cannot live on yellow dust,
Unmix'd with purer things.

And he who piles up wealth alone,
Will often have to stand
Beside his coffin chest and own
'Tis "built upon the sand."

'Tis good to speak in kindly guise,
And soothe what'er we can;
For speech should bind the human mind,
And love link man to man.
But stay not at the gentle words,
Let deeds with language dwell;
The one who pities starving birds,
Should scatter crumbs as well.
The mercy that is warm and true,
Must lead a helping hand,
For those who talk, yet fail to do,
But "build upon the sand."

Selected Tale.

[From the Atlantic Monthly.]

LOO LOO.

A FEW SCENES FROM A TRUE HISTORY.

CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.

From that time she maintained outward calmness, while in his presence; and her inward uneasiness was indicated only by a fondness more clinging than ever. Whenever she parted from him, she kept him lingering, and lingering on the threshold. She followed him to the road; she kissed her hand to him till he was out of sight; and then her tears flowed unrestrained. Her mind was filled with the idea that she should be carried away from the home of her childhood, as she had been by the rough Mr. Jackson—that she should become the slave of that bad man, and never, never see Alfred again. "But I can die," she often said to herself, and she resolved in her mind various means of suicide, in case the worst should happen.

Madame Labasse did not desert her in her misfortune. She held frequent consultations with Mr. Helper and his friends, and continually brought messages to keep up her spirits. A dozen times a day, she reported.

At last the dreaded day arrived. Mr. Helper had persuaded Alfred to appear to yield to necessity, and keep completely out of sight. He cringed, because Loo Loo had said she could not go through with the scene, if he were present; and, moreover, he was afraid to trust to his own nerves and temper. They conveyed her to the auction-room, where she stood trembling among a group of slaves of all ages and all colors, from the iron block to the highest brow. She wore her simple dress, without ornament of any kind. When they placed her on the stand, she held her veil down with a close, nervous grasp.

"Come show us your face," said the auctioneer. "Folks don't like to buy a pig in a poke, you know."

Seeing that she stood perfectly still with her head lowered upon her breast, he untied the bonnet, pulled it off rudely, and held up her face to public view. There was a murmur of applause.

"Show your teeth," said the auctioneer.—But she only compressed her mouth more firmly. After trying in vain to coax her, he exclaimed:

"Never mind, gentlemen. She's got a string of pearls inside them coral lips of hers. No use trying to trot her out. She's a little sot up, ye see, with being made much of. Look at her, gentlemen! Who can blame her for being a bit proud? She's a fast-rate, fancy article.—Who bids?"

Before he had time to repeat the question, Mr. Grossman said, in a loud voice, "Fifteen hundred dollars."

A voice from the crowd called out, "Eighteen hundred."

"Two thousand," shouted Mr. Grossman.

"Two thousand two hundred," said another voice.

"Two thousand five hundred," exclaimed Mr. Grossman.

"Two thousand eight hundred," said the incognito agent.

The prize was now completely given up to the two competitors; and the agent, excited by the contest, went beyond his orders, until he bid so high as four thousand two hundred dollars.

"Four thousand five hundred," exclaimed the cotton broker.

There was no use in contending with him.—He was evidently willing to stake all his fortune upon victory.

"Going! Going! Going!" repeated the auctioneer, slowly. There was a brief pause, during which every pulsation in Loo Loo's body seemed to stop. Then she heard the terrible words, "Gone for four thousand five hundred dollars!" Gone to Mr. Grossman!

They led her to a bench at the other side of

the room. She sat there, as still as a marble statue, and almost as pale. The sudden cessation of excited hope had so stunned her that she could not think. Everything seemed dark and reeling around her. In a few minutes, Mr. Grossman was at her side.

"Come, my beauty," said he. "The carriage is at the door. If you behave yourself, you shall be treated like a queen. Come, my love!"

He attempted to take her hand, but his touch aroused her from her lethargy; springing at him, like a wild cat, she gave him a blow in the face that made him stagger—so powerful was it, in the vehemence of her distrust and anger.

His coaxing tones changed instantly.

"We don't allow niggers to put on such airs," he said. "I'm your master. You've got to live with me; and you may as well make up your mind to it first as last."

He glowered at her savagely for a moment; and drawing from his pocket an embroidered slipper, he added:

"Ever since I picked up this pretty thing, I've been determined to have you. I expected to be obliged to wait till Noble got tired of you, and wanted to make up with another wench; but I've had better luck than I expected."

At the sight of that gift of Alfred's in his hated hand, at the sound of those coarse words, so different from his respectful tenderness, her pride broke down, and tears welled forth.—Looking up in his stern face, she said, in tones of the deepest pathos:

"Oh, Sir, have pity on a poor unfortunate girl! Don't persecute me!"

"Persecute you?" he replied. "No, indeed, my charmer! If you'll be kind to me, I'll treat you like a princess."

He tried to look loving, but the expression was utterly revolting. Twelve years of unbriiled sensuality had rendered his countenance even more disgusting than it was when he shocked Alfred's youthful soul by his talk about "Daucan's handsome wench."

"Come, my beauty," he continued, persuasively, "I'm glad to see you in a bad temper. Come with me, and behave yourself."

She curled her lip scornfully, and repeated:

"I will never live with you! Never!"

"We'll see about that, my wench," said he. "I may as well take you down a peg, first as last. If you'd rather be in the calaboose with niggers than to ride in a carriage with me, you may try it, and see how you like it. I reckon you'll be glad to come to my terms, before long."

He beckoned to two police-officers, and said, "Take this wench into custody, and keep her on bread and water, until I give further orders."

The jail to which Loo Loo was conveyed was a wretched place. The walls were dingy, the floors covered with puddles of tobacco-juice, the air almost suffocating with the smell of pent-up tobacco smoke, unwashed negroes, and dirty garments. She had never seen any place so lousesome. Mr. Jackson's log house was a palace in comparison. The prison was crowded with colored people of all complexions, and almost every form of human vice and misery was huddled together there with the poor victims of misfortune. Thieves, murderers, and shameless girls, decked out with tawdry bits of finery, were mixed up with modest-looking, broken-hearted wives, and mothers mourning for the children that had been torn from their arms, in the recent sale. Some were laughing, and singing lewd songs. Others sat still, with tears trickling down their pale cheeks. Here and there the fierce expression of some intelligent young man indicated a volcano of revenge seething within his soul.—Some were stretched out drowsily upon the filthy floor, their nature apparently stupefied to the level of brutes. When Loo Loo was brought in, most of them were roused to look at her; and she heard them saying to each other, "By gum dat ain't no nigger!" "What fur dey foib her here?" "She be white lady ob quality, she be!"

The tenderly-nurtured daughter of the wealthy planter remained in this miserable place two days. The jailer, touched by her beauty and extreme dejection, offered her better food than had been prescribed in his orders. She thanked him, but said she could not eat. When he invited her to occupy, for the night, a small room apart from the herd of prisoners, she accepted the offer with gratitude. But she could not sleep, and dared not undress. In the morning, the jailer, afraid of being detected in these acts of indulgence, told her, apologetically, that he was obliged to request her to return to the common apartment.

Having recovered somewhat from the stunning effects of the blow that had fallen upon her, she began to take more notice of her companions. A gang of slaves, just sold, was in keeping there, till it suited the traders' convenience to take them to New Orleans; and the parting scenes witnessed that day made an impression she never forgot. "Can it be," she said to herself, "that such things have been going on around me all these years, and I so unconscious of them?" What should it now be, if Alfred had not taken compassion on me, and prevented my being sent to the New Orleans market, before I was ten years old?—She thought with a shudder of the auction-sale the day before, and began to be afraid that her friends could not save her from that vile man's power.

She was aroused from her reverie by the entrance of a white gentleman, whom she had never seen before. He came to inspect the trader's gang of slaves, to see if any one among them would suit him for a house-servant; and before long, he agreed to purchase a bright-looking mulatto lad. He stopped before Loo Loo, and said, "Are you a good seamstress?"

"She's not for sale," answered the jailer.—"She belongs to Mr. Grossman, who put her here for disobedience." The man smiled, as he spoke, and Loo Loo blushed crimson.

"Ho, ho," rejoined the stranger. "I'm sorry for that. I should like to buy her, if I could."

He sauntered around the room, and took

from his pocket oranges and candy, which he distributed among the black picannies tumbling over each other on the dirty floor. Coming around again to the place where she sat, he put an orange on her lap, and said, in low tones, "When they are not looking at you, remove the peel; and, touching his finger to his lip, significantly, he turned away to talk with the jailer.

As soon as he was gone, she asked permission to go, for a few minutes, to the room she had occupied during the night. There she examined the orange and found that half of the skin had been removed unbroken, a thin paper inserted, and the peel replaced. On the scrap of paper was written:

"When your master comes, appear to be submissive, and go with him." Pleas weariness, and gain time. You will be rescued. Destroy this, and don't seem more cheerful than you have been." Under this was written, in Madame Labasse's hand, "Soyez tranquille, ma chere."

Unaccustomed to act a part, she found it difficult to appear so sad as she had been before the reception of the note. But she did her best, and the jailer observed no change.

Late in the afternoon, Mr. Grossman made his appearance. "Well, my beauty," said he, "are you tired of the calaboose? Don't you think you should like my house rather better?"

She yawned listlessly, and without looking up, answered, "I am very tired of staying here."

"I thought so," rejoined her master, with a chuckling laugh. "I reckoned I should bring you to terms. So you've made up your mind not to be so cruel to a poor fellow so desperately in love with you—haven't you?"

"She made no answer, and he continued: "You're ready to go home with me—are you not?"

"Yes, Sir," she replied, faintly.

"Well, then, look up into my face, and let me have a peep at those devilish handsome eyes."

He checked her under the chin, and raised her blushing face. She wanted to push him from her, he was so hateful; but she remembered the mysterious orange, and looked him in the eye, with passive obedience. Overjoyed at his success, he paid the jailer his fee, drew her arm within his, and hurried to the carriage.

How many humiliations were crowded into that short ride! How she shrank from the touch of his soft shabby hat! How she loathed the looks of the old Satyr! But she remembered the orange, and endured it all stoically.

Arrived at his stylish house, he escorted her to a large chamber elegantly furnished.

"I told you I would treat you like a princess," he said, "and I will keep my word."

He would have seated himself; but she prevented him, saying, "I have one favor to ask, and I shall be very grateful to you, if you will please to grant it."

"What is it my charmer?" he inquired. "I will consent to any thing reasonable."

She answered, "I could not get a wink of sleep in that filthy prison; and am extremely tired. Please leave me till to-morrow."

"Ah, why did you compel me to send you to that abominable place? It grieved me to cast such a pearl among swine. Well, I want to convince you that I am a kind master, so I suppose I must consent. But you must reward me with a kiss before I go."

This was the hardest trial of all; but she recollected the danger of exciting his suspicions, and complied. He returned it with so much ardor, that she pushed him away impetuously; but softening her manner, she said, in pleading tones, "I am exceedingly tired; indeed I am!"

He lingered, and seemed very reluctant to go; but when she again urged her request, he said, "Good night, my beauty! I will send up some refreshments for you, before you sleep."

He went away, and she had a very uncomfortable sensation when she heard him lock the door behind him. A prisoner, with such a jailer! With a quick movement of disgust, she rushed to the water-basin and washed her lips and her hands; but she felt that the stain was one no ablution could remove. The sense of degradation was so cruelly bitter, that it seemed to her as if she should die for very shame.

In a short time, an elderly mulatto woman, with a pleasant face, entered, bearing a tray of cakes, ices, and lemonade.

"I don't wish for anything to eat," said Loo Loo, despondingly.

"Oh, don't be givin' up, in dat ar way," said the mulatto woman, in kind, motherly tones. "De Lor ain't a-gwine to forsake ye. Ye may jus' brieve what Aunt Debby tells yer. I've no poor ole nigger; but I hab' sarved that the darkest time is allers jus' afore de light come. Eat some ob dese yer goodies. You oughter keep yourself strong fur de sake ob yer friends."

Loo Loo looked at her earnestly, and repeated, "Friends? How do you know I have any friends?"

"Oh, Ise a poor ole nigger," rejoined the mulatto. "I don't know nothin'."

The captive looked wistfully after her, as she left the room. She felt disappointed; for something in the woman's ways and tones had excited a hope within her. Again the key turned on the outside; but it was not long before Debby reappeared with a bouquet.

"Mussa sent young Misses dese yer flowers," she said.

"Put them down," rejoined Loo Loo languidly.

"Whar shall I put 'em?" inquired the servant.

"Anywhere, out of my way," was the curt reply.

Debby cautioned her by a shake of her finger, and whispered, "Mussa's out dar waitin' fur de key. Dar's writin' on dem flowers." She lighted the lamps, and, after inquiring if anything else was wanted, she went out, saying, "Good night, missis. De Lor send ye pleasant dreams."

Again the key turned, and the sound of footsteps died away. Loo Loo eagerly untwisted the paper around the bouquet, and read these

words, "Be ready for travelling. About midnight your door will be unlocked. Follow Aunt Debby with your shoes in your hand, and speak no word. Destroy this paper." To this Ladame Labasse had added, "Ne craiguer rien, ma chere."

Loo Loo's heart palpitated violently, and the blood rushed to her cheeks. Weary as she was, she felt no inclination to sleep. As she sat there, longing for midnight, she had ample leisure to survey the apartment. It was, indeed, a bower fit for a princess. The chairs, tables, and French bedstead were all ornamented with roses and lilies gracefully entwined on a delicate fawn-colored ground. The tent-like canopy, that partially veiled the couch, was formed of pink and white striped muslin, draped on either side in ample folds, and fastened with garlands of roses. The pillow-cases were embroidered, perfumed, and edged with frills quilted as neatly as the petals of a dahlia. In one corner stood a small table, decorated with very elegant Parisian tea-service for two. Lamps of cut glass illuminated the face of a large Psyche mirror, and on the toilet before it a diamond necklace and earrings, sparkling in their crimson velvet case. Loo Loo looked at them with a half-scornful smile, and repeated to herself:

"He thought me somewhat high; since with me came a her he couldn't buy."

She lowered the lamps to twilight softness, and tried to wait with patience. How long the hours seemed! Surely it must be past midnight. What if Aunt Debby had been detected in her plot? What if the master should come, in her stead? Full of that fear, she tried to open the windows, and found them fastened on the outside. Her heart sank within her; for she had resolved, in the last emergency, to leap out and be crushed on the pavement. Suspense became almost intolerable. She listened, and listened. There was no sound, except a loud snoring in the next apartment. Was it her tyrant, who was sleeping so near! She sat with her shoes in her hand, her eyes fastened on the door. At last it opened, and Debby's brown face peeped in.—They passed out together—the mulatto taking the precaution to lock the door and put the key in her pocket. Softly they went down stairs, through the kitchen, out into the adjoining alley. Two gentlemen with a carriage went in attendance. They sprang in, and were whirled away. After riding some miles, the carriage was stopped; one of the gentlemen alighted and handed the women out.

"My name is Dismore," he said. "I am uncle to your friend, Frank Helper. You are to pass for my daughter, and Debby is our servant."

"And Alfred—Mr. Noble, I mean—where is he?" asked Loo Loo.

"He will follow in good time. Ask no more questions now."

The carriage rolled away; and the party it conveyed were soon on their way to the North by an express train.

It would be impossible to describe the anxiety Alfred had endured from the time Loo Loo became the property of the cotton broker until he heard of her escape. From motives of policy he was kept in ignorance of the persons employed, and of the measures they intended to take. In this state of suspense, his reason might have been endangered, had not Madame Labasse brought cheering messages, from time to time, assuring him that all was carefully arranged, and success nearly certain.

When Mr. Grossman, late in the day, discovered that his prey had escaped, his rage knew no bounds. He offered one thousand dollars for her apprehension, and another thousand for the detection of any one who aided her. He made successive attempts to obtain an indictment against Mr. Noble; but he was proved to have been far distant from the scene of action, and there was no evidence that he had any connection with the mysterious affair. Failing in this, the exasperated cotton-broker swore that he would have his heart's blood, for he knew the sly, smooth-spoken Yankee was at the bottom of it. He challenged him; but Mr. Noble, notwithstanding the argument of Frank Helper, refused on the ground that he held New England opinions on the subject of duelling. The Kentuckian could not understand that it required a higher kind of courage to refuse than it would have done to accept. The bully proclaimed him a coward, and shot at him in the street, but without inflicting a very serious wound. Thereafter he went armed, and his friends kept him in sight. But he probably owed his life to the fact that Mr. Grossman was compelled to go to New Orleans suddenly, on urgent business. Before leaving, the latter sent messengers to Savannah, Charleston, Louisville, and elsewhere; exact descriptions of the fugitives were posted in all public places, and offers of reward were doubled; but the activity thus excited proved all in vain. The runaways had travelled day and night, and were in Canada before their pursuers had reached New York. A few lines from Mr. Dismore announced this to Frank Helper, in phraseology that could not be understood in case that the letter should be inspected at the post office. He wrote: "I told you we intended to visit Montreal; and by the date of this you will see that I have carried my plan into execution. My daughter likes the place so much that I think I shall leave her awhile in charge of our trusty servant, while I go home to look after my business."

After the excitement had somewhat subsided, Mr. Noble ascertained the process by which his friends had succeeded in effecting the rescue. Aunt Debby owned her master a grudge for having repeatedly sold her children; and just at that time a fresh wound was ranking in her heart, because her only son, a bright lad of eighteen, of whom Mr. Grossman was the reputed father, had been sold to a slave-trader, to help raise the large sum he had given for Loo Loo. Frank Helper's friends having discovered this state of affairs, opened a negotiation with the mulatto woman promising to send both her and her son to Canada, if she would assist them in her plans.—Aunt Debby clinked over the idea of her master's disappointment, and was eager to seize the opportunity of being reunited to her last remaining child. The

lad was accordingly purchased by the gentleman who distributed oranges in the prison, and was sent to Canada, according to promise.—Mr. Grossman was addicted to strong drink, and Aunt Debby had long been in the habit of preparing a portion for him before he retired to rest. "I mixed it powerful, dat ar night," said the laughing mulatto; "and I put in something dat the gemmen giv to me. I reckon he waked up awful late." Mr. Dismore, a maternal uncle of Frank Helper's, had been visiting the South, and was then about to return to New York. When the story was told to him, he said nothing would please him more than to take the fugitives under his own protection.

SCENE V.

Mr. Noble arranged the wreck of his affairs as speedily as possible, eager to be on the way to Montreal. The evening before started. Frank Helper waited upon Mr. Grossman, and said: "That handsome slave you have been trying so hard to catch is doubtless beyond your reach, and will take good care not to come within your power. Under these circumstances she is worth nothing to you; but for the sake of quieting the uneasiness of my friend Noble I will give you eight hundred dollars to relinquish all claim to her."

The broker flew into violent rage. "I'll see you both damned first," he replied. "I shall trip 'em up yet. I'll keep the sword hanging over the cursed heads as long as I live. I wouldn't mind spending ten thousand dollars to be revenged on that infernal Yankee."

Mr. Noble reached Montreal in safety, and found his Loo Loo well and cheerful. Words are inadequate to describe the emotions excited by reunion, after such dreadful perils and hairbreadth escapes. Their marriage was solemnized as soon as possible; but the wife being an article of property, according to American law, they did not venture to return to the States. Alfred obtained some writing to do for a commercial house, while Loo Loo instructed little girls in dancing and embroidery. Her character had strengthened under the severe ordeals through which she had passed. She began to question the rightfulness of living so indolently as she had done. Those painful scenes in the slave prison made her reflect that sympathy with the actual miseries of life was better than weeping over romances. She was rising above the deleterious influences of her early education, and beginning to feel the dignity of usefulness. She said to her husband, "I shall not be sorry if we are always poor.—It is so pleasant to help you, who have done so much for me! And Alfred, dear, I want to give some of my earnings to Aunt Debby. The poor soul is trying to lay up money to pay that friend of yours who bought her son and sent him to Canada. Surely I, of all people in the world, ought to be willing to help slaves who have been less fortunate than I have. Sometimes when I lie awake in the night, I have very solemn thoughts come over me. It was truly a wonderful Providence that twice saved me from the dreadful fate that awaited me. I can never be grateful enough to God for sending me such a blessed friend as my good Alfred."

They were living thus contented with their humble lot, when a letter from Frank Helper announced that the extensive house of Grossman & Co. had stopped payment. Their human chattels had been put up at auction, and among them was the title to our beautiful fugitive. The chance of capture was considered so hopeless, that when Mr. Helper bid sixty-two dollars, no one bid over him; and she became his property, until there was time to transfer the legal claim to his friend.

Feeling that they could now be safe under their own vine and fig tree, Alfred returned to the United States where he became first a clerk, and afterwards a prosperous merchant. His natural organization unfitted him for conflict, and though his peculiar experiences had imbued him with a thorough abhorrence of slavery, he stood aloof from the ever-increasing agitation on that subject; but every New Year's day, one of the Vigilance Committees for the relief of fugitive slaves received one hundred dollars "from an unknown friend."—As his pecuniary means increased, he purchased several slaves, who had been in his employ at Mobile, and established them as servants in Northern homes. Madame Labasse was invited to spend the remainder of her days under his roof; but she came only in the summers, being unable to conquer her shivering dread of snow storms.

Loo Loo's personal charms attracted attention wherever she made her appearance. At church, and at other public places, people pointed her out to strangers, saying, "That is the wife of Mr. Alfred Noble. She is the orphan daughter of a rich planter at the South, and had a great inheritance left to her; but Mr. Noble lost it all in the financial crisis of 1837. Her real history remained a secret, looked with in their own breasts. Of their three children, the youngest was named Loo Loo, and greatly resembled her beautiful mother. When she was six years old, her portrait was taken in a gipsy hat garlanded with red berries. She was dancing round, a little white dog, and long streamers of ribbon were floating behind her. Her father had it framed in an arched environment of vine-work, and presented it to the wife on her thirtieth birthday. Her eyes moistened as she gazed upon it; then kissing his hand, she looked up in the old way, and said, "I thank you, sir, for buying me."

[THE END.]

Looking glass for Business Men.

How cross you are! Yes, how cross you are—and it is high time you knew it. You are cross in the morning, cross in the evening and cross all day; cross when you go out and cross when you come in; cross to your wife, and cross to your children, and cross to everybody; cross when you go to bed, and cross even in your sleep; and your friends wait in fear lest that infernal passion shall continue through life and be "strong in death." Your character is known and read of all men. It leaks out or spills over continually, and there is no use in attempting to conceal the matter. Now we intend in this discourse to touch upon one single development of your position, viz: its relation to business, to your prosperity; and leave your minister to give you other necessary Gospel teaching. We will begin this ventilation by remarking:—

- 1st. That cross men are usually despised by everybody.
- 2d. That cross men are always in want of friends.
- 3d. That cross men can't depend upon permanent prosperity.
- 4th. That cross men, when in trouble, are left alone and left alone, and "are of all men most miserable."
- 5th. That cross men are the last men who should ask for favors.
- 6th. That cross men are cut off from the affections, good will, and sympathy of partners, clerks, customers, and—everybody.

Lastly, That cross men, when they depart which "is far better," leave behind a short procession and but few mourners.

In view of this subject, we venture further to say, that when you speak cross to your partners you are making a mess generally, which will have a tendency to reduce materially the profits of your business, and render your success more difficult; when you speak cross to your clerks, you discourage, inflame, prejudice them, so that very soon they will care little for you or any of your concerns; when you speak cross to a customer, even if he is unreasonable and deserves it, you disgrace yourself, and do a wrong which cannot easily be repaired. He will not forget it if you do, and the worse the man is and the more he deserves it, the more he will abuse you.

Wherever and whenever you are cross, you damage and belittle yourself, and all peaceable men will make trucks, give you a wide berth, get out of sight, and instinctively shun you as they would a wild elephant.

Lastly, no money can compensate you for the loss of a good or even a tolerable disposition. Therefore, don't indulge a bad temper. You may be a Rothschild, or even a Croesus, yet if you are a chronic cross man, you will be a poor beggar—a poverty-stricken soul—without a crumb of solitary comfort up on which to satisfy the cravings of poor human nature. Your partners, your clerks, your customers, and the public generally, including your poor dog and cat, will breathe easier when you die and are out of the way, unless you reform. Will you make the experiment? Begin then with a smile. Follow up that smile with a firm resolution to persevere to the end. Let what will come, keep your temper. If you can't restrain yourself, sing loud. Try Old Hundred, Mear, or even Yankee Doodle. If that don't answer, kick the open air, and roar at the wind. Try your lungs with a howler, and give us a record of your experience. Go to Niagara Falls, and amid the thunderings of that mighty cataract, give us a trial of your uttermost capacity that shall ever after satisfy you. Do anything further than not become a reformed man.—Independent.

HOW THE INDIANS MADE STONE ARROW-HEADS.

—The heads of the Indian arrows, spears, javalins, &c., often found in many parts of our continent, have been admired, but the process of forming them conjectured. The Hon. Caleb Lyon, on a recent visit to California, met with a party of Shasta Indians, and ascertained that they still used those weapons, which in most tribes have been superseded by rifles, or at least by iron-pointed arrows and spears. He found a man who could manufacture them, and saw him at work at all parts of the process. The description which Lyon wrote and communicated to the American Ethnological Society, through Dr. E. H. Davis, we copy below:

The Shasta Indian seated himself upon the floor, and laying the stone anvil upon his knee, which was of compact talcose slate, with one blow of his agate chisel he separated the obsidian pebble into two parts, then giving another blow to the fractured side he split off a slab some fourth of an inch in thickness. Holding the piece against the anvil with the thumb and finger of his left hand he commenced a series of continuous blows, every one of which chipped off fragments of the brittle substance. It gradually ceased to acquire shape. After finishing the base of the arrow head (the whole being only little over an inch in length) he began striking gentle blows, every one of which I expected would break it into pieces. Yet such was their adroit application, his skill and dexterity that in little over an hour he produced a perfect obsidian arrow-head. I then requested him to carve me one from the remains of a broken porter bottle, which (after two failures) he succeeded in doing. He gave as a reason for his ill success, he did not understand the grain of the glass. No sculptor ever handled a chisel with greater precision, or more carefully measured the weight and effect of every blow, than this ingenious Indian, for even among them, arrow-making is a distinct trade or profession, which many attempt, but in which few attain excellence. He understood the capacity of the material he wrought, and before striking the first blow, by surveying the pebble, he could judge of its availability as well as the sculptor judges of the perfection of a block of Parian. In a moment all that I had read upon the subject, written by learned and speculative antiquaries of the hardening of copper, for the working of flint axes, spears, chisels, and arrow-heads, vanished before the simplest mechanical process. I felt that the world had been better served had they driven the pebble, and the plough more!