

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

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Bradford Reporter.

ASSASSINATIONS.

I have seen, since the death of President Lincoln, in several publications, notices of the assassinations of crowned heads, and in one a list of those who have lived within the period of modern history, but this list did not include one whose life was quite as eventful, and whose death was as much mourned as any one it did mention—I mean William of Nassau, Prince of Orange, surnamed the Silent.

This man, hereditary heir of the princely house of Orange in Holland, was in his life loyal to the interests of his race, a reformer, a hero and victim to the unbounded lawlessness of those who through long years sought the destruction of the liberty and free institutions of his country. He died by the hand of the assassin in July 1584, in the 54th year of his age.

No country in Europe has sacrificed so much blood and treasure in the cause of national independence and of the Reformed Religion, as Holland. At one period of her history, that is, during most of the 16th century, she was the great theatre of that struggle which ended in the emancipation of the intellect of Northern Europe from the dogmas of a corrupt ecclesiastical oppression in the South.

During forty years of this infuriated contest, William was the recognized leader of the liberal party. Discouraged by no misfortune, destroyed by no defeat, always popular, always vigilant, with an unwavering zeal and a steadfast reliance upon God and his country, he fought the good fight; and his enemies, baffled and despairing of conquering and enslaving his country while he lived, resorted at last to the hired assassin. Philip II of Spain offered a reward of 250,000 crowns of gold and a patent of nobility to any one "sufficiently generous of heart to rid us of this pest, delivering him to us alive or dead." For this reward several attempts were made upon his life and once he was dangerously wounded. At another attempt, he was mortally wounded by a shot through the body, and died in a few moments. His murderer was taken, tortured, and finally executed. His right hand was first buried off with a red hot iron, his flesh torn from his bones with pinchers in six different places, his bowels were taken out, he was then quartered, his heart torn from his body and flung in his face, and finally he was beheaded after life had fled. But the execrable tyrant who procured the death of William ennobled the parents of his murderer, and granted them three estates belonging to his victim. This kindly assassin was in early life a suitor for the hand of Elizabeth of England.

There are several points wherein the characters and fates of William of Orange and Abraham Lincoln resemble each other. Both were heads of nationalities, both had a firm reliance on Divine Providence, both were firm, courageous, and prudent in the selection of means and agents, both were possessed of an indomitable will and energy of character, both were slow to choose, but having chosen were of steadfast faith, both had love of country remarkably developed, both were surrounded by traitors in friendly guise, both had to combat the same character of enemies, unscrupulous, cunning, and half barbarian, both were retiring and unobtrusive in deportment, both had the rare faculty of attaching those about them to their persons and interests, both were simple in their manners, both were great statesmen and profoundly read in the science of human nature, both were grave and silent men in their intercourse with others, both were of a melancholy temperament, some times assuming an outside cheerfulness to mask an inward gloom, and lastly, these two men to whom the world is so much indebted that it must remain pauper forever, were both shot down like dogs. The only point of divergence in their characters, is that William was a successful soldier and born to command. Nothing of this can be said of Abraham Lincoln.

During many centuries past it has been a custom in European Courts to surround the executive head of the nation with a life guard charged with his special defense. But in Republican America such has not been deemed important or called for, and such is the simplicity of our notions that had our chief magistrate instituted such a means of security, it would most probably have excited the jealousy of the people, and he would have been charged with the vanity of aping monarchical customs, and perhaps with the design of overthrowing our system of government. It has ever been our boast that our highest officer of state might mix freely with the people, and be as secure in their love and respect as if surrounded by an army.

The Bradford Reporter.

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But the childhood of the nation has passed, its manhood has arrived. Henceforth things will be changed, and our rule, grafted as it has heretofore been in public consent, will lose, as it respects those portions which have been in rebellion, in a measure, its republican character, and be that of conquest. It can not be otherwise. In fact the Southern States are conquered territory, as much so as Hungary, Poland, or Ireland, and our administration must adapt itself to the change. Not in severity, not in anger, but in a stern merciful justice, taking the initial steps in reconstruction, and leading the way to a state of things in advance of that prior to the rebellion. No one supposes the South can come back just as she was. Things do not stand still any more than the years. Events will take place as time passes, and the four years last past have been fruitful in events.—With every care of the government to protect the institution of Slavery during the war just closed, it would have died out, and the emancipation proclamation hastened that event in no degree.

Here then are results which were sure to take place from the first—the first gun fired at Sumpter still echoes from the Gulf to Passamaquoddy and that echo will be heard and felt to the last syllable of recorded time. That echo was the knell of Slavery, of State Sovereignty, and its thunder tones proclaimed the principle that majorities shall always govern minorities. To a large portion of the population of these States, all south of the Potomac, startling changes are in prospect—changes quite subversive of the ancient order of things, and it cannot be expected that the southern mind will embrace them at once. The result of this civil war will be as revolutionary in the South as a contrary result would have been in the North. It will be wisdom in the victorious North to avail itself of its advantages of position. Compromises are obsolete—there is but one right way, and let that way be determined on and rigidly pursued.

All this is spoken and written with no feeling of resentment towards those who began or later and we think best now. Human nature is now as it ever has been, and no such great change has ever taken place without bloodshed. Men are naturally belligerent and that good time has not yet come, so often invoked and prayed for by prophets, poets, and philanthropists. The war was then a necessary war—northern and southern civilization are so different from each other that they could not remain side by side in peace. The one is modern commercial civilization which letters and the arts have introduced to the intellect and conscience of men within the last three hundred years. The other is the ancient military civilization which has always existed since Nimrod the mighty hunter erected his empire upon the trophies of conquest. The latter being of barbaric origin is essentially barbarous, a proposition which nearly every event of this war confirms, while the former, springing into life since the invention of printing and the adoption of magnetism to navigation, is enlightened and refined—built up on the cultivation of the moral and intellectual faculties of our race.

FROM THE 20TH REGIMENT.

Camp of the 20th Regt., Pa. Vol., 1 ALEXANDRIA, VA., May 16th, 1865.

Ed. Reporter.—Sir:—As Bradford County is represented in the 20th Regt., Pa. Vol., a history of the part taken by the regiment in the great battle before Petersburg, might be interesting to many readers of your paper, I will endeavor, as near as possible, to give you the details.

On the evening of the 1st of April, an orderly dashed up to Headquarters of the Regiment; soon the officers were gathered at the Colonel's quarters where they were informed that an attack would be made on the next morning to carry the enemy's works before Petersburg, by storm. The part assigned to our regiment was directly in front of "Fort Hell," or Fort Sedgwick. The enemy's works consisted of a chain of forts known as the "Seven Sisters," protected by ditches and double lines of chevaux de frise; after being informed of the plan of attack, the officers at once set about preparing their separate commands for the terrible work assigned them. On the morning of April 2d, the word "fall-in" passed along the line, companies moved in position, the 20th was soon in readiness to advance. The charge was to be made in three lines, the 20th having the *Post of Honor*, or the front; about three o'clock we moved out along the Jerusalem Plank road passing Fort Hell, formed in line of battle behind our picket line, the 20th P. V., forming in the rear, and the 21st P. V., composing the third line, the Pioneers advancing to cut away the obstructions, while in the mean time a few axes were distributed to the different companies, that if necessary they might assist the Pioneers in their work. The troops on the right and left having got into position, and the time for advancing having arrived, orders were passed along the line in whispers, the regiment passed quietly over the chain of works (our picket line), when a scene commenced that, (with the help of the readers' imagination), I can give them but a faint idea. With a shout the regiment swept over the enemy's picket line,

(fortified), capturing or killing the most of them, advancing rapidly until we reached the obstructions in front of the enemy's forts halted to remove them, the Pioneers working with a will and the officers and men assisting in removing them, in the mean time being exposed to murderous fire of grape and caustic and musketry at short range, the men and officers falling on every side; the obstructions having been removed, the men pressed forward planked through the ditches filled with water, climbed the ramparts, and in a few moments were in the enemy's works engaged in hand to hand contest, the 20th and 21st coming gallantly forward and assisting. The enemy was steadily driven back, and three of their forts were at once occupied by our troops and held; several guns captured which were soon turned upon the enemy while retreating, doing good execution. Nearly a thousand prisoners were captured; the fighting continued incessantly all day, the enemy immediately turning all their guns from their rear works upon our troops, now occupying their lost works; by great exertions guns were procured from Fort Sedgwick which soon turned the enemy's guns upon their rear works with good execution, checking the enemy's fire, thus enabling our troops to hold their position. Eight unsuccessful charges were made during the day to recapture the forts and were repulsed each time with great slaughter, the eighth charge was partially successful, the men holding the left getting out of ammunition, were temporarily thrown into confusion and were on the eve of losing the ground and forts thus held; the right of the line unflinchingly held their ground until reinforcements arrived, when the line was at once reestablished, the enemy abandoned all further hopes of retaking the works.

This battle may justly be considered the most sanguinary during the war, and resulted in the overthrow of the enemy at this point. I might mention innumerable instances of personal daring and bravery of officers and men but the space allotted here would not permit, but suffice to say the brave boys (the rank and file) of Co. B, have their full share of honor awarded them. Lt. A. R. Case, 1st Lieut. of Co. B, reached the ramparts of the fort and while in the act of cheering the men forward, fell pierced through the brain. Capt. Jas. A. Carothers, Co. I, 1st Lt. Dodd of same company also fell mortally wounded while leading their men forward and encouraging them by their heroic example. "All honor to the fallen heroes." Many other officers were wounded; the loss of the regiment amounted to over two hundred killed and wounded. Our noble Colonel, R. C. Cox, having command of the Brigade the most of the time, he was always in front and where the bullets flew the thickest, he was found directing the battle and encouraging the men, and to him belongs the honor of the great success. However, I will not forget to speak of the services rendered by the 20th and 21st Regts., P. V., commanded by the gallant Col. L. A. Dodd and Major Mauret—of individual services of other officers and men the space allotted here will not permit to speak of, it is but due to them to say that all endeavored to perform their duty and are rejoicing in the glorious victory.

On the morning of the 3d of April, the whole line advanced, swept everything before them and entered Petersburg in triumph; resting a short time we returned to our old camp and eat a hearty meal, the first for nearly forty-eight hours, dropped a few tears to the memory of the absent ones, packed up and marched about ten miles in pursuit of the enemy and encamped, when the command was soon wrapped in their blankets, seeking their rest for the night all so greatly needed. Thus ends a soldier's experience of two days. I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

J. A. ROGERS,
Capt. Co. B, 20th P. V.

A TOUCH OF PETROLEUM.—Close to the lands of the Centre Oil Company there lives an old chap worth a mint. Ignorant, of course, dumb luck has made him rich. His household pets consist of a terrier dog and stupid daughter, both of whom engage his attention. The former provided for, he determined to "accomplish" his daughter. To this end he came to the city. He bought a piano, a harp, a guitar, and a car load of music books, and so forth, winding up his business by engaging a first-class intellectual and music tutor, with all of which he started for the "region." The documents were of course soon arranged for business. The tutor set to work and toiled like a Trojan, but with no success. Despairing of ultimate triumph, he went to the oil king and made a clean breast of it.

"Why, what the world's the matter?" asked the father.

"Well," answered the tutor, "Kitty has a piano, and guitar, and harp, and music, and books, and all that, but she wants capacity—that's all."

"Well, by the Lord Harry," cried the oil king, "if that's all, just buy it. I've got the stuff, and if money will get it she shall have capacity or any thing else."

Two hundred years ago the freemen of Massachusetts, voting in State elections used corn and beans as indicative of years and days, the corn being counted as years and the beans as days in the balloting. And when the beans were in the minority they acknowledged the corn.

An unwary moment may happen to the most guarded and reserved; and this reflection ought to fill us with charity for others.

THE ESCAPE.

FROM THE FORTHCOMING WORK ENTITLED "THE FIELD, THE DUNGEON, AND THE ESCAPE."

A good wit will make use of anything. I will turn disease to commodity. KING HENRY IV.

On that Sunday evening, half an hour before dark (the latest moment at which the guards could be passed, even by authorized persons, without the countersign), my friends, Messrs. Browne and Davis, went out to the Rebel hospital beyond the inner line of sentinels, as if to order their usual medical supplies for the sick prisoners. As they passed in and out a dozen times a day, and their faces were quite familiar to the sentinels, they were not compelled to show their passes, and Mr. Browne left his behind with me.

A few minutes later, taking with me a long box filled with the bottles in which medical supplies were usually brought and giving it to a little lad who assisted me in my hospital duties, I started to follow them.

As if in great haste, we walked rapidly toward the gate, while, leaning against the wall of standing in the hospital doors, half a dozen of our friends looked on to see how the plan worked. When we reached the gate, I took the box from the boy, and said to him, of course for the benefit of the sentinel:

"I am going outside, to get the bottles filled. I shall be back in about fifteen minutes, and want you to remain right here, to take them and distribute them among the hospitals. Do not go away now."

The lad, understanding the matter perfectly, replied: "Yes sir," and I attempted to pass the sentinel by some assurance. I had learned long before how far a man may go, even in captivity, by sheer native impudence—by moving right along, without hesitation, with a confident look, just as if he had a right to go and no one had any right to question him. On several occasions, I absolutely saw prisoners, who had procured citizens' clothes, thus walk past the guards in broad daylight, out of the Rebel prisons.

I think I could have done it on this occasion, but for the fact that it had been tried successfully two or three times, and the guards severely punished. The sentinel stopped me with his musket, demanding:

"Have you a pass, sir?"

"Certainly, I have a pass," I replied, with all the indignation I could assume.

"Have you not seen it often enough to know it by this time?"

Apparently a little confounded, he replied, modestly:

"Probably I have, but they are very strict with us, and I was not quite sure."

I gave to him this genuine pass belonging to my associate:

HEADQUARTERS CONFEDERATE STATES
Military Prison, Salisbury, N. C.,
December 5, 1865.

JUNIAS H. BROWN, Citizen, has permission to pass the gate of the prison, to assist in carrying medicines to the Military Prison Hospitals, until further orders.

J. A. FUGA,
Captain and Asst. Commandant of Post.

We had speculated for a long time about my using a spurious pass, and my two comrades prepared several, with a skill and exactness which demonstrated that, if their talents had been turned to that direction, they might have made first class forgers.—But we finally concluded that the veritable pass was better, because, if the guard had any doubt about it, I could tell him to send it into headquarters for examination. The answer returned would, of course, be that it was genuine.

But it was not submitted to any such inspection. The guard spelled it out slowly, then folded and returned it to me, saying:

"That pass is all right. I know Captain Fuga's hand-writing. Go on, sir; excuse me, sir, for detaining you."

I thought him very excusable under the circumstances, and walked out. My great fear was that, during the half hour which must elapse before I could go outside the garrison, I might encounter some Rebel officer or *attache* who knew me.

Before I had walked ten paces, I saw, sauntering to and fro on the piazza of the headquarters building, a deserter from our service named Davidson, who recognized and bowed to me. I rather thought he would not betray me, but was still fearful of it. I

went on, and a few yards further, coming toward me in that narrow lane, where it was impossible to avoid him, I saw the one Rebel officer who knew me better than any other—who came into my quarters frequently—Lieut. Stockton, the post-adjutant. Observing him in the distance, I thought I recognized in him that old ill-fortune which had so long and steadfastly baffled us.

When we met, I bade him good evening, and conversed for a few minutes upon the weather, or some other subject, in which I did not feel any very profound interest.—Then he passed into head quarters, and I went on. Yet a few yards further I encountered a third Rebel named Smith, who was entirely familiar with me, and whose quarters, inside the garrison, were within twenty feet of my own. There was not half a dozen Confederates about the prison who were familiar with me, but it seemed as if at this time they were coming together in a grand convention.

Not daring to enter the Rebel hospital, where I was certain to be recognized, I laid down my box of medicines, and sought shelter in a little out-building. While I remained there, waiting for the coming of the blessed darkness, I constantly expected to see a sergeant, with a file of rebel soldiers, come to take me back into the yard; but none came. It was rare good fortune. Stockton, Smith, and Davidson all knew, if they had their wits about them, that I had no more right there than in the village itself. I suppose their thoughtlessness must have been caused by the peculiarly honest and business-like look of that medicine box.

At dark, my two friends joined me. We went through the gate in full sight of the sentinel, who, seeing us come from the hospital, supposed we were Rebel surgeons or nurses. And then, on that dark, rainy Sunday night, the first time for twenty months, we found ourselves walking freely in a public street, without a Rebel bayonet before or behind us.

For many months, even before leaving prison, we had been, familiar with the name of DAN ELLIS—a famous Union guide, since the beginning of the war, had done nothing but conduct loyal men to our lines.

ELLIS is a hero, and his life a romance.—He had taken through, in all, more than four thousand persons. He had probably seen more adventure—in fights and races with the rebels, in long journeys, sometimes barefooted and through the snow, or swimming rivers full of floating ice—than any other man living.

He never lost but one man, who was swooped up through his own heedlessness. The party had traveled eight or ten days, living on nothing but parched corn. Dan insisted that a man could walk twenty-five miles a day through snow upon parched corn just as well as upon any other diet—if he only thought so. I feel bound to say that I have tried it and don't think so. This person held the same opinion. He revolted against the parched-corn diet, vowing that he would go to the first house and get an honest meal, if he was captured for it. He went to the first house, obtained the meal and was captured.

After we had traveled fifty miles, everybody said to us, "if you can only find Dan Ellis, and do just as he tells you, you will be certain to get through." We were, therefore, *we did* find Dan Ellis. On Sunday night, one hundred and thirty-four miles from our lines, greatly broken down, we reached a point on the road, waited for two hours, when along came Dan Ellis with a party of seventy men—refugees, prisoners, Rebel deserters, Union soldiers returning from their homes within the enemy's lines, and escaping prisoners. About thirty of them were mounted and twenty armed.

Like most men of action, Dan was a person of few words. When our story had been told him, he said to his comrade:

"Boys, here are some gentlemen who have escaped from Salisbury, and who are almost dead from the journey. They are our people. They have suffered in our cause. They are going to their homes in our lines. We can't ride and let these men walk. Get down off your horses, and help them up."

Down they came, and up we went; and then we pressed along at a terrible pace.

Today, when we got on the hot track of eight guerrillas, the Rebel-hunting instinct waxed strong within Dan, and, taking eight of his own men, he started in fierce pursuit. Seven of the enemy escaped, but one was captured and brought to our camp a prisoner.

Then Dan went to the nearest Union house to learn the news; for every loyal family in a range of many hundred miles knew and loved him. We were weary, lay down to sleep in an old orchard, with our saddles for pillows. Our reflections were pleasant. We were only seventy-nine miles from the Union lines. We progressed swimmingly, and had even begun to regulate the domestic affairs of the border!

Before midnight, some one shook my arm. I rubbed my eyes open and looked up. There was Dan Ellis.

"Boys, we must saddle instantly. We have walked right into a nest of Rebels; several hundred are within a few miles; eighty are in this immediate neighborhood. They are lying in ambush for Colonel Kirk and his men. It is doubtful whether we can ever get out of this. We must divide into two parties. The foremost must take to the mountains; we who are riding, and in much more danger—as horses make more noise, and leave so many traces—must press on at once, if we ever hope to reach the Union lines."

The word was passed in low tones. Flinging our saddles upon our weary beasts, we were on our way almost instantly. My place was near the middle of the cavalcade. The man just before me was riding a white horse, which enabled me to follow him with ease.

We galloped along at Dan's usual pace, with the most sublime indifference to roads up and down rocky hills, across streams, through swamps, over fences—everywhere but upon public thoroughfares.

I suppose we had traveled three miles, when Mr. Davis fell back from the front, and said to me:

"That young lady rides very well; does she not?"

"What young lady?"

"The young lady who is piloting us."

THE REBEL WOMEN IN RICHMOND.—A correspondent of the Washington *Chronicle* says: "Of the women in Richmond I might write volumes. They have much to answer for. They have been severely misled by the press and the pulpit. They have credited the falsehoods of the one and been seduced by the religious glosses of the other. The Confederate cause got to be identified with their domestic peace and their religious connections, and it is a rendering of the heart-strings to see it fall. They have lost no opportunity to stimulate the pride and flagging hopes of the sterner sex: 'I hate the Yankees,' said a young girl amid her companions. 'If I ever have any children, even though Lee is beaten, I will bring them up in eternal hatred of those who have subdued us.'—'Our hostility,' said another, 'is invincible; I shall never do anything but hate those who have deprived us of our rights; I should never have been willing to yield if it had not been yield or starve, and life is sweet.' But the most violent bear testimony to the good conduct of our troops, and the universal acknowledgement was that they could hardly believe their own eyes, the Yankees had behaved so much better than they expected."

LIVE WITHIN YOUR MEANS.—We don't like stinginess, we don't like economy, when it comes down to rags and starvation. We have no sympathy with the notion that the poor man should hitch himself to a post and stand still, while the rest of the world moves forward. It is no man's duty to deny himself every amusement, every recreation, every comfort that he may get rich. It is no man's duty to make an iceberg of himself, to shut his eyes and ears to the sufferings of his fellows, and to deny himself the enjoyment that results from generous actions, merely that he may hoard wealth for his heirs to quarrel about. But there is an economy in every man's duty, which is especially commendable in the man who struggles with poverty—an economy which must be practiced if the poor man would secure independence. It is almost every man's privilege, and it becomes his duty, to live within his means; not to try to, but within them. Wealth does not make the man, we admit, and should never be taken into account in our judgment of men; but competence should always be secured, when it can be, by the prudent use of economy and self-denial only to a tolerable extent. It should be secured, not so much for others to look upon, or to raise us in the estimation of others, as to secure the consciousness of independence and the satisfaction which is derived from its acquisition and possession.

RESPECT THE AGED.—Many an old person has the pain—not bodily, but sharper still—of feeling himself in the way. Some one wants his place. His very chair in the chimney corner is grudged him. It is a burden to his son or daughter. The very arm that props him is taken away from some productive labor. As he sits at the table, his own guests are too idle or too unkind to make him a sharer in their mirth. They grudge the trouble of that raised voice which alone could make him one of them; and when he speaks, it is only to be put aside as ignorant or obsolete, as old-fashioned and obsolete. Oh, little do younger persons know their power of giving pain or pleasure! It is a pain for any man, still in the world, to be made to feel that he is no longer of it, to be driven in upon his little world of conscious isolation and buried enjoyment. But this is his condition; and if any fretfulness or querulousness of temper has aggravated it—if others love him not because he is not amiable—shall we pity that condition less—and shall we upbraid it with that fault which is itself the worst part of it?

GENERAL JACKSON'S MOTTO.—"Think before you act, but when the time for action comes, stop thinking." This is true doctrine. Many men fail in life and go down to the grave with hopes blasted and prospects of happiness unrealized, because they did not adopt and act upon this motto. Nothing so prepares a man for action as thought; but nothing so unfits a man for action in the course of action. Better by far adopt some course and pursue it energetically, even though it may not be the best, than to keep continually thinking without action. "Go ahead!" ought to be printed in every young man's hat, and read until it becomes a part of his nature, until he can act upon his judgment, and not be turned from his course by every wind of interested advice. In conclusion, we would say: "Think before you act; but when the time for action comes stop thinking."

WEAR A SMILE.—Which will you do, smile and make others happy, or be crabbed, and make everybody around you miserable? You can live among beautiful flowers, or in the mire surrounded by fogs and frosts. The amount of happiness which you can produce is incalculable, if you will show a smiling face, a kind heart, and speak pleasant words. On the other hand, if you look cross, and have a frowny disposition, you can make hundreds unhappy almost beyond endurance. Which will you do? Wear a pleasant countenance, let joy beam in your eye and love glow on your forehead. There is no joy so great as that which springs from a kind act or a pleasant deed, and you may feel it at night when you rest, and at morning when you rise, and through the day when about your daily business.

DONATION VISIT.—"Mother," said James, "what is the meaning of donation?" You have been preparing all this week for the donation party, and I want to know what it means."

"Why, Jimmy," said Johnny, "don't you know what donation means? I do! Do means the cake, and *ation* means the people; and they carry the cake to the minister's, and the people go there and eat it."

DR. PAYSON SAYS.—"If you put a bright shining drill into a child's hand, he will be pleased with it; but tell him of an estate in reserve for him, and he pays little attention to you. So men and women are often more delighted with present comforts than with the prospects of future glory."

IT IS A certain sign of an ill heart, to be inclined to defamation. They who are harmless and innocent, care not for a trifling neglect of what is laudable in a man's self, and an impatience of seeing it in another.

A MAN OF ACTION.—General Grant is a man of action, and not a man of words or fussy preparation. When he was directed to visit Sherman in North Carolina, he received the order, folded it up, took his leave of the President with a carpet bag in one hand and a full cigar case in his pocket, and in a few days had the terms of the treaty revoked and Johnson laying down his arms.

"Pa, why do they plant guns—do they grow and have leaves?"

"No, my son, but like plants they shoot, and the others do the leaving."