

Published by Theodore Schoch.

TERMS—Two dollars a year in advance—and if not paid before the end of the year, two dollars and twenty-five cents. Longer notices in proportion.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor.

Advertisements of one square (ten lines) or less, one or three insertions, \$1.00. Each additional insertion, 25 cents. Longer notices in proportion.

**JOB PRINTING,**  
OF ALL KINDS,  
Executed in the highest style of the Art, and on the most reasonable terms.

**What President Lincoln Thinks of Grant.**

In reply to a question in regard to the present military prospect, Mr. Lincoln, with that peculiar smile which he always puts on when about to tell a good story, said: "Well, sir, your question reminds me of a little anecdote about the automaton chess-player, which many years ago astonished the world by its skill in that game. After a while the automaton was challenged by a celebrated player, who to his great chagrin, was beaten twice by the machine. At the end of the second game, the player, significantly pointing his finger at the automaton, exclaimed in a very decided tone, "There's a man in it." And this, sir, is just the secret of our present success."

**The Old Flag Unfurled.**

A pleasant incident occurred recently out in Tennessee, a few days since. A flag was buried three years ago, by some ladies, to prevent its falling into the hands of the rebels. It remained undisturbed until a few days since, when it was exhumed by a company of the same ladies. They unfurled it to the breeze, and accompanied by a brass band, paraded through the town. One of the ladies made a speech, which was responded to by Col. Crosse. The banner was then hoisted on one of the principal buildings and there waved, a fitting testimonial to woman's devotion to her country.

**Read an Hour a Day.**

There was once a lad who at fourteen was a soap boiler. One of his resolutions was to read one hour a day, or at that rate, and he had an old silver watch left him by his Uncle, which he timed his reading by. He stayed seven years with his master, and his master said when he was twenty-one that he knew as much as the young squire did. Now let us see how much time he had to read in seven years, at the rate of an hour a day. It would be twenty-five hundred and fifty-five hours, which at the rate of eight reading hours a day, would be three hundred and nineteen days; equal to forty-five weeks, equal to eleven months; nearly a year's reading. That time spent in treasuring up useful knowledge would pile up a very large stone.

**A Significant Reply.**

One day a young merchant who had just failed in business, having spent in four years a legacy of ten thousand dollars, in addition to any profits realized, was met by a thrifty young mechanic, who had formerly been out-timney with him. During the conversation that ensued, the merchant said to him:—"How is it, Harry, that you had been able to live and save money on the small sum which you receive for your services, while I found it impossible to live in my business with a good round \$10,000 to back me?"

O," said the mechanic, "that is easily understood. I have lived with reference, mostly, to the comforts and tastes of myself and family; while you have lived mostly with reference to the opinions and tastes of others. It costs more to please the eye, than to keep the back warm and the stomach full."

**Hard Hitting.**

One evening a clergyman gave out the hymn, which was in measure harder than usual, and the deacon led off. Upon its conclusion, the minister rose and said:

Brother B—will please repeat his hymn, as I cannot pray after such singing." The deacon very composedly pitched into another tune, and the clergyman proceeded with his prayer. Having finished he took up the book to give the second hymn, when he was interrupted by the deacon gravely getting up and saying, in a voice audible to the whole congregation:

"Will Mr. C—please make another prayer! It would be impossible for me to sing after such praying as that."

Flirtation, whether seriously or lightly considered, is injurious to a woman as well as unbecoming in her. It is a broad unblinking confession which the individual makes, of her desire to attract the notice of men. No girl ever made a happy union by flirtation, because no man capable of making a woman permanently happy was ever attracted by that which is disgusting to persons of intelligence and refinement.

In a recent ride, an Eastern editor discovered the following upon a gatepost: "Fursal a 2 story cows pen. the owner Xpex to Go 2 calefornay."

"You can't pass here," as the counter said to the bad shilling.

## GRAND OVATION TO THE PENNA. RESERVES.

### Full Report of their Reception at Harrisburg.

#### THE TOWN ALIVE WITH ENTHUSIASM.

Speeches of Mayor Roumfort, Gov. Curtin, Col. Fisher, Col. McCandless and Colonel Roberts.

Special Correspondence to the Inquirer. Harrisburg, June 6, 1864.

On the arrival of the Reserves all the church bells of the city were rung. They were indeed a noble spectacle, those war-worn, unburned heroes, as they marched through our streets. Over three thousand ago they left us full fifteen thousand strong, and after attesting their devotion to the old flag on many a bloody battle-field, they now return to us only fifteen hundred in number.

All the stores in the city were closed, and flags, flowers and patriotic emblems festooned the route over which the procession passed.

Before marching, the Reserves partook of a collation prepared for them at the Volunteer Refreshment Station, after which the procession moved in the following order:—

Chief Marshal Wm. H. Kepner and Aids.  
Band of music.  
Military escort, Captain Bate's Battery, First New York Artillery, Pennsylvania Reserve Corps.

As this part of the procession passed prominent places cheer would ascend from the assembled crowds. Hoquets and flowers were showered upon the Reserves. The old battle flags, riddled with bullet holes, were the special objects of enthusiasm. Many wounded veterans of the corps followed in carriages. Then came the

Assistant Marshal.  
Governor and Cabinet Officers in carriages.  
Mayor and President of Common Council in carriage.

Clergy.  
State Officers.  
County Officers.  
Judges and members of the Bar.  
Common Council of the city of Harrisburg.

Assistant Marshal.  
Band of Music.  
Officers of the Army and Navy sojourning in Harrisburg.

Strangers sojourning in Harrisburg.  
Civic Societies.  
Assistant Marshal.  
Citizens of Harrisburg.  
Assistant Marshal.  
Band of Music.  
Fire Department.  
Assistant Marshal.

During the whole time taken up in the marching of the procession, a salute of guns was being fired from Capital Hill; the bells of the city continued to ring, and the different furnace and factory signals sent up one continual din and roar.

About noon the cavalcade and procession reached Capital Hill. Every available standing point in that vast inclosure was taken up by the eager multitude. As the Corps marched up the gravel walk they were greeted by such cheers as never rung through the vaulted cupolas and rotundas of the old capitol since the days of its foundation. The gallant boys to whom this grand ovation was being offered were literally and emphatically covered with the richest floral offerings of June.

Reaching the main edifice, the whole Corps was massed in front of the Capitol portico, and Mayor Roumfort mounting the stand improvised for the occasion, addressed the Reserves as follows:—

Hail brave soldiers of Pennsylvania.— In the name of the citizens of Harrisburg, I greet you with hearty, most hearty welcome to the Capital of your State. During the last three years, by flood and by field, in the valleys and upon the mountain tops, you have, like gallant and noble soldiers, bravely fought, bled and died for our country, carrying the old flag from victory to victory. You have been on every battle-field, and in the extreme front of every battle and grand contest east of the Allegheny Mountains, and immortalized yourselves, winning laurels of renown unsurpassed. (Cheers.)

Of twenty thousand men who marched into the field an unbroken front three years ago, you now return the broken, battle-stained, shattered remnants of two thousand men. May your departed companions, whom you have left behind you in Southern graves, who have fallen in defense of our country's liberties, receive that crown of immortality which has become their heritage, as bequeathed to glory and to fame. And not only the fallen of the brave ones, whose untimely end we so deeply deplore, but at your feet, brave soldiers-in-arms, cast we our garlands of flowers. Never shall your deeds be forgotten. (Cheers.)

It was the intention of the citizens of Harrisburg to give you upon this very ground a reception dinner, but you are as sudden with your friends as with your enemies; you took us unawares and by surprise. You outflanked us. (Tremendous cheering.) But, my gallant soldiers, the citizens of Harrisburg do not despair of entertaining you. (Cheers.—

They have all agreed to invite you into the sanctity of their homes. They will receive you there as part of their own loved families, around their tables and hearth-stones. They will remind you of the old times when you used to sit at home by the smoking hot dinner (cheer from the soldiers); and you can relate to them your gallant charges, your narrow escapes, and the circumstances of your glorious victories through which you have passed since you marched from your homes to the battle-fields of Rebellion.— (Cheers.) We will be glad to hear your voices in our homes, as we will be most happy and proud to entertain you. And after you have partaken of this foretaste of our gratitude, you will be permitted to go home to the dear ones there, in whose hearts your memory has become enshrined as holy in the history of our Commonwealth. (Cheers.) My good friends, my gallant friends, I welcome you again! and when the alarms of war have ceased may you enjoy that peace you so well deserve under your own vine and fig-tree with your household gods around you.— In that day it will be merely necessary for you to say, "I was a member of the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps" (immense cheering), and the answer will come from bystanders, "Bless the brave men!"— (Prolonged cheers, in which the corps joined.)

My friends, I expect that next Wednesday, at two o'clock in the afternoon, you and we will participate of the dinner which will be provided for you.

The Mayor was most heartily cheered by the troops. After something like silence could be induced, Governor Curtin stepped upon the platform.

The Governor spoke substantially as follows:—

I thank you, Mr. Mayor of Harrisburg, and you the people of this city, for this your hearty welcome to these brave men. It has been through you, brave soldiers, that the hearts of the people have been stirred. Your presence here again, my fellow-citizens (the Reserves), has stirred up emotions in our hearts, deep and glorious as our feelings are to-day, that we will never forget. I cannot find language to adequately express to you the sentiments and feelings of Pennsylvania, and when I say, as we all say, "You have done your whole duty," (immense cheering.) I but faintly convey to you the universal verdict of the whole people of this commonwealth. It is now nearly three years since you left this city a mighty army. Nearly that period of time has elapsed since I had the honor of handing to you these standards which you are about to return to the State, unstained with dishonor and covered with laurels of brightest martial renown.— (Cheers from the Corps.) You have never set foot upon the soil of your homes since then, save once. Once you came back to Pennsylvania, and then we all heard of your deeds, that spoke in thunder tones with your cheers. "Round Top" at Gettysburg will ever live as a watch-word of glory and victory. (Tremendous cheering in the Corps.) When nearly all the rest gave way before the bayonets of the enemy we heard your shouts around the hills of that devoted country, in the face of the enemy, and to you belongs the honor of driving him from our soil. (Great cheering.)

I would speak of your gallant deeds, but they have passed into history. I have not time to enumerate the battles you have been in. History will record all you have done for your country.— The record of the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps is without blemish and spotless. (Cheers.) I am not qualified to speak of the heroic deed you have left upon nearly every battle-field of the Republic.— Upon their graves centres the gratitude of this great people. But I can welcome you, who have returned with sunburnt faces and tattered flags to your homes.— From the North and the South, and the East and the West the voice of welcome is warded towards you from the old keystone State, (Prolonged cheering.)

We did not know three years ago that you would remain so long in the public service. But I can say that I refer with pride and pleasure to the part this great State has borne in this contest, from the battle of Drainesville, where you were the first to strike, until last Monday, when you struck your heaviest blow at Bethesda Church. (Immense cheering.) May you all find a happy welcome at your homes! May you be all marked as brave men who served their country in times of greatest peril. May you never regret that you belonged to the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps and were in every battle of the Republic! With this welcome I bid you farewell.

At the close of the Governor's speech loud cheers were given for Grant, Meade and all the Generals of the Army of the Potomac.

Colonel Fisher, in behalf of the corps, responded briefly, as follows:—

Mr. Mayor, Governor and citizens of Harrisburg.—In the name of the remnants of what was once a mighty division I thank you for the reception you have given us here to-day. The people of Harrisburg, represented by their Mayor, have you overwhelmed us with their kindness. In reply to these kind expressions, the only response I have to make is the speech familiar to the Pennsylvania Reserves. So, my gallant boys, let us have three cheers, and let them be such thundering cheers as you gave at Bethesda Church before we left the army. And in response the whole corps joined

in three tremendous, roaring cheers, that made the old State House tremble from dome to foundation.

Colonel McCandless, who is severely wounded, being called for, made a brief speech in thanks for the Keys one welcome. He had only to say, and he did himself honor in saying, that they (the Reserves) in their consciences felt that they had done their whole duty. And we are willing for so many years as our lives shall last and our blood flow in our veins to continue to sustain the old flag which we have carried in triumph in many an engagement.

We stand upon a sure record. We fought the first battle at Drainesville; at Malvern we were there, and whenever the Reserves were called, they were there. (Cheers.) It shall always be my pleasure to stand by you and lead you where you wish to be led. (Cheers.)

Colonel R. Biddle Roberts being called for, addressed the Corps in a few eloquent remarks, which were vociferously applauded by the corps. He remarked that a hot dinner had been promised them but he remembered the time when they had a hot dinner, a very hot dinner, with no ladies around to grace it with their smiles. (Laughter)

The Corps then marched to Camp Curtin and the various organizations and civic societies in attendance dispersed.

**Mr. Lincoln's last story.**

The latest illustrative story by Mr. Lincoln is thus related. Its moral will be appreciated by patriotic men.

A gentleman just returned from Washington relates the following incident that transpired at the White House the other day. Some gentlemen were present from the West, excited and troubled about the commissions or omissions of the Administration. The President heard them patiently, and then replied: "Gentlemen, suppose all the property you were worth was in gold, and you had put it in the hands of Blondin to carry across the river on a rope, would you shake the cable, or keep shouting out to him—Blondin, stand up a little straighter,—Blondin, stoop a little more—go a little faster—lean a little more to the North—lean a little more to the South? No, you would hold your breath as well as your tongue, and keep your hands off until he is safe over. The Government are carrying an immense weight. Untold treasures are in their hands. They are doing the best they can. Don't badger them. Keep silence, and we'll get you safe across."

This simple illustration answered the complaints of half an hour, and not only silenced but charmed the audience.

**The Old Arm Chair.**

The other day a young couple, just returned from the honeymoon, at Studley, near Trowbridge, decided upon having "the old arm-chair" repolished and restuffed. The difficulty was how, for grandpa seldom vacated it. One day, while the old dame was out of the way, the chair was sent off to the upholsterer. On grandma's return she immediately missed her chair, and eagerly inquired for it.—"Oh, I've sent it away to be cleaned," said dutiful Dorothy. "What?" shrieked the horrified old lady, "there was four hundred pounds in bank-notes, in the seat!" A messenger was immediately despatched to the upholsterer's for the chair, and it was returned with the treasure safely deposited in the seating. Soon after that an old petticoat was forged out and consigned to the rag-bag, but the old dame rescued it in time, and displayed to her astonished granddaughter a large number of sovereigns sewed in the waist-band.

**An anecdote worth laughing over.**

It is told of a man who had an infirmity as well as an appetite for fish. He was anxious to keep up his character for honesty, even while making a bill with his merchant, as the story goes, and when his back was turned, the honest buyer slipped a codfish up under his coat tail. But the garment was too short to cover up the theft, and the merchant perceived it. "Now," said the customer, anxious to improve all opportunities to call attention to his virtues, "Mr. merchant, I have traded with you a great deal, and have paid you promptly and honestly, haven't I?" "Oh yes," answered the merchant, "I make no complaint." "Well," said the customer, "I always insisted that honesty is the best policy, and the best rule to live and die by."

"That's so," replied the merchant. And the customer turned to depart.

"Hold on, friend," cried the merchant, "speaking of honesty, I have a bit of advice to give you. Whenever you come to trade again you had better wear a longer coat or steal a shorter codfish."

As one of the brigades of the Reserve Corps which came up to the rescue of General Thomas at Chickamauga was marching through Athens, Alabama, a bright eyed girl of four summers was looking at the sturdy fellows tramping by. When she saw the sun glancing through the stripes of red and on the golden stars of the flag, she exclaimed, clapping her hands, "Oh, pa! pa! God made that flag!"

—see the stars! That shout and loud went up from that column, and many a bronzed veteran lifted his hat as he passed the sunny-haired child, resolving, if his good right arm availed anything, God's flag should conquer.

**Hospital Stories.**

A Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial writes:

In one of the hospitals yesterday, while the chaplain was praying the Lord to "be a shield unto the armies of the Union and Liberty," a wounded soldier rolled over in his bed, clasped his hands, raised his eyes toward the ceiling, and exclaimed, "Breastworks, Lord—breastworks!"

A Christian Commission brother was congratulating a wounded man upon the fact that he owed the salvation of his life to a pocket Testament which happily intervened between a rebel bullet and his short ribs. He promised to give the soldier another Testament, and hoped it would be instrumental in saving not only his life, but his soul. His remarks were overheard by a New Yorker, who was suffering from a slight, but smarting wound in the side, and expressed himself as follows: "Look here, partner, if it had not been for a eucyre-deck I don't know where I'd have been. It didn't hurt me much but it knocked the ace of spades and the king of hearts higher than a kite. Can't you get a feller a new pack!"

A wounded Virginia rebel and a wounded Pennsylvania occupying adjoining beds, had a good-humored verbal tilt as follows:

Union—"Say, reb, where are you from?"

Seesh—"I'm from Virginia, the best State in America."

Union—"There's where old Floyd came from, the old thief."

Seesh—"Where are you from, Yank?"

Union—"I'm from Pennsylvania."

Seesh—"Well you needn't talk about old Floyd coming from Virginia as long as old Buchanan came from Pennsylvania. Don't you wish you hadn't said anything, Yank?"

**Put Him in the Stable.**

A capital story is told of Judge Tappan, formerly a Senator in Congress, who was unfortunately cross-eyed. A number of years ago he was Judge of a new organized county court in the eastern part of Ohio. In those days of primitive simplicity, or perhaps poverty, the bar-room of a tavern was used as a court-room and the stable as a jail. One day during the session of court, the judge had occasion to severely reprimand two lawyers who were wrangling. An odd looking customer, who sat in the corner, listened apparently with great satisfaction to the reproof and presuming on his old acquaintance with the judge, sang out—

"Give it to them, old gimlet eyes!"

"Who was that?" inquired the Judge.

"It was this 'ere old hoss," answered the chap, raising himself up.

"Sheriff," observed the judge, with great gravity, "take that old hoss and put him in the stable."

**Too Good to be Lost.**

A few days since, a good old lady of this village meeting a farmer in our streets on a load of hay, enquired of him if it was for sale; on being answered in the affirmative, she asked him to turn his team around and drive to her husband's barn-yard, some quarter of a mile distant. Her request was complied with; and after the barn-yard was reached the old lady informed the teamster that she only wanted a cent's worth of hay for her hen's nest, and that while he was throwing it off she would step into the house and get the change! The driver was ungalled enough to curse the old lady and her hens, and refused to retail his hay.

They tell a good story of a paymaster in the army, an Indiana man, who was an admirer of Gen. McClellan. He unfortunately happened within our lines with a million of dollars to pay our troops, just as the 7 days' fighting before Richmond commenced. He was obliged to remain during the whole time. A friend inquired how he got off unharmed. "O," said he admiringly, "I stuck to Little Mac, and came out all right." He was perfectly safe when he was with the General and staff.

A clergyman, who was consoling a young widow upon the death of her husband spoke in a very serious tone, remarking that "He was one of the few.— You cannot find his equal you know." To which the sobbing fair one replied with an almost broken heart, "I don't know, but I'll try."

**PERILIOUS.**—One day a butcher, having ordered his assistant to bring the victim to the slaughter, who, not observing that his superior was cross-eyed, until the very instant he was drawing the blow, cried out in an exclamatory voice: "Sir do you mean to strike where you look?"

"Yes."

"Well, you may hold the ox then, I won't!"

An Iowa editor has fallen heir to an estate worth one and a half millions. Of course he'll retire. Just fancy a man worth that sum writing a puff of a patent clothes pin, or Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup!

What tree is it which is not affected by the season, and brings forth neither blossom nor fruit? A boot-tree.

**Making a Great Puss.**

Two Dutch farmers at Kinderhook; whose farms were adjacent, were out in their respective fields, when one overheard an unusual loud hollering in the direction of a gap in a high stone wall, and ran with all speed to the place, and the following brief conversation occurred: "Shon, vat ish de matter?"

"Well, den," says John, "I was trying to climb on de top of dish high stone wall, and I fell off, and all de stone wall tumble down onto me, and it bash proke one of mine legs off, and both of mine arms off, and smashed mine ribs in, and dese pig stones are lying on de top of mine poddy."

"Ish dat all?" says the other, "vy you hollow so loud? I tot you got de toof-ache!"

**Gen. Grant's Opinion of his own Situation.**

A gentleman from the front tells the following good story of Gen. Grant:

A visitor to the army called upon him, one morning, and found the General sitting in his tent smoking and talking to one of his staff officers. The stranger approached the chieftain and inquired of him as follows: "General, if you flank Lee and get between him and Richmond, will you not uncove Washington and leave it a prey to the enemy?" General Grant, discharging a cloud of smoke from his mouth, indifferently replied, "Yes, I reckon so." The stranger, encouraged by a reply, propounded question number two: "General, do you not think Lee can detach sufficient force from his army to reinforce Beauregard and overwhelm Butler?" "Not a doubt of it," replied the General. Becoming fortified by his success, the stranger propounded question No. 3, as follows: "General, is there not danger that Johnston may come up and reinforce Lee, so that the latter will swing round and cut off your communications, and seize your supplies?" "Very likely," was the cool reply of the General, and he knocked the ashes from the end of his cigar.

The stranger, horrified at the awful fate about to befall Gen. Grant and his army, made his exit and hastened to Washington to communicate the news.

"I Can't Do It."

Yes, you can. Try—try hard—try often and you will accomplish it. Yield to every discouraging circumstance, and you will do nothing worthy of a great mind. Try, and you will do wonders. You will be astonished at yourself—your advancement in whatever you undertake. "I can't" has ruined many a man; has been the tomb of bright expectation and ardent hope.—Let "I will try," be your motto in whatever you undertake; and if you press onward steadily you will accomplish your object, and come off victorious.

**Idaho is decidedly a fast country.**

If a woman becomes dissatisfied with her husband, or finds some man she likes better, she states her case to the President of the mining district where she resides—the he calls a miner's meeting—they untie the matrimonial knot, and she is at liberty to take whoever she pleases, provided she can get him.

**DREAFFUL.**—A Scotch paper tells the story of a dairy farmer, who after the burial of his wife, drove a hard bargain with the grave-digger, who, bringing his hand down on his shovel, exclaims:—"Down wi' another shilling, or up she comes!"

A Hottentot once got up a painting of heaven. It was enclosed with a fence made of sausages, while the centre was occupied with a fountain that squirted pot-pe. Singular jumble, wasn't it?

Too much idleness leaves a man less his own master than any sort of employment.

'Tis sweet for love to pay its debt, but sweeter for love to give its gift.

There were four rivers of Adam's Paradise. There are four of every man's paradise—Love, Hope, Memory, and Truth.

Give us not poverty nor riches, but a two-story house "all by ourselves."

Female authorship, instead of being deprecated, ought to be encouraged as the great safety-valve of society.

A drunkard, supporting himself against a church railing, replied in answer to a question, that he didn't exactly belong to church, but he had a leaning that way.

"Permit me to introduce myself," as the knife said to the oyster.

"Hold your jaw," as the man said when his head was in the lion's mouth.

"My heart is thine," as the cabbage said to the cook maid.

In the West Indies they have a new use for rum—it is employed in the preparation of paint. Judging from noses we have seen, we would say it would produce a fine color.

The cat is a drawing-room tiger, the lizard is a pocket-crocodile.