

FATHER ABRAHAM



"With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nations wounds; to

care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."—A. L.

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—BY—

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The first object of every true Republican is to work for a thorough, complete, harmonious and active organization. We have the material of numbers sufficient to increase the Republican vote in every election district in the State.

Miscellaneous.

FOR "FATHER ABRAHAM"
The Right.

B. H. W.

Our cause is true and right,
And the flags we raise on high
Toll to all that right is might—
That treason to right must die.

What though the sky is clouded,
And our foes are pressing hard,
The right must be rewarded;
God has said it in His Word.

No common prize is given,
When the conflict's heat is past;
To those who well have striven,
Till success is gain'd at last.

Then let each truly be brave,
And arm'd with a purpose strong,
Go forth his country to save,
Guard the right and slay the wrong.

"Victory" let our watchword be,
While we gird the armor on;
As we write in history,
Let us tell of battles won.

Grant For President.

BY G. W. BUNGA.

By the radiant stars above us,
Where the spirits live that love us,
By the green graves at our feet,
By the shout and song and chorus,
By the battle banner o'er us,
We pledge the traitors sure defeat.

By the red-stain'd soil we tread on,
By the sacred soil we bleed on,
By the blood we freely shed,
By the valor of our brothers,
By the love we bear our mothers,
We follow where our fathers led.

By the dear ones at our altars,
By the faith that never falters,
By the hopes beyond the sky,
By the heaven that's bending o'er us,
By the martyrs gone before us,
WE WILL CONQUER OR WE'LL DIE!

By the battles long and gory,
By the victory and glory,
Which our hero brothers won,
By the souls that we inherit,
We will win and wear with merit
Mantles dropped at Lexington.

By the truth of song and sermon,
By the march we made with Sherman,
By the bullets Siegel sent,
By the fight and route and rally
Of Sheridan along the Valley,
GRANT SHALL BE OUR PRESIDENT!

Popping Corn.

And there they sat a popping corn,
John Stiles and Susan Cotter;
John Stiles was stout as any ox,
And Susan fat as butter.

And three they sat and shelled the corn,
And raked and stirred the fire,
And talked of different kinds of ears,
And hitched their chairs up nigher.

Then Susan she the popper shook,
Then John he shook the popper,
Till both their faces grew as red
As sauce-pans made of copper.

And then they shelled, and popped, and ate,
All kinds a fun a poking,
And he haw-lawed at her remarks,
And she laughed at his joking.

And still they popped, and still they ate,
(John's mouth was like a hopper,)
And stirred the fire, and sprinkled salt,
And shook and shook the popper.

The clock struck nine, the clock struck ten,
And still the corn kept popping;
It struck eleven and then struck twelve,
And still no signs of stopping.

And John he ate, and Sue she thought—
The corn did pop and patter,
Till John cried out, "The corn's a-fire!
Why Susan, what's the matter?"

Said she, "John Stiles, it's one o'clock,
You'll die of indigestion;
I'm sick of all this popping corn—
Why don't you pop the question?"

A LEGEND OF 1776.

Night had set in deep, and in a small log cabin, situated a few miles from Trenton, N. J., sat five men, four of whom were seated around an old oaken table, in the centre of the room, engaged in playing cards, while they frequently moistened their throats with large draughts from an earthen jug that stood on the table.

They were heavily-bearded, coarse-looking men, and from their dress, which somewhat resembled the British uniform, were evidently Tories. The other was a stout-built young man, clad in the continental uniform. He had sat in one corner of the room with his face buried in his hands.

"Tom," said one of the Tories, raising from the table and seating himself near the young prisoner, for such he evidently was, "Tom, you and I were school-boys together, and I like you yet. Now why can't you give up your wild notions and join us? You are our prisoner, and if you don't we shall hand you over to headquarters to-morrow, while if you join us your fortune is made, for with your bravery and talents you will soon distinguish yourself in the royal army, and after this rebellion is crushed out,

your cause would be rewarded by a knighthood and promotion in the army. Now, there are two alternatives; which do you choose?"

"Neither," said the young man, rising his head, and looking the Tory steadily in the eye.

"I am now, as you say, your prisoner, but when the clock strikes twelve I shall leave you; I shall disappear in a cloud of fire and smoke, neither you nor your comrades, not even myself, can prevent it.—You may watch me as closely as you please, tie me hand and foot if you will, but a higher power than yours or mine has ordained that I shall leave you at that time.

"Poor fellow! his mind wanders," said the Tory; "he'll talk differently in the morning." And he returned to his seat at the table, leaving the youth with his head again resting in his hands.

When the clock struck eleven the young prisoner drew a pipe and some tobacco from his pocket, and asked the Tory leader if he had any objection to his smoking. "None in the least," he said, adding, with a laugh—"that is, if you'll promise not to disappear in a cloud of tobacco smoke."

The young man made no reply, but immediately filled and lighted his pipe, having done which, he arose and commenced pacing the floor.

He took half a dozen turns up and down each side of the room, approaching nearer the table each time, when, having exhausted his pipe, he returned to his seat and refilled it.

He continued to smoke until the clock struck twelve, when he arose from his seat and slowly knocking the ashes out of his pipe, said:

"There, boys, it's twelve o'clock, and I must leave you. Good-bye!"

Immediately all around the room streaks of fire ran hissing and squirming; the cabin was filled with dense, sulphurous smoke, amidst which was heard a clap of thunder. The Tories sat in their chairs paralyzed with fright.

The smoke soon cleared away, but the prisoner was nowhere to be seen. The table was overturned, the window was smashed to pieces, and one chair was lying on the ground outside of the building.

The Tory leader, after recovering from his stupor, gave one glance around the room and sprang out of the window, followed by his comrades. They ran through the forest at the top of their speed in the direction of the British encampment, leaving their muskets and other arms to the mercy of the flames, which had now begun to devour the cabin.

The next day two young men, dressed in continental uniform, were seen standing near the ruins of the old cabin. One was of the night previous. "Let us hear all about it, Tom," said the other.

"Well," said he, "last evening as I was passing this place, two Tories ran out of the cabin and took possession of me. Before I could make any resistance they took me in, and who do you suppose I saw as leader of that party but John Burton, our school-mate. He talked with me, and tried to induce me to join them; but I told him I couldn't do it, that at twelve o'clock I was going to escape, disappear in a cloud of fire and smoke, but he laughed at me, and said I was out of my head.

"About eleven o'clock I asked him if I might smoke. He said he had no objection, so I filled my pipe and lighted it, and commenced walking the floor. I had about a pound of gunpowder in my pocket, and as I walked I strewed it all over the floor. When the clock struck twelve, I hid them good-bye, and told them I had to go; and then knocking the ashes out of my pipe, the powder ignited, and a dazzling flame of fire shot across, around, and all over the room, filling it with suffocating smoke. Before it cleared away I hurried a chair through the window, sprang out and departed, leaving them to their own reflections. You know the rest.

Look at the Figures.

Looking over the wide field of action, there is scarcely a State in which the signs are not hopeful. Last year's reverses, like the reverses of 1862, must now be profitably studied as so many warnings against inaction and dissension.

Let us look at the figures. In 1862, Slenker (Democrat) beat Cochran (Republican) 3,124, for Auditor General of Pennsylvania, in a total vote of 434,750; in the very next year Curtin (Republican) beat Woodward (Democrat) 15,325, for Governor, in a total vote of 523,667. The same year Seymour (Democrat) beat Wadsworth (Republican), for Governor of New York, 10,752, in a total vote of 602,546; and in the very next year Depew (Republican) was elected Secretary of State in the same State by a majority of 2,945, in a total vote of 599,289. In the same year (1862) the Democrats carried Ohio by 5,777, while in the very next year, Brough (Republican) was elected Governor by a majority of 101,099. In 1862 and 1863 the Democrats carried New Jersey—in the first year by a majority of 14,597, and in the second year by a majority of 9,334, while in 1865, Ward (Republican) was elected by 2,789—a net gain over 1863 of 12,163, and over 1862 of

17,386 votes. In 1862, Starn (Democrat) had a majority in Illinois of 6,546, while in 1864, Lincoln swept the State by a majority of 30,756. In 1862 Anthon (Democrat) was elected Secretary of State of Indiana by a majority of 9,543; while in 1864, Oliver P. Morton (Republican) was elected Governor by a majority of 20,883. These figures suffice to complete one lesson.

Now contrast our recovery from these reverses with the comparatively slight defeat of 1867, and you can easily forecast the result in 1868, with a united Republican party under the conquering lead of General Grant. We lost Pennsylvania last year by less than one thousand votes—subsequently proved to have been only a concerted Democratic fraud. In the two cities of Philadelphia and Pittsburg alone, had our vote been full, we could have made up this majority five times over.

How are the rebel Democracy, in the face of such a record as this, to obtain possession of the Government?

If all the Southern States were reconstructed, and voted in November, the whole Electoral College would stand 317, of which a majority is 159. It is universally conceded that General Grant will carry the following loyal or adhering States: Illinois, 16; Iowa, 8; Kansas, 3; Maine, 7; Massachusetts, 12; Michigan, 8; Minnesota, 6; Missouri, 11; Nebraska, 3; New Hampshire, 6; Ohio, 21; Rhode Island, 4; Tennessee, 10; Vermont, 5; West Virginia, 5; and Wisconsin, 8;—making 132, or 27 less than a majority—leaving out Pennsylvania, New York, Connecticut, Indiana, Nevada, Oregon and California. If we carry Pennsylvania, 26, and Indiana, 13, we have a majority. Or if we carry Pennsylvania, 26, and California, 5, we have a majority. Or if we carry Pennsylvania, 26, and Connecticut, 6, we have a majority.

And if we include in this count the Southern States that are conceded to us—Arkansas, 5; North Carolina, 9; South Carolina, 6; Mississippi, 7; and Louisiana, 7—General Grant is elected, excluding Pennsylvania, New York, Oregon, California, Indiana, Connecticut and Nevada. But who can doubt our success as he studies the figures, in Pennsylvania, Indiana, Connecticut, Oregon, California and Nevada, without counting a single Southern State?

This answer revives the question, where do the rebel Democracy expect to get their electoral votes?

General Grant's Speeches and Letters.

HIS LETTER TO GENERAL BUCKNER.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY IN THE FIELD,
CAMP NEAR DONNELSON, Feb. 16, 1862.
To Gen. S. B. Buckner, Confederate Army:
Yours of this date, proposing an armistice and appointment of commissioners to settle terms of capitulation, is just received. No other terms than an unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works. I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
U. S. GRANT,
Brigadier-General U. S. A., Commanding.
General Buckner surrendered.

HIS SPEECHES TO GENERAL PEMBERTON.

PEMBERTON—Gen. Grant, I meet you in order to arrange terms for capitulation. What terms do you demand?
GRANT—Unconditional Surrender.
PEMBERTON—Unconditional surrender! Never, so long as I have a man left me. I will fight rather.
GRANT—Very well.

These speeches were very short, four words in all, but Pemberton surrendered.

HIS LETTER IN THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN.

"I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."
He fought it out on that line.

HIS LETTER TO GENERAL LEE.

"I propose to receive the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia upon the following terms."
Lee surrendered.

HIS SPEECH ACCEPTING THE NOMINATION.

Mr. President, and Gentlemen of the National Union Convention: I will endeavor in a very short time to write you a letter accepting the trust you have imposed upon me. [Applause.] Expressing my gratitude for the confidence you have placed in me, I will now say but little orally, and that is to thank you for the unanimity with which you have selected me as a candidate for the Presidential office. I can say, in addition, I looked on during the progress of the proceedings at Chicago with a great deal of interest, and am gratified with the harmony and unanimity which seem to have governed the deliberations of the Convention. If chosen to fill the high office for which you have selected me, I will give to its duties the same energy, the same spirit, and the same will, that I have given to the performance of all duties which have devolved upon me heretofore. Whether I shall be able to perform these duties to your entire satisfaction, time will determine. You have truly said, in the course of my own address, that I shall have no policy of my own to enforce against the will of the people.

HIS LETTER OF ACCEPTANCE.

To Gen. JOSEPH R. HAWLEY, President National Union Republican Convention: In formally accepting the nomination of the National Union Republican Convention of the 21st of May inst., it seems proper that some statement of views beyond the mere acceptance of the nomination should be expressed. The proceedings of the Convention were marked with wisdom, moderation, and patriotism, and I believe express the feelings of the great mass of those who sustained the resolutions. If elected to the office of President of the United States, it will be my endeavor to administer all the laws in good faith, with economy, and with the view of giving peace, quiet, and protection everywhere. In times like the present it is impossible, or at least eminently improper, to lay down a policy to be adhered to, right or wrong, through an administration of four years. New political issues, not foreseen, are constantly arising; the views of the public on old ones are constantly changing, and a purely administrative officer should always be left free to execute the will of the people. I always have respected that will, and always shall. Peace and universal prosperity—its sequence—with economy of administration, will lighten the burden of taxation, while it constantly reduces the National debt. LET US HAVE PEACE. With great respect, your obedient servant,
U. S. GRANT.
Washington, D. C., Mar. 29, 1863.

None of these documents are very long, but they are all very downright and decisive. No one can misunderstand their terms.

Schuyler Colfax.

One of the Washington correspondents, who is warm in admiration of Schuyler Colfax, has been collecting from his speeches some passages which particularly illustrate the character and feelings of the man.

Thus he said of moral faithfulness in legislation:

"Whether traveling in the valley of humiliation or disaster, or keeping my eye fixed on the heavens, I believe God reigns! I don't believe his blessings will fall on the Confederacy. God's ways are sometimes dark, but sooner or later they reach the shining hills of day!"

Of the employment of negro troops he remarked:

"I do not call negro soldiers better than white ones. If I were to express my own opinion it would be that those of my own color are better and braver. For I have always told you, in spite of charges to the contrary, that I believe the Anglo-Saxon race was superior to any other that walks the forest of God!"

He first announced the Republican platform after the breach with Mr. Johnson thus:

"Let us make haste slowly, and we can then hope that the foundations of our Government, when thus reconstructed on the basis of indisputable loyalty, will be as certain as the stars."

In like manner, on April 18, 1866, when he made mild but manly issue with Johnson, he said of the civil rights bill, in the first moment of its enactment:

"That law, misrepresented as it has been by its opponents in Congress, will never be repealed, and in years that are coming it will be the proudest recollection and the crowning honor of those men who stood up in the national councils, that they gave to that American Magna Charta their cordial support."

He treated in this way a taunt of the Democracy:

"The new nickname flung at us is 'Radicals.' I had rather be called a Radical than a Rebel, at any time. I am a Radical for right against wrong; for liberty against slavery; for justice against tyranny—a Radical friend of my country, and a Radical hater of every enemy of my native land; I believe in a Radical government of the people by the people! the world over, and my sympathies go toward the Radicals who are trying to imitate our free institutions in Greece, Italy, France, Ireland and Mexico. I wish to see a belt of Republics encircle the globe."

Here is another curt passage:

"I am for leveling up rather than leveling down. God do so to me and more also, if I do aught more to crush any man down lower."

In short, this is Mr. Colfax, as described in the words of his pastor and poet at South Bend, at home:

"Thou art the clear
Persuasive orator of right; the pure
Unflinching patriot; the changeless, sure,
And genial friend to many hearts now dead!"

A WASHINGTON correspondent of the Boston Post—Hancock Democrat—says: "Bets are being offered that Chase will receive a majority vote in the New York Convention, if not the nomination. One gentleman offered to bet \$100 that Chase will be the nominee and \$100 that Pendleton's name will not go before the convention. Hancock's friends are confident that he will receive the nomination on the third ballot."

THE ex-confederate General W. C. Wickham, who rose to high military distinction under Lee, has taken the stump for Grant and Colfax in Virginia. In an address to the people of Hanover county, on Monday, he endorsed the Chicago nominations in the warmest terms, announced himself as an out-and-out Republican, and asserted that the blacks were not only entitled to suffrage, but that it was essential for their protection.