

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—

E. H. RAUCH. THOS. B. COCHRAN.

RAUCH & COCHRAN.

NORTHEAST ANGLE CENTRE SQUARE.

Adjoining W. G. Baker's Drug Store and J. Maxwell & Son's Star Store.

LANCASTER, PENNA.

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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
Till 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 gained at last.
Then let each truly be brave,
And armed 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. BUNNAY.

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-stained soil we tread on,
By the sacred soil we bled 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
Martyrs 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 shock 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-hawed 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 schoolboys 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 from 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 chain 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 schoolmate. 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 bid 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 hurled 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 434,756; 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 509,289. In the same year (1862) the Democrats carried Ohio by a majority of 5,577, while in the very next year, Brough (Republican) was elected Governor by a majority of 101,090. 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

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.

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.

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 ac-

ceptance of the nomination should be ex-

pressed. 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

country through its recent trials. I endorse

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 poli-

cacy to be adhered to, right or wrong, through

an administration of four years. New politi-

cal issues