

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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NORTHEAST ANGLE CENTRE SQUARE,

Adjoining W. G. Baker's Drug Store and J. Marshall

& Son's Shoe Store.

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THE La Crosse Democrat cautions its followers "against the white nigger mobs known as Christian Associations, Aid Societies, Missions, Churches, &c., and exhorts the faithful to "avoid them as you would the plague."

Miscellaneous.

[From the Daily Atlanta New Era.]

Grant Campaign Song.

BY A "REBEL."

AIR:—Bonnie Blue Flag.

Old Maine to California sends
The welcome, welcome word,
And Northward rolling to the South
The swelling cry is heard,
And men of every age and race
Have caught the glorious shout,
Hurrah, hurrah, for General Grant,
And fling his banner out.
Hurrah! hurrah!
For General Grant, hurrah!
Hurrah for the Union Flag
With every Southern Star.

The wave of Reconstruction rolls
From old Virginia's hills,
Across the South to Texas plains
And every bosom thrills.
When this is done we'll join the fight,
And it is our intent
To hoist the name of General Grant
And make him President.
Hurrah! hurrah! etc.

We'll swear upon the sword of Lee,
Beside our Jackson's grave,
To battle only for the man
Who can the Union save;
By all the blood the war has shed,
By all we hope to be,
We'll rally to the standard now
That keeps the people free.
Hurrah! hurrah! etc.

They're rallying North, and East, and West,
We'll rally in the South,
With ringing shouts for General Grant
Upon each patriot mouth.
Hurrah for Grant! the shouts must roll
From every Union lip,
And every man must rally now
To man the Union ship.
Hurrah! hurrah! etc.

Fall in, Boys.

BY A BOUNDHEAD.

There's a sound coming up from the East,
And the harmony notes to the West;
The bugle takes a new strain, to the strains
Along;
And no where at the North finds rest.

Fall in, boys, fall in, fall in!
The command o'er the nation's been given;
We're not in a rage, but soon will engage
To drive the same rebs we have driven.

Delay not, you're needed, just now;
Take your place in the ranks of the true;
There the brave of the land will be found, now
Lit.

There's a voice in the land calling you.
Come on, boys, and see who we are,
Come and see who are calling on you;
There is Grant, the old Chief, we have heard
His command

When we followed the red, white and blue.
Come and join this war for the right;
Take a stand that you never will rue;
We have Colfax and Grant, with a host of
good men.

And we want just one more, that is you.
Come on, boys, come on, and we'll join
In a song that will always be new;
'Tis a song of the right in triumph o'er wrong;
Come, the glory we'll share it with you.

How to Make Copperheads.

The 21st Senatorial district of Pennsylvania, embraces the counties of Blair, Huntingdon, Centre, Mifflin, Perry and Juniata, and is entitled to two Senators.

An election was held in this district on the second Tuesday of October, 1867, and Chas. J. T. McIntire, Democrat, was returned as elected by 233 majority, and Samuel J. Shugart by 22 majority. John K. Robinson contested the election of Shugart.

The Senate, after a full investigation by a Select Committee, and the examination of a large number of witnesses, declared Robinson duly elected, and admitted him to the seat occupied by Shugart. The whole testimony in the case is published in the Legislative Record for the session of 1868, from page 1,397 to 1,446 inclusive.

It is proven conclusively that the leaders of the Democratic party not only planned and perpetrated a deliberate fraud upon the ballot-box in this district, but that they pre-arranged a system of fraudulent naturalization papers, extending through other counties of the State.

A railroad sixteen miles long was being built, during the Summer and Fall of 1867, in Clearfield and Centre counties. From forty to sixty rods only of the road was in Centre county. About 400 Irishmen were employed on the road, and boarded in shanties along the line, except during the time they were taken into Centre county in order to carry the election in that District. Senators were to be elected in the Centre District, but not in the Clearfield. The following testimony, copied from the official records of the Legislature, shows how the fraud was perpetrated, and who did it:

M. O'Meara, sworn—I was working for Mr. Collins, railroad contractor, on the railroad; I was in the box; and there 50 to 60 men under me at times; Patrick Gorman was working boss; I was working four miles from

Clearfield, east, twelve miles from the line, when James Collins and Patrick Gorman came to me and said they wanted to go to Centre county for ten days, saying their object was to carry the election; they said it was a Republican hole, and they intended running in enough votes to carry it; I took the men to Centre county; Col. Skelly's gang also went; the men east of me went; in and around Phillipsburg there were about 100 men the day of election; they were quartered at Mr. Keplar's, Mr. Gray's, Mr. Harris's, and Mr. Donehue's; I was in Phillipsburg all day, most of the time at the polls; the polls are in the same building; I gave two men tickets; Sheriff Perks and Mr. Lede distributed tickets; Lede was a walking boss on the road; I saw them giving the men the tickets; Sheriff Perks borrowed a sheet of tickets from me to have others printed; the tickets were all Democratic; about all that were on the ground voted; all had naturalization papers; obtained them, as was said, in Luzerne county; this one on the table is similar to those used; they were colored; the men said they obtained or arranged for the papers two miles out of Clearfield, on Saturday evening before the election, in a shanty kept by Mrs. Lynch; they said two lawyers came from Philadelphia, and after they were sworn Lede took possession of the papers, and that he colored them with coffee; the day of the election the men were handed the papers; Mr. Lede at the same time furnished the tax receipt [a receipt shown in witness, and identified as similar to those used; I did nothing while in Phillipsburg; I did not vote; I saw all vote that I named; I had no Republican tickets.

Cross-examined—I never agreed to vote my men on the Republican side; never said for \$100 I would do so, I received money the day before and day after; of Mr. Crisman \$25, of Mr. Johnson, day after \$60, of Sheriff Perks \$12; I received of Rev. Father Tracy \$500. The \$500 was given me two weeks ago last Tuesday to prevent my being a witness. The priest came and told me that my evidence would be hard against the Democratic party, and that he had \$500 he would give me if I would leave. I told the priest that I would take my family and go for \$2000; Father Tracy told me he would let me know in a few days, and when we next met the priest told me that he had written for advice, and that Wallace thought that \$100 per month was enough; I supposed it was Wallace, the Clearfield county lawyer; I told the priest I would take \$500. The men voted in borough and township; Michael Fallon and one other were in the country but a short time; the men told me that Lede took the lawyers to Tyrone; the men went back to Clearfield county, after the election, where they lived in shanties; but fifty or sixty rods of the road is in Centre county; all the voters were challenged at the polls.

John Casey, sworn—I was working on the railroad for Mr. Collins at the October (1867) election; was boarding in Phillipsburg, where I voted with the other men; Mr. Lede took me up to vote and gave me the naturalization paper, and put it in; cannot read; am as ignorant as a baste; I put the paper in my pocket; cannot tell what became of it; I was never naturalized; never was in a court before this; Lede told me to vote; I was working near Mr. Collins's store; came the day that O'Meara did to Phillipsburg; I voted Democratic.

[Note.—This witness on his return to Clearfield county, was waylaid and beaten with clubs, so that he died from his wounds. The Governor issued his proclamation, offering a reward for the detection of the murderers.]

Rev. Thomas Tracy, sworn—I paid Michael O'Meara five hundred dollars a short time before this case commenced; I gave him the money in his own house in the evening, about a week or two before the assembling of the Legislature; he was to leave the State and remain out three months for the five hundred dollars; Mr. Gorman, boss of Collins, gave me the money to give him; the man who gave me the money was the only one who had any knowledge of the transaction, as far as I know; I had a correspondence with Mr. Wallace on the subject of O'Meara's leaving the State; the only stipulation was that he should remain away three months; I understood that it was for him to be gone until after the trial.

The reader will please remember as he reads, that the lawyer Wallace spoken of by "Father" Tracy, is the Chairman of the Copperhead State Committee.

Thus were the laborers along this railroad moved from their shanties in Clearfield county (which were quite as convenient to their work as the hotels in Centre county, to which they were taken), and furnished with fraudulent naturalization papers to defeat the will of the qualified voters of a Senatorial District.

To prevent like frauds in the future and secure fair elections by the legal and duly qualified voters, a law was enacted at the last session of the Legislature, providing for a registry of the voters before the day of election, so as to ascertain who are legally entitled to vote.

This law was opposed by every Democrat in the Legislature, as that party has everywhere of late opposed every attempt to exclude fraudulent votes, and thus secure fair and honest elections.

One of the mysteries connected with the rum traffic is the steady filling up of the drunkards. A man falls a victim to the curse, yet his terrible fate is no warning to those traveling in the same broad road. "Feel not to stop when he had drank enough!" is the wise ejaculation, and they go back to their drinking and carousing, stupidly blind to the sure result attending such a course.

Nigger in the Democratic Wood-Pile.

In our toy shops is to be found a box, all quiet and fair to sight, and which seems innocent of any alarming contents. And yet by touching a little wire secured at the bottom, upsprings a nigger, to the great alarm of the unsuspecting juvenile spectators.

In a political sense, the Democratic party has become a huge box of this description, and the men at the wires are beginning to pop up the nigger, by way of familiarizing their gaping followers with his heretofore abhorred features. First, the editor of the New York World let Sambo out of the box, with a two hundred and fifty dollar property qualification pinned to his political status. Then the Southern Copperheads, at the late election, lifted the "ignorant cuss" clear from the box, and placed him square on the Democratic platform as a "conservative gentleman of the old school!" And now Tom Florence, for ten years Democratic Congressman from Philadelphia, and at present editor of the Constitutional Union at Washington, claims the American citizen of African descent as a man and a brother, and demands for him a vote, with no other qualification than his manhood!

Now our readers will recollect that when this question was first generally broached, and began to assume formidable political proportions, we predicted that the day was rapidly arriving in which the Democratic party would make extravagant bids for the negro vote. And lo! that day is now dawning. The old Copperhead war cry of, "Do you want a nigger to marry your daughter?" has almost ceased to terrify the unterrified at Democratic meetings, and wool has "riz" in the Democratic market.

"Come in Sambo, come in soon,
While we make a fire in the front room!" will soon be the burden of all the Copperhead campaign songs of the country. The venerable Rabbi Naar will pitch the tune upon his Jewish harp, and Major Wilson will cease expounding the constitution while he takes a drink from the same bottle with the redeemed progeny of Ham. Chauncey Burr and Wendell Phillips will lie down together, and a little nigger shall lead them!

O, what a convenient thing is Democracy! The leopard cannot change his spots, but thanks to Democracy, the Copperhead can change his skin!

NEW COPPERHEAD SONG.

Come politicians in distress,
This white and nigger wedding bless:
Democracy proclaims the bands,
As necessary to her plans.
To the bar and take a "jigger,"
With each Democratic nigger.
Hail to freedom's second dawn,
John Brown's soul is marching on!
Sambo is a man and brother,
Just the same as any other.

Trenton Union Sentinel.

Wanted—A Boy With Ten Points.

1, Honest. 2, Pure. 3, Intelligent. 4, Active. 5, Industrious. 6, Obedient. 7, Steady. 8, Obliging. 9, Polite. 10, Neat. One thousand first-rate places are opened for one thousand boys who can come up to the standard. Each boy can suit his taste as to the kind of business he would prefer. The places are ready in every kind of occupation. Many of them are already filled by boys who lack some of the most important points, but they will soon be vacant. One is an office not far from where we write. The lad who has the situation is losing his first point. He likes to attend the circus and theatre. This costs more money than he can afford, but somehow he manages to be there frequently. His employers are quietly watching to learn how he gets so much extra spending money; they will soon discover a leak in the money drawer, detect the dishonest boy, and his place will be ready for some one who is now getting ready for it by observing point No. 1, and being truthful in all his ways. Some situations will soon be vacant, because the boys have been poisoned by reading bad books, such as they would not dare to show to their fathers, and would be ashamed to have their mothers see. The impure thoughts suggested by these books will lead to vicious acts; the boys will be ruined, and their places must be filled. Who will be ready for one of these vacancies? Distinguished lawyers, useful ministers, skillful physicians, successful merchants, must all soon leave their places for somebody else to fill. One by one they are removed by death. Mind your ten points, boys; they will prepare you to step into the vacancies in the front rank. Every man who is worthy to employ a boy is looking for you, if you have the points. Do not fear that you will be overlooked. A young person having these qualities will shine as clearly as a star at night. We have named ten points that go toward making up the character of a successful boy, so that they can be easily remembered. You can imagine one on each finger, and so keep them in mind—they will be worth more than diamond rings, and you will then never be ashamed to "show your hand."

"White Man's Government."

It is dawdling on the Democratic mind that time will be spent to more advantage in trying to get the negroes to vote the Democratic ticket than in trying to deprive them of the right of voting at all. The White Man's Government is the subject, and it is with a good deal of consideration of its parts. Every reason to which a negroes will vote the Democratic ticket in an election; and we know those States to be carried by the Republicans, we may as well hang up our harps on the willows. It concerns us to gain a portion of the negro vote." That's so. The negroes have the right to vote now; and taking it away from them will not be easy, nor will it tend to bring peace and order to the society. They are ignorant, but they will learn. They are distrustful of the white man, but if they don't get over that it will be the fault of the whites. They are not used to voting, and don't understand politics, but they will remedy these defects gradually, if they have the chance. Indeed, every one of our wisest men is against being less and less white, and in a very short time will nearly disappear. They will improve in knowledge, in character, in political experience, and in fitness to vote, just as white men have done before them. The Democrats may possibly "get a portion of their votes," but not by trying to prevent them from voting at all. The negroes will be slow in coming to the theory that "this is the white man's Government."

An Irishman's Will.

In the name of God, amen! I, Timothy Deolan, of Ballydownerry, in the county of Clare, farmer, being sick and wake in my legs, but of sound head and warm heart—glory be to God!—to make this my first and last will and old and new testament; and first I give me soul to God, when it pleases him to take it—sure no power to that, for I can't see it thin, and my body to be buried in the ground in Ballydownerry chapel, where all my kith and kin that have gone before me and those that live after me are buried. Pace to their ashes, and may the sod rest lightly on their bones. Bury me near my god-father, Felix O'Flatherty, betwixt and bethune him and me father and mother who lie separated altogether at the other side of the chapel yard.
I have the bit of ground, containing ten acres—rale ould acres—to me eldest son Tim, after death of his mother, if she survives him. My daughter Mary and her husband, Paddy O'Regan, to have twelve black pigs. Tady, me second boy, who was killed in Amerikay, might have got his pick of poultry; but as he is gone, I'll have them to his wife who died a week afore him, I bequeath to all manking the fresh air of heaven, all the fishes of the sea they can take, all the birds of the air they can shoot. I have to them all the sun and moon and stars. I have Peter Rafferty a pint of potheen I can't finish, and may God be merciful to him.

POPULAR FALLACIES.—That when a lady enters the horse cars, by poking your head out of the window, or feigning sleep, you will avoid being requested to vacate your seat for her accommodation, or that you will be thanked by her for doing so.

That the boy who has had the luck to slip into the circus unobserved, by crawling under the canvass, is happy.

That there is poetry in every verse that rhymes.
That every young lady who happens to look at you, is dead in love with you. Remember that,

"Though a bee lights upon a flower,
It soon flies off again."

That a milkman can stand in his wagon, and from the middle of the street sling a pint of milk into a pitcher every pop, without spilling some.

That every young man who parts his hair behind wears clean socks.

That every young gent who shaves, has a moustache.

That the horse you stake your money on, will always win.

That the father of the young lady whom you visit, likes you because he does not set the dog on you.

That you can wear a "turned" paper collar without its being noticed.

ONE of the odd characters that pervade the metropolis of Grass Valley, Nevada, is an old negro named Saulks. He takes considerable interest in politics, and is bitterly opposed to the present incumbent of the White House. He is also a zealous member of the church. During a recent revival among the "colored Methodists," Banks became very happy, and after relating his experience to the brethren, exclaimed in a triumphant tone, "I's agoin to Heaven, I is!" *Andy Johnson can't veto dat!*

THE new Democratic platform will be constructed next week at the Five Points, New York.