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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"FATHER ABRAHAM"

IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

—AT—

SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS,

IN ADVANCE, FOR THE CAMPAIGN.

—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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AN article is going the rounds of the press, stating that a child died at Temple Station, Berks county, from the effects of a locust sting. We are assured by a gentleman residing at the Temple, that there is no truth in the story, which was started by an irresponsible Copperhead paper published at Reading.

Miscellaneous.

Das Alt Schul-Haus an der Krick.

BY REV. H. HARBAUGH, D. D.

Heit ishts exactly zwanzig Yohr,
Das Ich bin Owa naus;
Nau *bin Ich* widder lewig z'rick,
Un' steh' am Schul-haus an der Krick,
Yusht naekst an's atty's Haus.

Ich bin in hundert Haeuser g'west,
Von marbel, Stein un' Brick;
Un' alles was Ich hab geseh,
Det Ich verschwappa any day,
Fuer's Schul-haus an der Krick.

Wer mued da heme is, un' will fort,
So los ihn numma geh;
Ich sag ihm awer forna naus,
Es is all Humbug Owa draus,
Un' er werd's selver seh.

Ich bin draus rum in alle Eck'
Getravelled high un' low;
Hab awer noch in kennem Spot,
Uf e'mol so fiel Joy gehat,
Wie in dem Schul-haus do.

Wie haemelt mich do alles a'!
Ich steh, un' denk, un' guk;
Un' was Ich schier vergessa hab,
Kummt wider z'rick, wie aus seim Grab,
Un' steht do wie e' Spook!

Des Krickle spielt verbei wie's hot,
Wo Ich noch g'spielt hab do;
Un' unner sella Hollerbuesch,
Spiella noch de klene Fisch,
So smart wie long ago.

Der Weisech' steht noch an der Tuehr—
Macht Schatta ueber's Dach;
Die Trauberank is a' noch grue'—
Un's Amsel nescht—guk yusht 'mol hi'!
O was is des en Sach'!

Die Schwalma skiypa ueber's Feld—
Die fedderst is die besht!
Un sechst du, dort am Guebeleck,
En Haus von Stoppla un' von Dreck?—
Sel is e' Schwalma Nescht.

Die yunge leia stil just now,
Un' schlofa alle sound;
Wart bis die Aita kriega Wurm,
Nord herscht du awer gross gelarm,
Von Meuler all around!

Yaa alles des is noch wie's war
Wo Ich noch war e' Buh';
Doch andere Dings sin' net meh so,
For alles dat sich enera do,
Wie Ich mich enera thu'?

Ich steh, wie Ossian in seim Thal,
Un seh ins wolka Spiel;—
Bewegt mit Freed un' Trauer—ach!
Die Traena Komma wan Ich lach'!—
Kanscht denka wie Ich fueld!

Do bin Ich ganga in die Schul,
Wo Ich noch war gans Kle;
Dort war der Meschter in seim Stuhl;
Dort war sei Wip, un dort sei Ruhl—
Ich kan's noch alles seh!

Die langa Desks ring's an der Wand—
Die grosa Schuler d'rum;
Uf ener Seid die grosa Maed,
Und dort die Buwa—net so blaed—
Guk wie sie peepa 'rum!

Der Meschter watch't sie close just now—
Sie gewa besser acht:
Dort Seller wo love Letters schreibt,
Un seller wo sei Spoochta treibt,
Un' Seller Kerl wo lacht.

Die grosa un' die klena all,
Sin' unner ener Rule;
Un des is yusht der rechte weg;
Wer Rules verbrecht der nemmt sie Schleg,
Oder verlost die Schul.

Inwendig um der Offa 'rum,
Hocka die klene chaps;
Sie studya all gar hart, you see,
Un' wer net lernt sei A, B. C,
Sei Ohra kriega Rapps.

S'is hart zu hocka uf so Benk,—
Die Fues net uf em Floor;
En mancher krickt en weher Rueck,
In sellem Schul-haus an der Krick,
Un' fuehlt about right sore!

Die arma Drep! dort hocka sie
In misery!—yuscht denk!
Es is ke' wunner—nem my Wort—
Das sie so wenig lerna dort
Uf sella hocha Benk.

Mit all da Drawbacks anyhow,
Wars doch e' first-rate Schul;
Du finscht ke' Meshter so—geh such—
Der cyphera kan durch's ganza Buch,
Un' Skipt ke' ehna Rule.

Boes war er! ya, des mus Ich k'steh;
G'wipt hot er all around:
Gar kreislich gute Rules obsarved,
Un wer Schleg krickt hot, hot's desarved
Completely, I'll be bound.

Wan's Dinner war, un Schul war aus,
Nord hot m'r gut gefuelt;
Deel hen der balla Game gechoost,
Deel hen sich in der race amused,
Un deel hen Solger g'spielt.

Die grossa Maid hen ausgekert—
Die Buwa naus gestaabt!
Zu helfa, hen a deel pretend,—
Der Meschter hot sie naus gesend!
Die Rules hen's net erlabt.

Die Klena Maed hen Ring gespielt,
Uf sellem Wassa da;
Wann grossa Maed sin' in der Ring—
'S is doch e' wonnervollas Ding!—
Sin' grosa Buwa a'!

Die grosa hen, die grosa 'taggt—
Die Klena all vermisst!
Wie sin' sie g' sprunga, ab un' uf,
Wer g'wonna hot—verlos dich druf—
Hot tuechtiglich gekisst!

Am Christag wa' die reehte zeit—
O wan Ich yuscht d'ra' denk!
Der Meschter hen mir naus gesperrt,
De Tuehr and Fenster vest gebarrt,—
"Nau, Meschter, e' Geschenck!

Nord hot er mightily brobirt,
Mit force zu komma nei;
Un mir hen—als er hot geklopt—
En Schreiwes unna naus gestopt,
"Wan's seinsht dan kansht du rei."

Nau hot der Meschter raus gelanst—
Gar Kreislich sheepish 'gukt'—
Appel un' Keshta, un' noch meh,
S'war yusht a ment in fact recht schoe:
Mir hen's mit Luschta k' sluckt!

O wu sin' now die Schuler all,
Wo hawa do gelernt?
A deel sin' weit awek gereest,
By fortune uf un' ab gecheest,—
Deel hot der Tod geernt!

Mei Hertz schwellt mit Gedanka uf,
Bis Ich schier gar verstick!
Konnt heula's dut mir uau so leed—
Un' doch gebt mir die groeschte Freed,
Des Schul-haus an der Krick!

Good bye! alt Schul-haus—echo Kreischt
Good bye! Good bye! zurueck;
O Schul-haus! Schul-haus; mus Ich geh?
Un' du stehst nord do alle' aleh—
Du Schul-haus an der Krick!

O horcht ihr Leut wo nach mir lebt,
Ich Schreib euch noch des Stick:
Ich warn euch, dreh euch, gebt doeht acht
Un nemmt forever gut enacht,
Des Schul-haus an der Krick.

The Minister's Wife.

A TALE OF WESTERN LIFE.

One day, in early winter, my husband received a summons to Burke's settlement, to unite a couple in the bonds of wedlock. It was especially requested that his wife should accompany him, as he would be expected to remain over night and partake of the festivities.

It was twenty miles to the settlement, and we arrived at the log house of Mr. Burke about noon. A dozen tow-haired children were at the door, awaiting our arrival. They telegraphed the news instantly.

"Marm, marm! here's the elder and his woman. The're nothing but folks! She's got a man's hat on, and a turkey's wing in front of it; his nose is just like dad's—as crooked as a cow horn squash."

Alas for Mr. Morrison's aquiline nose, of which he was very vain.

"Sam!" cried a shrill female voice from the interior of the cabin, "run out and grab the rooster, and I'll clap him into the pot. Sal, you quit that churn and sweep the floor. Kick that dodger under the bed. Bill, you wipe the tallow out of that chair, for the minister's wife, and be spry about it."

Further remarks were cut short by our entrance.

Mrs. Burke, in a calico short gown, blue petticoat and bare feet, came forward, wiping her face on her apron.

"How d'ye do, elder? How d'ye do marm? Must excuse my head—ain't had no chance to comb it since last week. Work must be did, you know. Powerful sharp air, hain't it? Shoo, there! Bill, drive that turkey out of the bread trough. Sal, take lady's things. Set right up to the fire, marm. Han's cold? Well, just run 'em in Bill's hair—we keep it long a purpose."

Bill presented his shaggy head, but I declined with an involuntary shudder.

"Laws, if she ain't actually shivering!" cried Mrs. Burke. "Bring in some more wood. Here, marm, take this hot corn-dodger into yer lap—it's as good as a soap stone."

A fearful squall announced the execution of the rooster, and shortly after he was bouncing about in a four quart kettle, hung over the fire. Sal returned to her churn, but the extraordinary visitors must have made her careless, for she upset the concern, and butter and buttermilk went swimming over the floor.

"Grab the ladle, and help dip it up, Bill," cried Mrs. Burke. "Take keer, don't put that snarl of hair in. Strange how folks will be so nasty! Dick, do you keep your feet out of the buttermilk; it wont be fit for the pigs when the butter is gathered. Drive that hen out; she's picked up a pound of butter already. There, Sal, do try and churn a little more keerful. If you are going to be spliced to-morrer, you needn't run crazy about it."

"I advise you to dry up!" remarked the bride elect, thumping away at the churn.

By the time I had got fairly warmed, dinner was ready, and you may be sure I did not injure myself by over-eating.

Night came on early, and after a social chat about the event of the morrow, I signified my desire to retire.

Sal lighted a pine knot, and began climbing a ladder in one corner of the room. I hesitated.

"Come on," cried she, "don't be afraid. Sam and Bill and Dick, and all the rest of ye, duck yer heads while the elder's wife goes up. Look out for the loose boards, marm; and mind or you will smash your brains out against that beam. Take care of that hole where the chimney comes thro."

Her warning came too late. I caught my foot on the end of a board, stumbled and fell headlong through what appeared to be interminable space, but it was only to the room I had just left, while I was saved from destruction by Bill, who caught me in his arms, and set me on my feet, remarking cooly:

"What made you come down that way? We generally use the ladder."

I was duly commisserated, and at last got to bed. The less said about that the better. Bill and Dick and four others slept in the same room with us, and made the air vocal with their snoring. I fell asleep and dreamed I was just being shot from a Columbiad, and was awakened by Mr. Morrison, who informed me it was morning.

The marriage was to take place before breakfast, and Sally was already clad in her bridal robes when I descended the ladder.

She was magnificent in a green calico, over a crinoline full four inches longer than the rest of her apparel, a white apron with red strings, blue stockings, a yellow neck-ribbon, and white cotton gloves. Her reddish hair was fastened in a pug behind, and well adorned with the tail feathers of the defunct rooster before mentioned. When it was announced that Lem. Lord, the groom, was coming, Sally sprang behind a coverlet, which had been hung across one corner of the room to conceal sundry pots and kettles, and refused to come forth. Mr. Lord lifted one corner of the curtain and peeped in, but quickly retreated with a stew pan, a few sharp words from Sally advising him to mind his own business.

Lemuel was dressed in blue, with bright buttons. The entire suit had been made for his grandfather on a similar occasion. His hair was well dressed with tallow, and his huge feet encased in skin pumps.

Very soon the company began to gather, and the room was well filled.

"Now, elder," cried the bridegroom, "drive ahead. I want it done up nice: I'm able to pay for the job; do you hear? Come Father Burke, trot out your gal!"

But Sally refused to be trotted. She would be married where she was or not at all. We argued and coaxed, but she was firm; and it was finally concluded to let her have her own way.

Mr. Morrison stood, the happy couple joined hands through a coverlet, and the ceremony proceeded. Just as Mr. Morrison was asking Lemuel, "Will you have this woman," etc., down came the coverlet, enveloping bridegroom and pastor, and filled the house with dust. Dick had been up in the loft and cut the strings which held it. Mr. Morrison crawled out looking rather sheepish, and Sally was obliged to be married openly. To the momentous question, Lemuel responded: "To be sure; what else did I come here for?" and Sally replied: "Yaas, if you must know."

"Salute your bride," said my husband, when all was over.

"I'm ready to do anything, elder," said Lemuel, "but skin me if I know about that, sir. Just show me how, and I'll do it if it kills me."

My husband drew back nervously, but Sally advanced, threw her arms around his neck, and gave him a kiss that made the very windows chatter.

"I vum if I don't do ditto!" cried Lemuel; and hastily taking a large bite from a piece of maple sugar he drew from his pocket, he made a dash at me, smashed my collar, broke my watchguard into a dozen pieces, tore my hair down, and succeeded in planting a kiss on my nose, greatly to the delight of the company.

"Now, elder, what is the damage? Don't be afraid to speak."

"Whatever you please," said Mr. Morrison.

Lemuel produced a piece of fur.

"There, elder," said he, "there's a musk-rat's skin; and out in the shed is two heads of cabbage, and your welcome to the hull of it."

My husband bowed his thanks, the young people went to dancing, Mrs. Burke went to getting breakfast, and at my earnest request, Mr. Morrison got our horse and I bade them adieu. I never could have lived through another meal in that house.

I have since heard that Mr. Lord said if he had seen the elder's wife before she was married, Sally might have gone to the dickens.

Alas, it might have been!

Grant and the Clergy.

The Chaplain of Grant's regiment relates the following incident: When at home he generally attended the Methodist Episcopal Church. While Colonel of the Twenty-first Regiment, he gave every encouragement and facility for securing a prompt and uniform observance of religious services, and was generally found in the audience listening to preaching.

Shortly after I came into the regiment, our mess were one day taking their usual seats around the dinner table, when he remarked:

"Chaplain, when I was at home, and ministers were stopping at my house, I always invited them to ask a blessing at the table; I suppose a blessing is as much needed here as at home; and if it is agreeable with your views, I should be glad to have you ask a blessing every time we sit down to eat."

"I'll Take What Father Takes."

"What will you take to drink?" asked the waiter of a young lad, who for the first time accompanied his father to a public dinner. Uncertain what to say, and feeling sure that he could not be wrong if he followed his father's example, he re[illegible]

"I'll ta[illegible] her takes!"

The a[illegible] his father's ear, and i[illegible] sibility of his posi[illegible] "If he said, "Ill [illegible] ys said before, his so[illegible] it also, and *then?* And the fath[illegible] shuddered as the history of several young men who, once promising as his own bright lad, had been ruined by drink, started up in solemn warning before him. Should his hope also be blasted, and that open-faced, noble lad beco[illegible] burden and a curse as they had b[illegible] But for strong drink they wo[illegible] have [illegible]een active, earnest prospero[illegible] if it could work such ruin upon them, [illegible] his own lad safe? Quicker [illegible]ning these thoughts passed th[illegible] mind, and, in a moment, the [illegible] was made. "If the boy fal[illegible] have me to blame;" and [illegible]lous with emoti[illegible]onis[illegible] of those who k[illegible]d: [illegible]er, I'll take wat[illegible] that day to this, strong drink has been [illegible]ished from that man's home.

The young lad, in his brief utterance, was really the representative of the generation to which he belongs. God has so decreed it, that the father is the highest authority in the world to his child. Who does not know that "My father said so," is the end of all controversy with the little ones around us? Who does not see the parent's tone, and gait, and manners, reproduced continually in the children whose nature is now "soft as wax to receive an impression, and rigid as marble to retain it;" and who watch with a quick imitating eye, those who to them are God's vicegerents?

Would that we could impress upon the fathers and mothers of this country the solemn fact, that the future character of their children is being formed by them. That, if they are trained up in the way they should go, when they are old they will not depart from it. But that, if they become vain, sensual and degraded, the seeds will have been deposited, and the basis given in the early morning of their lives.

A New Paper.

We publish the following prospectus as decidedly rich:

I propose to start a religious paper on the gift enterprise plan. It will be devoted to sanctity and sewing machines, piety, politics and patent medicines.

Subscribers for one copy of the Church Cancer will be presented with a box of petroleum paste blacking. This is a very superior article, it will black boots or stoves, and may be used as a hair dye. (See testimony from leading clergymen, statesmen and boot blacks.)

Subscribers for two copies will receive a box of sardines.

Subscribers for ten copies will be presented with a pair of iron-clad spectacles, with glass eyes, warranted to suit any age as well as another.

Subscribers for twenty-five copies will receive a tilting hoop skirt and a marble bureau with a mahogany top.

Subscribers for five hundred copies will receive a nomination for Congress with a library consisting of a bottle and a pack of cards.

Subscribers for a thousand copies will be presented with a farm in New Jersey, fenced in and mortgaged.

Clergymen acting as agents for the Cancer will be presented with one pair of brass knuckles and an acre of court plaster.

What Party Does the Retrenching?

Our Democratic opponents are constantly crying out for retrenchment and reform, but when it is proposed practically to enter on the performance of such work, the Democracy are missing when their votes are needed. It is conceded that the affairs of the national administration are conducted entirely under the inspiration of Democratic influence. Every Department, but that of War, is controlled by the Democracy. The moment the war ended, Congress began to cut down public expenses, while General Grant lost no time in mustering out large bodies of men. The last Congress so retrenched as to be able to reduce taxation $120,000,000. This fact is never allowed to see the light of day in any of our Democratic cotemporaries. Another singular fact is that the present Congress has reduced the estimates for appropriations to carry on all the Departments of the Government. The sum asked by the State Department has been materially reduced; the Secretary of the Navy was compelled to reduce his estimates $20,000—the operations of the Treasury Department have been so curtailed by Congress as to save $52,000,000. These are facts, practical evidence of the disposition of a Republican Congress to retrench, but to such facts the Democracy never allude.