

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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RAUCH & COCHRAN,

NORTHEAST ANGLE CENTRE SQUARE,

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN said: The great thing about Grant, I take it is his perfect coolness and persistency of purpose. I judge he is not easily excited—which is a great element in an officer, and he has the grit of a bull-dog. Once let him get his teeth in, and nothing can shake him off.

Miscellaneous.

The Copperhead.

Of all the factious men we've seen,
Existing now or long since dead,
No one was ever known so mean
As him we call a Copperhead;
A draft evading Copperhead;
A rebel aiding Copperhead;
A growling, slandering,
Scowling, pandering,
Vicious States' rights Copperhead.

From him the decencies of life
And all its courtesies, have fled;
He lives in fretful, factious strife;
A testy, touchy Copperhead;
A negro fearing Copperhead;
A rebel cheering Copperhead;
An unlearned, unliked,
Oft spurred, oft whipped,
Doughfaced, cringing Copperhead.

When "Save the Union," was the cry,
And thousands for the Union bled,
The Nation's right he did deny
To save itself,—this Copperhead;
A Son of Liberty Copperhead;
A Golden Circle Copperhead;
A scheming, lying,
Screaming, flying,
Mean, Canadian Copperhead.

When Southern miscreants designed,
Their helpless prisoner's blood to shed
And Libby prison undermined;
Who then approved? The Copperhead;
The soldiers shooting Copperhead;
The patriot hooting Copperhead,
The war abusing,
Aid refusing,
Crime excusing Copperhead.

Who scoffed at Pillow's bloody fray,
And Andersonville's murdered dead;
Who victory's hour did long delay?
The traitorous, treacherous Copperhead.
The crime creating Copperhead;
Assassinating Copperhead;
The strife exciting,
Wrath inviting,
Death delighting Copperhead.

When widows mourned their lonely lot,
And orphan children wept their dead;
Who said their just deserts they got?
The Northern rebel Copperhead.
The widow hectoring Copperhead;
The grief deriding Copperhead;
The false, conspiring,
City firing,
Booth admiring Copperhead.

Nor woman's grief, nor orphan's tears,
Nor even a Nation's honored dead;
Are sacred from the jibes and sneers
Of every brutal Copperhead.
Each church aspersing Copperhead;
Each Union hating,
War creating,
Reputating Copperhead.

Crawl to your dunghill, viper, crawl,
For General Grant with conquering tread;
Marches to crush the thing men call,
In politics, a Copperhead;
A Democratic Copperhead;
A vile fanatic Copperhead;
A murder jeering,
Widow sneering,
Assassin cheering Copperhead.

—Ducyrus Journal.

[FOR FATHER ABRAHAM.]

Military Titles.

Titles are conferred upon persons for some service meriting distinction and honor, and are intended to mark the position in Church or State of those upon whom they are bestowed. In Church the title of D. D. is conferred upon those of the clergy who have proved their superiority in piety, learning and theology by long years of service, study and experience, while in the profession of law the possessor of L. L. D. must be one of the highest ability and success at the forum, and deepest research into the intricacies and most perfect familiarity with the subtleties of the law. Titles are supposed to be marks of well-earned honor. But of the numerous names which men in all classes of society and grades of distinction possess, none are more honorable or worthy of profound respect than those of the soldier. From corporal to general, the military title is a synonyme of high honor. It marks the man who has perilled his life for his country; it instinctively brings to the mind fields of bloody carnage, and pictures the soldier amid the blaze of cannon, the shrieks of shells, the whistle of minnie balls, and the flash of bayonets. It reveals deeds of immortal glory, of battle-fields historic, where the fate of nations was decided, and stamps those who won proud names amid such scenes of thrilling interest as men entitled to the deepest love of a people, especially when from the brave ranks of an army they fought their way, step by step, until from the captured works of the enemy they plucked the leaf or won the bright star of well deserved promotion. Military titles, thus obtained, are of priceless value; and it is with feelings of contempt that we see many men assume the insignia of honor which they never earned. Every community has its gingerbread generals, bogus brigadiers and counterfeit colonels and captains; men "who never set a squadron in the field, or the division of an army, know no more than a spinster"—who do not know the difference between a fifteen-inch columbiad and a boat howitzer, or the smell of gunpowder from the last rose of summer. Some before the

war, perhaps, pranced on foaming steeds at country battalions, where there was more brass band, epaulets, red feathers and whiskey than manual of arms, and little boys, with signals of distress flying, ran affrighted at the snorting and evorting of the "colonel's" horse, snuffing the battle afar. What chivalry then, for men who never heard a bullet whistle, to steal laurels which glory wreathes only for the hero, and to call themselves by titles which thousands won only at the price of blood and limbs, on such immortal fields as Gettysburg and the Wilderness. Public sentiment should strip such jackdaws of their borrowed plumages, or do as the animals in the fable when the ass appeared in the skin of the lion.

General Grant.

EXTRACT FROM HON. H. C. DEMING'S LIFE OF THE GREAT CHIEFTAIN.

Judged by his more words, Grant is nothing; judged by his actions, he can make no pretensions to brilliant genius, to profundity of acquirement, to erudition in any department in human thought. Nature endowed him with a strength of will, an equable temper, a sound, practical, well-balanced understanding; and nurture has contributed to develop and foster these natural endowments. From his West Point education he derived substantial and useful knowledge, and the edge and discipline which scientific and mathematical study imparted to an intellect whose native temper was for hard service rather than glittering display. His experience in the Mexican war, in frontier life, and in rough civil employment, invigorated his practical resources, familiarized him with the various phases of American character, and trained him in the homely task of American life. His hard labor in the civil war strengthened and nerved the sturdy vigor of his understanding and will, endowed him with that self-reliance which can only be acquired in its plenitude by the habitual mastery of those difficulties which are pronounced insurmountable. His varied commerce with the world, and the vicissitudes of his career, have made him thoroughly acquainted with men, and he is not easily beguiled or deceived. He has that stout independence of purpose which is not pliant to the purposes of others. There is in him naught of that vacillation or oscillation which is fatal to all earnest decision; but he makes up his mind rapidly, and forthwith bends every energy to the execution of its irreversible behests. This combination of endowments, accomplishments, experience, have invested him with that rare force and volume of power which conquers and commands success. He has strength of conviction, combined with deference for the popular will, and none of that inflexible self-sufficiency which discards the advice and scorns the opinion of others. Justice is with him a predominating attribute. He is devoted to the right, without professing any supercilious contempt for the expedient. He is faithful in his friendships; sincere in his professions; superior to all envy; generous in his appreciation and commendation of others; truthful, honorable, upright in all his dealings and converse with his fellow-men; ardent and tender in his domestic affections.

No public man who has ever lived has illustrated himself less by language, either oratoric or written. Grant must be estimated by actions alone; for what he says will never aid your comprehensions of the man. He talks and talks well, but his conversation reveals merely the surface of his mind; and what of genuine resources is in its depths, you must investigate by the process I have indicated. No one doubts that he has the tenacity of will; but I defy you to find satisfactory proof of it in any of his sayings. No one disputes his patriotism; but what ardent harangue has he ever uttered? No one fails to recognize his manly friendship for Sherman; but it is not demonstrated by the word or manner. No one disbelieves in his courage; but you will search in vain to discover it from his utterances. What there is in him as a warrior, you must study from the way in which he translated his thoughts into deeds; for you will never learn it by his speeches. What of administrative power there is in him, you must learn from the record; for you will be deceived by his professions. Meeting every emergency in the varied control he has exercised over the turbulent States and disorganized societies by the most appropriate measure of redress, he yet disclaims ability to govern. He is, in short, a man of action, and not of words. He believes in the essential equality of all mankind. And that the time is now for its embodiment into government; but we must learn this from the zealous discharge of duties which contribute to that end, instead of from any pledges which he has endorsed. He believes that which is called the "policy of the nation" should receive its direction and guidance from the Legislative, rather than the Executive branch of the government; but this is taught by his deeds, and not by his declarations, unless it may be inferred from the avowal. "No theory of my own will ever stand in the way of executing any order I may receive from those in authority over me."

Mark Twain on Female Suffrage.

"Mark Twain" writes to his "Cousin Jennie" on the subject of "Female Suffrage," as follows:

There is one insuperable obstacle in the way of female suffrage, Jennie; I approach the subject with fear and trembling, but it must out. A woman would never vote, because she would have to tell her age at the polls. And even if she did dare to vote once or twice when she was just of age, you know what dire results would flow from "putting this and that together" in after times. For instance, in an unguarded moment, Miss A. says she voted for Mr. Smith. Her auditor, who knows that it has been seven years since Smith ran for anything, easily ciphers out that she is at least seven years over age, instead of the young pullet she has been making herself out to be. No, Jennie, this new fashion of registering the name, age, residence and occupation of every voter is a fatal bar to female suffrage.

Women will never be permitted to vote or hold office, Jennie, and it is a lucky thing for me, and for many other men, that such is the decree of fate. Because, you see, there are some few measures they would all unite on—there are one or two measures that would bring out their entire voting strength, in spite of their antipathy to making themselves conspicuous; and there being vastly more women than men in the State, they would trot these measures through the Legislature with a velocity that would be alarming. For instance, they would enact:

1. That all men should be at home by ten p. m., without fail.
2. That married men should bestow considerable attention upon their wives.
3. That it should be a hanging offence to sell whiskey in saloons, and that fine and disfranchisement should follow drinking it in such places.
4. That the smoking of cigars to excess should be forbidden, and the smoking of pipes utterly abolished.
5. That the wife should have a little of her own property when she married a man who hadn't any.

Jennie, such a tyranny as this we could never stand. Our free souls could never endure such degrading thralldom. Women, go your way! Seek not to beguile us of our imperial privileges. Content yourself with your little feminine trifles—your babies, your benevolent societies, and your knitting—and let your natural bosses do the voting. Stand back! you will be wanting to go to war next. We will let you teach school as much as you want to, and we will pay you half wages for it, too, but beware! we don't want you to crowd us too much. If I get time, Cousin Jennie, I will furnish you a picture of a female Legislature that will distress you—I know, it will because you cannot disguise from me the fact that you are no more in favor of female suffrage, really, than I am.

MARK TWAIN.

General McPherson's Opinion of Grant.

The gallant General McPherson, in a letter written but a short time before his death on the field of battle, expressed the following opinion of General Grant: General U. S. Grant I regard as one of the most remarkable men of our country. Without aspiring to be a genius, or possessing those characteristics which impress one forcibly at first sight, his sterling good sense, calm judgment, and persistency of purpose more than compensate for those dashing, brilliant qualities which are apt to captivate at a first glance. To know and appreciate General Grant fully, one ought to be a member of his military family. Though possessing a remarkable reticence as far as military operations are concerned, he is frank and affable, converses well, and has a peculiarly retentive memory. When not oppressed with the cares of his position, he is very fond of talking, telling anecdotes, &c. His purity of character is unimpeachable, and his patriotism of the most exalted kind. He is generous to a fault, humane and true, and a steadfast friend to those whom he deems worthy of his confidence, he can always be relied on in case of emergency.

"G. C."

There has been a great speculation among the country people in regard to the cabalistic letters which have appeared upon the wings of the locusts at their different advents. Happily we are now prepared to settle this question, for the present, at least. It is this, the G and C, so universally seen on the wings of locusts hereabout, are the initials of Grant and Colfax. This is a most startling and wholesome revelation, when we take into consideration the marvelous revelations made by these singular little insects in the past. In 1783 they appeared with a W on their wings, which indicated the election of the illustrious Washington to the Presidency; in 1800 they wore an M, which predicted the election of James Madison; and in 1817, again an M, which indicated James Monroe; in 1834 it was pretty badly mixed, owing to "Matty Van" and others, but in 1851 they came out strong with a P which pointed to Pierce, and now in 1868, the G and the C settle the question.

How the Good Templars Initiate Candidates.

The following must have been written by a chap who got drunk on lager beer without knowing it would intoxicate. It refers to a lodge of Good Templars. It is a graphic description of an "initiating ceremony" as the writer understands it:

In the first place the victim for initiation is blindfolded, hands and feet, and thrown into a cauldron of boiling hot rain water and boiled for five minutes. This is done for the purpose of clearing his system of "old drunks."

He is then taken out of the cauldron and by means of a force pump gorged with cistern water, after which a sealing plaster is put over his mouth, and he is rolled in a barrel four or five times across the room.

The choir at the same time sings the Cold Water Song.

He is now taken out of the barrel and hung up by the heels till the water runs out through his ears.

He is then cut down and a beautiful young lady hands him a glass of cistern water.

A cold water bath is then furnished him, after which he is showered with cistern water.

He is then made to read the Water Works act ten times, drinking a glass of cistern water between each reading.

After which the old oaken bucket is hung around his neck and fifteen sisters with squirt guns deluge him with cistern water.

He is then forced to eat a peck of snow while the brothers stick his ears full of icicles.

He is then run through a clothes-wringer, after which he is handed a glass of cistern water by a beautiful young lady.

He is then gorged again with cistern water, his boots filled with the same, and he is laid away in a refrigerator.

The initiation is now almost concluded. After remaining in the refrigerator for the space of half an hour, he is taken out and given a glass of water, run through the clothes-wringer, and becomes a Good Templar.

Observation.

An old man of very acute physiognomy, answering to the name of Jacob Wilmot, was brought before the court. His clothes looked as though they might have been bought second-handed in his prime, for they had suffered more from the rubs of the world than the proprietor himself.

"What business?"

"None; I am a traveler."

"A vagabond, perhaps!"

"You are not far from right. Travelers and vagabonds are about the same thing. The difference is that the latter travel without money, the former without brains."

"Where have you traveled?"

"All over the continent."

"For what purpose?"

"Observation."

"What have you observed?"

"A little to commend, much to censure and very much to laugh at."

"Humph! What do you commend?"

"A handsome woman who will stay at home; an eloquent preacher who will preach short sermons; a good writer who will not write too much; and a fool who has sense enough to hold his tongue."

"What do you censure?"

"A man that marries a girl for her fine clothing; a youth who studies medicine while he has the use of his hands; and the people who will elect a drunkard."

"Who do you laugh at?"

"I laugh at a man who expects his position to command that respect which his personal merits and qualities do not merit."

He was dismissed.

Courting Sunday Night.

We do love an effecting "pome;" one that brings tears to eyes—"all unused to the melting mood;" that takes one back again to his "bread and butter" days, when his own Anglyne was the gayest gal in the world. After the author of the following was smiled on by his affinity, he started to go away; the big dog was chained, but broke loose, and tore the gallyunt troubador and lover all to pieces. Moral—Never write pomes or go courting any gal on Sunday night, if her pa owns a big dog:

I dearly luv the singing bird,
And little buzzin' B;
But deerer far than all the world
Is thy sweet voice to me.
O! very deep is daddy's well,
And deeper is the sea—
But deeper in my barmus is
The luv I bare for thee.
Then smile on me deer Anglyne,
To make my heart feel light,
Chain the big dog and I will cum
A cortin Sunday nite.

DON'T SLEEP, GENTLEMEN.—A wide-awake minister, who found his congregation going to sleep before he had fairly commenced, suddenly stopped and exclaimed: "Brethren, this isn't fair; it isn't giving a man half a chance. Wait till I get along a piece, and if I ain't worth listening to, go to sleep; but don't begin to snore before I get commenced; give a man a chance."