

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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SEYMOUR'S nomination is an affront to every Union soldier, an insult to the faded memory of every dead hero, and a challenge to every loyal man. If the Copperheads in this burden, we find no fault with it.

Miscellaneous.

"Match Him."

Grant, the hero's on the course,
Match him, match him;
Democrats from any source:
Match him if you can.
You are sure to meet the wall,
In the vote the coming fall—
Grant is bound to beat you all,
Match him if you can.
"See, the conquering hero comes,"
Match him, match him;
Sound your trumpets, beat your drums,
Match him if you can.
Unpretending, full revealed,
Firm as on the battle-field—
"Forward, boys, we'll never yield,"
Match him if you can.
"Peace" surrounds our candidate,
Match him, match him;
"Hope" is knocking at the gate,
Match him if you can.
Choose from Democratic "stars,"
Heroes of the triple bars—
We present the "Son of Mars"—
Match him if you can.
"Boys in blue" the challenge fling,
Match him, match him;
Echo makes the welkin ring,
"Match him if you can."
Crippled by the rebel's hate,
Taunted in a Northern State,
They present a candidate,
Match him if you can.
Grant's the man to "fight it out,"
Match him, match him;
He will put the foe to rout,
"Match him if you can."
Grant is on a mission bent
To the White House from the tent—
Grant shall be our President,
Match him if you can.

Brick Pomeroy on the Blairs.

A COPPERHEAD OPINION OF THEIR CANDIDATE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.

The *La Crosse Democrat*, the leading expounder of Copperheadism, and the favorite of the *dile* of "Democracy" in Lancaster, is heavy on the Blairs in its issue of July 6th. We give a few specimen bricks:

"To have one of that pestilent Blair family talking thus orally about the affairs of the Democratic party is the most impudent thing of the day. What have the Blairs in common with the Democratic party? Old Blair has been virulently working against it, and doing it all the harm in his power, for more than twenty years, and during all this time—embracing the whole of their political lives—the young Blairs have been ready and active co-workers with their father in feeding his hate and ministering to his thirst of vengeance against the Democratic party."

"The military member of the Blair family made his first demonstration in the field by leading his regiment of brutal ruffians against the unarmed populace of St. Louis, indiscriminately shooting down, in the crowded streets, men, women and children, murdering by wholesale an unoffending population, and committing a deed of cruelty blacker and more unparadonable than any of which the infamous Suwarrow was ever guilty, and, in contrast with which, the acts of woman-whipping Haynau, whom the sturdy and indignant brewers of London so mercilessly hooted and pelted, appear decent and humane."

"The elder Blair, like a spirit of evil, thrusting himself into the dark conclaves of the conspirators against public liberty, and instigating the wasting and destroying of the South for grudges of well-nigh forty years' standing, conceived and cherished because her leading men—Calhoun, McDuffie, Rowan, Bibb, Tazewell, Troup, Davis and others—always scorned him as a mercenary adventurer, and refused to recognize him in society."

"It is this Blair family, whose history is thus truthfully sketched, which now claims position and a vote in the Democratic party, and even assumes to dictate its nomination. In fact, it has the modesty to claim the nomination for one of its own members—the butcher of St. Louis—the nice young gentleman who so adroitly balanced between the Speakership and a Brigadier Generalship, and to whom Lincoln so kindly tossed the latter when the former was not to be caught."

"Has the Democratic party fallen so low as to be used by such creatures? Is it so craven as to allow such fellows to say what it shall do or what it shall not do? Think of it! Look it over! O, the sublimity of this fellow's conceit!"

And thus Brick "pitches in" generally. This is the picture presented to the *Ku Klux*, Copperhead, rebel "Democracy," of its candidate for Vice-President, by its leading organ, so much admired and patronized by the party all over the country. The party has "fallen so low" as to nominate Frank Blair, and Brick Pomeroy is low enough to swallow the dose, for nothing is too nasty for a Copperhead rebel "Democratic" stomach.

An Astonished Husband.

One night recently, as Mrs. Esther Stansbury was about to bring a bucket of water from the hydrant, she found a basket suspended from the knob of the front door. Putting her hand into the basket, she felt something alive and kicking, but so enveloped in rags that no further dis-

covery could be made without unwrapping the object. A piece of paper folded like a letter lay by the side of the animated bundle. Mrs. Stansbury immediately turned into the house, and by the light of the lamp she examined the billet. It was addressed to her husband. She tremulously broke the seal and read as follows:

TO JOE STANSBURY—SIR: I send you the baby, which you will please to take good care of, and bring up right, so that it may turn out to be a better man than its daddy. (Oh! Joseph! what a silly old rube you are! who would think that such a staid, sober old spindle shank could be such a sinner? The child is yours. You may swear to that. Look at it—it is Joe Stansbury all over. You have deceived me shamefully, Joseph, letting on to be a widower, but do a father's part toward the young one and I'll forgive you.
Your heart-broken
NANCY.

P. S.—Don't let that sharp nosed wife of yours see this letter. Gammon her with some kind of a story about the baby.

Mr. Stansbury was in the kitchen, quietly eating his supper, and little imagining what a storm was brewing over his head. The door was violently thrown open, and Mrs. S.'s voice yelled:

"Stansbury, you villain, come here; here's a mess for you!"
The astonished Stansbury hastily washed his mouth and obeyed the summons.
"Don't you want to see Nancy, the heart-broken Nancy?" cried Mrs. Stansbury.
"Nancy! what Nancy's that?" said the sly old rogue, in well-feigned perplexity.

"Why, Nancy, the mother of the baby that's been hung at your door, Mr. Stansbury. Oh, you look mighty innocent; but just read that letter and then look in that basket. Don't be afraid, it won't bite—it's got no teeth, poor thing! you'll know it; for as your hussy says it's just like you all over. Please goodness, I'll expose you before everybody."

In less than five minutes Mrs. Stansbury had collected a room full of spectators to witness the unwrapping of the baby. Anxious expectations sat on every countenance as the jealous lady tore away rag after rag from the body of the foundling, the vigorous movements of which astonished everybody.

"It is full of the devil already," said Mrs. S., "that shows it is his; you'll see that it is like him in every thing."
At last the swaddling clothes being removed, out jumped the baby and made its escape through the open door. It was a large tom cat. The Stansbury's had been victimized by a practical joke.

Boys in Blue.

The following stirring address has been issued by the Soldiers' Republican organization of this State, which has already commenced its labors, and will be heard from in due time:

HEADQUARTERS SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' STATE CENTRAL COMMITTEE, 105 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, July 6, 1868.

COMRADES: When the rebel armies were overthrown and the rebel leaders forgiven by our magnanimous Chief, the whole world wondered at the generosity which pardoned men guilty of so great a crime. The least we expected was that the Government for which we had fought, and for which so many had given up their lives, was secured against the possibility of another conspiracy. But, warned by history and taught by our own experience among the misguided people of the South, we maintained our organizations, and now, in the forefront of the wisdom of that decision. So thoroughly have our military brethren re-iterated themselves, that only a few who wore the Union blue can be induced to join the ranks of the rebel Democracy. Our camps extend east and west, from the Atlantic to the Pacific; and there is not a veteran who does not realize that the public danger may once more call him to the field. The alarming spectacle of a formal combination between the two great columns of treason—the rebel army of the South and the rebel sympathizers of the North—is the living proof of great impending calamities. These desperate men—the one side still vaunting their treason against the country, and the other still boasting of the aid and comfort extended to them—profess to be confident of success in the approaching election. The animosity they bore to our beloved Commander-in-Chief—now the candidate of the great Republican party—survives the hollow gratitude with which they hailed his liberal terms of peace; and now, remembering only that he struck them in the field, and coldly forgetting how he forgave their great offence, they are toiling with superhuman energy to defeat him for the Presidency, and to place in that high office a fit successor of its present guilty occupant. Their hatred of Grant extends to all of our heroic leaders, with one or two exceptions. The only offence of these accomplished soldiers is their fidelity to the country for which they fought. Gen. George H. Thomas in Tennessee, Gen. Irwin McDowell in Mississippi, Gen. George G. Meade in Georgia, General Canby in South Carolina, and Gen. Reynolds in Texas, with their predecessors, Sheridan, Sickles, Pope, Swayne and Mower, are prescribed and slandered like common felons, while every Union man in the South, black and white, is subjected to inconceivable cruelty and oppression. This wholesale malevolence, looking directly to the restoration of the rebel government, teaches us not only the wisdom and justice of our organization, but invokes us to renewed

efforts in favor of Grant and Colfax, the standard bearers of the Republican party, and for our gallant comrades, Hartranft and Campbell, our standard bearers in the State contest.

The fundamental ideas of this rebel combination are that nothing has been gained by the success of our arms, but that everything has been lost. To forget the sanctified dead, to ignore and outrage the gallant living, and to remember and reward those only whose crimes in any other nation would have been punished by death or confiscation, is the inspiring motive of our adversaries. What American citizen does not feel the insult? What American citizen does not burn to resent it? Instead of cordially submitting to the laws passed by overwhelming Congressional majorities, and carried into effect for the grand purpose of reorganizing the South upon the basis of equal justice and equal rights, our recent adversaries openly threaten a new resort to arms.

At no period in the rebellion have they been at once so defiant and so cruel. Unwed in antagonism to the laws, to the national credit, to the national currency, to the public peace, and to those great principles for which we contended, and succeeded in maintaining, they only appeal to the people and ask a verdict in favor of their incredible crimes. Speaking now for the returned volunteers of Pennsylvania, who were disfranchised by the Democracy, we solemnly renew our devotion to our beloved country, and assert, not simply our readiness to support our candidates at the ballot-box, but our determination, at all times, to march to our Government's defence against her enemies.

By order of the Committee,
CHAS. H. T. COLLIS, Chairman.
A. L. RUSSELL, Secretary.

A Nest of Unclean Birds.

A true Democrat, in returning from New York, said that at no time since 1860, has the city of New York been so disgraced by a set of corrupt and treasonable politicians like the National Convention. He said he returned home disgusted with the whole affair. To use his own words:

"I have waited and watched for some sign of patriotism among them, but in vain. I thought as the Democratic delegates were to meet in our great metropolis, they would be impelled to take a broad and liberal departure from old sins and heresies; that they would cut loose from the corpse of their rotten and wretched past, and, by selecting a statesman of enlarged and comprehensive brain and purpose, outbid the Republicans for the command of the future. Instead of this, I find that the convention is simply a roost of the foul birds of secession and treason. Mr. Belmont's speech was in execrable taste—bad in temper and worse in doctrine—and Gov. Seymour's even more offensive. Not a line of denunciation of the horrible crime of the rebellion appears in either. And notice that bold traitors like Wade Hampton and the ruffian Forrest are not only applauded in the Copperhead newspapers, but fawned upon by the delegates, as if they were superior beings instead of superior ingrates to country and to manhood. But, worse than all, every speech and the platform point directly to reprobation. How different from the manly and fearless tones of the Republicans at Chicago! Now, I tell you I can't stand this, and I won't."

And that is the way with many others of the party who were not at New York. We have heard many Democrats denounce the platform, and declare that they would not support its nominees. So we go. Republicans! ON TO VICTORY!

The Home of General Grant.

The home of General Grant is an agreeable one to the visitor, and plainly shows the nature and taste of the occupant. Tall walnut book cases surround three sides of the library. Everything relating to the business of war is there, and histories in abundance. The usual display of fiction, essays, biography, philosophy, and works of general information and reference line the shelves. On the mantle is a cigar stand, a bronzed statue of a drummer, and another of a bugler. Engravings of Washington, Lincoln, Sherman and Sheridan, and several photographs of Rogers' statuettes are the only pictures in the room. Easy chairs and lounges are placed carelessly about the room, and the library is without doubt the most cheerful and inviting apartment in the house. A miniature saddle and trappings, in bronze and silver, is fastened to cross sabres of the same metal. A bronze drum rests beside a stack of six-inch muskets; a cigar case from the home of Burns; a half dozen curiously formed and elaborately decorated pipes and cigar-holders; powder-horns mounted in gold and silver, each having its separate history, and a hundred rare little articles of vertu adorn the tables and mantles. On a side table, in tin boxes, are the five military commissions of colonel, brigadier general, major general, lieutenant general, and general, with the parchments of brevet ranks which Grant has received. Some very costly albums, prayer books and bibles are also upon the table. An oil painting of Sheridan and one of McPherson are prominently hung in the parlors, and a marble bust and engraving of President Lincoln are also conspicuous.

A Car Incident.

Going to Brooklyn one day, I took a car at a time when it was the fullest. A boy of eighteen or so sat reading in the corner opposite. From the cap he wore and the erect carriage of his shoulders I fancied he had been in the army. While I sat looking at him, an old colored woman got in. Two gentlemen had given their places to white ladies, but none of the five seated gentlemen offered the old woman a seat. She was very black and shabby, but the ugly face was kind and patient, and the poor clothes were neat. I was about to offer my seat, when the boy glanced up, rose instantly, and beckoning, said respectfully:

"Here's a place, ma'am."
She took it with a motherly "thanky, dear, thanky," and seated herself with a sigh of satisfaction. Two girls looked at one another and giggled, but stopped suddenly with an altered look when they saw what none of us had observed before, that the youth was lame. As he arranged his crutch the old gentleman next me bobbed up in an impetuous way which made me suspect that he was a little ashamed of himself.
"Hope you musn't stand; sit down, sit down," he said.

"Certainly not, sir. I can stand perfectly well;" and the boy looked down at his book, coloring a little under the four and-twenty pair of eyes fixed on him. The old gentleman wouldn't sit down, and glancing at the boy's cap, he said:
"You've been in the army?"
"I was at Wagner."
"Got wounded there?" said the old man.
"Lost my foot, sir."

Up I got, and insisted that he should sit down. But he laughingly refused, saying he was going to get out; and with a military salute he left the car. It was curious to see how carefully the ladies drew their skirts out of his way; and how respectfully a man opened the door for him, and how gratefully the colored woman's eyes followed him.—*Harper's Magazine for February.*

General Grant's Family.

In the very best of the short biographies of Grant printed since his nomination for President, (that of Gen. James G. Wilson) we find the following: "As whatever appertains to the illustrious soldier is of universal interest, we must pause for a moment, and devote a paragraph to his family. His eldest son, Frederick, a youth of eighteen, is now a cadet at West Point, where Admiral Farragut's son is also being educated, and is the bold little fellow who accompanied his father throughout the Vicksburg campaign. Another son, some fifteen years of age, is named Ulysses, and his only daughter, called Nellie, is a sunny dispositioned and merry young lady, whom everybody loves; while the youngest son, known as Jesse, and we presume named after his worthy grandfather, is a bright lad, who sometimes appears dressed in Highland costume, the garb of his Gaelic ancestors. The family therefore consists of the General and Mrs. Grant, three sons, and their only daughter, Miss Nellie."

ANDERSONVILLE PRISON.—The stockade is standing, as at the close of the war, except here and there a log rotted off and fallen to the ground. Decay is doing its rapid work, and in a few years not a log will be standing to mark the spot where so many noble men starved and died. Time and the negroes too, are rapidly changing the inside of the pen. The cabins have been torn in pieces for the sake of the wood which they contained, and the excavations in the side hill, on the north, have mostly fallen in, softened by the rain and the frosts. The wells alone, forty of them, which our boys dug in search of water, remain as they were, and only too forcibly remind one of the terrible battle they fought for life. But though they went down into the earth eighty feet in some instances, yet they seldom found the treasure which they sought.

WHEN Jeff. Davis denounced Abraham Lincoln as a tyrant and despot, the Democrats echoing his words said: "Abraham Lincoln is a tyrant and a despot." Jeff. Davis ridiculed the greenbacks. So did the Democrats. At last, Jeff. Davis said: "You can never conquer the South." And then the Democrats met in Convention at Chicago, at the very crisis of our national agony, when we had 600,000 men in the field or dying in the hospitals, who were calling to us, "Give us aid, send down more men; we will die here, so that the nation shall live." And the answer came down from the Chicago Convention, "You cannot put down the Rebellion; we declare that the war is a failure; and we demand a cessation of hostilities."

ALL that is necessary to make us victorious, North and South, is to show that the movement of the rebel Democracy simply to restore the rebel government to overthrow the acts of reconstruction, and to encourage repudiation.