

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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In Washington Congressional circles a member from Ohio asked a Democratic member from Indiana how they came to nominate so unpopular a ticket.—"H-s-s-h!" said the Indian—"Don't! you are treading on a new-made grave!"

Miscellaneous.

Campaign Song—Grant.

AIR—RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

Hail to Grant, the victorious chieftain, The choice of the loyal and true, The hero, the soldier, and statesman, Whom treason could never subdue; Thy fame is enshrined in glory, As dear as our own native land, And freedom's proud page of history, Points to Union, Victory and Grant.

CHORUS:

Then bring out the flag of our Union, That we wrested from traitorous hands; We have borne it in peace and thro' battle, And we'll bear it to victory with Grant.

Though partizan hands may endeavor To slander and sully thy name, The cohorts of treason can never Tear the wreath from the warrior's fame.

Fairest star in the bright constellation Of heroes thy victory made, While the sun sheds its rays o'er our nation, Thy memory never will fade.

When the treacherous hand of disunion O'er mountains, o'er valleys and flood, And assassins in banded communion, Had darkened our rivers with blood;

In this night of our great tribulation, When hope filled the warrior's breast, A meteor of freedom's salvation, Illumined the sky of the West.

The echo of Donelson's thunder, Brought visions of hope to the world, And millions in joy filled with wonder Saw our banner o'er Richmond unfurled, While anthems from ocean to ocean, Went up in one glorious chant, Huzza for the hero of Vicksburg, Union, Victory and Grant.

—West Branch Bulletin.

"ALMOST AT THE TOP"

A SOLDIER ON SEYMOUR—SPEECH OF GEN. WOODFORD.

At the Academy of Music, in Brooklyn, the other evening, Gen. Woodford, who was evidently suffering from a recent sickness, was received with enthusiastic cheering, and notwithstanding his weak bodily condition, spoke with intense energy and fire. We regret that our limits exclude the whole speech. We make some extracts:

"I wish I could justly close these words without reference to Horatio Seymour. But fidelity alike to history and to my old comrades in the army, living and dead, compel that I should speak of one passage in his history. On the Fourth of July, 1863, when Governor of the State, he stood at the Academy of Music, in New York, and in a most elaborate address apologized for slavery, the South and the Rebellion. He had no word of cheer for the patient man who was bearing the nation's sorrow (cheers) in the Capitol at Washington. He had no word of encouragement for our gallant soldiers, who that very hour were grappling with Lee in a life and death struggle among the hills in Pennsylvania (cheers and cries of 'You're right!'); nothing but icy sneers, but cold calculations, and but ill concealed sympathy with treason. Thank God, at that same hour Meade gave the lie to his eloquent sophistry as he hurled Lee back in terrible defeat from Cemetery Hill and Round Top at Gettysburg, and Grant's cannon made strange echo to his cowardly but concealed appeals for compromise and surrender as Vicksburg fell and Pemberton's host cast down their flags in defeat.

"A few short days passed, and on July 13 of that same year the terrible draft riots broke out in New York city. I charge that these riots were the natural, logical and almost necessary results of his speeches, his teachings, and his public official acts. And then when the storm had gathered, he addressed those maddened, brutalized rioters as his 'friends,' and besought their patience by the plea that he had sent his Adjutant-General to Washington to beg that the draft might be suspended. (Laughter, hisses and cheers.) When the tidings of these riots and of Seymour's conduct and speech reached me, with my regiment, I was toiling along a dusty road of Maryland in pursuit of the retreating rebels. Fainting under the terrible heat, some falling and even dying by the wayside, our men were still pressing on.

"The loyal arms had been victorious at Gettysburg, and we had heard the glad news from Vicksburg. We were weary, but still we could see the end and the victory drawing nigh. Like thunder from a clear sky fell the tidings of this cowardly uprising at our own homes against the government and the flag. Strong men wept with shame and rage. Fire lips closed in a fiercer wrath as they whispered the news down the ranks, and muskets were gripped with a vengeful feeling such as we had not known before in skirmish and battle. Could we have filed that day into Broadway there would have been a bloody reckoning, and short work would have been made with His Excellency's special friends."

[A sudden movement was here visible through the whole audience; an instant afterwards an electrical cheer burst from every part of the building; many people stood up, and handkerchiefs and hats were waved at the speaker.] We had left home to fight your battles, and we felt that you were bound to tax yourselves, if need be, to your last dollar to pension our widows, to succor our wounded, and feed our little ones. We were there just as much for your sake as for our own, and we felt that when our ranks grew thin we had a right to reinforcements; that you were bound in honor to send us your young men and your strong men, even if your old men and boys had to work your

factories and your women had to till the fields. We were terribly in earnest. We were fighting rebels. We meant to stand up to our work, and we very solemnly intended that you should stand squarely up to yours. (Cheers.) How reverently we thanked God, when the good Lincoln and the lion-hearted Stanton said the draft shall be enforced. And how we cheered the soldiers who were sent from our midst to enforce the law and uphold the honor of our flag against the Northern mob.

"You can now understand how we soldiers felt towards his Excellency, Horatio Seymour. In the hour of our sorrow and weariness he had no encouragement for us, no faith in our courage, and no faith in the final victory. Now in our triumph, when the flag streams out on every breeze and all our land is one again, we have no need for thee, Horatio Seymour. Let Southern Rebels shout thy praise; let the burners of orphan asylums, and the deserter, and the skulker from the draft, twine laurels for thy brows; we will stand by the old flag, all battle-scarred, but glorious in victory, while we follow the great captain of our armies, our own Ulysses Grant.

"At the battle of Lookout Mountain, as following the line of fire, our surgeon climbed up the lilly steep, they met four soldiers coming down and carrying in a blanket a shapless mass. Laying their burden tenderly down, they asked the doctor to look at their wounded color sergeant. His shoulder and forearm had been torn away by a shell.

"The surgeon knelt, and putting the hair back from his mainly brow, asked, 'My brave fellow, where were you hit?' His eye un-closed for a moment, as he faintly answered: 'Almost at the top.'" "No, no, my good man, whereabouts are you wounded?" Again his dying eye opened, again his pale lips moved, and he whispered: "I was almost at the top, sir, bearing the flag, when the shell struck me. One moment more and I should have been clear up." He gave one gasp, and his brave spirit was gone forever. [Exclamations.]

"And so, dear friends, it is with us today. We are almost at the top. In faith and love we have carried the dear old flag for four long years of struggle, until now we are above the clouds, fighting as Joe Hooker fought up in the clear sunlight of absolute justice and right. Only once more close up the ranks. Only once more press up the northern slope, and we shall plant our dear old flag clear upon the mountain top of a final victory for liberty and the rights of man."

Let any true soldier, or soldier's friend, or lover of his country, read the above, and then vote for Horatio Seymour, if he can!

A Missouri Paper on Blair.

The Democrats seem to be disgusted with their nomination for President, and satisfied that the game was lost, for nobody wanted to be Vice-President but Gen. Blair, and the whole convention was willing to let the tail go with the hide. It must be confessed they could not have done a better thing—for the Radicals. If we cannot beat Blair, the revolutionist, with his proposal to disperse State Governments by armed force fresh in mind, we cannot beat anybody. In this State his nomination will add five thousand to our majority. Perhaps it may help the ticket in Kentucky or Maryland, but we doubt it.

General Blair was once an honored name in this State. Greater credit is given him elsewhere, it is true, for the course of Missouri in the early years of the struggle, than he really deserves, and yet, in kindly recollection of his admitted services, the Radicals of this State have never wished to lessen the respect which others might feel for him, and have regretted to see it lessened by his own conduct. Perhaps it is enough to point to the record. How much influence Gen. Blair ever exerted is perhaps sufficiently shown by the fact that after he and his friends, the Blair faction or Claybanks, chose to desert the Radical party, that party, nevertheless, moved on with solid front to more complete victories over the Democrats and Blair than it had ever won, with his aid, over the Democrats alone. What the Radicals in this State have accomplished, they have done, with General Blair, backed by the whole power of the Federal Administration, fighting them with all the desperation of a ruined political gambler. For he is a political gambler, as reckless, and now in his ruin as desperate, as can be found in the land. Sober men at the East have asked with wonder whether the revolutionary letter recently printed could possibly have come from Frank Blair. But those who know him better have long ago ceased to be surprised at the manifestations of a desperation which borders on political insanity.

By his letter and his nomination, General Blair renders the only service now in his power to the party which he has so long tried to destroy. Long ago he learned that the proud boast, "I made it; I can crush it!" was not easy of fulfillment. Today, he has reached the point, that, in Missouri at least, he can help any party by being a candidate against it. For that last service to the Radicals of Missouri, and for a letter which will tell the whole country what manner of man the Democrats have nominated for Vice President, we heartily thank him.—St. Louis Democrat.

Grant's Way of Expressing Great Truths.

Gen. Grant, though not a politician, has a parenthetical way of stating great truths and sententious facts which is remarkable.

As early as the second year of the war, in a letter to Mr. Washburne, he writes: "I never was an abolitionist—not even what could be called anti-slavery—but I tried to judge fairly and honestly, and it became patent to my mind early in the rebellion that the North and South could never live in peace with each other except as one nation, and that without slavery."

And again: "As anxious as I am to see peace established, I would not therefore be willing to see any settlement until this question is settled."

In his correspondence with President Johnson in reference to the removal of General Sheridan from the district of Louisiana, he says: "This is a republic where the will of the people is the law of the land. I beg that their voice may be heard."

In his speech to the committee appointed to inform him of his nomination, he said: "If chosen President, I shall have no policy of my own to enforce against the will of the people."

In his letter accepting the Republican nomination, he says: "Purely administrative officers should always be left to execute the will of the people. I have always respected that will and always shall."

These are only samples of General Grant's manner of expressing great truth, culled at random from our files; but they are "apples of gold in pictures of silver," and show to the people the manner of man he is.

In his general order to his soldiers, after the capture of General Lee, in referring to the enforcement of the emancipation proclamation, he calls "Slavery the cause and pretext of the rebellion."

In his famous letter to the President, while acting as Secretary of War *ad interim*, he says: "I stated that the law was binding upon me, constitutional or not, until set aside by the proper tribunal," a doctrine that will do to stand by.

In his testimony before the impeachment committee, he says: "I have always been attentive to my own duties, and tried not to interfere with other people's." And again, "I never was in favor of a general amnesty until the time should come when it would be safe to give it."

THE CLERGY IN VACATION.—The following notice in a Brooklyn paper indicates a bad spell as well as a hot spell: NOTICES.—This here plains is klosed for repairs onto the preacher. His voice is gin eout, and we've sent him to Sarytogy to recouper it on full pay. Siners under konviciousm is respectfully requested to adjourn to Sarytogy, ef tha hez the stamps. Ef not, to hold their hosses till the fall term. Ef tha konklude to die in the meantime, our preacher will make it awl rite with 'im in the next world.

THE DEMOCRACY REALLY HAVE NO HOPE OF DEFEATING GRANT. After their "four years of failure" to beat him on the field of battle, they know perfectly well it is useless to try it at the ballot-box.

General Grant's Way.

A letter of Gov. Yates, of Illinois, pointedly contradicting the assertion that the colonelcy of a regiment of volunteers, which he (Yates) conferred on the Galena tanner, was ever sought by the latter, invites attention to a phase of Gen. Grant's character which is quite unlike that of some other officers of our late War.

From the beginning to the end of that struggle, Ulysses S. Grant rose through every grade known to our service. A poor, obscure, friendless citizen, he volunteered at the outset, and was chosen captain of a company. He was soon made Adjutant; then Colonel; then Brigadier General; then Major General; then Lieutenant General; finally General-in-Chief. Yet nobody ever heard of his asking for a better post. In every case of his promotion, he took the position wherein he was wanted—not one ever heard of his wanting a better one than he already had. "Friend, come up higher," was the mandate addressed to this lowly servant of the Republic—not that he wanted promotion, but that the country sorely needed the right man in the right place.

Again: We had officers perpetually quarrelling, grumbling, fretting, in view of their treatment by their superiors. They were not promoted so fast as they deserved to be—or they had fewer men than they needed—or they were not put in command of divisions or corps that should have been confided to them. One General assumed to lecture the President on the civil or political policy that should govern the conduct of the war; on another occasion, he complained at Washington that part of his men broke creditably. General Bragg, when utterly routed by Grant at Mission Ridge, complained that his men ran and left their cannon to be captured, when they should have fought and saved them. Several professed a willingness to fight if the war was conducted in accordance with their notions; if not, they wouldn't. Grant, on the other hand, never complained of ill usage by the Government or bad behavior on the part of his men—always seems to be satisfied with both; and, if ever dissatisfied, is silent. He favored no "policy" but the crushing out of the rebellion. He had no conception of duty that led him to regard the Federal Executive with distrust or disfavor. In short, Grant quietly received his orders, and to the extent of his ability, executed them. It will be the fault of the people if this species of generalship is not more common hereafter.—Tribune.

THE ELECTORAL COLLEGE.

For the benefit of those who may not already know, we give the following statement of the votes in the Electoral College, and the number of votes necessary to a choice:

Table with 2 columns: STATES ADMITTED, and number of votes. Lists states from Alabama to Wisconsin with their respective electoral votes.

Table with 2 columns: STATES NOT ADMITTED, and number of votes. Lists Mississippi, Texas, and Virginia with their respective electoral votes.

Whole number..... 317
Necessary to a choice..... 159

THE VALUE OF THE DOG FOR WATCH PURPOSES was recently presented in a new light. According to the Richmond Dispatch, Jim Patterson, a venerable mulatto, in discussing the important question, "which is most dangerous dogs or guns?" before a negro debating society at White Sulphur, spoke as follows:

"Mr. President—Dose gentlemen what has spoken differ from me on dis subject. I think dogs is much more dangerous dan guns. Spos'n you set loaded guns all around Dry Creek, der ain't gwine off se'n somebody pull de trigger; but dars Mars Ed. Caldwell's Cesar, he gwine off wheder you pull him or not; and no nigger ain't gwine dar while he's dar. Dat, in my mind, settles de qestion."

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