

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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THE Democrats of Brockport recently attempted to ratify the New York nomination, but Blair was too strong a dose, and the resolution endorsing him was voted down, when the meeting broke up by common consent.

Miscellaneous.

Campaign Song of 1868.

WE'LL MOVE ON THE ENEMY'S WORKS AGAIN.

Our colors are out, and in letters of gold,
The names of our heroes we blazon;
Ulysses the soldier and Schuyler the bold,
Both haters of traitors and treason.
Long and well has their courage and wisdom
been tried.

They have always been true to the people,
And our tanner will tan every Copperhead hide,
And hang it on liberty's steeple.

Hurrah! boys, hurrah! from Texas to Maine,
Three cheers and a tiger for chorus;
We'll move on the enemy's works again,
With the hero of Vicksburg before us.

We're bound for the White House, we've
rented the place,
Old Andy, the traitor, must travel;
And whoever may try to run in the race,
We'll beat him with Colfax's gavel.

We're tired of wakes and of firemen's rows,
And the ramble of whiskey-ring leeches,
And we won't have a fellow in Uncle Sam's
house.

Who swings round the circle with speeches,
Hurrah! boys, hurrah! &c.

Then hang out your banners and sing your
best songs,
Let the drums and cannon all rattle;
We know very well where the victory belongs,
When Ulysses goes down to the battle.

We'll clean out the rebels and all their allies,
Ku-Kluxers and all other Klanners,
And when at the polls such tyranny dies,
We'll sing as we set up our banners.

Hurrah! boys, hurrah! &c.

Timely Rhymes.

Sing a song of Seymour,

And Blair full of rye;

Every Tammany Injun's

Finger's in the pie.

When the pie is opened

Little birds will sing,

"Seymour, Seymour wants to be,

But never will be king."

Blair in the wigwam,

Feeling very frisky,

Full of high ambition

(Seymour for whiskey);

Seymour out doors

Showing off his clothes,

'Long comes Ulysses Grant

And nips off his nose.

PEACE OR WAR.

COPPERHEADS SKINNED!—THEIR POSITION EXPLAINED BY SENATOR NYE.

On the 10th of July, 1868, Senator Nye, of Nevada, made a speech in the U. S. Senate, in which he literally skinned the Copperheads and their rebel allies. He paid his respects particularly to that noted rebel, Davis of Kentucky. We have room only for a few extracts:

I am not willing to let go unchallenged the things that have come from the honorable Senator from Kentucky. While he has been speaking I have thought whether there should not be a change in the form of the Lord's Prayer in Kentucky: "Give us this day our daily bread, if sistent with the Constitution; but be sure, O Lord, give us white bread made for white men." That form, I think, would be adapted to the creed which the honorable Senator has just proposed.

I recollect very distinctly hearing the Senator denounce the Democracy in more unmeasured terms than he is capable of denouncing the Republican party. They had beaten his pet, Mr. Clay, and he never has forgiven them. He came here at the commencement of this rebellion a strong Union man; and he says now that he hugs to his very soul a platform that disunionists have made. I merely suggest these things to show that where next he may be found, the Lord only knows, in the new catechism which Kentucky may put forth. He has spoken of the barbarities of some negro chieftain, whose name I did not understand, of whom we read. And yet those barbarities pale into insignificance in comparison with the butchery of Forrest at Fort Pillow; and he was one of the men who made the platform that my honorable friend loves so.

Mr. President, the honorable Senator says that the Republican party will die. So it will. So will the honorable Senator die. So will all the parties he has belonged to die. But, sir, the fruits that this Republican party has brought forth will never die. They have not expended their strength, like the honorable Senator, in trying to depress a race numbering four millions in our midst. They have not taxed their ingenuity to find arguments by which they could make the bonds with which the slaves were bound strong. Their boast is, and will be when the honorable Senator's memory will be forgotten, that they felt for those who were in bonds, as though they were bound with them, and broke the shackles that made man a slave. But, sir, let it be my boast and the boast of the party to which I belong, that there is not a man so low but what they would elevate him to the pure, highest heavens where angels dwell. Let not the honorable Senator think that that sentiment will die. No, sir, it is now having its second birth amid the troubles and conflicts and toils of arms and civil strife.

Sir, I witnessed the gathering from which salvation is to come, which the honorable Senator perches upon and proclaims to be his root during the campaign. I witnessed this organization. I looked in upon it. What did I see? I wish I had a Hogarth's pencil to sketch it, or words in which I could convey the faintest idea of that group of indescribable animals.

Who was there? Wade Hampton; and at the mention of his name the Democracy shouted by order. This is what they call "fraternal love." Who else was there? Rhett, of South Carolina; it ought to be spelled with a ch. Who else was there? Hummond, who pronounced the people of the color of my honorable friend "mud-sills." Oh, what a source to look to for salvation! Who else was there? Forrest, the butcher. No milder name is fit to use as descriptive of him—a man who coldly murdered by order defenseless men who stacked their arms and surrendered. Tell me, sir, what kind of salvation you will get from that source? And where were they? In the largest city upon this continent. With whom were they associated? With men of the North. There sat Forrest and Seymour, the latter presiding over the deliberations, as they were called, at this convocation of unclean things. Those voices were heard first? Men whose hands were red with loyal blood. Oh, the spirit of fraternity there exhibited! They always agreed. One was a traitor with a sword, and the other a traitor without a sword; that was all the difference. But now my honorable friend from Kentucky hugs their progeny! A sweet thing to hug! May your embrace be long and enduring!

I do not wonder that my honorable friend loves the platform. It is a platform whose every line and lineament is marked with repudiation. It is for that that the distinguished Senator hugs it? It is a platform whose every line is a fraud, and almost every word a lie; a platform of professions in which they do not believe, of hope to the head to be broken to the heart. In 1864 I read a speech at quite a distance from here in which the honorable Senator was fully as sanguine in expression at least as now, that in 1864 the Republican party were to be demolished; but the Republican party survived both the prediction of the honorable Senator and the power of his opposition.

These are the men to whom in these troublous times my honorable friend from Kentucky, and those who act with him, turn for protection. Who are they? Men who are yet counting the notches upon their swords that they were gallantly by their sides for four or five years in an earnest, terrible struggle to overthrow this country. They are the saviours who now are going to uphold them! My honorable friend and the Democratic host with which he is surrounded look to the rebels. They will give you such protection as vultures give to lambs. They will give you the protection that Forrest gave at Fort Pillow, and the thousand bloody fields upon which we met. What, sir, trust a man with a ballot to uphold this country who has been for five years with the bullet trying to overthrow it! It is an insult to the intelligence of the world; and I assure the honorable Senator from Kentucky the world will not swallow the hook as greedily as he has, nor hug a platform so full of dead men's bones.

Mr. President, on earth or in heaven I would rather be found by the side of the blackest man in the country than with Forrest. How will stand the account of the loyal black man that has been led by the uncertain glimpses of his vision to follow that flag which had heretofore only been a symbol of oppression to him, and followed it faithfully to the end; how will his account stand in the day of judgment with the God who loves liberty and of whom liberty was born, beside the man who did all in his power to tear down the fairest fabric that liberty ever reared? and such is Forrest; such is Wade Hampton; such is all the Democratic party in the Southern States. There are not enough men in the Democratic party in the Southern States who were not rebels to count as "scattering"; and therefore I shall not hereafter in what I have to say of them draw any distinction.

But, sir, the honorable Senator has spoken very confidently of what the Democracy are going to do. I want to mention to the honorable Senator one or two things which the Republicans have done that will stay done. We have given the loyal men of the Southern States the ballot. Now, take it away, if you can, and show us the process by which you will do it. Let us see what you will do with it. They have availed themselves of that ballot. They have deposited it; they have put on the garment of citizenship, and I challenge the Democracy to touch one thread of that garment. It is stamped, it is sealed with the insignia of freedom, and I charge you lay not your hands upon it. Sir, it is the degree of God, and the honorable Senator may satisfy himself on that point. Touch not that seal; it is the freeman's power. I defy you to take it from him. Attempt that and bloodier scenes will be re-enacted upon the already fresh bloody fields. Sir, men fight for freedom. They will not lay it down. They have fought for freedom upon the battle-field; they won their quit-claim to liberty; they have got it; and let not the Democratic party dream of taking it away.

Sir, there has not been a transaction on earth since the crucifixion that thrilled the world with such ecstatic joy as when the last shackle of the slave was broken and fell at his feet. Music never reached its perfection until they sang the song of universal freedom; and if I was at all accustomed to deal in fancy, I could fancy now that I hear the angel chorus catching up the sound, "Peace on earth and good will to man; the last slave is free; liberty is triumphant." It is a source of mourning to them. Weep on, weep on; the seal is set. The Democratic party will never again have power in this nation until it changes its principles, until it ceases to be oppressive and learns to glory in freedom.

I am strengthened in this conviction by the proceedings of the last Democratic Convention. Whoever saw two such elements of weakness combined? If there was any folly in the Republican party, the wisdom of God has come in. Who could have conceived that two such men would have been born of that Democratic Convention. The world knows that the health of the gentleman they have nominated for President is very precarious, and he refused, as many times as Caesar did the crown, to take it on account of his health. They have put forward this ticket in point of physical strength like the hyena, the strength in the hind legs to

endure disease, its weak man ahead to be shoved off as Lincoln was, or in some other way, and then they will have got not only old rebels, but a new one with the whole machinery of government. It is well planned, and no wonder it awoke echoes of ecstasy in Forrest's and Hampton's bosoms when they heard the name of Blair and his letter.

Sir, who is nominated for President? A man that I have known all my life; and a gentlemanly man he is undoubtedly, but no unsound man, politically, walks than he. I took occasion to reread last night the speech made by that distinguished gentleman on the 4th of July, 1863, just ten days before the bloodiest riot in the world. It was a terrible day, that 4th of July, for the rebels; there came up a gail of war from the rebels at Vicksburg and at Gettysburg.

On that day, after a draft had been ordered by the President of the United States to fill up the ranks, the head of this ticket was addressing a Democratic meeting in a hall in the city of New York, and he said that the law of necessity was never to be invoked by a nation, and said, not in the precise words, and they are here, that the mob could invoke the law of necessity as well as a nation. Sir, quick as the lightning's flash and as electric in its influence the mob did arise, caught up the idea that had been slumbering, touched the torch which indulged a city in blood, and fatal were the consequences of that riot. I think eleven thousand—I am not quite certain as to the number—troops had to be taken from the army of the Potomac; a large number of troops had to be taken to the city of New York, the chief magistrate of which State is now at the head of the Democratic ticket, to do what? To keep peace in that city and to enforce the drafting of men and to put down the spirit of rebellion which was as rife there as at Charleston. The world will not forget the correspondence between Governor Seymour and General Dix, and I remember how my blood jumped a little quicker, old as I am, when the General informed the Governor at a certain time that he had troops enough there then to preserve the city and take care of him, too. Oh! such a patriot! Sir, if you look for salvation from that mob engendered by him go look at the ashes of the colored orphan asylum in New York. Would it have done the heart of the Senator from Kentucky good to have seen demons in human shape beating out the brains of black infancy? Look at the lurid light of the hospital reared by the best charity in the world. Look at the murder of O'Brien, who was brutally hanged and his form mutilated worse than would have been done by the barbarians whom the honorable Senator described this morning. This Governor addressed these bloody-handed scoundrels, and called them "friends." They were his friends; they are to-day; it is no misnomer. They caught up the torch which he lighted; they had performed the work; he was congratulating them upon it, and he addressed them as "friends." They received him as such. He is.

It is said that in Union there is strength. We have a platform made with entire unanimity. But recently, for four or five sweltering hot days in the city of New York, in that newborn Babel of Tammany, did hundreds of Democrats sweat, voting for this man and that man, with no result, and all the time there was a deep laid plan, which the mass of them did not comprehend, to get the very man they have got. I cannot help contrasting in my mind that Convention with the one at Chicago. The Convention at Chicago had just twice as many delegates as the one at New York. The first thing done there was to make a platform on which they all agreed, and the next thing was to nominate a President, and each State was called, and each State answered, until six hundred and three delegates had spoken, and every vote was for one man right off, without any caucus, without any consultation. They looked to him as the child looks to its father for protection. They remembered the thousand victories to which he had led them, and their eyes as involuntarily turned upon him as a leader in the civil strife as in the strife of arms. To me that was a noble and inspiring sight. Let not the honorable Senator from Kentucky believe that such noble unity of sentiment is to be overborn by this fragmentary party called Democratic.

Let me refer to another difference. We have a warrior at the head, and a man of peace emphatically as the second nominee, a man whose name is written as firmly and as boldly on the civil page of his country's history as General Grant's is on the military page. When Grant was leading our armies against the hosts of rebellion it was prophesied that Lee would never surrender. Now, the Senator from Kentucky, bolder, braver, and less considerate than Lee, says that this platform with its backers will never surrender. Let him that casteth off his armor boast; not he that putteth it on. Sir, there will not be enough of it for formal surrender. They will be suffered to go home without terms. Their arms are worthless, for they are the arms of error; their weapons are powerless, because they are untruthful. No, sir; my friend from Kentucky will have to seek attillation with another party before he gets in a majority. He will have to join the army of progress and freedom, hitching to no stub-post of the past, but marching on to that haven of destiny of man where all men shall be equal before the law.

Disgusted With His Party.

We commend the following communication, addressed by P. H. Sibley, to the Democratic State Central Committee of California, to the attention of honest Copperheads:

Gentlemen of the Democratic State Central Committee:—I would be doing violence to my own feelings, and guilty of unfair conduct to you, did I continue longer to share your councils and possess myself of your plans in the coming political campaign. In sentiment and sympathy I am no longer with you. My judgment neither approves the platform of principles put forth by the New York

City Convention, nor does my sense of duty to the country justify me in aiding to advance Horatio Seymour to the office of President of the United States. In remembering that I am a Democrat, I cannot forget that I owe a higher allegiance to the American Union.

I should be glad to remain in the Democratic party, could I believe that in doing so I am not sacrificing those principles of patriotism that are higher and holier than any sentiment of mere party fealty. I believe that the war was inaugurated by the South in the interest of slavery. I believe that it was the duty of the government to resist the heresy of secession by arms. I believe the calling out of troops, the draft of soldiers, the prosecution of war against rebellion, was constitutional and necessary for the preservation of the republic. I believe the emancipation of slaves was necessary and unavoidable as a war measure. I believe the creation of a national debt grew out of the exigencies of a long-continued and desperate conflict. I believe the issue of paper currency was an evil incident to the struggle. I believe that the national debt should be paid to the last dollar in coin of the national mint, and that no form or measure of repudiation is consistent with national honor.

I am opposed to the taxation of government bonds as a breach of covenant made with the bondholders, and I am opposed to paying those bonds with currency instead of gold. I am not in any degree fearful of negro supremacy, nor do I believe that if the negroes are conceded their just rights under the law there will be any danger of elevating them to a social equality with any superior race. I am and have ever been opposed to mob violence, and I will never cast my vote nor use my influence to advance to high honor any man who, as Governor of a great Commonwealth, could fraternize with a mob or encourage opposition to just laws, or who, when the nation needed its last man to put down the rebellion, could, by opposing the draft, put himself and the State in hostility to the General Government.

I could have supported a War Democrat like Hancock or Hendricks. I could support a Republican like Frank P. Blair, Jr., your candidate for Vice-President. His early stand for the rights of the black man; his opposition to slavery; his brilliant war record, commencing in the streets of St. Louis and ending in Sherman's march through Georgia, I approve; but, as I cannot sustain Blair without sustaining Seymour, I feel in duty and conscience compelled to vote for Grant and Colfax.

I shall expect the bitter animadversion of all who love the Democratic party better than they love their country. I shall expect to have my honor impugned. I shall expect to be assailed by partisan malignity, and to have heaped upon me an unlimited amount of personal abuse; but conscious of the rectitude of my motives, and in the confident belief that I am but doing my duty, I have deemed it proper to resign my position as a member of the Democratic State Central Committee. I therefore respectfully tender you my resignation, gratefully remembering our past pleasant relations, and entertaining for you all only kind personal feelings. I am, very respectfully, gentlemen, P. N. SIBLEY.
San Francisco, July 13, 1868.

Facts to be Remembered.

1. That the so-called Copperhead party threatened, commenced, and carried on the war of the rebellion.
2. That the leaders of the Copperhead party were the leaders of the rebellion.
3. That the Copperhead party controlled the States in rebellion.
4. That the Copperhead party opposed every measure of the Government to suppress the rebellion.
5. That the Copperhead party discouraged enlistment into the Union army and resisted the draft.
6. That the Copperhead party gave aid and comfort to the rebels in arms during the war.
7. That the Copperhead party refused to give our brave and patriotic soldiers, in the field, fighting for the life of the nation, the right to vote.
8. That the Copperhead party opposed every measure adopted by Congress to restore peace, harmony and security to the country.
9. That the Copperhead party, by forcing upon the country, without a cause, a long, bloody and expensive war, created a vast public debt, and imposed upon the people untold sorrow and burthens grievous to be borne.
10. That the Copperhead party are responsible for high taxes, high prices, derangement of business, etc., which are the legitimate fruits of the war.
11. That the Copperhead party propose to increase these burdens by overthrowing the State governments in the South, and acknowledging the validity of rebel legislation and their debt.
12. That the Copperhead party and their rebel aiders in the South, pronounce in favor of a Dictator to overthrow civil government, and to establish caste and class legislation, and now ask the free people of the North to help them to power for this purpose.