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—

FIFTY CENTS,

IN ADVANCE. FOR THE CAMPAIGN.

—BY—

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EX-SENATOR J. S. CARLILE has just written a strong letter in support of Grant and Colfax. Mr. Carlile is a West Virginia conservative, and has heretofore acted with the Democratic party. But he can't go Seymour and the Blairs.

Miscellaneous.

The Great Coming Contest.

Oh! comrades awake, there's a battle cheer,
To be fought by the boys in blue,
The weak ones have faltered, the traitors have fled,
And the contest is now left for you.
The nation reposed in her heroes of peace:
But alas, she confided in vain,
Till Freedom now calls for her mightier sons
To fight over the battles again.

The sky we left clear has been darkened again,
The clouds are obscuring the light,
And Freedom's bright day, which we bought with our blood,
Is too rapidly turning to night.
The fires of secession we trusted were out,
But they're kindled and blazing anew,
And there seems to be no one to quench the wild flame,
But the true and tried boys of the blue.

Then stand by the flag that triumphantly floats
O'er the graves of the starved and the slain,
To fight for the cause in which brothers have died,
And a victory will crown us again.
America's freedom shall never be lost,
Though betrayed and dishonored a time—
The millions that suffered, the millions that died,
Still shield by the flag of the free.

Buried of Sir John (Sap) Mear.

SOME PARODY BY LONGFELLOW, JR.

Not a sigh was heard, not a funeral groan,
As up the Salt River we sculled,
But we hinged to hear the cold corpse alone
For we heartily wished he was buried.

We buried him deeply on election day,
(All our votes for Ulysses casting,)
And smiled when we thought how his New York "friend"
Would *pray* for his rest everlasting.

No Star Spangled Banner enclosed his breast,
For in a *wet blanket* we wound him;
And he lay like a greyback taking his rest,
With a screech Eag around him.

Just as our jolly job was done,
Safe over the moonbeams reflected,
And we knew by the booming of Union guns,
That Grant and "Old Ski" were elected.

Quickly and gladly we picked up our tools,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we thought if we lived and got some burnt work,
We'd all take a shine on the morrow.

A Word to Soldiers.

The following communication appears in the West Branch *Bulletin*. We commend it the "Boys in Blue" everywhere:

COMRADES:—We are again called upon to battle with our common enemy—the enemy of improvement, the enemy of universal liberty, and the deadly and inveterate enemy of every man that raised his voice or carried a musket to put down the most unholy and wicked rebellion of this or any other land.

The discomfited traitors of the South, and their coadjutors, the Copperheads of the North, are sailing in the piratical bark of treason, the stars and bars floating from the masthead—borne along by the waves of secession, and lulled to repose by the music of the "Bonnie Blue Flag"—her decks yet slippery with the life-blood of our brothers, while 'round her council boards we find such men as Seymour, Vallandigham, Forrest, Johnson, Davis & Co., eulogizing the memory of Wirz and Booth, and regaling themselves in potations of Sandwich Island rum and villainous whiskey.

Comrades, there is no neutral ground for the soldier in this contest. He must stand by the men who have carried our victorious banner through seas of blood and triumph; men who have repudiated treason in the field and at the ballot box, or he must come down on his knees and ask to be forgiven for the great part he has rendered by disowning rebellion, and then having quietly submitted to the voice of Democracy, be handed over and eternally damned by the victorious legions of Seymour, Davis & Co.

The Democracy have never missed an opportunity to stab the loyal soldier in the back—to insult and vilify the patriotic soldier of the Republic,—and yet call themselves our friends. Merciful God! "Save us from our friends!"

But we remember by the blood of our fallen comrades—we remember the victorious shouts that echo from the Atlantic to the Rio Grande for Grant and Colfax, is proof that we remember Democratic treason, and have not forgotten the hero of Donelson,—Unconditional Surrender Grant. A BOY IN BLUE.

AN old gentleman in Michigan, who served in the war of 1815, and also in the Mexican war, called a day or two since to receive the payment of bounty for two sons he had given to the country in the late war, and voluntarily in the presence of two or three persons, made the statement that he was nearly eighty years old, had never yet voted any ticket but the Democratic; that he had served in two wars, had given two sons in the late war, "but God forbid," said the old man, as the tears came into his eyes, "that what will in all probability be my last vote should be cast for men who have always opposed the interests that I have fought for, and for which my two only sons were given."

Address of the State Central Committee.

OFFICE OF THE REPUBLICAN STATE CENTRAL COMMITTEE,
PHILADELPHIA, AUG. 5, 1868.

To the Voters of Pennsylvania:

Within sixty days you are to decide at the polls upon the principles and general policy that are to control the administration of public affairs for the next four years. On the result hang the grave questions of the peace and good order of society, the prosperity of the industrial interests, the development of the resources of the country, the integrity of the Union and the guaranties of liberty.

In the outset of the contest the party that for four years paralyzed the arm of industry, by loading it with a burden of twenty-five hundred millions of debt, involved the country in civil war, and threatened the destruction of the Union and the overthrow of Liberty, solicits your suffrages, declaring that it has no principles to advocate nor measures to support, and calls upon its followers everywhere to defend nothing. With nothing in its history for years worthy to be defended, it is the part of wisdom not to make the attempt; for it has manacled the freedom of the press, crushed out liberty of speech and brutalized the public conscience in fifteen States. It ostracised every man who had the courage to declare human bondage a sin against God and a flagrant violation of the spirit and genius of the Republic. It waged a cruel war against the pioneer settlers of the Territories, and covered the prairies of Kansas with murdered heroes because they preferred freedom to slavery. It established a reign of terror, and made the residence of men faithful to the principles of the Declaration of Independence impossible on more than one-half of the territory covered by the flag of a common country. Defeated in its efforts to elect a President of its choice, it appealed to arms to nullify the decision of the ballot-box. In the struggle it laid a million of brave men in untimely graves, shrouded the nation in mourning, and flooded it with tears. Such are the ghastly testimonials of what the Democracy has done in years past.

No thanks to that party that to-day we have a country to love or a Constitution to revere. It did all in its power to destroy both.

And now it again seeks power through discord and civil strife. For four years, during the height of the nation's peril, the only hope of the party for success was in disaster to our arms. Hence it rejoiced at every Union defeat, and mourned over every Union victory.

Its candidate for Vice President declared to the Convention that nominated him, that "we must have a President who will execute the will of the people *by trampling into dust the usurpations of Congress known as the Reconstruction acts.* * * * I repeat, this is the real and only question which we should allow to control us. It is idle to talk of bonds, greenbacks, gold and the public credit. * * * I wish to stand before the Convention upon this issue." Thus was he nominated, and Wade Hampton, advocating the ticket before an audience in South Carolina, declares "that the cause for which they fought, and for which Stonewall Jackson died, will yet be gained in the election of Seymour and Blair."

If this party can succeed at the ballot-box, the work of reconciliation for four years will be undone, and the priceless sacrifices of four others will have been made in vain.

The issue is marked and well defined: *Grant, Colfax and Peace;* or, *Seymour, Blair and War.*

GALUSHA A. GROW,
Chairman State Central Committee.

GEO. W. HAMERSLEY, J. R. MCAFEE, } Secretaries.

The Sinking Ship.

Caleb Cushing is out against Seymour—Chief Justice Pearson, of North Carolina, conservative, is out for Grant.—Maj. Gen. Gordon, of Indiana, a warm friend of Hendricks, is now stumping for Grant.—Gen. Steedman, Democrat, repudiates Seymour.—Hon. Geo. M. Weston, of Bangor, Maine, heretofore known as "the wheel-horse of Democracy," takes the stump for Grant.—Hon. T. W. Green, a staunch Democrat of Indianapolis, Ind., is on the stump for Grant and Colfax.—Surveyor General Sleeper, of Leavenworth, Kansas, Democrat, has waked up, and goes for Grant.—The *Tipton Times*, the regular Democratic organ of the Eight (Indiana) District, repudiates Seymour and the Blairs.—The *Elmira* (N. Y.) *Gazette*, the only Democratic daily in Chemung county, has taken down the names of Seymour and Blair, and now supports Grant and Colfax.—Hon. Thos. N. Stillwell and General J. L. Swift, both Johnsonites, have returned to the Republican fold, and are now stumping for Grant and Colfax.—Everybody votes for Grant and reads FATHER ABRAHAM.

Let no Republican "take for granted" that the important work of thorough and perfect organization will be attended to without his own individual effort. Let the work be done—not to-morrow, next week, or some other time, but NOW.

The Tribune on Pomeroy.

Brick Pomeroy's new daily, *The Democrat*, has just appeared in New York, and the *Tribune* compliments the Democratic enterprise as follows:

Mr. Pomeroy informs us that his paper will be devoted to "hard hitting editorials, concerning Democrats, fully proving that it will be the sharpest, boldest, most readable and most interesting daily paper ever issued in America;" and that it will "*positively be a replacing of the Democratic Party of United States in another name.*" He also assures us that, in arranging this platform, he is "with a full knowledge of the wants of the people, their sentiments and demands." The difference between Mr. Pomeroy and other Democratic editors is, that he is frank. He claims to be a Democrat and nothing else. A prominent office-seeking member, in a conversation he published, called him the "Wickedest Man in New York"—Mr. John Allen, of Water street. Were Mr. Allen is to New York society, Mr. Pomeroy is to American journalism. He is the "Wickedest" editor in the country, and doesn't claim to be anything else. Mr. Allen makes his living by barbering prostitutes, selling crooked hell, Epsom, having "crooked" dances, and generally furnishing his guests with a "crooked" entertainment. The consequence is that Mr. Allen is a prominent citizen of Washington, and on the high road to fortune. Mr. Pomeroy proposes to publish a "crooked newspaper." He will do justice to the shades of Wilkes Booth; he will tell us of the loves of Grant among the Digger Indians, and about Butler's enormous larceny of spoons, and will illustrate the torments of the "guerilla Lincoln" as he "roasts in the lowest hell." Mr. John Allen, if he were to start a newspaper to rival Pomeroy, could not more aptly suit the Democratic taste. It is all very well for those curled darlings of the Manhattan Club, soddened with the fumes of Mr. Parlow's champagne, to write their ricorricol fiddles about the Constitution and the laws; but the true-hearted Democrat, the Democrat who goes to the polls and assists in swelling the great Democratic majority of New York, wants just such fare as Mr. Pomeroy proposes to give him.

The only difficulty with Mr. Pomeroy's enterprise is, that thousands of the Democratic party cannot read. He is therefore very much in the position of Goldsmith, who went to Holland to teach English, and upon arriving there found he could not talk Dutch. This is one reason for the confidential circulation of *The World*, although another is that, even if the masses of the Democracy could read *The World*, they would not be able to understand it. Mr. Pomeroy will meet this difficulty by profusely illustrated columns. We shall have pictures of Grant in every stage of intoxication; of Butler as "the Lowell Shyster," "spoon-thief," and "bank-robber;" of the "gentleman" Booth in all the glory of his patriotic virtue; and of "Abe" Lincoln in all the merited agony of eternal punishment. There are few Democrats so ignorant that they cannot understand a picture; and by this means the Wickedest Editor in America will succeed in instructing the Democracy in the tenets of their faith.

The advent of Mr. Pomeroy is a matter that more immediately concerns *The World*, *The Herald* and *The Express* than it does THE TRIBUNE. At the same time, it is an event in New-York journalism. It was something to know that we had Mr. John Allen in Water street, and that he represented a phase of metropolitan society. It is also something to know that we have Mr. Brick Pomeroy in journalism, and that he leads a mighty and well-disciplined party. As for *The World*, it serves no purpose either useful or ornamental, except to print the inextinguishable letters of George T. Curtis and the interminable speeches of Mr. Tilden. It would be a sad thing for Mr. Curtis not to have an organ; and Mr. Tilden in the agony of unreported speeches is a subject too dreadful for contemplation. But what will be their loss will be the gain of the party generally. *The Herald* is not in so much danger. Mr. Pomeroy has great genius, but Mr. Bennett, if the pinch comes, can teach him how to make a paper "so unmistakably Democratic that people will know what it means the first reading."

Singular Christianity.

Flakes Galveston Bulletin prints the following as a specimen of Texan Christianity:—

PALESTINE, TEXAS, July, 1868.—Dear Sir:—I send you herewith a copy of a letter shown me this morning. It is the richest prosecution I have seen lately. King did not appear as ordered by his "brother in Christ" (?); and on the second Saturday in June last he was excluded from this holy band of brothers in the Lord. They even went so far as to send his (King's) wife for his church letter, when he refused to surrender it on the order of the Church.

The climax came last week, when the pastor of the church called upon him for $10 subscription, which he had promised before *falling from grace in the eyes of this sanctimonious set* for being a "Black Republican," "Radical," "accepting office under a military appointment," &c.

Did you ever see such a mixture of bigotry and impudence? Yours truly

GOVERNOR E. M. PEASE.

"BETHEL, Anderson county, Texas, March 2, 1868.—Brother King:—On last Saturday, a charge was preferred against you in our Church, for inconsistency as a follower of Christ. The charge is here below copied:—

"I charge Brother W. H. King, a regular member of our church, and our former Clerk, with having openly avowed himself as a Black Republican and Radical, by accepting of the appointment as County Clerk under the military authority. H. M. MORRIS."

"The church wants you to be in attendance next meeting, and bring your church letter. The church will not fellowship a Radical. I am one of the committee to notify you. Your brother in Christ.

"H. CLAY."

Work, Not Words.

The rebel Democracy are working to seize the Government with a zeal only surpassed by their eager efforts to destroy it.

Saved by the Republicans, the rebel Democracy have resolved to capture and to hold it.

The leaders in this State, so indifferent and hostile to the Government during the war; so cold to every patriotic impulse; so dead to every sense of duty and of gratitude—have been galvanized into superhuman activity by the frantic cries of the rebel chiefs, and are working steadily under their command.

They are making an *individual canvass*: reaching every voter not only by circulars and newspapers, but by personal appeal.

They are, as in 1867, paying so much money for every new recruit added to the rebel cause.

Their programme may be understood by the following report of the speech of W. A. Wallace, chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee, at a Democratic meeting in Pottsville, last week:

"Still this is a business, and must, if we intend to be successful, be attended to with care and ability. *Organize from the bottom up, not from the top down.* We must pay close attention to the details. What are those details? Simply, to write down all the names of all Democrats, of all Republicans, and of all doubtful voters. Have an executive committee that shall attend to this. Subdivide your election districts, and bring all the weight of your influence to bear on the doubtful ones to change them. *Go to work, and don't blow about it. Do it silently. Hold your tongue about what you do. There is always some one in a locality who is work-lazed. Go at him carefully and fix him.* I come here to urge you to this work. Don't depend on shows, processions and meetings. They don't amount to anything. Go to your executive committee, and it will give you useful work to do. If you fail to make converts, why, resolve to organize the Democracy, and go as a phalanx to the polls. Take warning by the falling off of your vote in 1867, by Democrats staying at home. *See that every man comes to the polls on the day of election.* Bring them if necessary. This work will tell in its influence in the coming election. Attend to the men ready to be naturalized. The chairmen of the State and county committees are powerless unless you join with them and assist. If this work should be done victory will be won. I come to impress upon you the necessity of organizing. The material for the work is in the hands of the county committee. Form clubs, and *remember if we carry the Keystone State in October, the West will go for Seymour and Blair. The turning point is October.*"

We thank Mr. Wallace for so boldly showing his hand. We like his plan. We spread it before the Republicans for their careful study, and we know that good will come of it.

Let our motto be, "WORK, NOT WORDS."

And let us be stimulated by these rebel plots. It is a great prize for which they are working. Whipped on the field of battle, they boldly appeal to the ballot-box; and if they win now, they will prove more skillfull in peace than in war.

But how much greater our inspiration! We work for a rescued country, for a purified Constitution, for a redeemed race, for the memory of the sacred dead, for the reward of the heroic living.

We work for Grant, who saved us our liberties.

We work for our national credit, without which Grant would to-day be an outlaw and Davis enthroned at Washington.

We work to prevent a new war.

We work, therefore, for Peace and Freedom.

Republicans, War Democrats, Boys in Blue, begin at once to organize and to canvass, and remember the motto, "Work, Not Words!"—*Philadelphia Press.*

THE Republican party cannot deploy too carefully. We do not fight the battles of this campaign against an open, manly foe, but against a bushwacking enemy, whose weapons are colonization, fraudulent naturalization, duplicate voting, and false returns. These agents are sworn to secresy, and the fate of Casey hangs over him who, under a qualm of conscience, reveals their hidden arts.

THE REBEL YELL.—The Mobile *Register*, edited by John Forsyth, one of the most virulent of rebels, speaking of the rebel yell in Tammany Hall, when the election of Seymour was announced, says:

"How clear that note used to ring upon the air of Vicksburg of a night in years long past! And who that heard it, or heard of it, will ever forget it? You can *read* it now in the Mississippi papers; and it will make the air resonant from the Rio Grande to the Potomac at the last irresistible charge next November, cheering the hearts of our democratic friends and chilling those of our oppressors. *Stand by for that yell!*"

Aye, aye, sir! The Union boys are not very much afraid. With Grant they silenced that yell in 1865, and with Grant they will silence it in 1868.

NEW YORK CITY contains 60,000 professional thieves, 60,000 prostitutes, and 60,000 Democratic majority.