

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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BRICK POMEROY, in his last issue (La Crosse Democrat) says he "is now and always has been, a strict temperance man; that he uses no intoxicating drinks whatever. Nor will he employ, in any capacity, a man who indulges in fits of intoxication. If it is true that he is a strict temperance man, and that the vile obscene and profane reading matter with which his paper is filled week after week, is not the result of strong drink, then we are forced to the conclusion that he is by nature a beast and nothing else.

KENTUCKY gave eight thousand Democratic majority. They will also carry, by corresponding majorities, the Five Points, Bedford street, Sing Sing and the Eastern Penitentiary. The chosen homes of the Democracy are ulcers on the body politic.

SEYMOUR, though rich like Buchanan, never invested a dollar in government bonds when the fate of the nation depended upon finding means to pay.

Miscellaneous.

A New Campaign Song.

ATR.—Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching.

In our homes we sit in peace, Thinking strife and trouble done, And that traitors would be gone more loyal men; But we've heard a warning sound, Since the campaign has begun, And we're marching out to battle once again.

CHORUS.—Tramp, tramp, tramp, The Tamers marching, Cheer up! Southern loyal men, And beneath the Tamers' torch, You shall see the loyal North Beat the sympathizers and rebels once again.

II. When we granted terms of peace, Giving life and pardon, too, We believed the South had had enough of war; But the traitors march again, Just as once they used to do, Neath the rebel flag that bears a single star.

CHORUS.—Tramp, tramp, &c.

III. Let us rally from the city, From the mountain and the plain, And united vote for Grant and Colfax, too, So that all the world may see That the country's right again, And is strong in spite of all that traitors do.

CHORUS.—Tramp, tramp, &c.

IV. When the White House changes hands, And our General takes command, And our marching days and nights are fully o'er, We will lay our torches by, And united hand in hand, Swear the Union shall be stronger than before.

CHORUS.—Tramp, tramp, tramp, The Tamers marching, Cheer up! Southern loyal men, And beneath the Tamers' torch, You shall see the loyal North Beat the sympathizers and rebels once again.

Benedict Arnold and Horatio Seymour.

The following article is reproduced from the New York Times of September 19, 1864. It is a good statement of the similarity of views as shown by the expressions of Mr. Seymour and Benedict Arnold, and makes good reading at the present time:

Benedict Arnold, on the 20th day of October, 1780, issued the following:

Proclamation to the Citizens and Soldiers of the United States:

You are promised liberty by the leaders of your affairs, but is there an individual in the enjoyment of it, saving your oppressors? Who among you dare to speak or write what he thinks against the tyranny which has robbed you of your property, imprisoned your sons, drags you to the field of battle, and is daily deluging your country with blood?

Your country once was happy, and had the proffered peace been embraced, the last two years of misery had been spent in peace and plenty, and repairing the desolation of the quarrel; that would have set the interests of Great Britain and America in a true light, and cemented their friendships.

I wish to lead a chosen band of Americans in the attainment of peace, liberty and safety, the first objects in taking the field.

What is America but a land of widows, orphans and beggars? But what need of argument to such as feel infinitely more misery than tongue can express? I give my promise of the most affectionate welcome to all who are disposed to join me in measures necessary to close the scenes of our afflictions, which must increase until we are satisfied with the liberality of the mother country, which still offers us protection and exemption from all taxes but such as we think fit to impose upon ourselves.

BENEDICT ARNOLD.

October 28, 1780.

Now we defy any man to make out a more complete model of a Copperhead harangue in 1864. Take any of their set speeches in evidence, we care not which.

Benedict Arnold here makes eight points against the Continental Congress and Washington, the following points:

First.—That freedom of speech and of the press has been taken away.

Second.—That property has been appropriated.

Third.—That illegal imprisonments have been made.

Fourth.—That odious contributions have been imposed.

Fifth.—That peace which might have been had was refused.

Sixth.—That the first objects in taking the field have been abandoned.

Seventh.—That the country has been deluged with blood and made a land of widows and orphans.

Eighth.—That it is necessary to join them, in order to close those afflictions and return to prosperity.

Horatio Seymour, in Milwaukee, likewise makes the following points:

First.—The freedom of speech and of the press has been denied us.

Second.—It is your property, the property of Northern taxpayers, which is confiscated.

Third.—Men have been torn from their families, and locked up in prison, and women also.

Fourth.—Men are told that they must leave their homes and devote themselves to war.

Fifth.—The policy of the Administration has placed hindrances in the way of the Union.

Sixth.—The Administration has entered upon a settled policy dangerous to the welfare of the country.

Seventh.—In God's name, are there no means by which we can save the lives of husbands and brothers?

Eighth.—We nominated McClellan that we might restore prosperity and peace to the people.

This is the points made by Horatio Seymour against the Administration in 1864 identical, point with point, with those made by Benedict Arnold against Washington and the Continental Congress in 1780. We see precisely what Mr. Seymour meant when, toward the close of his speech, he asserted, "our views came from our fathers." They are the views which the Tory fathers, through their executor, Benedict Arnold, bequeathed to their Copperhead offspring.

The truth is that Treason, and its twin-brother, Faction, always speak substantially the same language, only just so much altered as to suit the particular circumstances of each time. The human heart is ever the same, and so are the prime elements that move human affairs. As long as there is malice in the human blood, no Government can be without its renegades and malcontents; and these are always ready, Judas-like, to seize upon every occasion of offence. No matter what the conduct of the Government may be, or however enforced by necessity, spite will assail it, and often too on very plausible grounds.

Every condition of civil life has its burdens and evils, and it is always easy for the malignant to turn these to their own account. The state of war especially gives this facility. It, of necessity, involves great expenditures of treasure and blood; and is attended with suffering in almost every variety of form. Moreover, the Executive head of the nation, in order to prosecute it with effect, must be entrusted with uncommon powers, and these powers must be exercised as well against the secret foes behind as the armed enemies before. These have been the concomitants of every great war since time began. The fact that the war is just, instead of affording relief from them, only makes them the more unavoidable, as it makes the success of the war a greater necessity.

Nobody supposes that Horatio Seymour, though he imitates Benedict Arnold so closely, deliberately is courting the scorn of posterity. Yet the political leaders who do the work of faction when the country is in danger, never have been forgiven, and never will be forgiven, by the American people. The Copperhead chiefs of these times, who draw so lavishly upon the sophistries and fallacies of 1780 for the furtherances of their factious designs, cannot, too well understand that the sequel of all this is endless disgrace. They must not expect to fight the Government with the weapons of the Tories and of the blue-light Federalists without sharing the same fate.

Why Copperheads Should Not Be Trusted.

First. That the Democratic party forced upon the country and the Republican Administration an expenditure of more than Four Thousand Millions of Treasure.

Second. That the rebellion was begun for the express purpose of overthrowing Republican Institutions, and establishing upon their ruins a Slaveholding Oligarchy; and, that all the burdens of national taxation, past, present, and prospective, are the necessary consequences of the Democratic rebellion.

Third. That the vast sacrifice of life on the battle-field, and in the hospitals and prisons, is justly chargeable to the treasonable action and purposes of the Democratic leaders.

Fourth. That in preparation for this rebellion, the whole power of the last Democratic Administration was exhausted, the public Treasury plundered, the Navy scattered or dismantled, and the Army placed under command of traitors, and quartered beyond the reach of the incoming Administration, and within the territories of the contemplated revolutionary government.

Fifth. That all these acts were done in obedience to the orders of the Democratic conspirators, and by the advice and with the approval of the Democratic leaders in every section of the country.

Sixth. That these same leaders controlled the late Democratic Nominating Convention, dictated its platform, and designated its candidates.

Seventh. That these same leaders, by their public orators and press, declare it to be their settled policy that Democratic success shall restore to the late rebels-in-arms supremacy in the government of the States and the nation; and that all that was lost by rebel defeat on the battle-field shall be regained by the election of the Democratic candidates.

Eighth. That they, the Democratic leaders, promise only, as the consequence of their triumph, the renewal of the war, the destruction of the reorganized States, and the overthrow of the popular representative branch of the Government, or its subjection to executive will and dictation.

THE Democrats are getting up big barbecues in different parts of the State, where the leaders induce the white men to eat at the same table and pick the same bones with the colored men. What will not a Democrat do for office? Yet the darkies will fool them. They will eat their meat, drink their whiskey, hallo for Seymour and Blair, and—vote for GRANT AND COLFAX.—Augusta (Ga.) Republican.

Copperhead Record Reviewed by Gen. John A. Logan.

From a speech of GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN, the distinguished soldier and orator of Illinois, whose portrait FATHER ABRAHAM published some time ago, made at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., a few days since, we extract the following scathing review of the Copperhead record. No wonder the Lancaster Intelligencer, Harrisburg Patriot, and York Gazette, and other scallawag papers of the Ku-Kluxers hate Gen. Logan, and are constantly throwing their dirty slime at him. Read what follows, and then say whether it is not true:

When Abraham Lincoln—the patriot, the man who loved his country—received the reins of government from the hands of this party, in what condition did he find us when he reached forth his hand and said, "I accept the service that my countrymen have imposed upon me—I accept the charge?" When the Constitution was placed in his hands to be protected he looked upon it and said, "This Constitution has been trampled under foot by foul traitors against the Government, and so help me great Heaven, I will protect it." [Applause.] When the flag of the country was unfurled that morning, and he looked on it, and said, "This is the flag of my native land. There is another and new one unfurled in opposition to this, but, with the help of God and the faith that is in the people of this land, this flag shall again wave over every mountain and hill within the confines of the United States of America." [Applause.] He looked around and said, "Where is the treasure of this land? The vaults were opened and not a dollar was to be found. He looked abroad on the mighty deep and said, "Where is the navy? And he found that it had been scattered to the four winds of heaven. He asked, "Where are the arms with which this Government is to be defended?" And the answer was, "Floyd, a Democrat, has robbed our arsenals; Cobden a Democrat, has plundered our Treasury, and a Democrat has scattered our navy to the ends of the earth." He looked and saw our army marshaled in opposition to the Government, threatening its dissolution, attacking the flag and the Constitution, and the life of this great nation itself. He asked who had done all this, while the clouds that hung around were gloomy and dark? From a voice came all the threatening of war and desolation to this land? Where are the men who have perpetrated those great wrongs against the people of the United States? He looked again, and we all looked over this broad land, and we know that no man who had voted for Mr. Lincoln had done this wrong, for they had not the means of doing it. Not one of them could have robbed our Treasury or sent our ships out of sight. Who, then, had done this thing? Certainly those alone who had it in their power to do this wrong—the Democratic party. They did it, and none but they are responsible. After 40 years control of the Government, the Democratic party turned it over to you with war. Instead of peace they gave you blood; instead of prosperity they gave you adversity; instead of a plethoric treasury they gave you empty coffers; instead of an army equipped they gave you one robbed of the munitions of war. They gave you naught that makes men happy, and much that makes him miserable. They violated the strong bonds that bound them to perform their obligations, and now I ask you to tell me how much the bond was worth at the time that you dispensed with their services. How much were their bonds worth when you discharged them—when the clamor of war was heard in the land, and when blood ran like rivers of water? Their bonds were not worth one cent. They had broken their word. They had broken their faith, and were not worthy of being trusted. Now, fellow-citizens, that having been the condition that the Government was brought to as the result of Democratic rule, what has the Democratic party done since that should give you such faith in them as to cause you to trust them with the destinies of this nation?

Obituary.

Died, July 8th, 1868, after a painful illness, BOGGS' DEMOCRACY, aged 28 years.

The deceased was the eldest son of Benedict Arnold, and grandson of Judas Iscariot. The doctors in attendance during his last illness differed somewhat—some contending that death resulted from copper on the brain, others from treason on the heart. He doubtless inherited his last disease from his illustrious sire, as his most anxious physician, Dr. Horatio Seymour, did his principles from his "forefathers"—which no one disputes, from their striking resemblance to the old man Benedict. The body of the deceased, we understand, will be embalmed, and after a reasonable time for the mourners to pay their tribute of respect to their departed friend, the train will proceed to the gunboat *Jeff Davis*, accompanied by the chief mourners, Horatio Seymour, Davis, Vallandigham, Pendleton, Blair, Wood & Co., and proceed to the head waters of Salt River, where they expect to meet their kith and kin who have gone before them, there to wait and watch over the border till the boys in blue drive the remainder of their friends hence to watch with them. The exercises will be conducted by that class of ministers (thank God they are fewer and farther between than angels' visits!) who think it is wicked to preach against treason from the pulpit!

The following dirge will be sung by a squad of boys in blue, as the boat leaves the wharf at Copperhead Corners:

Every bugle sounded his funeral note, As the course to the grave we hurried, Every soldier discharged his ballot shot O'er the place where the monster was buried.

A Soldier Puts Some Questions.

To the Editor of the Cincinnati Commercial:

As the so-called Democratic party is asking for the votes of the Union soldiers, I would ask these soldiers to carefully weigh the following:

What party was it opposed the bill providing for the issue of rations to soldiers at the commencement of the war?

What party was it who, at the time when our soldiers most needed encouragement, said: "Not another man nor another dollar for this war?"

What party was it that, when our army needed reinforcement, opposed recruiting and the draft, and incited riots?

What party was it that disfranchised the wounded and crippled soldiers who are inmates of the National Military Asylum (Soldiers' Home) at Dayton, Ohio? [These men have a permanent home here, and are under the constitution and laws of the State of Ohio, entitled to the elective franchise.]

If a soldier who has lost his health, or a limb, in defence of our common country is not entitled to vote, who is? Some rebel, I suppose.

What party is it that is now assassinating Union men every day (or at night—they are too cowardly to do it during the day) in the Southern States?

What party is doing all this and is at the same time howling because a certain class of rebels cannot rule the country?

If a party can do all this when it has no power, what will it do when it has control of the Government?

Our ballots shall go as did our bullets—against treason and for loyalty.

SOLDIER.

Seymour's Infamy.

We reproduce, as a matter of political information, the literal text of the famous speech made by Horatio Seymour to the New York mob of 1861, which at the very moment of its delivery was but passing in its mad career of murder, arson and plunder. This mob, by impeding the draft, and more than that, drawing off from the force of the field large bodies of troops to keep the peace in New York, saved Lee from annihilation, and added two weary years to the duration of the war. It needs no comment:

MY FRIENDS: I have come down here from the quiet of the country to see what was the difficulty; to learn what all this trouble was concerning the draft. Let me assure you that I am your friend. [Uproarious cheering.] You have been my friends—[cries of "Yes, yes!"]—That's so!—We are, and will be again!—and now, I assume you my fellow-citizens, that I am here to show you a test of friendship. [Cheers.] I wish to inform you that I have sent my Adjutant-General to Washington to confer with the authorities there, and to have this draft suspended and stopped. [Uproarious cheers.] I will see to your rights. Wait until my Adjutant returns from Washington, and you shall be satisfied.

Mudsills—Carpet-Baggers—Scalawags.

Before the rebellion broke out, the working classes were stigmatized as mudsills, but their sympathizers in the North did not dare to repeat the epithet. Now the same party stigmatize in derision all Northern men who go South, and assist in building up the South again, as "carpet-baggers" and "scalawags," and their Northern Copperhead allies unblushingly join in the cry. Nine-tenths of the Northern people travel with carpet-bags, and more of the rebel sympathizers than any other; and, as for "scalawags," go to any Copperhead and Republican meeting, and you will see where the "scalawags" are to be found. Yet the Copperhead papers and leaders in the North, in order to gratify their Southern rebel and slave driving masters, do not hesitate to insult the whole body of the working classes of all parties, by stigmatizing those who travel with a carpet bag or valise, which they carry in their hands as "carpet-baggers" and "scalawags." A workingman who has one particle of self-respect, would not continue to act with such a party a single day.

What Rebels Say.

The Mobile Tribune uses the following elegant language in speaking of the death of Thaddeus Stevens: "Chickens going home to roost—Thad Stevens and Bruner, of the New Orleans Republican. The devil will soon have Brownlow, and then hell will see sights." The Vicksburg Times follows suit: "The death of that incarnate fiend, Thaddeus Stevens, is an event which calls for universal rejoicing. As the old wretch was in favor of 'judicious hanging' while on earth, we devoutly hope he will have 'judicious roasting' meted out to him in the warm climate to which he has gone—the hottest region of the damned." The Atlanta Constitution speaks as follows: "Stevens is Dead. Morn, ye Rads, for we rejoice; weep, 'ye dirty dogs,' for we smile. Let decency once more hold up her face, and the Goddess of Liberty cease to blush. The devil demanded his own, and Thaddeus went. Brownlow and low Brown are supposed to be the next on the list. May the devil's collecting agent come soon."