"FATHER ABRAHAM"

IS PUBLISHED

EVERY FRIDAY,

BY

RAUCH & COCHRAN,

North East Angle Centre Square

LANCASTER, PA.

TERMS:—Single copy, $1.50 per annum, payable in all cases in advance. Liberal Reduction to clubs.

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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SPECIAL NOTICES—Ten cents a line for first insertion, and Seven cents a line for each subsequent insertion.

REAL ESTATE advertisement, Ten cents a line for first insertion, and five cents a line for each additional insertion.

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VOL 1. LANCASTER, PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1868. NO. 23.

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Thanksgiving.

Gov. Geary has issued a proclamation, designating Thursday, the 26th inst., as a day of Thanksgiving to Almighty God for the manifold blessings which he has showered upon our prosperous, law-abiding and happy Commonwealth.—Among the good recommendations of His Excellency is one that we may remember with gratitude the country's brave defenders, and cherish with sympathy their widows and orphan children.

The proclamation is well conceived and worthy the kindly impulses which govern our distinguished Executive. Let these wise and beneficient recommendations be followed in spirit by all the people, to the end that the Divine Ruler may protect, defend and preserve our good Commonwealth.

LEHIGH COUNTY.—A curious coincidence occurred in the vote of Lehigh county. The majority for Boyle, this year, is precisely that given for Clymer in 1866. In 1866 Clymer had 5,781 votes, Geary 4,159. In 1868 Boyle had 6,305 votes, Hartranft, 4,733. It will be seen that each party gained precisely the same number of votes—574. A similar equality of gains does not occur in another county in the State.

A SENSIBLE BET.—A young gentleman and lady of New Albany, Ind., made a novel bet on the Presidential election. If Grant was elected the young man agrees to marry the lady, and if Seymour was elected the young lady was to marry the gentleman. The bet was a good one for the young lady. "Heads I win, tails you lose," and it is besides a legal bet and the only sensible one of the kind we know of.

Miscellaneous.

Now Glory to the Lord.

[ADAPTED.]

Now, Glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom
all glories are,
And glory to our sovereign flag, of every flag
the star;
Now let there be the merry sound of dancing
and of song,
Through all our fields and sunny vales the
gladsome note prolong.

And thou fair land, our own fair land, by city,
glen, and waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters:
As thou wert constant in our ills, be constant
in our joy,
For cold, and stiff, and still are they, who
wrought thy walls annoy.

Hurrah! one glorious charge has turned the
tide of war,
Hurrah! hurrah for Freedom and our all-conquering star.
Oh, how our hearts were beating, when at the
dawn of day,
Which saw the armies of the foe drawn out in
long array,
With all its new-made citizens, and all its rebel
"peers,"
And Beauregard's dark infantry, and Forrest's
bloody spears.

There rode the cruel Wises, the basest of our
land,
And dark Magruder in the midst, a rapier in
his hand.
And as we looked on them, we thought of
many a flood,
And martyr Lincoln's noble brow all covered
with his blood;
And we cried unto the Living God, who rules
the fate of war,
To fight in His own holy name and Grant's
all-conquering star!

Now God be praised, the day is ours, Frank
Blair has turned his rein,
And Seymour cries for quarter, and all his
hosts are slain;
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale,
The field is heaped with broken chains, and
flags, and cloven mail;

And then we thought on vengeance, and all
along our van,
Remember dark "Fort Pillow" was passed
from man to man;
But now spoke out illustrious Grant, "No
good man is my foe;
Down! down, with every rebel chief, but let
the people go!"

O! was there ever such a knight, in friendship
or in war,
As he who led our gallant boys, and wears the
clustered star?

Our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God
hath raised the slave;
And marred the counsels of the vile and the
plottings of the knave;
Then glory to his Holy Name from whom all
glories are;
And glory to our sovereign flag, and Grant's
victorious star!

"Old Arm Chair."

[From Mrs. Lizzie A. Capehart.]

Lines suggested by the Chair in which General Grant sat when he signed the stipulation or treaty with General Lee at Appomattox Court House, Va., April 9, 1865, for the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia.

I prize it, I prize it, and who would dare
To chide me for prizing that "Old Arm Chair?"
'Tis linked with the mem'ries of days gone by,
When warfare loomed up in the Southern sky;
But that which now makes it of more renown,
When the Flag went up and the Sword went
down,
And the foe and freemen were gathered there—
The Conqueror sat in that "Old Arm Chair."

I carefully guard it. I deem it sent
As a true memento of time well spent;
When the guardian hero of gallant men
Bade warfare cease by the stroke of the pen,
And the shouts of freemen were echoed o'er
From the coats of Spain to the Southern shore;
And the bells pealed forth such a glad'ning
strain
To waken the spirit of Peace again.

I try to protect it, in every way;
I think of the brave men who fought that day;
Ere that old arm chair held its sacred trust,
How many heroes were laid in the dust;
'Mid the fierce carnage of battle and strife,
They gallantly struggled for home and life;
Their homes were protected, but life was lost,
Thus was vict'ry won at a fearful cost.

I shall ever remember the weight of care
That was much relieved by that "Old Arm
Chair,"
When anxious hearts, overburdened with grief,
Were *Granted* a peace that soon brought relief;
For the safe return of an absent friend,
With hopes and fears do our prayers e'er blend;
I read well the answer to all my prayers,
Now my loved one sits in that "Old Arm
Chair."

[Written for FATHER ABRAHAM.

Past, Present and Future.

Our progress during the last forty years as been so wonderful and rapid as to appear almost fabulous to the men of the present generation. Probably no other period of equal time in the worlds history, has produced so many changes as the one under consideration.

My object is to go back about forty years, and refer to the then existing habits, usages and peculiarities of the people; their ideas, style of living, practice of economy and genuine, old-fashioned patriotism, and draw a fair comparison of the past with the present as I go along from one particular point or subject to the other, and thus demonstrate that more astonishing changes have taken place than is generally supposed, and a more rapid progress made than ever before by any people on the face of the globe. Whether we have, in every respect, improved ourselves, or moved in the right direction, will be for each one to judge for himself.

Forty years ago, Pittsburg was the principal city in the far off West. Dry goods and other products of the East were transported from Philadelphia to Pittsburg in Conestoga teams, with four, five and six horses, and by the same means, the produce of the great West—eastern Ohio and western Pennsylvania—was brought to the East. About two weeks' time was required to make the trip either way. Thousands of these Conestoga wagons were constantly on the turnpike road, presenting scenes, at some of the points along the route, similar to those witnessed in our armies during the late war. Each wagon was well covered and goods protected by canvass, and the drivers were constantly provided with teamsters' rations of bread, butter and plain whiskey, valued at ten cents a quart. They also carried ample supplies for their horses—oats, hay and corn. The most valuable real estate along a turnpike was the tavern stand, with ample accommodations for these teamsters, and notwithstanding the fact that each one carried his own horse feed along on the wagon, the tavern keepers realized good profits on six cents for lodging, twelve and a half cents each for supper and breakfast, and the sale of a quart of whisky at ten cents or a "levy" (12½ cents) with generally, the sale of a few three cent "jiggers" at the bar. A total bill of fifty cents—for supper, lodging, breakfast and a few drinks, was all that a money-making landlord could look for or expect.

Traveling, forty years ago, was a matter of time and expense. For instance, a Philadelphia merchant, or his agent, having business at Pittsburg, requiring his personal attention, usually spent days and weeks in making his preparations for his long and eventful journey. All middle aged men of to-day will remember the old stage lines—the only means of fast traveling then. How much time was needed to make the trip between Philadelphia and Pittsburg, I am unable now to state, but venture to say that it was fully one week—probably longer. I distinctly remember the stages running between Lancaster and Philadelphia—leaving the former city at 4 o'clock in the morning, and by several changes of horses along the route, and, what was called swift driving, the latter city was reached late in the evening.

Some time before the construction of the Philadelphia and Columbia Railroad—now the Pennsylvania Railroad—I remember a conversation between my father and one of his neighbors who was in the habit of spending many of his winter evenings at our house. The conversation refered to was on the subject of the then contemplated Railroad, the nature of which my father endeavored to explain—its probable cost, the manner of laying the rails, the kind of rails and how they were spiked down on blocks of sandstone, instead of cross ties, as now in use; the grading through hills and valleys; the peculiar construction of car wheels, so as to keep them on the track, and other matters in relation to the Railroad. Our old-fashioned neighbor seemed to comprehend it all, but he could not quite see into the possibility of running these Railroad cars by steam or any other than horse or mule power. Even admitting that a machine might be put in motion by steam power, he could not believe that any one of sound mind, who had the least regard for life or limb, would venture within fifty yards of such a concern, rushing at the fearful speed of fifteen miles an hour. After fully discussing the subject of Railroading, our neighbor was very unfavorably impressed in regard to it. He came to the conclusion that, as the Almighty gave us the Earth to walk upon, any such attempt to improve upon His plan, and the means with which He had provided us to move from one point to another, was doubting His wisdom and goodness, and therefore extremely sinful. He also concluded that this Railroad scheme, if successful, would ruin every hotel, every saddle, harness or wagon maker, and every stage and team driver in the land, and render horseflesh almost worthless.

Notwithstanding these and many other very serious protests against the Railroad, it was constructed, and we all know the result. A Conestoga wagon, drawn by four, five or six horses, and loaded with goods and produce, would now be almost as great a curiosity as a railroad was then. Instead of traveling at the rate of six or seven miles an hour, we now make from eighteen to forty miles. If we have business in Pittsburg to-morrow, or to-night, or at Chicago or St. Louis to-morrow night, or next day, all we have to do is, go. We simply procure a through ticket, enter a Railroad car and take a seat. On the train moves—we don't know how fast, or what cities and towns we pass along the route, nor do we care. At bed time we take off our boots, lay down in a comfortable bed, go to sleep, and sleep soundly; in the morning we wake up, wash face, comb hair, brush up and slip on a newly polished pair of boots, whilst the conductor changes the very comfortable bed upon which we slept into two double spring seats, with a velvet card table between them, upon which we may, if so inclined, enjoy a game of chess or "old sledge," whilst the iron horse continues his way with a little moving village, consisting of ten long cars, containing five hundred men, women and children, at the rate of thirty miles an hour, over mountains, across valleys and rivers, without a single incident calculated to disturb or alarm the most timid individual. And although every important town in the State is now a Railroad station, the great system is apparently yet in its infancy. Very soon the iron horse, with its long train of human freight, will wind its way up and over the Rocky Mountains, all the way across this immense continent to the great Pacific, and the trip will be attended with much less adventure or fatigue than a journey to Pittsburg forty years ago.

Whilst on this particular subject, I will state what is, perhaps, not generally known, that Pennsylvania boasts of the first Railroad in the United States. I refer to the gravitation road from Summit Hill to Mauch Chunk, in Carbon county, a distance of nine miles. It was constructed in the year 1827, just forty-one years ago. There was, however, a road constructed in 1826, at or near Quincy, Mass., I believe, one half a mile in length, and used to carry stone from a quarry, but as it was a mere temporayr concern, with wooden rails, and very imperfect, it hardly amounted to the dignity of a Railroad. The Mauch Chunk and Summit Hill road referred to is still in use, daily carrying thousands of tons of anthracite coal from the mines of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company, from Panther Creek Valley to their canal at Mauch Chunk.

About forty years ago, Presidential and Gubernatorial elections were probably as exciting as they are now, but the manner of conducting them was quite different. Candidates, as a general rule, were put before the people earlier in the season, and the work of canvassing continued for longer periods of time, though in this respect the difference is comparitively unimportant. In the year 1835, there were three candidates for Governor before the people of Pennsylvania, viz:—George Wolf and Henry A. Muhlenberg, Democrats, and Joseph Ritner, Anti-Masonic, who was also voted for by as much of the Whig party as then existed. The Anti-Masons, believing the objects and doings of the very ancient order of Free Masons to be inconsistent with Republican government, were politically organized for the avowed purpose of exposing the secrets and punishing the supposed crimes committed by the members of said order. Although the Anti-Masons did not quite accomplish the work of demolishing the order, they did succeed in electing Joseph Ritner Governor of Pennsylvania. For a number of days after the election, the leading and most active men of the several political parties were hanging round their respective head-quarters, to receive, talk over, cypher up and bet on the latest returns. The result in Lancaster county was first known about nine or ten o'clock on the day after the election, and during the latter part of the same day the returns came in from Berks, York, Chester, Lebanon and Dauphin counties. On the following day news came to hand from more remote parts, such as Montgomery, Lehigh, Cumberland and other counties. Ritner was ahead, and gaining as county after county was heard from. The best informed Democrats, one after the other, conceded his election. Still, as a large number of counties were yet to be heard from, many continued to express some hope for Wolf's election, for if the Northern tier, commonly known as the "Wild Cat" counties, would come in so-and-so, they thought their candidate would yet win. Finally, about the end of a week or ten days, the result was known beyond the shadow of a doubt. Ritner was chosen Governor by a plurality of 26,000, The Anti-Masonic Whig party considered the victory as one of immense importance, and a popular political song—the first one that I remember—was then published and sung by some of the most enthusiastic Anti-Masonic vocalists. I remember two lines of this patriotic production:

"Der Joseph Ritner is der monn,
Der unser Shtaat regieren kann."

A President and Vice-President has just been chosen by the people, not of Pennsylvania, but of the whole United States. The polls closed at 7 o'clock on the evening of the 3d day of November. That Lancaster county gave 7300, majority for General Grant, and Old Berks 6000, majority for Seymour, was known in the Philadelphia *Press* office before 10 o'clock on the same evening, and about the same hour and minute in every important town throughout the entire country, from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific! And before these mere local results were properly announced, we were almost overwhelmned with news and figures, not merely from Alleghany, Philadelphia, Lehigh, Blair, Erie, Lycoming, York and Bradford, but also from New Orleans, New York, Boston, Buffalo, Dayton, Baltimere, San Francisco, Omaha, Charleston, Nashville, and all the Jerseys piled up on top. A few minutes later, a supplementary flash o lightning regularly announced the triumphant election of Grant and Colfax, and their friends and admirers celebrated their brilliant victory during the same night by the ringing of bells, firing of guns, whilst procession after procession was shouting and singing about "Old John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave," whilst "his soul is marching on!" On the following day, the Democrats received their Salt River passes, and as honorable men, those who were silly enough to bet their stamps on Seymour, anthorized the stake-holders to hand them over to the victors. And on the same morning, after the election day, the following cable dispatches appeared on the bulletin boards of the news offices of London, Liverpool, Paris, St. Petersburg, Berlin and other cities of the old World:

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 3d, 10 o'clock, P. M.

The election for President and Vice President to-day resulted in favor of Grant and Colfax, the Radical candidates, by a large majority. Seymour has only five or six States.—Grant the remainder.

How long a period of time would have been required to gather the same amount of news forty years ago, each one may imagine for himself.

I believe there was no daily newspaper published in this country forty years ago. It was then customary, in the most intelligent and civilized towns and villages, for two, three or more neighbors to club together, and each subscribe for one newspaper, and in regular order they were handed round, and read by each one belonging to the club. The best printing press then in use was capable of working about three hundred per hour. A publisher having a large circulation, say two thousand, was obliged to go to press at an early hour on the day before publication, so as to enable the pressman to work off the edition in time for the mails. Printing machines now in use, work from one thousand to twenty-five thousand papers per hour, containing all the news, up to midnight, before publication, from St. Louis, London, San Francisco, Berlin, New Orleans, St. Petersburg and Constantinople.

About forty years ago, the only free schools known in our state were those affording education to children whose parrents were too poor to pay for tutition. These were known as the pauper children, and few only were willing to have their names appear on the poor or pauper list, and many children were kept out of school on that account, and thus a considerable number of good citizens of that day were deprived of education altogether. The public mind to-day favors a system of general and liberal education, at the expense of the state embraceing almost every branch. The doctrine that the state owes, and must afford to all her children an education, is well sustained by the people who formerly, in many localities, and by large majorities, pronounced against the free schools, under the strange, yet popular delusion that education is an evil, calculated to lead men to such crimes as forgeries and counterfeting. The change of public opinion during the last thirty years, in regard to common schools is most gratifying, and quite equals our progress in almost every other respect.

Forty years ago the professors of Christianity generally attended their churches to worship God with humiliation, and in truth. Our fathers of the rural districts used to wear plain, but very substantial clothing, and in the summer season it was in perfect order for them to go to church in their shirt sleeves. To see a man attending church in his shirt sleeves, was generally considered *prima facia* evidence that his wife is an excellent woman for having his linen in a proper condition—fit to be seen in meeting on Sunday. Many of the mothers and sisters, even of the present generation, were proud to wear calico dresses, costing a "levy" a yard as their best "sunday go to meeting" rigs, and in many localities linsey-woolsey petticoats and short-gowns were the order of the day in and out of meeting, at home and abroad, at the washtub, at the spinning wheel and at the wedding party. Their straw bonnets were of sufficient dimensions to shield and protect their pretty faces from the scorching sun in August or the chilly equinoxial storm in September. In a word, comfort, protection and becoming neatness, with simplicity, was the aim of all sensible people in the make up of their garments on Sunday, as well as on any other day of the week.

To-day, real Christians doubtless go to church for the same purpose for which our fathers and mothers went—to worship God. But, a very large number—perhaps a majority of professing christians—merely go to church for the purpose of seeing the latest fashions; to show off to the best advantage; to study the run of stocks, and mature plans for sharp financial practice upon some intended victim to be operated on the next day, or ensuing week, whilst "our excellent preacher" attends to and runs the religious part of the ceremony. Men wear hundred dollar suits of clothes, with gold watches and gold chains, and have their pocket books well lined with greenbacks. And the ladies wear the most extravagant dresses, and their "lovely" bonnets reduced to the size of oyster shells, at prices raised to almost any figure that may be demed necessary to give the article respectability.

Much might here be said about Church ceremonies and formalities of the present day, to show a wonderful change, if not improvement, during the last forty years. I remember well when each worshipper participated in the actual singing of hymns, with true Christian enthusiasm, such as "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," or, "Nun danket alle Gott, mit Haertzen, Mund und Hænde." When the occupant of the pulpit rose and said: "Let us sing," the entire congregation *did* sing, and he or she who didn't, was considered no better than a heathen, or a mere pretender. Now, the announcement, "Let us sing," in most of our Churches, means, "now open your hymn books and listen to our fancy music by the choir." In other words, Church music has become a mere popular system of concerts—pieces executed to suit the stage as well as the house of worship. It is only in the Churches of the common people, where it is in order for the congregation to sing the praise and glory of God with a will. And the preaching in some leading Churches to-day is very much like the singing, and the "love of a preacher" who can best avoid true Christianity, and white-wash over and present ingenious apologies for the most fearful vices of society, is the man who now commands the highest salary, and figures as the most popular preacher. Glittering generalities, and not the spirit of Jesus Christ, is the style of preaching.

(To be Continued.)

REJECTED—AND WHY?

TO THE LEADERS OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

Your rejection by the people is decided and emphatic. Why?

You encouraged the South to initiate secession.

You pronounced coercion equally revolutionary with secession.

You assailed the first call for troops as unconstitutional.

You refused to vote either men or money to carry on the war.

You bade the Southern States depart in peace.

You declared that if slavery must be destroyed to gain the Union, then the Union should perish.

You declared your preference for the rebel Constitution, as against your own.

When it became apparent that to proclaim universal liberty would weaken the enemy and reward the true friends of the Union, you nevertheless opposed it.

You stoutly contended that the rebellion would never be suppressed, and triumphantly quoted every reverse to our arms as demonstrating it.

You urged the abandonment of the war, and the resort to negotiation for the best attainable terms.

In our gloomiest days, and when no political campaign was pending, you sought to inflame the passions of the people against the only government we had or could have.

You assailed President Lincoln as a despot and afterwards murdered him.

You denounced the government as revolutionary.

The Boys in Blue were termed by you Lincoln hirelings and dogs.

You opposed allowing the men who were perilling their lives for our country, the enjoyment of the elective franchise.

You opposed filling up our armies by draft.

You incited riotous and bloody resistance to the laws of the land.

You pronounced the war a failure, and called for its abandonment.

You urged the South to reject the most magnanimous terms ever offered to conquered rebels.

You passed laws imposing on freemen the most galling and unjust discriminations, in the halls of justice, on the fields of labor and the resorts of trade.

You would not allow a man equal justice before the law, because servile blood flowed in his veins.

You "fired the Southern heart" anew against the loyal North.

You conferred the highest honors on the fiercest and most brutal rebel Generals.

You falsely assailed the hero to whose energy, sagacity, bravery and skill we owe the existence of our country, as a "brutal butcher," a "miserable drunkard," a "contemptible liar," a "miscegenationist" and "scoundrel."

The man most warmly welcomed by you, in National Convention—Napoleon "Butcher" Forrest—dishonored a flag of truce, and shot down his begging victims in cold blood.

The pavements in New Orleans are stained with the blood of the white and black victims of your hellish malignity.

You have rejected every principle the Democratic party formerly cherished.

You proposed to trample in the dust, by revolutionary means, the laws of Congress.

Riot, rapine and revolution are the weapons with which you propose to overthrow all opposition to your will.

You trampled on the ballot box in 1860, and for five years thereafter, and you threatened to do it again.

The war was your war, begun by you, conducted by you, prolonged by you.—Thousands of homes in our land were desolated by you. Hundreds of thousands of graves were dug by you. Affliction, desolation and death followed in your train. Debt and taxation are the fruits of your treason.

You boasted that your triumph would be the triumph of the "lost cause."

Fort Pillow, New Orleans, Camilla, Opelousas—these are your victories.

You proposed an irredeemable paper currency.

You proposed to tax "every species of property" the poor man owns.

You court or crush the colored man, just as he accepts or declines your offered political alliance.

You turned into the streets, to starve and die, every colored man who will not vote a rebel ticket.

Reconstruction has been delayed by you. You would have no reorganization that did not place the old lash in your hands, and enable the masters to wreak vengeance on their late slaves.

The future you would give us is a future of terror. Civil war, business prostration and oppressive taxation are all you offer us. The past warns us of you. The grave holds up its hands against you. The future implores to be saved from you.

The people heed the supplication, and hence you are rejected.—*Albany Journal.*