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Parties un Families supplied uf kortsy notice un fairy terms. [no 20-1m

A MAN named Hauser recently presented a check at the Allentown First National Bank, for $7,000, which was paid by giving him $3,000 in cash and a cashier's check for $4,000. The check for $7,000 proved to be a forgery, and Houser was arrested at Philadelphia on Friday last, by Policeman Dawson, and sent to Allentown for trial. When arrested he was drunk and disorderly, and over twenty-five hundred dollars in cash, the check for $4,000, and another forged check for $7,000 were found on his person.

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.

VOL. II. LANCASTER, PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1868. NO. 3.

CASH RATES OF ADVERTISING
IN FATHER ABRAHAM.

Ten lines of Nonpareil constitute a Square.

TIME.	1 Sq.	2 Sqs.	3 Sqs.	¼ Col.	½ Col.	1 Col.
1 week....	$ 75	$ 1 40	$ 2 10	$ 3 50	$ 6 00	$ 11 50
2 weeks...	1 20	1 80	2 70	4 50	8 00	14 00
3 weeks...	1 50	2 20	3 30	6 00	10 00	17 00
1 month...	1 75	2 60	3 90	7 00	12 00	20 00
2 months..	2 75	4 00	6 00	10 00	20 00	33 00
3 months..	4 00	6 00	9 00	15 00	30 00	55 00
6 months..	7 00	11 00	16 50	25 00	40 00	70 00
1 year.....	12 00	20 00	30 00	40 00	60 00	120 00

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REAL ESTATE advertisements, Ten cents a line for the first insertion, and Five cents a line for each additional insertion.

☞ALL KINDS OF JOB PRINTING executed with neatness and despatch.

Poetry.

MEMORY'S IDYL.

BY AUGUST BELL.

The low brown house, I see it now;
Grandmother, with her knitting,
A holy calm upon her brow,
In shaded porch was sitting.

All down the path the poppies flamed,
Stiff box made green the border,
And small blue violets, half ashamed,
Grew low in sweet disorder.

I had been reading on the porch,
Aloud, in Revelation;
It seemed like Sunday, and like church,
With two for congregation.

The birds called loud from ash and fir—
I could not be unheeding;
I plucked a sprig of lavender,
To keep the place in reading.

I wandered down by balm and rue,
And clumps of china-aster;
I thought—well, Jack, I thought *of you*,
With heart-beats somewhat faster.

Do you remember how the vine
Grew close o'er all the arbor?
It was a favorite haunt of mine,
A dear, secluded harbor.

So in I strolled. And there *you* were,
In all a dreamer's glory!
Ah, you remember? Tell it, sir!
Ay, dear, *you* end the story.

—

So Jack, no longer boyish dreamer, Jack
Took up the parable. I loved you, dear,
And I had loved you many long months back,
So it was joy your far-off voice to hear.

You read the Bible, and your sweet, grave tone
Seemed like an angel's, searching all my soul.
I wanted you, my darling, for my own,
Yet feared to be unworthy of that goal.

And when I heard you coming through the flowers,
Seeking, like Eliezer, for a sign,
I said, if she comes to me, oh, ye powers,
If her dear feet turn hither, she is mine!

Then in you came, my darling, sweet and shy,
The dearest, primmest, prettiest maid in life,
I felt like king of all the worlds when I
First gained your promise now to be my wife.

Do you remember how, a little age
Thereafter, through the flowers we wandered back,
And dear old grandmother looked up so sage,
And smiled a blessing on her Bess and Jack!—*Lady's Friend.*

Miscellaneous.

Written for FATHER ABRAHAM.

PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

PART IV.

The Creator of all things has bountifully provided for every past, present and future want of the human family. Yet we have reason to believe that some of the means now employed to supply our wants will be exhausted in the course of time. For instance, the immense consumption of wood in this country, notwithstanding its great abundance in many States and Territories, is a matter for serious reflection. The march of civilization and improvement is so rapid, that, within another half a century, many of our most extensive forests will have entirely disappeared, and their places will be occupied by cities, towns and cultivated fields. If so, a substitute for wood must, in the nature of things, be forthcoming. Our coal fields are said to be inexhaustable, but, for one, I do not think so. Those of England, it is asserted, are likely to become exhausted before very long, and should this be the case, it is highly probable that this continent will be called upon to furnish fuel for the world, and such a demand would draw almost fabulous quantities from our mountains. The recent wonderful discovery of petroleum—fuel in a liquid state—is yet a mystery. All we know is that this oil exists in large quantities, but whether it is inexhaustible, as some contend, is very doubtful. It is probably safe to say that neither wood, oil or coal is inexhaustible. It may be that iron is, and if so, future generations will only need the fuel to convert the ore into iron—to make our future houses, barns, mills, furniture, farming implements, and almost every thing now made of wood. Be this as it may, our career will be onward for generations to come. The fact is, we are just beginning to find out that we are destined to become a scientific people. Machinery is yet imperfect, and machinists are in their infancy. Steam power, now regarded as the wonder of the age, may be remembered, or, perhaps read of, as a thing of the past, one hundred years hence. It may not only be so, but the probability is that it will be so—just as far behind the age then as a Conestoga wagon is now behind a monster locomotive capable of running sixty miles an hour. Steam power is certainly not perfection. It is entirely too expensive, too dangerous and too noisy. What to say about the cables between the old world and the new—whether we are likely to improve on lightning speed for our communications and conversations with our friends across the water, I do not know, and therefore I will only say that I cannot now see how to improve the system of lightning communication, unless by some combination of telescopes and reflectors, enabling us so to set and regulate them as to look across the Atlantic, and witness the scenes in the streets of London, Paris, or any other place in Europe, Asia, Africa, or Australia, at a glance. With such a "what-is-it," signal stations and the use of a simplified stenography, we would have a decided improvement on the present slow-coach, unreliable and expensive Atlantic cable. There would probably be no difficulty in communicating with the Europeans by means of signal stations if the earth were a continuous level, and not as it is, a perfect globe. How to look half way *'round* it, will be, I fear, the only difficulty. I take for granted that by means of combining, adjusting and arranging telescopes and reflectors, the coming Yankee will make the connection—perhaps all the way 'round. Such a scientific achievement will also solve the great mystery as to the North Pole and its inhabitants and institutions. It will enable us to look at things as they are anywhere and everywhere.

But, whether electricity will or will not continue to be the means of communication, the probabilities are that it is destined to take the place of the fussy and noisy steam as a motive power, unless in the meantime perpetual motion becomes a reality. Beyond that, I venture to say, we will never go.

And who will contend that we may not some day open our hydrants or fire-plugs to let on our fuel, say one hundred years hence? That water contains gas, is a fixed fact. How to decompose and bring it into use, for the purpose of fuel and light, is the task of the coming inventor. Instead of going to the cellar for a scuttle full of coal to heat our dwellings, broil our beef, bake our bread and cook our coffee, it will be much more convenient to go to the hydrant or cistern for a bucket full of water, or to place a tub under the spout when it rains.

These and similar suggestions may seem extremely ridiculous. Perhaps they are so. But suppose our fathers or grandfathers would have been told, only forty years ago, that in the year 1868 we will travel six hundred to seven hundred miles in twenty-four hours; that the Philadelphia and Lancaster newspapers will contain all the important news correctly reported, from London, Berlin, Paris, Constantinople and St. Petersburg, up to the very moment of going to press on the morning of publication, what would they have thought, and how would they have treated the individual who would utter such ridiculous nonsense? They would have confined him in the lunatic asylum as one entirely unfit and unsafe to be at large. And yet all this, and even much more, has been accomplished, and this being the case, what will not be done during the next hundred years? Among the many suggestions and ideas as to improvement on the present mode of traveling, some may, and perhaps will be successful. Judging from the wonderful past, however, I feel rather inclined to predict that the next great improvement will be a new one, and not now thought of as among the probabilities. Something greater and grander than we now have or know of must come. What it will be I am unable to say. The only way to find out is to wait and see.

For the purpose of forming some idea as to the probable future, I propose to give the experience of Professor John Smith, who, one day last summer, took a walk along the banks of the Conestoga, and being tired, and the weather extremely hot, he laid down in the shade under a large white-oak, to enjoy a good, refreshing nap. He slept very soundly, and continued to sleep for one hundred years, when he waked up, rubbed his eyes and looked around and about him, wondering what had become of the old oak, and how to account for the young chesnut trees occupying its place. The rocks were still there, and the Conestoga continued to flow as it did when he first laid down. Looking northward he found himself quite near a city. He distinctly remembered that he had proceeded about two miles south of Lancaster, but a large and flourishing city was only a short distance—less than half a mile from where he waked up. He resolved to satisfy himself as to the nature of his own existence—to know whether he was the same Professor John Smith living, or whether he was now in the land of spirits. He proceeded on into the city. He recognized the same old hills along the banks of the Conestoga, but everything appeared new, strange and wonderful. He made some enquiry as to his whereabouts, and found himself in the southern part of Lancaster city. Streets and iron bridges across the Conestoga were almost innumerable. Everybody seemed to be in a hurry, and nobody inclined to answer his questions. Everybody was bareheaded. All wore coarse, plain but apparently comfortable clothes, and the costume of females differed but little from those of men. The streets and sidewalks were paved with iron plates, and all the houses were of iron. Now and then, as he proceeded several miles towards the centre of the city, he noticed some old style houses, of brick and stone, with wooden doors and window sash. Not understanding how these and many other changes were brought about, and not knowing what to do, where to go or how to suit himself to this new state of things, he concluded that the first thing in order was to get himself posted, and whilst looking at some new object of attraction he was suddenly startled by a noise resembling a rocket flying through the air, only more rapidly. "I looked up," said the Professor, "and saw a monster machine going Eastward, with extraordinary speed over the town, at an altitude of several thousand feet. In a few seconds it was entirely out of sight. I asked a gentleman *to tell me* what that was."

"That! why don't you know that that's the fast through line?"

"Well, well," I answered, "I should think it was decidedly fast, but tell me, if you please, *what* is it?"

"What is it!" he answered, apparently provoked at my stupidity, "didn't I tell you it was the fast through line."

"But," said I, "you don't pretend to say that people travel in such a boat as that? Excuse my ignorance—I'm a stranger, you see."

"Of course they travel in that Flyer," he said, "these twenty years—ever since 1948. Before that time, you know, or ought to know, they only made three or four hundred miles an hour, but now they go it from San Francisco to St. Petersburg in an hour and a quarter, without stopping. The way-line stops at scuh stations as the Mississippi, the Delaware, the Thames and the Rhine, and the entire trip takes from two hours to two and a quarter. They have also an opposition line, by way of the Pacific, but as the wind is generally from west to east, that route requires about an extra half or three quarters of an hour. They say, however, that the sensation is more agreeable by way of the Pacific, but how to account for it I am unable to say. For my part, I never tried that route, as I always considered the Atlantic good enough when I want to go shopping in Berlin or St. Petersburg."

"Surely," thought I, "this is a wonderful age!" Anxious to become more thoroughly posted, I remarked:

"I suppose the locomotives attached to these Flyers are kept up by means of gas."

"Locomotives! What do you mean by locomotives? What kind of a thing is that?"

"Surely," said I, "you know what a locomotive is. A steam engine, you know, such as they use on the railroads to run the cars."

"Steam engines and railroad cars! See here, stranger, explain yourself—what are you talking about—what do you mean?"

"Is it possible," I exclaimed, "that you don't know what a railroad is? Why I traveled to Philadelphia by rail ever so often."

"Oh, yes, yes," he answered, "I now remember reading something about railroads, some old fashioned way of traveling they used to have many, many years ago."

"But tell me," said Prof. Smith, "what kind of power do they use to rush these Flyers through the air?"

"Electricity, of course," he answered.

"Not wishing to appear too stupid, or entirely behind the age in which I found myself," said Prof. Smith, "I simply answered, 'Why yes, of course—I knew it was by means of electricity—only I didn't just think of it.'"

Mr. Smith continued his way through the city, seeking further information and seeing what was to be seen, and every thing was new and wonderful.

One thing, however, was unchanged—precisely as it was in 1868—one hundred years ago, and when he saw it proudly waving from a liberty pole, three hundred feet high, he felt that he was still in his own native country. It was the old flag—the stars and stripes. But, instead of thirty-six stars, they appeared to be innumerable. The name of the country was changed and simplified, from the "United States of America" to "The United World." The capitol of the only existing Government was still on the bank of the Potomac—Washington city—where a monument had been erected, of solid Italian marble, five hundred feet high, in honor of three hundred thousand freemen, who, one hundred years ago, sacrificed their lives in order that Liberty might live and the dear old flag float in triumph and glory forever!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HENRY WARD BEECHER ON POLITICAL CORRUPTION.

Hundreds of people went away from Plymouth Church, New York, on Sunday evening, unable to get inside of the house. "Abhor that which is evil," was Mr. Beecher's text. He said that there was a growing tendency among church members and others to allow wickedness to grow and flourish from a mistaken idea that every man should attend to his own business. Others compromised with their consciences until they became indifferent as to whether the guilty were brought to justice or not. New York has nearly as many churches as dens of infamy, yet the pulpits of that city allowed all kinds of corruption to grow within its borders until it is second only to Sodom and Gomorrah. Business men who stand high in the church, set examples before their clerks that ought to make every honest man abhor them from the bottom of his heart. Ministers are supposed to be the mouth pieces of God, yet they grow fat in the service of the Devil by keeping silent when they should lift up their voices and expose the wickedness of corrupt men in high places. Justice is bought and sold, or knocked down to the highest bidder. The very word "Judge" stinks, and could some of these ministers of so-called justice be placed under parental rule once more, to have the scenes of their childhood renewed, it would be a blessing to them and to their country. Were all the villainies of men in high places brought to light, they would include all the crimes known to Sing Sing and Auburn. It is time for some one to "thunder," or society will be overwhelmed with the corruption of its members. The foundations of the Government are supported by votes. When these votes are bought and sold the Government rests on quicksand. This is bad enough; but what shall we say when Legislatures are put into the market? The only difference between New York and Albany is that the latter place is one hundred and fifty miles further up the river. The people must rise up and show their abhorrence of these wicked men. Until the Church and its members do this, we are at the mercy of swindlers and thieves. In his prayer, Mr. Beecher called on God to have mercy on the Judges, and take them away.

Father Abraham's Chips.

GEN. HOOKER is seriously ill.

GENERAL BUTLER'S health is improving.

THE party that declined "peace" has gone to pieces.

THE Baptists of Altoona are building a new church.

GRANT is no longer a tanner, but a Cabinet maker.

THERE are said to be 1,100,000 Baptists in the United States.

ISAAC W. MAY is the Workingmen's nominee for Mayor of Boston.

ONE million sacks of wheat are stored in the warehouses of San Francisco.

GOOD bootmakers are scarce in San Francisco, and command high wages.

A WISCONSINER husked and piled one hundred bushels of corn the other day.

THE Methodists of this country added 100,000 to their *membership last year.*

A SEWER caved in at Cleveland, Ohio, and seven men were buried in the ruins.

A COLORED preacher in Mississippi announces a monthly Colored Citizens' Magazine.

NORTH CAROLINA sends to the next Congress six Republicans and one Democratic rebel.

LEMONS are now sold in Boston by retail at less than one-half the price asked for apples.

TWELVE thousand rat skins have already been purchased by the merchants of Fairmount, Iowa.

HON. WM. M. PRICE, one of the most distinguished lawyers of Baltimore, died on Friday last.

A TOPOGRAPHICAL survey of the Gettysburg battle field is now being made by the War Department.

NEHEMIAH BALL, of Concord, Mass., was sentenced to ten years in the Penitentiary for forgery.

COUNTERFEIT $2 bills upon the St. Nichols Bank of New York are being circulated in that city.

THREE hundred thousand dollars' worth of presents were given at a New York wedding last week.

FIVE men were killed one day last week by the falling in of a brick arch in the city of Louisville, Kentucky.

GEN, SHERIDAN has perfected plans for a six months' campaign against the hostile Indians in Kansas and Colorado.

THE Washburns of Illinois and Wisconsin are both over fifty, have gray hair, and live together in Washington.

THE women of Alton, N. H., gutted a liquor-shop in that place last Wednesday, and emptied the fluids into the street.

BRIGHAM YOUNG has issued a bull against long-tailed dresses. Sensible in that, anyhow. He don't like dirty stockings.

LAST week the powder mill of David Beveridge, near Barnesville, three miles above Tamaqua, Schuylkill county, blew up.

THE Woman's Medical College of Philadelphia has opened its nineteenth annual session with a class of forty full-course students.

A LADY named Mary Hayes, of Louisville, Kentucky, has fallen heir to $300,000 in gold, bequeathed by her grandfather, in England.

FIFTY-SEVEN persons were killed and ten injured by an explosion at the Orley Mine Colliery, near Wigan, England, on the 27th ult.

THE Scranton (Luzerne county) *Democrat* hoists the name of Hon. Asa Packer as its choice for the Democratic candidate for next Governor.

ASA KIMBALL died at Boston a few days ago from injuries received by jumping from the window of a gambling saloon, to avoid a police raid.

THE number of children who attend school in the United States, amounts to 6,000,000. They use 20,000,000 books, which cost $28,750,000.

THE South Americans say it is the first shock of an earthquoke that always does the most damage. The subsequent ones are never so destructive.

A "PATENT rat-trap," in a store at Bridgeport, Conn., that was never known to catch a rat, last week caught a burglar and held him till the police came along.

ONE THOUSAND loaves of bread were distributed among the poor at Frankford Road and York streets, Philadelphia, by the Union League of the 19th Ward, on Thanksgiving day.

THE total amount of money paid to five places of amusement in Philadelphia, during the months of August, September and October last, was $151,585. This was exclusive of shows, concerts, balls, operas, &c., which amounted to probably as much more.

AT the Womens' Rights convention, just held at Boston, Rev. James Freeman Clark, advocated educating the sexes together, as the best way to prevent them from falling in love too quickly. Addresses were delivered by Rev. Charles Bernard, Frederick Douglas and Frank W. Bird, all favoring suffrage for women.

THE following are the places where the tearful Seymour spoke, after the October elections, and the Republican majority gains in each place: Rochester, 276; Buffalo, 3,172; Cleveland, 1,287; Chicago, 5,169; Indianapolis, 605; Columbus, 590; Pittsburg, 2,000; Reading, 198; Philadelphia, 2,200; at home, 1,000; an average Republican gain of 1,539 for each effort.

THE Lebanon *Courier* says that a charter has been taken out, under the free railroad law, for a road from Lebanon Furnaces to Cornwall Ore Banks, under the title of the Cornwall Railroad Company.

FOUR boys—the oldest not over thirteen years—one night last week stole fifty sheep from the Avenue Drove Yard, West Philadelphia. They sold a number of them at $1 each. Two of the boys were arrested.

GENERAL GRANT has already subdued the entire army of office-seekers. They don't come near his Headquarters at Washington, and they appear to be entirely at a loss to know how to approach him.

"THE newspapers have you married, as well as chosen Vice President of the United States," said a friend to Mr. Speaker Colfax, the other day. "Elected, but not yet sworn in, in either case," was the reply.

ONE day last week a servant girl, near Springfield, Illinois, was lifting a vessel of boiling water from the stove, when she tripped and spilled it over three children who were playing near her, and they were all terribly scalded, one of them fatally.

IT is said that General Grant, since his recent return to Washington, expresses much gratification at the fact that of the very large number of gentlemen he met, both in New York and Philadelphia, not one solicited him for an office either for himself or a friend.

THE papers of Illinois claim a population of 2,641,510 on the vote of 499,436 for President this year. She had a population in 1860 of 1,711,951. Such strides, if kept up, will cause a few States that we know of, to "wake up," if they want to be in the lead on population in 1870.

A VENERABLE Democrat in Madison, Indiana, is grieved sorely for having given his son an education. "I have had ten sons grown," says he, "and all of 'em voted the Dimicratic ticket but one. I spiled him by giving him an edication, and so he is a Republican and votes aginst the Dimicrats."

THE Canton (Ohio) *Repository*, and the *Republican* of the same city—two very ably conducted papers—have just been consolidated as "The Canton Repository and Republican." The paper now contains forty columns of reading matter, and proudly ranks as a first-class Republican paper of the great Buckeye State.

MR. CROSLEY PYLE, of Franklin twp., Chester county, has sent to the editor of the Oxford *Press* three ears of corn; the whole number of grains on said ears is 4,560; largest number on one ear, 1680; the heaviest ear weighs 1lb 12 oz; the thickest girths 9 inches in the middle, and the longest measures 12½ inches.

H. RIVES POLARD, the notorious rebel editor of the *Southern Opinion*, was shot dead in front of his office, in the city of Richmond, Va., on Tuesday last, by James Grant. The alleged cause was a publication in the *Opinion* reflecting on the character of Grant's sister The weapon used was a double-barreled shot gun.

DURING the past summer there were erected in Allentown, 327 new houses; 38 were remodelled, and additions were erected to 17, making a total of 382. There are included in the above 4 churches, 2 engine houses, and 27 store-houses. Of the remainder there are 31 three-story brick, 103 two-story brick, and 142 two-story frame houses.

THE population of Pennsylvania has recently been made by a comparison of the election returns of 1860 and 1868. In 1860 the vote polled for electors for President was 476,642 to population 2,906,115, as obtained from the census returns. In 1868 the vote for President was 655,662, which would give a present population of 3,992,001 souls.

HIS Excellency, the Governor, has appointed Hiram Corson, M. D., of Montgomery county, Edward C. Haines, of Centre county, and A. Boyd Hamilton and William Colder, of Dauphin county, Commissioners to represent Pennsylvania at a convention which met at Springfield, Illinois, on Tuesday, the first of December, for the purpose of recommending to the Legislatures of the several States, an efficient system of legislation for the repression and prevention of the diseases among cattle, known as the Texas fever and other kindred diseases.

THE Toledo (Ohio) *Blade* says: It is astonishing what an amount of common sense was knocked into the Democratic cranium by the great blow which the people struck on the 3d ult. What milder method of education could have enlightened the Chicago *Times*, for example, up to the point of saying, with reference to the reconstruction laws: "Why stand back and hurl the epithet 'unconstitutional' at measures and doctrines which the people have already passed upon and approved? Is this the business of statesmen? Is this the way to win popular favor?"

MR. EDWARD PAYSON WESTON is preparing for a pedestrian trip from Bangor, Me., to St. Paul, Minn., and back to New York, a distance of 5,000 miles. He will start from Bangor at 4 P. M. on Tuesday, December 1, and must reach the City Hall, New York, on or before 4 P. M. on the 11th of March, the actual walking time being, omitting Sundays, 86 days. Weston must actually walk 5,000 miles within the stipulated time, or he cannot take the prize, which in this trial is $20,000. Eight witnesses are to accompany him in carriages from the beginning to the termination of his journey. He will walk through seventeen States, in one hundred and eighty-eight counties, and seven hundred and twenty-eight cities and towns, and take 9,794,996 steps, all within one hundred consecutive days.