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# 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, JANUARY 8, 1869. No. 8.

**Dry Goods.**  
**FURS!**  
 HAGER & BROTHERS have just received an elegant assortment of FANCY FURS FOR LADIES AND MISSES. Mink, Sable, Siberian Squirrel, Fitch, Ermine, Water Mink, &c.  
 Muffs, Collars, Eugentia, Circulars, Skating Muffs and Hous, Swans' Down and Squirrel Ties, &c.  
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**MOURNING SHAWLS.**  
 BLACK THIBET LONG AND SQUARE SHAWLS, At Lowest Prices.  
**FALL AND WINTER READY-MADE CLOTHING,**  
 FOR MEN AND BOYS. HAGER & BROTHERS offer for sale the largest stock, at lowest prices, all of their own manufacture.  
 Fine Dress Suits, Business Suits, Boys' Suits, Overcoats, From the FINEST ESQUIMAUX BRAVER to good ordinary grade.  
**OVERCOATINGS—**  
 Black and Colors all grades. FRENCH COATINGS—Black, Brown, Dahlla. SILK MIXED COATINGS—Foreign and Domestic. CASSIMERES—New Styles. BOYS' WEAR—In great variety. LANCASTER COUNTY SATINETTS—In all colors, and warranted strong. Just received and for sale, at lowest prices, at nov 27-51

**Poetry.**  
**"GO IT ALONE."**  
 BY JOHN G. SARK.  
 There's a game much in fashion, I think its called enure, Though I never played it for pleasure or lucre, In which, when cards are in certain conditions, The players appear to have changed positions, And one of them cries, in a confident tone—"I think I might venture to go it alone."  
 While watching a game, 'tis a whim of the bard's, A moral to draw from the skirmish in cards, And to fancy he finds in the trivial strife Some excellent hints for the battle of Life, Where, whether the prize be a ribbon or throne, The winner is he who can "go it alone."  
 When great Galileo proclaimed that the world In a regular orbit was ceaselessly whirled, And got—not a convert for all of his pains, But only derision, and prison, and chains—"It moves for all that," was his answering tone, For he knew, like the earth, he could "go it alone."  
 When Kepler, with intellect piercing afar, Discovered the laws of each planet and star, And doctors who ought to have lauded his name Derided his learning and blackened his fame—"I can wait," he replied, "till the truth you show own."  
 For he felt in his heart he could "go it alone." Alas! for the player who idly depends In the struggle of life upon kindred and friends, Whatever the value of blessings like these, They can never atone for ignominious ease, Nor comfort the coward who finds, with a groan, That his crutches have left him to "go it alone."  
 There is something, no doubt, in the hand you may hold, Health, family, culture, wit, beauty and gold is each, in its way, a most excellent card. Yet the game may be lost, with all these for your own, Unless you've the courage to "go it alone."  
 In battle or business, whatever the game; In law or in love it is always the same; In the struggle for power, or scramble for pelf, Let this be your motto: "I rely on myself." For whether the prize be ribbon or throne, The victor is he who can "go it alone."

**Miscellaneous.**  
**THE DAUGHTER IN LAW.**  
 "I never, never will forgive him," said old Mr. Remington, solemnly depositing his great gold spectacles in their green leather case.  
 "Nor I, either," sobbed Mrs. Remington, heedless of the unwanted disorder of her cap strings. "To marry that bold, dashing city girl without so much as waiting our permission."  
 "But you know, my dear," suggested the old gentleman, "we shouldn't have given it to him if he had waited half a century."  
 "Certainly we should not," said Mrs. Remington, most emphatically. "To think of our only child treating us so cavalierly, Abel, the only one we have got in the world."  
 "He has made his bed, and must lie on it," said the old man, sternly. "I will never receive his gay city bride here, and so I shall write to him immediately. We are scarcely fit enough for a Fifth Avenue daughter-in-law."  
 As he spoke, the old man picked up a crumpled letter that had been thrown on the floor in the first paroxysm of his anger, and smoothed out its folds with a mechanical touch.  
 "Why, only think of it, Abel," said Mrs. Remington, "Mahala Buckley served for six weeks in this—this girl's cousin's family, and she says Evelyn Sayre could smoke a little paper cigar just like a man, and used to go skating with her dress all tacked up to the top of her boots, and drove a barouche with the groom sitting behind—and—"  
 "Bless my soul!" interrupted the old gentleman, his breath nearly taken away by the catalogue of enormities. "Bless my soul, you don't say so. And our Charles married to such an amazon as this."  
 So the couple sat in the roomy porch of the capacious old farm-house, with the Michigan roses tossing little billet doux into their laps in scented showers, and the delicious odors of the fresh mown hay coming up from the meadow flats by the river, as miserable an old couple as you would want to see.  
 Meanwhile, Mrs. Charles Remington, a bride of three weeks' standing, was making herself happy at Niagara. She sat on a fallen log among the delicious shade and seclusion of the island that bright June day with the lights and shadows chasing each other across her lovely face, and turning her long chestnut curls to coils of gold. Dressed all in white, she was fastening a wreath of wild flowers into the ribbon of her coquettish little hat and singing some old ballads softly to herself.  
 Evelyn Remington was very handsome—neither blonde nor brunette, she contrived to unite the charms of both in her rose-leaf complexion, bright hair and misty-brown eyes, and the smiles that dimpled her fresh scarlet lips were messengers straight from the heart.  
 Presently she was joined by her husband—a tall, handsome young fellow, in a white linen suit and graceful hat.  
 "Two letters, Evelyn," he said, lightly, "and bad news in both."  
 "Bad news? Oh, Charles!" and the roses faded suddenly away from the bride's cheeks.  
 "Well, not so very bad, and yet not pleasant. Read."

He tossed into her lap a stiffly written letter, on one page of blue paper, signed "Abel and Mary Remington," a keen expression of their disapproval of the marriage he had contracted, and an assertion of their determination never to receive his wife as their daughter.  
 Evelyn looked up, her husband's face with her bright eyes full of tears.  
 "Oh, Charles, I am sorry."  
 He laughed and quoted to her the old scripture phrase—  
 "A man shall leave his father and mother and cleave unto his wife."  
 "And now don't you want to see the other letter, Evelyn?"  
 It was a summons from the mercantile firm with which Charles Remington was connected, an earnest entreaty that he would visit Central America in their interest immediately.  
 "Good, isn't it, to request a bridegroom to walk off in that sort of a way? It is too rough a voyage to ask you to share it, dearest. I leave it for you to decide—shall I go or stay?"  
 "Go, by all means. Should I ask you to linger by my side when duty calls you away, a poor wife I should be."  
 He kissed her flushed cheeks with admiring tenderness.  
 "And where shall I leave you, my bonnie bride?"  
 "Oh, I will make a brief visit home in the meantime. It cuts our wedding tour short, but then, you know, we have a lifetime to finish our honeymoon in."  
 So the brief Niagara sojourn came to an end, and Mrs. Remington, for the season, was a widowed bride.  
 "He will be back soon," she said to herself, "and in the meanwhile, oh, I must do so much."  
 "Yes," said old Mrs. Remington, complacently. "I think that was a splendid idea of yours, Abel, sending for Lot Chauncey's orphan to adopt. It'll teach Charles and his stuck-up wife that we are in earnest about what we wrote, and Maria Chauncey won't have no city airs nor graces. I'm dreadfully anxious to see her. Lot was a likely looking fellow, and folks did say his wife was a regular beauty. I guess likely she'll come by the stage to-night."  
 "I guess likely there she is now," said Abel, who, sitting by the open window, caught the first glimpse of a slender figure coming up the path, and carrying a well-packed carpet-bag; and Mrs. Remington ran forward to kiss and welcome the new comers.  
 Maria Chauncey was exceedingly pretty. Mrs. Remington soon discovered that—  
 "A bright little winsome creature, with gold brown hair that would curl in spite of the restraining net, loving hazel eyes and tremulous red lips."  
 "Oh, Abel!" quoth the soft hearted old woman, at the end of two days, "why didn't Charles wait until he had seen Maria Chauncey? Is she not sweet—don't it seem like a gleam of sunshine in the old house when she is tripping around?"  
 "She is very pretty," said Mr. Remington.  
 "And then," pursued the old lady, "she's so handy. She knows just where everything is kept, and how to do everything, and she does my caps up exquisitely, and you should have seen how skillfully she drove me to meeting yesterday. Oh, Abel, if Providence had only seen fit to send us a daughter-in-law like dear little Maria Chauncey."  
 Mrs. Remington's speech was cut prematurely short by the entrance of the subject of it, with her apron full of wild flowers.  
 "Mrs. Remington," she began, and then checking herself with alacrity, "Oh, I cannot call you that long, formal name; may I say mother?"  
 "Of course you may, my darling," said the officious old lady. "I only wish you were my real daughter."  
 Maria laid down her flowers, and deposited her nearly white eggs in a basket on the table, and then came up to Mrs. Remington, kneeling down and nestling her bright head in the old lady's check apron.  
 "Mother," she murmured, softly, "you do not know how sweet the word sounds. And will you always love me, and cherish me, let me be a real daughter to you?"  
 "I should be a hard hearted old crowheart if I didn't, pet," said the old lady, her spectacles dimmed with tears.  
 In short, Maria Chauncey became the light of the farm house; the bright little guardian genius of its cotied rooms and wide, airy halls. She read the paper to farmer, and syllabubs to the astonishment and delight of the old lady; she kept the two old china vases on the mantel brimming over with a rain of roses; she knew by instinct just when to darken the room for the old man's afternoon nap on the chintz sofa, and she was better than any one on his bed nervous headaches.  
 "I really don't see how we ever contrived to live without Maria," said the old gentleman.  
 "But she shall never leave us," said Mrs. Remington, decidedly.  
 "Maria's little bright eyes, I've got news," called the old gentleman one morning, through the hall. "Leave these honey-suckle for some one else to tie up, and come here. Charles is coming home."  
 "No, not to stay—of course his fine city wife demands his permanent devotion"—Mr. Remington could not help speaking with a sneer, "but he will spend the day here, on his way to New York. I should like you to see Charles—I should like Charles to see you—if you're not better than his Fifth Avenue wife, she must be a paragon among women, that's all I've got to say."  
 "When will he be here, sir?"

**CASH RATES OF ADVERTISING**  
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TIME.	1 Col.	2 Col.	3 Col.	4 Col.	5 Col.
1 week	75	1 40	2 10	3 30	4 00
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3 weeks	1 50	2 20	3 30	5 00	4 00
1 month	1 75	2 60	3 80	5 00	4 00
2 months	2 75	4 00	5 00	6 00	5 00
3 months	4 00	5 00	6 00	7 00	6 00
6 months	7 00	8 00	9 00	10 00	9 00
1 year	12 00	13 00	14 00	15 00	13 00

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 ALL KINDS OF JOB PRINTING executed with neatness and dispatch.

**PROVIDENCE, Rhode Island,** presents a woman to an admiring world who has had five children in eleven months—triplets at first, and twins next. She ought to vote.  
**MRS. STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS** (Mrs. Major Williams) lives in Galena, chats with Grant, has two children by her last marriage, and—the Jenkins avers—is happy.  
 ONE of the most remarkable facts of church debt paying, is that of Dr. Scudder's Presbyterian Church in San Francisco. He raised \$46,500 in a canvass of four days.  
 THE late Thomas Armstrong, of Baltimore, Md., in his last will gave about \$1,000 each to twenty-seven religious and charitable societies, chiefly of the Methodist Church.  
 VERMONT has no house that is not within half a mile of a school, and not more than a hundred native born citizens over twenty-one years of age who cannot read and write.  
 A NEW YORK church has excommunicated one of its lady members for too gay demeanor, and her husband has begun a suit for libel and slander, laying his damages at \$5,000.  
 A WASHINGTON special reports that a great effort will be made in the Senate next week to take the nominations of Alexander Cummings and Marks out of committee, and secure action upon them at once.  
 THEY appear to have had a rather rough time of it on Christmas day out in St. Louis, where no less than ten persons were either stabbed, shot, or received broken skulls while engaged in celebrating the day.  
 THE jury in the case of George Twitchell, charged with the murder of Mrs. Hill, tried in Philadelphia, brought in a verdict of guilty on Friday night last, much to the astonishment of the accused and his friends.  
 A CONVENTION of the officers of the Army of the Potomac is called to meet in New York, on the 22d of February, for the purpose of forming an association similar to the Societies of the Armies of the Cumberland, Ohio, and Tennessee.  
 MRS. DICKENS, widow of the late Augustus N. Dickens, and sister-in-law to Charles Dickens, the well-known English novelist, was found dead in her bed on Christmas day, at her residence, in Chicago—caused, it is supposed, from taking an overdose of morphia.

**Father Abraham's Chips.**  
 BROWNLOW thinks Tennessee should be divided.  
 BLAIR COUNTY pays about \$300 a year for fox scalps.  
 SAN FRANCISCO is happy. She can get flour for 80 to 87 in greenbacks.  
 ONE million sacks of wheat are stored in the warehouses of San Francisco.  
 MILLIONS of oranges are said to be rotting on the trees in the Bahama Islands.  
 FIFTEEN CENTS a pound is the price of venison saddles in Laporte, Sullivan county.  
 HON. OPEN BOWIE entered upon his duties as Governor of Maryland on Wednesday last.  
 In Baltimore 127 persons were fined for getting drunk on Christmas Eve, and 147 on Christmas day.  
 The oldest man in Minnesota, Louis La Boute, died last week at the age of 104, leaving a widow aged 90.  
 WISCONSIN, or as it is more properly and more beautifully spelled, Ooiscousin, means "Gathering of the Waters."  
 The weather was cold enough at Charleston, S. C., on Christmas day, to freeze the salt water ponds near the city.  
 WHIPPING, which was abolished years ago from the schools of Saratoga, has been restored as a necessary adjunct of education.  
 THE celebrated Barbara Freitchie flag is in the possession of a Union officer, in Maryland. It is of silk, about 16 inches long.  
 This aggregate popular vote for President last year is an increase of more than a million upon the highest total ever before polled.  
 A WHITE quail has been found in Mexico, Andrain county, Mo. The bird is a pure white, with the exception of a few brown spots.  
 The income of the Prince and Princess of Metternich is \$290,000 a year, and yet they live far beyond their means and are deeply in debt.  
 THE Hon. John C. Kunkel, of Harrisburg, presented the Orphans' Home at Womelsdorf with a check for one thousand dollars, as a Christmas gift.  
 THE first greenback ever issued has been purchased recently by a gentleman in Cincinnati for \$50. It is signed by Salmon P. Chase—No. 1, letter A.  
 Messrs. Kelly and Zayner, of Indiana county, spent a week in the wilds of Clearfield county, and succeeded in killing thirteen deer and an American panther.  
 It is stated on good authority that a corps of the ablest of the Virginia orators and prominent rebels intend canvassing Pennsylvania and other Northern States, to invite farmers, mechanics and capitalists into the Old Dominion.  
 THERE are at present thirteen persons under sentence of death in New York city for murder. Ten of these were born in Ireland, one in Italy, one is an American of Irish parentage, and the other is a "nigger." Democratic white men still ahead.