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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 22, 1869. No. 10.

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3 months	4 00	6 00	9 00	15 00	30 00	55 00
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OF ALL KINDS.

From the largest POSTER to the smallest CARD or CIRCULAR, executed in the best style, and at reasonable prices.

☞Orders from a distance promptly attended to.

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Furnishing Goods, &c.

HEADQUARTERS FOR UNDERCLOTHING, STOCKINGS, GLOVES, COLLARS, CUFFS, SLEEVE BUTTONS, and Gent's ware generally, at

ERISMAN'S,

No. 41½ NORTH QUEEN ST., Lancaster.

An ivver ous grosser shtock goods—suitable tor Krishdogs, Nei-Yohrs un onnery Presents—so we

Hols-Dicher, Schnup-Dicher, Collars, Hemærmel K'nep, g'shtickte Hemmer-fronts, Pocket Bicher, Perfumery, Hohr-Œhl, Cigar Cases, un onnery fancy articles ons

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41½ North Queen Street, Lancaster.
(Om sign fum gross Shtreafich Hem.) [no20-1y

Books and Stationery.

C BOOKS AND STATIONERY. C
SCHOOL and MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS,
H STATIONERY, H
E
FAMILY AND POCKET BIBLES,
A BLANK BOOKS. A
P LIBERAL REDUCTIONS TO Merchants, School Directors & Teachers. P

J. H. SHEAFFER,
CHEAP CASH BOOK STORE,
No. 32 NORTH QUEEN STREET,
LANCASTER, PA.

AN GROSSE VARIETY!
Bicher, Blanks, Bobbeer, Fedders, Dinda, Dinda-glesser, Pencils un
FOMELIA UN SOCK-BEEVELA.
J. H. SHEAFFER'S
Wohlfehler Cash Buch Shtore,
No. 32 Nord Queen Shtrose, Lancaster, Pa.
no20-1y]

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DAVID BAIR. R. W. SHENK.

BAIR & SHENK,

BANKERS,

NORTHEAST ANGLE OF CENTRE SQUARE,
LANCASTER, PENNA.

no20-1y]

Book Binding.

GEORGE WIANT,

BOOK-BINDER

AND

BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURER,

NORTH QUEEN ST., LANCASTER, PA.

BLANK BOOKS,

For Banks, Merchants, County Offices, &c., made to order.

BOOK BINDING, in all its branches, promptly attended to. [dec 4-3m

Dry Goods.

FURS!

FURS! 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.

—IN—

Muffs, Collars, Eugenias, Circulars, Skating Muffs and Boas, Swans' Down and Squirrel Ties, &c.

SHAWLS,

in great variety at HAGER & BROTHERS.

Open and Filled Centre Broche, Ristori Long Shawls, Fancy Woolen Long Shawls, Children's Shawls.

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 BEAVER to good ordinary grade.

OVERCOATINGS—
Black and Colors all grades.
FRENCH COATINGS—Black, Brown, Dahlia.
SILK MIXED COATINGS—Foreign and Domestic.
CASSIMERES—New Styles.
BOYS' WEAR—In great variety.
LANCASTER COUNTY SATTINETS—In all colors, and warranted strong.
Just received and for sale, at lowest prices, at HAGER & BROTHERS.
nov 27-3t*]

Clothing.

JUST OPENED

AT

BEAU MONDE HALL!

PORTICO ROW,

543 PENN SQUARE, 543

READING, PENNA.,

A LARGE LOT OF

BEAVERS,

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES,

VESTINGS, &c., &c.,

FOR

WINTER WEAR.

ALSO,

BOY'S CLOTHING,

AND

GENTLEMEN'S

FURNISHING GOODS!

LEVI G. COLEMAN, Cutter.

BUCH & BRO., PROPRIETORS.

no20-tf]

GEORGE B. COLEMAN,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Having leased Erben's old and well-known stand,

NO. 42 NORTH QUEEN-ST.,

Offers to the public an entire new and superior stock of GOODS of every description, which will be made up in the very best and most fashionable style.

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS

Of every description, for sale cheaper than they can be had anywhere else in the city. [nov 20-tf

Hats, Caps, Furs, &c.

1868. 1868.

SHULTZ & BROTHER,

HATTERS,

No. 20 NORTH QUEEN STREET,

LANCASTER, PENNA.

Latest style Fall and Winter HATS and CAPS in all qualities and colors.

LADIES' FANCY FURS,

We are now opening the largest and most complete assortment of Ladies' and Children's FANCY FURS ever offered in this market, at very low prices.

ROBES! ROBES!! ROBES!!!

Buffalo Robes, lined and unlined; Hudson Bay, Wolf, Prairie Wolf, Fox, Coon, &c.

BLANKETS AND LAP RUGS

Of all qualities, to which we would particularly invite the attention of all persons in want of articles in that line.

GLOVES, GAUNTLETS and MITTS.

OTTER,
BEAVER,
NUTRIA,
SEAL,
BUCKSKIN,
FLESHER,
KID, &c., &c.

Ladies' Fine Fur Trimmed Gloves, Gauntlets, Mitts and Hoods.

PULSE WARMERS and EAR MITTS.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

no20-tf]

Poetry.

NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

Nothing but leaves. The spirit grieves
Over a wasted life;
Sin committed while conscience slept,
Promises made and never kept;
Hatred, battles and strife—
Nothing but leaves.

Nothing but leaves; no gathering sheaves
Of life's fair ripened grain;
Words; idle words, for earnest deeds;
We sow our seeds—lo! tares and weeds
We reap for toil and pain—
Nothing but leaves.

Nothing but leaves; memory weaves
No veil to screen the past;
As we retrace our weary way,
Counting each lost and misspent day,
We sadly find at last
Nothing but leaves.

And shall we meet our Father so,
Bearing our withered leaves?
The Saviour looks for perfect fruit—
We stand before Him, humbled, mute,
Writing the words He breathes—
Nothing but leaves.

Miscellaneous.

LOAF, THE BOOTBLACK.

"Shine 'em up?—On'y five cents!"

This was Loaf, the bootblack.

He was nicknamed "Loaf" by his friends because he was the hardest working, toughest little bootblack known to the fraternity. The "On'y five cents!" was a call for trade, and not by any means intended to be taken in a literal sense; and most of Loaf's customers saw it in that light, especially when aided by that miraculous polish which the boy invariably brought to the surface of the most disheartening clodhoppers; and few ever refused the "tenner," or asked change.

Loaf's legitimate appellation was Clem (short for Clement) Brown.

His mother was an American woman, whose husband had gone the way of many other good Americans in the national pride of country, as exemplified by his fondness for the national beverage, *Bourbon!*

The senior Brown, who had been a handsome, meritorious and successful barkeeper, had discovered Annie Carter, the daughter of a wealthy man in a retired country village, Malden by name, and in the guise of a "young man about town"—"town" being supposed to represent the metropolitan city of New York—had wooed and won that rustic maiden, with the hope of setting up a bar and billiard room, and bowling-alley himself, as near to Broadway as might be, on the elder Carter's money.

But unhappily for the dreams of future bliss, the elder Carter, having discovered the character of the youthful Brown's calling, and thereupon refused his consent to the match, had, on discovering that the matrimonial plan had been completed, presented his daughter with twenty-five dollars, and the repetition of an ancient proverb referring to the chambermaid's art, and beginning, "as you make your bed"—had thereupon announced his intention of having nothing further to do with the happy pair; and, contrary to the usual custom in light literature, had steadily held to his promise.

The disappointed dram-distributor, taking these unexpected alterations in his programme to heart, had devoted himself too earnestly to his profession, and had eventually died, leaving behind him a widow, too proud to return to her father who had cut her off, the son above mentioned, and two more youthful Browns, who have no special position in this history.

As Mrs. Brown was, unfortunately, not in the enjoyment of robust health, she was able to do but little towards the support of her family, and that little she did with her needle—a laborious, but not remarkably lucrative employment. Consequently it fell to happen (as the French say) that the chief income of this branch of the Brown family was derived from the daily labor of the aforesaid Loaf, or Clem Brown, a youth of about twelve years of age.

Now Loaf, besides the education he had obtained from the university of the streets, had also derived some benefit from his attendance for a few years at the public schools; and being a sharp boy and quick to learn, was not by any means as ignorant as might be supposed. Evening school had in winter received some of his attention, and he could "read, write and cipher," knew a little about geography and history, and a good deal about other things that boys of his age might perhaps be better off without knowing. He was, however, not a bad boy, either naturally or by association; he possessed a very American independent spirit; and was, after all, a type of a species that exists in our large cities to a more general extent than is usually imagined.

His independent spirit had kept him out of the "Bootblacks' Union," with all its attendant benefits; yet, though he insisted on "going it alone," he was quite a favorite with that guild of young professionals, since he never interfered with their "beats," was generous and good-natured, and a capital hand at the "national game," when business was slack—never otherwise.

His portrait, if painted by Eastman Johnson, would probably look something like this: A corner of a street (say Broadway and Eighth Street;) time about seven o'clock of a snowy evening in December; leaning against a railing, a stout stunted boy in woollen jacket and pants (patched); thick shoes with the toes kicked out; a greasy cap on one side of a curly head, with a broken visor hanging over a round, blue-eyed, freckled face. Hands in pockets; one leg drawn up, from cold; and by his side the little box and foot-rest, insignia of his trade. The snow showering down in feathery lightness all over him; carriages and omnibusses driving briskly up and down; lights shining brilliantly in the shop-windows, and wayfarers tramping hurriedly up and down—the latter part would be the part of the picture not shown, but experienced on the evening concerning which we have to relate. This picture cabinet-size, by Eastman Johnson, as aforesaid, would attract attention at the Academy of Design; the original attracted none from the passer-by.

Until half an hour later in the evening, a handsome coupe drove rapidly up to the curbstone, and just as the melancholy sound of "Shine 'em up? on'y five cents!" died away in the snow-storm for perhaps the hundred and fiftieth time that evening, the door of the carriage was opened, and a light-colored kid-glove beckoned to the boy. The owner of the light-colored kid glove placed his foot on the foot-rest just inside of the coupe, and Loaf proceeded to "shine 'em up," according to promise.

The boot was a small and very elegant specimen of an article, and the wearer was a young man, fashionably dressed, embellished with a heavy black moustache, and wearing a black soft hat. As the boy proceeded with his task, in his most masterly manner, the young man kept his eye upon him, and seemed to be turning some idea over in his brain. As he changed the polished boot over for the other, in answer to the tap of the sole customary with the fraternity, the boy looked up, and observed that he was being looked at, and also that the eyes performing that mission were very black and brilliant; then he commenced operations with the second boot. As he concluded his work, put up his brushes in a methodical manner, and rose, the young man said to him, "Boy, would you like to earn a half a dollar?"

The boy signified that he had no objection to earning any number of half dollars.

"Can you read writing?"

The boy could read writing.

"Take this note to where it is directed, and wait for an answer! Come back here and meet me in half an hour. Go!"

The boy took the note, slung the box over his shoulder, gave a glance at the superscription by the gas-light, and started on a run. The carriage-door was closed and the carriage rapidly driven up Broadway.

Mrs. Brown lived on the third-floor of a tenement-house in a little court leading out of University Place; and as the superscription of the note lead Loaf in that direction, he took the opportunity to leave his box with his mother, as he knew the half hour would give him ample time to do the errand and return. Now the room next to Mrs. Brown's was occupied, for the time being, and for special reasons, by one of the shrewdest and most successful members of the New York corps of detectives. It may be remarked here that one of the special reasons that influenced this minion of the law, for he was well-to-do, and owned a house, was nothing more nor less than a hankering after the widow Brown herself, for she was a young woman, comely withal, and the detective was a good-looking bachelor of forty, with, if reports spoke truly, no objection to exercising his vocation in discovering a suitable helpmate. So it happened that when Loaf entered his mother's room, he found, as he frequently found before, Mr. Garth, the detective, cozily seated by the widow's cooking-stove, enjoying at once the pleasing warmth of that useful culinary utensil and the not less pleasing, though perhaps less warm, conversation of Mrs. Brown.

Loaf dashed in in a hurry, threw his box in a corner, shouted "I've got a job, mother!" and was rushing out again without further words, when the note, which he had placed in his jacket pocket, accidently fell on the floor and was picked up by Mr. Garth, who, following his natural and professional impulse, read the superscription. "Hullo, Loaf!" said he, starting up energetically; "where did you get this?"

His manner excited so much surprise, and his tone was so decided, that, time being short, Loaf answered him at once, in the place of "running" him a little, as he otherwise would have done. "A gentleman gave it to me for him, and I am to meet him in half an hour."

"Where?"

"Corner of Eighth street and Broadway."

"Mrs. Brown, let me have a little warm water in a tea cup. Quick, if you please."

Mrs. Brown at once filled a cup from the tea-kettle, and placed it on the table; when, what was the surprise of the widow and the son to see Mr. Garth quietly moisten the adhering side of the envelope with the warm water, and then as quietly open the same, extract the note contained therein, and read it carefully through. Having done this, he reinclosed the note in the envelope, closed the letter, and holding it before the stove for a moment to dry, laid it upon the table, to all appearance the same as before this curious epistolary burglary had taken place. Then he rose, put on his over-coat, and saying to the astonished Loaf, "Come along with me," the two went out, leaving Mrs. Brown in a highly bewildered and deranged frame of mind.

As this lady had, however, the most unquestionable confidence in Mr. Garth; and moreover, had her own feminine reasons for not wishing to distrust him in any particular, she presently sat down again and tranquilly resumed her sewing.

Mr. Garth hurried down the stairs and out into the court, with Loaf following closely behind him. Loaf's idea of *meum* and *tuum* were more rigid than those of the average bootblack; but looking upon Mr. Garth as the authorized personification of the majesty of law, he tried to reconcile his conflicting ideas, and said nothing.

Mr. Garth walked briskly down University Place to Tenth street, and down Tenth street to the police-station there located, and, desiring Loaf to wait at the door, entered. Presently he came out followed by two men in plain clothes, and the four started rapidly in the direction of Broadway. Arrived at the corner of Eighth street, Mr. Garth and his two friends ensconced themselves in a doorway out of sight, while Loaf, under the direction of his superior officer, placed himself by a shop-window, having a piece of paper, with which he had been provided by the detective, in his hand. Presently the elegant coupe rattled up the curb-stone, and Loaf sprang forward as the carriage-door opened, apparently to hand the note to the young man whose head was leaning out of the carriage;—by some accident, however, Loaf dropped the note, and as he was engaged in searching for it in the snow, the attention of the young man in the carriage being closely directed to his movements, the two companions of Mr. Garth stole silently round, and suddenly pounced upon the gentleman in the carriage, dragged him therefrom ignominiously, and as he struggled and remonstrated in a very violent manner Mr. Garth himself laid a heavy hand on his shoulder, whispered something in his ear, and in less time than it takes to write the circumstances, that crest-fallen young gentleman was again seated in his carriage, with one of the individuals in plain clothes by his side; the other individual in plain clothes had mounted the box by the side of the driver; the horses were turned down Eighth street; the small crowd which had collected dispersed as wise as they came; and Mr. Garth, with Loaf, now thoroughly dumfounded, trotting along by his side, walked briskly westward.

As they walked on Mr. Garth kindly consented to satisfy Loaf's evident, if unspoken curiosity, and proceeded to communicate with him in the following language:

"Loaf, you've done a big thing to-night. Do you know who your friend in the coupe is?"

Loaf expressed his entire ignorance of everything concerning the individual, except that he had lost half a dollar by having his errand interfered with. He said this in a very lugubrious tone, but with a twinkle in his up-turned eyes, for Loaf was cunning enough to see that he would not lose by the turn of events.

Mr. Garth laughed a dry sort of a laugh, and continued: "That chap is the latest and smartest importation from London, he is the cutest and most successful burglar I ever knew of, and we have been looking after him for a month, with nothing but a bit of writing to identify him. He writes a mighty queer stick when he is off his guard, or writing to his pals;—but he's an accomplished forger, and can do anything with a pen that that useful but rather dangerous instrument is capable of. My memory is good, and I knew his hand the moment I laid my eyes on the back of the note; and the note itself settled his case. It was risky, certain; but *the game was worth the risk*, so I took it. After all the risk wasn't much, for I know you and your mother are all right; but still, I wouldn't have liked to open the wrong man's letter."

"What has he been doing? What have you got him for?" said Loaf.

"Half a dozen things on suspicion and one sure thing, which he was fool enough to write about in that note. Three weeks ago he went up to a little town in the northern part of this State—Malden I believe it's called—and broke into the house of the richest man in the place; robbed him of about one hundred thousand dollars in bonds, bank-notes and plate.—Carter was the old chap's name—" "Carter!", suddenly ejaculated Loaf. "Why, that's my grandfather's name—mother's father—and Malden is where he lives;—I've heard her say so." By this time they got to the corner of Sixth Avenue; and as Loaf said these words Mr. Garth stopped, caught the boy by his collar, and turned his face so that the light from the bakery shone full upon it. He looked upon him for about a half a minute, and then gave a very long and very loud whistle, which caused a policeman passing to turn round, who, seeing Garth, nodded familiarly and went his way. Then Mr. Garth made the following prophetic remark in a very sententious manner: "Loaf, if you are not mistaken, and I guess you're correct, you're a made man." With which saying they crossed over to West Tenth Street and together entered the police court-room.

Loaf was not mistaken, and when, two days after, Mr. Carter, who was telegraphed for, arrived in New York and was informed of the circumstances attending the capture of the burglar; when moreover, he learned that the restoration of his property, which followed, was owing accidentally to his grandson; when also, he discovered—for he was in utter ignorance of the fact that his objectionable son-in-law was no more in this world—for Mrs. Brown had been too proud to communicate the melancholy tidings to her long-ago repentant father, when finally, he met that pale but industrious and hopeful widow, the paternal heart warmed so freely towards her, her two junior offspring and specially towards the happy cause of this happy meeting, that the paternal pocket could not do enough to show his affection, gratitude, and general benevolence. Toward Mr. Garth he was particularly friendly; and when he learned that the wiley detective was becoming weary of his arduous profession and pined for rest and a country-life, and was made aware also that Mr. Garth was moderately provided with this world's goods, he hesitated not to invite him to accompany himself, daughter, and grandchildren on a visit to the paternal homestead at Malden; and as Mr. Garth accepted the invitation, and was known no more of the metropolis, and as Mrs. Brown not many months later put off her mourning apparel and began to spell her name with a "G," it follows that this is the end of the story of Loaf, the bootblack.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Father Abraham's Chips.

THE New York *Tribune* is said to have made $180,000 profit last year.

HORACE GREELEY is said to give away thrice what he spends for himself.

LAST year 2,452,085 bushels of wheat were exported from Winona, Minnesota.

THE pistols used in the duel between Burr and Hamilton are still in existence at Newburg, New York.

MASSACHUSETTS is said not to have now a single highway or bridge on which toll is charged. All are free.

KOSSUTH has again turned up; this time as the writer of a letter to the Spaniards, begging them to found a republic.

THE President has nominated Albert H. O'Brien and Allen C. Kelton, of Pennsylvania, to be second lieutenants in the Marine Corps.

A DAIRYWOMAN in Indiana ornaments her rolls of butter by the impression of a set of false teeth. It looks very pretty, but doesn't sell well.

THE New York *Sun* says that "there are smart political managers everywhere, but those that can beat Simon Cameron must be very smart indeed."

LAST Tuesday, in one of the mills at Chester, two of the pickers became engaged in a quarrel, which resulted in the fatal stabbing of one of the parties.

DURING the past year the citizens of Alton, Illinois, have built two hundred and sixty-five buildings, at an average cost of $3,000 each, making $795,000.

THE interest on the funded debt of the United States, at 6 per cent., is $130,000,000 per annum. This is $17,000,000 more than the people pay for tobacco and cigars.

ON Friday evening last, Miss Anna E. Dickinson delivered her new lecture, entitled "A Struggle for Life," to an immense audience at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia.

A LADY living at Shrewsbury, N. J., weighing two hundred and seventy pounds, has had ten children, seven of whom are living, each of them weighing over two hundred pounds.

THE pews in the Plymouth Church (Mr. Beecher's) were rented at a higher figure last week than ever before. The rents and premiums amount to an aggregate of $52,000.

MR. NORMAN WIARD states there are 9,000 locomotives, 10,500 steamboats, and 50,000,000 stationary steam-boilers in this country, representing a power of over three millions of horses, or about seventeen millions of workmen.

AT an anniversary meeting in Washington on Sunday, of the Methodist Missionary Society of the United States, Speaker Colfax was elected a life member, the audience present subscribing one hundred and fifty dollars for that purpose.

ROBERT CARMON, of Huntingdon, committed suicide, on Friday last, by shooting himself with a rifle. He served in the army during the war, was distinguished for good conduct and bravery, and was badly wounded at the second battle of Bull Run.

SENATOR MORTON has introduced a bill granting a pension (the amount left blank) to the widow of the late President Lincoln. The ground taken in favor of the grant is that the late President was killed during the war, while he was commander-in-chief of the army.

A MAN in Indiana, named Dean, having married one Mattie Nading, got a divorce from her, in pursuance of the custom of the country, and married her younger sister. Thereupon Mattie shot him, also according to the custom of the country, but with absurd obstinacy he failed to die.

THE seizure of diseased chickens continue in Pittsburg. The authorities there appear determined to put an end to the sale of diseased meat. Several of the hucksters have been arrested twice, within the past few days, for the same offence. Who knows to what extent the sale of tainted meat is carried on in this city?

A SCHOOL house in Rochdale, England, was blown down a few weeks ago, during divine service, and four hundred persons buried in the ruins. Many managed to crawl out without assistance and went to work with others to rescue the less fortunate. Several were more or less injured, but, what seems almost incredible, not one of the buried hundreds was killed.

A BETTER contest is in progress in Indiana, respecting the size of ladies' feet. A Terre Haute paper alleges that the Lafayette belles have feet so large that only four or five can skate on a rink at a time. The Lafayette paper retorts by declaring that the shoemakers in Terre Haute, when they make shoes for the belles in that place, have to erect a sort of a marine railway in their back yard in order to launch them.