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VOL. II. LANCASTER, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 16, 1869. No. 22.

CASH RATES OF ADVERTISING
IN FATHER ABRAHAM.

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TIME.	1 Sq.	2 Sqs.	3 Sqs.	¼ Col.	½ Col.	1 Col.
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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
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Railroads.

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL R. R.

Trains leave the Central Depot as follows:

EASTWARD.		WESTWARD.	
Cincin. Ex....	12:17 a. m.	Erie Mail.....	1:50 a. m.
Phila. Express	5:12 "	Phila. Exp...	2:40 "
Fast Line.....	7:02 "	Mail.....	11:15 "
Lanc. Train..	9:05 "	Fast Line.....	2:35 p. m.
Day Express.	1:45 p. m.	Columbia Ac.	2:45 "
Harrisb'g Ac..	5:51 "	Harrisb'g Ac.	5:54 "
		Lanc. Train..	7:29 "
		Cincin. Ex....	10:43 "

READING RAILROAD.
WINTER ARRANGEMENT,
MONDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1868.

Great Trunk Line from the North and Northwest for Philadelphia, New York, Reading, Pottsville, Tamaqua, Ashland, Shamokin, Lebanon, Allentown, Easton, Ephrata, Litiz, Lancaster, Columbia, &c.

Trains leave Harrisburg for New York as follows: At 3.50, 5.55, 8.10 a. m., 12.40 noon, 2.05 and 10.50 p. m., connecting with similar trains on the Pennsylvania Railroad and arriving at New York at 11.00 a. m., 12.20 noon, 3.50, 7.00, 10.05 p. m., and 6.15 a. m. respectively. Sleeping Cars accompany the 3.50 a. m. and 10.50 p. m. trains [illegible] Tamaqua, Minersville, [illegible] Pine Grove, Allentown and Philadelphia, at 8.10 a. m., 2.05 and 4.10 p. m., stopping at Lebanon and principal Way Stations; the 4.10 p. m. train making connections for Philadelphia and Columbia only. For Pottsville, Schuylkill Haven and Auburn, via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Railroad, leave Harrisburg at 3.30 p. m.

Returning: Leave New York at 9.00 a. m., 12.00 noon, 5.10 and 8.00 p. m., Philadelphia at 8.15 a. m. and 3.30 p. m.; sleeping cars accompany the 9.00 a. m., 5.10 and 8.00 p. m. trains from New York, without change.

Way Passenger Train leaves Philadelphia at 7.30 a. m., connecting with similar train on East Penna. Railroad, returning from Reading at 6.35 p. m., stopping at all stations; leave Pottsville at 7.30, 8.45 a. m., and 2.45 p. m.; Shamokin at 5.25 a. m.; Ashland at 7.00 a. m., and 12.30 p. m.; Tamaqua at 8.30 a. m.; and 2.20 p. m., for Philadelphia.

Leave Pottsville, via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Railroad at 7.10 a. m. for Harrisburg, and 11.30 a. m. for Pine Grove and Tremont.

Reading Accommodation Train: Leaves Reading at 7:30 a. m., returning leaves Philadelphia at 4:45 p. m.

Pottstown Accommodation Train: Leaves Pottstown at 6.45 a. m.; returning, leaves Philadelphia at 4.00 p. m.

Columbia Railroad Trains leave Reading at 7.00 a. m. and 6.15 p. m. for Ephrata, Litiz, Lancaster, Columbia, &c.

Perkiomen Railroad Trains leave Perkiomen Junction at 9.15 a. m. and 5.30 p. m.; returning, leave Skippack at 8.10 a. m. and 12.45 p. m., connecting with similar trains on Reading Railroad.

On Sundays: Leave New York at 8.00 p. m., Philadelphia at 8.00 a. m. and 3.15 p. m., the 8.00 a. m. train running only to Reading; Pottsville 8.00 a. m.; Harrisburg 5.50 a. m., 4.10 and 10.50 p. m., and Reading at 1.05, 3.00 and 7.15 a. m. For Harrisburg, at 12.50, and 7.31 a. m. for New York; and at 4.25 p. m. for Philadelphia.

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Baggage checked through; 100 pounds allowed each Passenger.

G. A. NICOLLS,
General Superintendent.
READING, PA., Dec. 14, 1868. [dec18-1td&w

NORTHERN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

Trains leave York for Wrightsville and Columbia, at 6:20 and 11:40 a. m., and 3:30 p. m.

Leave Wrightsville for York, at 8:00 a. m., and 1:00 and 6:50 p. m.

Leave York for Baltimore, at 5:00 and 7:15 a. m., 1:05 p. m.; and 12 midnight.

Leave York for Harrisburg, at 1:30, 6:25 and 11:35 a. m., and 2:30 and 10:15 p. m.

TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG.
GOING NORTH.
At 3:25 a. m., and 1:20 and 4:20 p. m.
GOING SOUTH.
At 3:45 and 5:25 a. m., and 12:30 and 10:45 p. m.
dec11-tfd

Photographs, &c.

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Parents to Families,
Father to Daughter,
Mother to Son.

GENTLEMEN TO LADIES.

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PENSIONS for invalid Soldiers and Sailors, or to their widows or children.
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PENSIONS and GRATUITIES for Soldiers or their Widows from Pennsylvania, in the War of 1812.
PAY due Teamsters, Artificers and Civil employees of the Government.
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CHARGES.—Fees fair and moderate, and in no case will charges be made until the money [illegible]

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After paying Losses to the amount of $1,120,000.

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ESTABLISHED IN 1848.
GEO. M. STEINMAN & CO.,
feb11-2-3m] Sole Agents at Lancaster.

CAUTION.

Whereas my wife CATHARINE M. has left my home without any just cause or provocation, all persons are hereby cautioned not to trust her on my account, as I will pay no debts which she may contract.
DAVID H. HEINEY.
Martic township, April 9th, 1869—3t*

Poetry.

THE FIRST OF ALL THE LAND.

I.

Up to the outraged seats of power
He comes, the first of all the land,
Unmoved as in the battle hour,
A people's favor in his hand.

To whom but unto him belong
Welcomes to the Deliver's place?
It was his sword annulled the wrong,
And re-ennobled half a race.

His sword was in his greatest hour
To angry States the wand of peace;
And, loyal to his silent power,
The echoes of rebellion cease.

And Fame to land and age afar
Shall glorify him doubly great—
Unbaffled soldier of the war,
Untroubled ruler in the State.

II.

Oh, land, to high occasion true!
The instinct of thy people brought
Their trust to him whose words were few,
But pregnant of the fields he fought.

[illegible]
The soil where revolution sways
Bears some of an heroic breed.

Nor lightly may the land forget
The men of thought or deed sublime,
Whose grand, decisive lives have set
Her luminous landmarks for all time.

III.

Oh, land, self-ruled and self-redeemed!
The Bow of Peace, ascendant now,
Is fairer than the Promise seemed
When Freedom was a perilous vow.

For other lands, beholding thee,
Alert with purer vigor, rise,
Shall scorn the ancient heresy
That Truth or Freedom ever dies.

Dissevered States the bond renew,
Purged form the old offence and shame;
And to their last allegiance true,
Stand phalanxed in sweet Freedom's name.

Oh, day of all the land's desire!
Of night long promise and release!
Night and eclipse with thee expire,
And dawn the happy years of peace!
—*Harper's Weekly, March 13.*

Miscellaneous.

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.

In the autumn of 1817, while the woods were bright with the variegated hues which follow the light touches of early frost, a mountain traveler was quietly pursuing his way through a dark, broad, lonely forest, in the western part of the State of New York. He had ridden three miles without seeing a human habitation, and had yet two miles to go before he could get sight of another. He was descending a hill into a gloomy-looking valley, through which flowed a shallow but swift running stream; and on reaching the water he permitted his thirsty beast to stop and drink.

At that moment a man came out from a cluster of bushes into the road or horse-path, on the other side of the stream. This man was dressed like a hunter, and carried a rifle on his shoulder. In his general appearance there were nothing that indicated hostility or a wicked design. He was of medium size, compactly built, with intellectual features and a certain air of gentility—seeming rather as one abroad from some settlement for a day's sport than a professional hunter. All this the mounted traveler carefully noted before he crossed the stream to continue his journey, and when they came near together a pleasant salutation was exchanged.

"Fine weather for traveling, sir," remarked the man with the gun.

"And for hunting also, I should suppose," smiled the other on the horse.

"Yes, there is game enough," returned the other, "but I am not a good hunter, and can show only one bear for my day's work, and that is almost useless to me, because I have no means of taking it away. I would willingly give a dollar for the use of a horse like yours for a couple of hours. If you could spare five minutes or so, I would like you to see the bear. It is only just back behind these bushes, some two hundred yards from here."

"I will not only look at it," replied the traveler, dismounting and fastening his horse, "but, if not too heavy, I will take it along for you, seeing I am going your way."

The hunter thanked him in a most cordial manuer, and then, as if to make himself agreeable and keep up the conversation, inquired where the other was from, whither journeying, and so forth; and learned in reply that the latter resided in Albany, was a merchant in good business, and was traveling partly for his health, and partly with a view of making an extensive land purchase for future speculation."

"Well, here we are!" exclaimed the hunter, as the two emerged from the dense thicket, through which they had slowly forced their way, into the open wood, "here we are, and now I will show you as fine and fat a beast as you ever saw. Observe where I point my rifle."

He stepped back some eight or ten feet, deliberately raised the piece to his eye, and pointed the muzzle directly to the head of the traveler. There was a flash, a loud report, the victim fell like a log, his face covered with blood.

This might and might not have been the first crime committed by the man with the rifle. But as the traveler fell the rifle slipped from his hands, and he shook violently from head to foot; yet, he sprang to his victim and hurriedly robbed him of a purse, a pocket book, a gold watch and chain, some curious seals, a diamond breastpin, and a diamond ring which he fairly tore from his finger. Then he dragged the body into the thicket, picked up his rifle, plunged madly through the bushes into the road, mounted the traveler's horse and rushed away from the awful scene.

We must now suppose a lapse of twenty years.

In the spring of 1837, there lived in the city of New York a banker and a millionaire, whom we shall call Stephen Edwards. He owned a palatial mansion, splendidly furnished, in the very heart of the town, and he and his wife were among the leaders of the fashionable world. They had a beautiful daughter, just turned of sweet sixteen, who was about to be married to a foreign nobleman, and great preparations were making for the happy event.

One day, about this period, as the great banker stood conversing with a gentleman from another city, who called to see him on business, he observed the latter suddenly turn very pale and begin to tremble.

"My dear sir," he said, in the usual tone of off hand sympathy, "what is the matter? Are you ill?"

"A little faint, sir, but nothing to cause [illegible] replied the other hurriedly. "I am subject to similar spells. If you will be kind enough to excuse me for ten minutes or so I will take a short walk, and return in better condition."

In ten minutes he did return, said he was quite well, calmly proceeded to finish his business with the banker, and then respectfully took his leave.

It was, perhaps, a week after this that one night, the great banker was sitting before the fire in the library, when the servant came in and presented him a letter. He took it with a yawn, opened it in the most indolent and indifferent manner possible, but he had not read a dozen words before he came up with a start, turned deadly pale, and trembled so that the paper rattled. He finished the note—for it was rather a note than a letter—worked one hand nervously at his throat, and with the other clasped his forehead and temples. For a minute or two he seemed to be choking into calmness, by an iron will, some terrible emotion, and he so far succeeded as to address the waiting servant in an ordinary tone.

"James," said he, "who gave you this letter?"

"A man, sir, and said he'd wait for an answer."

"Then I suppose he is waiting?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well; show him in."

Soon there was a light tap on the door, and the banker said "come in," in an ordinary tone.

The servant opened the door, ushered in the stranger, and immediately withdrew. The latter was a man verging on sixty, of rough appearance, and coarse attire. He wore an old gray overcoat, buttoned to the throat, and a pair of green goggles, and his whole attire was saturated with rain.

"Take a seat," said the banker, pointing to a chair near the fire.

"No, thank you, I'll stand," was the gruff reply. "You got my letter and of course, know my business," he added.

"You allude to this I suppose," returned the banker, producing the letter which had caused him so much perturbation.

"Yes."

"I do not understand it. You have made a mistake."

"No, no mistake at all; I was present twenty years ago, come the tenth of next October, and saw you, Stephen Edwards, shoot the man, and I'll have you in prison before morning. I've laid my plans, and got everything sure; and if you go to playing innocent, and refusing my terms, I'll take care to see that you die stretching hemp."

The banker in spite of himself, turned pale, shuddered, and staggered to a seat.

"What do you want?" he groaned.

"A hundred thousand dollars. Not a cent less."

"I cannot give it—it would ruin me."

"Just as you say," rejoined the other, moving toward the door. "You know what will follow if I go this way."

"Oh! stay; you must not go yet!" cried the man of crime in terrible alarm.

He argued, pleaded, implored for mercy at a less fearful cost. In vain. At last, the banker, seeing ruin, disgrace, and death before him if he refused, agreed to the terms. He also agreed to meet the stranger, with the required sum, on the following night in front of St. Paul's church. Both were punctual to the fixed time, and bills and checks to the amount of one hundred thousand dollars changed hands.

A month later, there was a tremendous rush on the bank of which Stephen Edwards was the principal owner. It was soon broken and closed. Then the sheriff was set to work by eager creditors, and all the real estate and personal property of the late millionaire were seized and sold, leaving him a beggar and many just claims unsatisfied. Fashionable friends deserted the family, and the proud nobleman refused the hand of the ruined banker's daughter.

In the very midst of his disgrace and tribulation, Stephen Edwards encountered the man who turned so pale and became so agitated in his presence a short time before.

"I think you do not know me, sir," said the gentleman, with a formal bow.

"Your face seems familiar, but I cannot place you," said Edwards.

"Permit me to bring myself to your recollection then; I wish you to know me. A little over six weeks ago, I was talking with you on business, and you observed that I turned deathly pale and became agitated."

"Ah, yes; I do remember you now."

"Let me tell you why I was thus affected. My eye had just chanced upon a curious watch-seal, which had once belonged to a merchant named Philip Sidney, who was shot in the western part of this State, some twenty years ago; and on looking at your features closely, I knew you to be the very villain who perpetrated the foul deed."

"Merciful God!" exclaimed the banker, with a blanched face and quaking form.

"Yes, I knew you," pursued the other; "and a week afterward I disguised myself, and had an interview with you in your mansion. You remember that of course!"

"But," gasped the trembling wretch, "did I not pay you your own price to keep my fatal secret?"

"Yes, and with that very money, and what other I could command, I was enabled to buy up enough of your own bills to make that run on your bank which broke it, and forced ruin upon you."

"And what would you do, now that I am ruined?" inquired the other, with the deadly calmness of desperation.

"Now that I have had my revenge, I want you to know that I myself am the man you attempted to murder and did rob! I am Philip Sidney! Behold the scar where the ball struck and glanced!" and he lifted his hat and showed it.

"God be praised!" ejaculated the other, "God be praised that you are still living!" and unable to restrain his emotions, he burst into tears. "O sir!" he continued, "you have taken a load from my conscience—a weight from my soul. Though poverty, disgrace, beggary, and death are staring me in the face, I am happy in the knowledge that I am not guilty of murder—more happy than I have been for twenty years, with all the luxurious surroundings of wealth! It was my first and last crime, and I have never been able to tell how I was tempted to so outrage my own nature as on that fearful occasion. Now, sir, do with me what you will—only I pray you be merciful to my innocent family."

"I forgive you!" returned the other extending his hand. "I forgive you. You have been fearfully punished already, and as God has seen fit to preserve us both, and bring us together, let us hope it is for our present and future salvation, and endeavor to live so as to deserve the blessings we receive. I will restore you enough to keep you and your family above want; and for the rest, I trust we shall both remember we shall have to render an account of our stewardship in another world."

Philip Sidney kept his word; and with a fresh start in the world, and now an easy conscience, the still enterprising Stephen Edwards accumulated a respectable fortuno, much of which he spent in charity.

Philip Sidney died in 1847, and Stephen Edwards in 1851.

From a private source we have all the facts we have recorded.

Is not truth stranger than fiction?

Father Abraham's Chips.

RAT soup is one of the delicacies of the Chinese restaurant in San Francisco.

SMALL POX killed off three thousand of San Francisco's sons and daughters.

THE Sunbury *American* this week has donned a new suit of clothes and looks very well in them.

YOUNG gentlemen may be pleased to learn that it is becoming fashionable for brides to live one year with their parents.

EASTON has a man who has lived to the age of 92. He never was intoxicated and never tasted tobacco. Hurrah for Easton!

OBSERVE if you please, how remarkably well our women are looking now-a-days, without their wide war-hoops.

SIX bridesmaids and no groomsman is the correct thing now. The poor bridegroom must go it alone.

THE Salt Lake papers are making merry over a fight in the household of a Mormon bishop, in which the "saint" got fearfully thrashed by several enraged wives.

SOME of the Democratic tax collectors in Schuylkill county, we learn from the *Journal*, are heavy defaulters, and are skedaddling.

THE New Orleans *Republican* says that many of the colored men of that city cannot be distinguished from the white men. They are only traditionally colored.

THE Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society has determined to hold its exhibition on the 28th of September, and to continue it for four days.

THE Christian *Register* solemnly says church fairs are a nuisance—and that it is impossible to spend money rationally at them.

AWFUL accounts of the peach prospect are beginning to circulate, in order to accustom the people to high prices before the time arrives.

THE new administration has made the slate business uncommonly brisk—for our oldest inhabitant cannot remember the time when so many slates were broken.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, formerly Vice President of the 'Confederacy,' is very ill and lying at the point of death at his residence in Augusta, Ga.

PREPARATIONS are being made in Kansas City, Mo., for a grand buffalo hunt, the excursionists intending to start on the 30th. Distance 405 miles—fare $10 for the round trip.

AN insane man recently visited the Pennsylvania Legislature, and on his return to the asylum, being asked what he thought of it, "Well, I think they are a branch of this establishment.

JOHN C. Breckinridge says that in politics he is an extinct volcano. The intelligence that we shall have no further eruptions from this crater will be uncommonly agreeable to the general public.

GEN. DANIEL E. SICKLES, of N. Y. just retired from the army at his own request, has been tendered the mission to Mexico by the President. He has declined to accept.

THE Republican Invincibles of Philadelphia, a large and influential political organization, have adopted resolutions favoring the re-nomination of Governor Geary.

POOR Tom Thumb is said to drink too much for his health and reputation. A Kentucky paper thinks Mrs. Thumb may find consolation in the fact that he can't drink as much as other men.

THE more people do, the more they can do. He that does nothing renders himself incapable of doing anything. While we are executing one work, we are preparing ourselves to undertake another.

THE other evening while the Chicago express was nearing Pittsburg at the rate of thirty miles an hour, a passenger came aboard. He is doing well considering the circumstances. And so is his mother.

JOSH BILLINGS defines a "thurrer bread bizness man" as "wun that knows enuff about stealin' so't there kant enny body steel from him, and enuff about law so that he can do his stealin' legally."

MAINE newspapers say that there is a great surplus of potatoes in that State, of an unusually fine quality, and that before planting time the prices will become considerably reduced. The supply in the West this spring is also very large.

THE New York Sun charges the rich men of the country who either make no income returns, or make them untruthfully, guilty of swindling their fellow-citizens. They are morally as much thieves as the pickpocket or the shoplifter. That's so!

A NASHVILLE druggist has invented a rat paint made of a preparation of phosphorus. You first catch the rat, then you paint him. After dark he looks like a ball of fire, and going among his fellow-rats, they vacate the premises, the "bright particular" rat following and hurrying up the rear.

A WIDOW in Onondaga county, N. Y., recently cut out her own daughter in the good graces of her lover, and married him herself. To obtain revenge for this most unmotherly trick, the daughter set her cap for and married the young man's rich father, of whom he was the only heir, to the infinite annoyance of her step-children.

A CITIZEN of Indiana, who had the experience of eight wives, says that divorces are much cheaper than funerals as a way of disposing of an uncongenial partner. The same remark will apply to Pennsylvania. The way divorces are rushed through the legislature at Harrisburg is simply infamous.

SEVERAL colored men have been nominated to important positions by the President. B. F. Joubert, appointed Assessor of Internal Revenue in Louisiana, C. M. Wilder, Postmaster at Columbia, South Carolina, and two of the Justices of the Peace of the District of Columbia, are among the number.

JOHN BROWN, an eccentric colored barber of Akron, Ohio, died on the 30th ult., leaving property valued at $35,000. In the year 1849, when colored children were refused admittance into common schools, Mr. Brown erected a school-house in Cleveland at his own expense. For some time he hired teachers and paid them, the school being free to the children of his race.

KANSAS has a population of about 400,000. It has six hundred miles of railroad in active operation, and the best system of roads projected and under construction enjoyed by any State in the Union. There are published in the State ten daily and fifty weekly newspapers. The State has a debt of one million dollars, and under the Constitution, this debt cannot be increased beyond that amount without a direct vote of the people.

RATHER PLEASANT.—A writer in *Packard's Monthly* for April contends that dying is not near so painful as generally supposed to be; on the contrary, "where acute pain is not wearing out life, a careful diagnosis will show both the approach and the presence of death to be positively pleasant—as pleasant as the approach and presence of sleep."

The longest word in the language,—An-ti-ve-loc-i-pe-des-ti-na-ri-an-is-mat-i-cal-ly—is an adverb of sixteen syllables and thirty-four letters, and is applied "thusly:" Peter T. Flopadiddle, in propelling his velocipede up Fourth street, very antivelocipedestinarianismatically lost his balance, and after performing a delicate gyration in the parting atmosphere, landed in the mud; beat this who can.—*Williamsport Bulletin.*

THE young men of St. Louis have organized into a society, for the purpose of moving for the right of suffrage for all young men over eighteen years of age. We can see no objection to this. Certainly if a youth is old enough at sixteen or eighteen years of age, to march to the field and fight for his country, he is also old enough to march up to the polls and vote for his country. Negro suffrage granted, too, youthful suffrage cannot be denied, on the score of intelligence.

MAYOR Hall, of New York, has issued an official circular, cautioning strangers against swindling prospectuses, sent from this city by so-called co-operative unions, gift enterprises, dollar stores, and other schemes whereby property or value is promised greater than the price asked to be paid. His Honor gives notice that every such advertisement is necessarily a fraud, and a false pretence, and country newspapers which advertise them, he says, are simply aiding the swindle.