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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, JUNE 25, 1869.

No. 32.

CASH RATES OF ADVERTISING IN FATHER ABRAHAM.

Table with columns for TIME (1 week, 2 weeks, 3 weeks, 1 month, 2 months, 3 months, 6 months, 1 year) and various rates.

Railroads.

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL R. R. The time of the arrival and departure of the trains on the Pennsylvania Railroad at Lancaster, has been changed, as follows:

READING RAILROAD.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

MONDAY, APRIL 26, 1869.

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

Trains leave Harrisburg for New York as follows: At 2.35, 5.20, 8.10 a. m., 12.25 noon, 2.00 and 10.55 p. m., connecting with similar trains on the Pennsylvania Railroad, and arriving at New York at 9.45 a. m., 11.45 a. m., 1.45 p. m., 3.45 p. m., and 6.00 a. m., respectively.

Trains leave Harrisburg for Reading, Pottsville, Tanawaga, Minersville, Ashland, Shamokin, Pine Grove, Allentown, and Philadelphia, at 4.40 a. m., 7.20 a. m., 10.00 a. m., 12.40 p. m., 3.20 p. m., 6.00 p. m., and 8.40 p. m.

Returning: Leave New York at 9.00 a. m., 12.00 noon, 5.05 and 8.00 p. m., Philadelphia at 8.15 a. m., 11.15 a. m., 1.15 p. m., 3.15 p. m., 6.15 p. m., and 9.15 p. m.

Way Passenger Train leaves Philadelphia at 7.00 a. m., connecting with similar trains on the Pennsylvania Railroad, returning from Reading at 6.30 p. m., stopping at all stations: leave Pottsville at 7.30, 8.45 a. m., and 1.45 p. m.; Shamokin at 8.20 and 10.35 a. m., Ashland at 7.00, 8.15, 10.30 noon, Tanawaga at 8.30 a. m., and 2.20 p. m., for Philadelphia and New York.

Reading Accommodation Train: Leaves Pottsville at 6.20 a. m., returning, leaves Philadelphia at 4.30 p. m.

Columbia Railroad Trains leave Reading at 7.00 a. m., and 6.00 p. m., for Ephrata, Litz, Lancaster, Columbia.

Perkiomen Railroad Trains leave Perkiomen Junction at 8.00 a. m., and 6.00 p. m.; returning, leave Skippack at 7.00 a. m., and 5.00 p. m.

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 5.20 a. m., 4.10 and 10.35 p. m., and Reading at 12.55, midnight, 2.55 and 7.15 p. m. For Harrisburg, at 12.55 midnight, and 7.05 a. m. for New York; and at 9.40 a. m. and 4.25 p. m. for Philadelphia.

Commutation, Mileage, Season, School and Excursion Tickets, to and from all points, at reduced rates. Baggage checked through; 100 pounds allowed each Passenger.

G. A. NICOLLS, General Superintendent. READING, PA., April 26, 1869. (April 26-1st & 2nd)

READING AND COLUMBIA R. R.

ON AND AFTER THURSDAY, APRIL 15th, 1869, PASSENGER TRAINS WILL RUN ON THIS ROAD, AS FOLLOWS:

LEAVE. ARRIVE. Lancaster... 8.45 a. m. Reading... 10.20 a. m. Columbia... 3.00 p. m. Reading... 5.30 p. m.

Trains leaving Lancaster and Columbia as above, make close connection at Reading with Trains North and South on Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, and West and East on Valley Road. Train leaving Lancaster at 8.05 A. M. and Columbia at 8 A. M. connects closely at Reading with Train for New York.

Tickets can be bought at the Office of the New Jersey Central Railroad, foot of Liberty street, New York; and Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, 13th and Calvert streets, Phila.

Through tickets to New York and Philadelphia sold at all the Principal Stations, and Baggage Checked Through.

Mileage Tickets, for 500 or 1000 miles, Season and Excursion Tickets, to and from all points, at reduced rates.

Trains run by Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Time, which is 10 minutes faster than Pennsylvania Railroad Time.

APRIL 15-17. GEO. F. GAGE, Supt.

NORTHERN CENTRAL R. R.

Trains leave York for Wrightsville and Columbia, at 8.20 and 11.40 a. m., and 5.30 p. m. Leave York for Baltimore, at 8.00 and 7 m., 1.05 p. m., and 12 midnight.

Leave York for Harrisburg, at 1.30, 6.25 a. m., and 2.30 and 10.15 p. m.

TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG. GOING NORTH. At 9.25 a. m., and 1.20 and 4.20 p. m.

At 8.45 and 5.25 a. m., and 12.20 and 10.45 p. m. dec11-tfd

Photographs, &c.

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

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

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Poetry.

HE CAME TOO LATE.

He came too late! the toast had died Before the fire too long; The cakes were scorched upon the side, And everything was wrong!

She scorned to wait all night for one Who lingered on his way, And so she took her tea alone, And cleared the things away.

He came too late! at once he felt The supper hour was o'er; Indifference in her calm smile dwelt, She closed the pantry door.

The table cloth had passed away, No dishes could be seen; She met him, and her words were gay— She never spoke of tea.

He came too late! the subtle chords Of patience were unbound— Not by offense of spoken words, But by the slights that wound.

She knew he would say nothing now That could the past repay; She bade him go and milk the cow, And coldly turned away.

He came too late! the fragrant steam Of tea had long since flown; The flies had fallen in the cream, The bread was cold as stone.

And when, with word and smile he tried, His hungry state to prove, She nerved her heart with woman's pride, And never deigned to move.

Miscellaneous. A SKETCH BY MRS. MARGARET DEWEY STOWE.

It was a splendid room. Rich curtains swept to the floor in graceful folds, half excluding the light, and shedding its soft hues over the fine old paintings on the walls, and over the broad mirrors that reflect all that taste can accomplish by the hand of wealth.

Books, the rarest and most costly, were around, in every form of gorgeous binding and gilding, and among them, glittering in ornament, lay a magnificent Bible—a Bible too beautiful in its appointments, too showy, too ornate, ever to have been meant to be read—a Bible which every visitor should take up and exclaim, "What a beautiful edition! what superb bindings!" and then lay it down again.

And the master of the house was lounging on a sofa, looking over a late review—for he was a man of leisure, taste and reading—but then, as to reading the Bible!—that forms, we suppose, no part of the pretensions of a man of letters.

The Bible—certainly he considered it a very respectable book—a fine specimen of ancient literature—an admirable book of moral precepts—but then, as to its divine origin, he had not exactly made up his mind, some parts seemed strange and inconsistent to his reason—others were very revolting to his taste—true, he had never studied it very attentively, yet such was his general impression about it—but on the whole, he thought it well enough to keep an elegant copy on his drawing-room table.

So much for one picture—now for another: Come with us into the little dark alley, and up a flight of ruinous stairs. It is a bitter cold night, and the wind and snow might drive through the crevices of the poor room, were it not that careful hands had stopped them with paper or cloth. But for all this little carefulness, the room is bitter cold; cold even with those decaying brands on the hearth, which that sorrowful woman is trying to kindle with her breath.

Do you see that pale little thin girl, with large bright eyes, who is crouching so near her mother—hark! how she coughs—now listen: "Mary, my dear child," says the mother, "do keep that shawl close about you; you are cold, I know," and the woman shivers as she speaks.

"No mother, not very," replied the child, again relapsing into that hollow, ominous cough—"I wish you wouldn't make me always wear your shawl when it is cold, mother."

"Dear child, you need it most—how you cough to-night," replies the mother—"it really don't seem right for me to send you up that long, cold street, now your shoes have grown so poor, too; I must go myself, after this."

"O mother! you must stay with the baby—what if he would have one of those dreadful fits while you are gone? No, I can go very well; I have got used to the cold now."

"But mother, I'm cold," says a little voice from the scanty bed in the corner, "mayn't I get up and come to the fire?" "Dear child, it would not warm you; it is very cold here, and I can't make any more fire to-night."

"Why can't you, mother? there are four whole sticks of wood in the box, do put one in and let's get warm once." "No, my dear little Henry," says the mother, soothingly, that is all the wood mother has, and I haven't any money to buy more."

BATTLE OF MISSIONARY RIDGE.

The next morning (the 25th) broke bright and cold, and the November sun shone over the mountains and the plain.

Grant had ordered a general assault on Missionary Ridge. Before him rose the tall mountain range, on which could be seen, glittering in the sunlight, the bayonets of nearly fifty thousand practical soldiers, trained in mountain warfare.

In the centre was Bragg's headquarters; along the crest of the hills ran lines of earth-works and felled trees; and the open months of thirty heavy cannon, besides lesser artillery, threatened death to the bold assailant who should attempt to climb the height.

The Union army, the rebel works no longer hid in mist, came out in bold distinctness on that fair November day, and the two commanders watched each other's motions from their elevated stations, prepared for the final shock.

Meantime at dawn Sherman's guns were heard on the northern side of the Ridge, and from daylight until noon that active leader was slowly pressing on along the mountains to cut Bragg off from his base of supplies at Chickamauga.

He was as yet fighting the battle alone; for Hooker had not arrived to attack on the right, delayed by the rough roads, and the centre under Thomas had not stirred. Bragg about three o'clock weakened his centre by sending a large force to cut off Sherman.

Hooker saw the opportunity. He was now coming up, and the commander, swift to seize his moment of attack, ordered a general charge up the hill. Never was there such a charge.

The Army of the Cumberland, which had all day been chained behind its entrenchments like a dangerous mastiff, and had heard with impatience the bold advance of Sherman, now broke into a run up the steep declivity, swept over entrenchment and rifle-pits, drove the frightened enemy out of their defenses, and with a wild shout followed them so closely that they had no time to pause.

Sheridan, who led the way, looked back and saw a huge mass of bayonets glittering in the sunlight, and swelling like a wave up the mountain side. Even he describes the spectacle as terrific. But to the enemy the charge was fatal.

In vain they poured down a plunging fire from thirty cannon into the glittering sea of steel; in vain their musketry flashed from every side. The thick line of the Army of the Cumberland never wavered or paused; where they could not turn they climbed or crept; they refused to stop even at the command of their officers, and, moved by the instinct of victory, drove the enemy in wild flight before them to the very crest of the Ridge.

Here they swept over the powerful intrenchments, shot down the gunners at their cannon, captured whole regiments of panic-stricken soldiers, and broke in six places those lines which had so long frowned upon them in the valley of the Eagle's Nest.

There was now victory all along the line. Hooker, Sherman, Thomas, had been successful. Bragg fled, leaving six thousand prisoners and all his guns, and was closely pursued by Sheridan and Sherman. The news of the great victory was flashed over the country; again the name of Grant was uttered with gratitude by every loyal tongue; thanksgiving was offered in the churches; and once more peace seemed near.

Again Grant urged an immediate advance on Mobile, and again was rebuffed for his imprudence. But the people now acknowledged their leader; they began to reflect upon Belmont, Paducah, Donelson, Shiloh, Vicksburg, Chattanooga, and they felt that a military genius had arisen who saw what other men could not see, and who possessed the intellect, force, and ingenuity necessary to carry out his own conceptions.

The President sent Grant his honest congratulations; Congress voted him thanks; Burnside was saved; the cotton States lay open to the Union forces; and at length nothing remained of the rebellion but that central power which had so long ruled at Richmond, sustained by the military skill of Lee.—EUGENE LAWRENCE, in Harper's Magazine for July.

A TRAVELER in Arkansas found the following notice stuck on the ferryman's door at Cache River: "Noahs—Ef enny body cum hear arter lickor or to git across the river, they can get blow this hear horn, and ef I don't cum when my Betsy up at the Hous hears the horn blowing, shele cum down and sell them the lickor, or set them across the river, ime away from hoam john wilson. N. B.—them that can't rede will have to go to the Hous arter Betsy, taint but haff a mile thar."

THERE never was a party in existence in this country which redeemed its pledges as faithfully as has the Republican. When it was organized it pledged itself to maintain the national life. The crushed slaveholder's rebellion is the evidence of the fulfillment of this covenant.

During that struggle the Republican party agreed to pay the national debt and take care of the survivors of the war for the Union. It is doing this every day.

AN ALARMED BRIDEGROOM.

It cannot be disguised that marriage is an alarming episode in a man's life. Many a brave fellow who would face a battery without flinching, and smile amidst the deadliest hail of musketry, finds his heart forsaking him at that magic moment when he changes from a gay young bachelor into a sober benedict.

A friend of the reporter has just passed through the ordeal, and this is what befell him. The ceremony was over, and the music and dancing done. The company had retired, and the bride had sought her chamber. The young man had been a model boy from his youth upward. He had learned a great many things, but, having no sisters, had never learned the mysteries of a lady's toilet.

Ascending the stairs to the chamber, he opened the door and peeped cautiously in, gasped dimly, and weird shadows played around the room; he entered and closed the door. On his left the bed was shrouded in many a fold of lace, but thro' the bar he perceived on the far side, outlined beneath the covering, a form beautiful in its symmetry.

On his right rose a huge pyramid of skirts and snowy linen, crowned by a throng of slender bars fashioned like a bell, and, to the uninitiated observer, resembling the old wire cage set every evening in the pantry as a snare for vermin.

"What the mischief's that?" he thought; but he said nothing, restraining curiosity and proceeding to disrobe. It must be confessed, however, that his fears were the least bit excited, and the perspiration began to bead his forehead.

Approaching the toilet table to lay down his cravat, his hand struck upon the lower half of a human jaw—a semi-circle of grinning teeth staring him in the face. He started back in terror, but said nothing—only the simple ejaculation "the devil!"

But it wasn't only false teeth; nevertheless the cold chills ran over him, and he was steady in his hand to unpin his collar, when his eyes encountered two half globes of some white linen substance, resting on a toilet table, and a great braid of hair, flanked by a huge coil of hair behind them.

He started back surprised, bewildered; but, as he did so, his feet struck against a pair of flesh-colored tights suspended from a chair, and, with their patent calves and padding, looking like veritable legs.

Astonishment held him spell-bound. If all these were merely adjuncts, what in the name of heaven had he married? He was turning to the bed to inquire, when he stumbled over the hump of a Grecian Bend, and falling, struck a little stand, knocking from it a tumbler of water, out of which rolled a glass eye.

"Gracious heavens!" he frantically ejaculated, "is there nothing left of her?" and, springing to his feet, bounded thro' the door, calling for the bridesmaids to come and put his wife together again. His cries for help soon brought the household around him, to whom he detailed his grievances. The assurance that everything was right finally pacified him, and after much persuasion he went back to the mysterious chamber, and by this time has probably become familiar with a fashionable toilet.—New Orleans Picayune.

SOLD. Not long since, a green looking Vermont, walking into the office of Dr. C. T. Jackson, the chemist, Boston: "Dr. Jackson, I presume," said he. "Yes sir."

"May I close the door?" and he did so, and having looked behind the sofa and satisfied himself no one else was in the room, he placed a large bundle, done up in a yellow bandanna, on the table and opened it.

"There doctor, look at that." "Well," said the doctor, "I see it." "What do you call that, doctor." "Call it iron pyrites!" "What!" said the man, "isn't that stuff gold?"

"No," said the doctor, "it's good for nothing; it's pyrites;" and putting some over the fire on a shovel it evaporated up the chimney.

"Wall," said the poor fellow, with a woe-begone look, "there's a widdier woman up town has a whole hill full of that, and I've been and married her!"

In a late address by Brigham Young, in his Tabernacle, he said: "A great many ask me how many wives I have; but, to tell the honest truth, I never thought enough about it to stop and think. But I will get up the facts in the case and tell everybody, so that they may stop asking me these questions. I suppose I have a dozen or fifteen that I am taking care of; perhaps a few more, I do not know, and I care nothing about it. I try to do good, and I try to save the people; and I say, do not let a lady come to destruction."

INFORMATION has been received at Washington that the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States was ratified by both Houses of the Florida Legislature on Tuesday last. The vote in the Senate was 26 against 13, and in the Assembly 13 against 8. This makes the twenty-fifth State that has ratified, including Indiana.

GETTYSBURG seems destined to take a high place among the permanent summer resorts of the Middle States. The natural beauty of its scenery; the memorials of its great battle; the graves of the heroic dead; the health-giving properties of its waters, form a combination of attractions; while its new and spacious hotel will be opened next week.