

Father Abraham.

INDEPENDENT AND PROGRESSIVE.



LANCASTER CITY, PA.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1868.

Economy, Retrenchment, Faithful Collection of the Revenue and Payment of the Public Debt.—GRANT.

CIRCULATION OVER 6,400!

OUR BANNER!

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

For Governor, GEN. JOHN W. GEARY.

For Judge of the Supreme Court, HON. HENRY W. WILLIAMS, OF ALLEGHENY COUNTY.

REPUBLICAN COUNTY TICKET.

Senate—ESAIAS HILLINGFELT, JOHN B. WARFEL, ... Assembly—A. E. BARNETT, A. GODSHALK, ...

BUSINESS NOTICE.

MR. S. BAKER YOUNG, the Lancaster News Dealer, who everybody knows, is agent for FATHER ABRAHAM.

HON. JOHN SCOTT.

Of Huntingdon county, one of our U. S. Senators, will address the people in the Court House, Lancaster.

THIS (Friday) EVENING.

We hope our citizens will give Mr. Scott a hearty greeting on this his first visit to Lancaster.

HON. COLUMBUS DELANO,

OF OHIO, AND

HON. JOHN ALLISON,

OF PENNSYLVANIA,

Will address the people of Lancaster county, on Monday Evening, September 27th, in the Court House, this city.

Mr. DELANO is one of Ohio's greatest orators and statesmen, and Mr. ALLISON is distinguished for his ability and oratory, and we hope to see a large turn-out to hear them.

ANOTHER REPUBLICAN VICTORY—NEW MEXICO IN LINE!

The territorial election in New Mexico, held on the 6th inst, resulted in a sweeping triumph of the Republican party—the election of Col. J. Francis Chavez to Congress, by a majority of THREE THOUSAND, and a large majority of Republicans in the Legislature.

THE FLAUNTING LIE!

The Intelligencer and other copperhead papers admit that Packer lives in Philadelphia, (where every body knows he carped-bagged to get rid of his taxes,) and yet they keep his name at the editorial heads of their papers, in bold letters, thus:

FOR GOVERNOR,

ASA PACKER OF CARBON COUNTY. Can't you be consistent for once? Or is lying more convenient?

REPUBLICAN MEETINGS.

The following meetings have been appointed by the County Committee:

- Christian L. Miller's Hotel, Harrisburg pike, Sept. 25. Speakers—W. A. Wilson, Capt. J. P. Rea, N. E. Slaymaker, and others. ...

WON'T PAY HIS COUNTY TAX.

Asa Packer, the democratic candidate for Governor, got ahead of the Carbon County Commissioners very handsomely. They assessed him for \$9,238.83 when he produced a tax receipt from the collector of the 6th Ward, Philadelphia, for \$32.00, in full for all purposes.

PAYING THE NATIONAL DEBT.

The Tribune of Saturday says, we are promised a reduction of the debt by no less than \$10,000,000 during the month of September, or nearly twice as much as the reduction in August.

THE BARGAIN.

It is alleged that the formerly Democratic Philadelphia city candidates withdrew from the field on the following terms: "Each candidate to have his campaign expenses up to date paid, and to receive twenty-five per cent. of the profits of the different offices for which they were nominated, in the event of the success of the present Democratic nominees."

PACKER'S NEIGHBORS.

The Republican Executive Committee of Carbon county contains quite a number of former Democrats, such as Dr. D. K. Shoemaker, (Chairman) Gen. Lilly, Gen. Albright, Capt. John Shields, T. Frank Walter, Louis Beckhardt, Capt. John Glasser, A. J. Lauderburn, Esq., A. Christman, Esq., Reuben Serfass, Hon. Tilghman Arner and others.

ANOTHER TRIAL.

A few years ago, our friend Louis Beckhardt of Mauch Chunk, was run by the Republicans for Borough Councilman, when he beat Asa Packer by 35 majority. Mr. B. is again on the Republican ticket of Mauch Chunk, for School Director, and Mr. Packer is the democratic candidate for Governor.

"JUDGE" PACKER.

Let no one suppose that because Asa Packer is called "Judge" Packer, that he is therefore, or ever has been, either a Law Judge, or one learned in the law. He has no learning of any kind.

KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE!

That Asa Packer, the millionaire, who was almost bankrupt in 1857, his liabilities being then worth about 70 cents on the dollar, made his twenty millions of dollars during the war—not by fighting rebels—but by his Railroad monopoly and extorting from the consumers enormous prices for coal.

THE CAMPAIGN IN THE OLD GUARD.

The people of Lancaster County are moving, and the indications are that the Old Guard will do her duty handsomely for Geary, Williams and the popular county ticket. Large and enthusiastic meetings have been held in several of the wards in the city, and in Adamstown, Elizabethtown, Wakefield, and still others are on the programme.

WE LEARN THAT MR. JOSEPH WOLFGERSBERGER, A RANK COPPERHEAD,

and recently a former in the office of the Lancaster Intelligencer, is associated with Capt. J. W. Yocum as joint owner and publisher of the Columbia Spy, a Republican newspaper.

WON'T PAY HIS BOUNTY TAX.

To escape the payment of bounty tax, assessed on his immense fortune, Asa Packer played a most outrageous dodge—getting himself assessed in Philadelphia, where he returned a gold watch and a few other taxable knick-knacks which he carried along in his carpet bag!

NOTHING!

The New York Sun sent a reporter to interview ASA PACKER. The result was three columns of nothingness, with which the editor is exceedingly disgusted. Mr. PACKER proved to be a nobody "on the great and pregnant questions of the tariff, finance, negro suffrage, the fifteenth amendment, reconstruction, the eight-hour law, and woman's voting."

THE YANKEE DODGER.

Asa Packer is playing a very sharp dodge, but it won't win. Every Democratic paper has him on the ticket from "Carbon county." But, to enable him to cheat the same Carbon county and the borough of Mauch Chunk, where he resides, out of his State, county, borough, school and poor tax, he got himself assessed in the Sixth ward of Philadelphia, where he paid the enormous sum of \$32, instead of \$33,382.77, for which he was assessed at his real residence.

MAUCH CHUNK AROUSED!

The people of Mauch Chunk have a very good chance to settle their local tax account with Asa Packer on the second Tuesday in October next, and they will do it in a manner that will most emphatically refute the insinuations of the copperheads in this part of the State, that they are bound to go for him en masse, on account of his wealth.

WE RECEIVED ANOTHER LETTER FROM EPHRA TA IN REGARD TO THE ATTEMPTED FRAUD AT THE LATE PRIMARY ELECTION IN SAID TOWNSHIP.

While we have not the slightest doubt as to the truth of the statement made in the first place, notwithstanding the denial of one of the parties, we must decline inserting the communication from "A subscriber," simply because he did not give us his name.

WON'T PAY HIS SCHOOL TAX.

Asa Packer, the democratic candidate for Governor, won't pay his school tax for which he was assessed at Mauch Chunk, his place of residence. To cheat the school board out of the same he took a dead-head ride to Philadelphia, registered his name at the Merchant's Hotel, 4th street below Arch, was shown to his room, and from thence he proceeded to the Assessor and had himself assessed as a citizen of the 6th ward.

THAT \$2,000!

"Jolly Jack" is as quiet as a mouse in a meeting house about the \$2,000 sent from Harrisburg in 1868, to nominate the Legislative ticket of that year, for the purpose of getting the State Treasury out of the hands of an honest man, who would not be used by the sharks of the State Capitol. Speak out, man!

ASA PACKER, THE PRIDE OF THE LEHIGH VALLEY.

Immediately after Asa Packer's financial agent had accomplished his object at Harrisburg—buying up the required number of delegates—just sixty-seven—a banner was raised in front of Mr. Packer's railroad office, at Mauch Chunk, containing in large letters the above inscription. That was modest.

ARE YOU REGISTERED?

The Registry Law requires that all voters should be registered before the 4th day of October. The first duty therefore, and one that should be forthwith attended to, is to see that every Republican is registered.

LET THE TEN THOUSAND READERS OF FATHER ABRAHAM, WAKE UP,

and see to it that this work of registration is thoroughly done.

THE PHILADELPHIA ASSESSMENT.

Asa Packer, the millionaire democratic candidate for Governor, residing at Mauch Chunk, made the following return of property when he got himself assessed in the Sixth Ward, Philadelphia, which he did to escape the payment of his borough, poor, bounty and school tax in Mauch Chunk:

POOR JACK!

The Examiner is in a terrible way. It labors hard in behalf of its employers—the State Treasury Ring at Harrisburg. It wants evidence. Well, that's a good dodge, and Jack is an "artful dodger."

GO TO WORK!

LET EVERY REPUBLICAN GO TO WORK, as if the election of Gov. Geary depended upon his own individual exertions.

WON'T PAY HIS BOROUGH TAX.

Asa Packer was the democratic candidate for Borough Councilman, in Mauch Chunk, a few years ago, and was beaten by Mr. Louis Beckhardt, a merchant tailor. The Borough authorities, of which Mr. Packer was not a member, needed funds to repair their streets, alleys and sidewalks. They also needed money to keep up their supply of water, gas, and repair market house, and for various other purposes, including fire apparatus, police, &c.

WE ARE INDEBTED TO OUR FRIEND DR. E. B. HERR, OF MANOR TOWNSHIP,

for a variety of peaches and apples—the finest we have seen this season.

WON'T PAY HIS SCHOOL TAX.

At the theatre, one evening, behind the scenes, Suett observed a performer put something under his cloak, and asked him what he had got there. "Oh, only my dagger," answered the player. Suett, however, drew out a small bottle, and, having ascertained that it contained his favorite beverage, drank the contents and returned him the bottle with these words, "There's the sheath."

BILL McMULLIN, the Philadelphia rough, who secured Packer's nomination,

has openly threatened riot and murder on election day, and declared that the officers appointed to hold the election in his ward shall never be permitted to enter its precincts. Such are the supporters of Packer.

ORGANIZE!

The Copperheads are hoping for a victory because the campaign is not as active as last year, and they are trying in a quiet way to poll their vote, expecting to catch the Republicans napping.

REMEMBER THAT A VICTORY FOR THE COPPERHEADS NOW,

will vitalize all the heresies defeated with the fall of the rebellion.

"DIRTY LINEN."

The Examiner insinuated some dreadful things about "persons not unknown to fame even in their own county," in its issue of last week. When told that we would be ready for a "ventilation" after we had skinned the copperheads, the impecuniate gentlemen who conduct that paper talk about not wanting to "wash dirty linen!"

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A STATEMENT IS GOING THE ROUNDS OF THE PRESS THAT PENNSYLVANIA EXPENDS FOR "DRINKS" \$31,000,000 ANNUALLY—

for schools \$5,800,000. With such a record, and what democrats are pleased to call the "morrifant party" in power, to what an insignificant sum would be the \$3,800,000 sink, and how gloriously large would the other row of figures be, with the opposition in office. Why, their late State Convention alone, lasting but one day, doubled the whisky trade in Harrisburg in forty-eight hours.

Local News.

JOB PRINTING.

Handbills, Cards, Bill Heads, Programmes, Posters, &c., &c., printed at the FATHER ABRAHAM Job Printing Office. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY CONVENTION: Our people were much amused on Wednesday last week, at a small gathering in Fulton Hall, called a Convention. It was a forlorn, sickly looking affair, indeed, and excited the pity of all who looked upon it.

Ballon Ascension.

Mr. Chas. E. Wise, accompanied by his wife, made a beautiful ascension on Saturday last, from Centre Square, this city. It was witnessed by thousands of people, and but for the threatening weather many more would have been present.

Editors Express: I am not an advocate of Woman's Rights in the modern acceptation of the term,

but have nevertheless a notion that a lady might take a ride through the ethereal regions of space without being assailed by the prophecies of her sex, or in the least infringing upon the good order of a "time for all things," and believing that the proper time had come to gratify my woman's curiosity upon this subject of an aerial voyage, when my husband announced that he would take the vacant seat in his balloon chariot, "Jupiter," I accordingly resolved to be the highest bidder, though I should be a thousand dollars; when he very gravely suggested to me about the pay, having, as he said, two cash offers of fifty dollars each, I told him mine was a hundred dollars—paid in advance, by numerous charge accounts, and having secured the vacant seat, I went to my room, and began to sew on the buttons for ten years past. From this he made no appeal, but said, "All right, you shall go." And now, Messrs. Editors, through the medium of your paper, I will tell my lady friends, as well as I can, how it did go.

At 10 minutes past 4 o'clock last Saturday afternoon, Jupiter being sufficiently inflated, I stepped into the wicker-car thereto attached, and with a throb of delight loomed up and over the centre of the city. The multitude below, with upturned faces—the rattling sound of martial music—the shouts of applause—and the earth with all its life, gradually sinking down to a green waste, excited me very much, and I involuntarily began to wave my kerchief in response to the happy salutations of my good friends below. My husband handed me the talismanic flag to wave, while he threw overboard ballast composed of bundles of business circulars, and up, up we went as a giant's step, until we were above the clouds, and I was in a state of rapture. "Splendid! splendid!" My heart was palpitating with joy over the beauties spread out beneath and around, so that I could do nothing but gaze upon the grand scene before me. When we got beyond the built-up part of the city, I ventured to look down through the barrier of ropes to look straight down, and behold! I spied what seemed a nice little Christmas garden, with little buildings in the middle, which my husband told me was Franklin and Marshall College, and just at this moment a milk-like vapor rushed down before and underneath us, entirely obscuring the world below. All at once I felt a sensation changed to a feeling of amazement—amazement most profound. Oh, what a solemn silence surrounded us. It was an awfully mysterious thing to me, how this heavenly curtain of dew-drops could so suddenly wrap itself all around us. The big, puffed-up globe above our heads, seemed to grow larger and bend and stagger with this load of water weighing upon it. Presently a cheerful, mellow glimmer of light came from above, which cheered us again into conversation. Here Mr. W. threw overboard a considerable bundle of business cards, and as they scattered through this illimitable air, I was reminded of little torpedoes. I wondered what would be the result of this. "It sounds like electric sparks." As they floated about they shone like silver and gold. Presently we came out at the top of this cloud, and here again came a new scene. How beautifully inflated up here great big masses of white, soft-looking, fleecy clouds below. Oh, they looked so soft and silky as the finest down, and they rolled about, as it were, in a wanton voluptuousness. "But, where are we now?" I inquired. "I can't see the world—was any entirely partitioned off; how will you get down?" Mr. W. said, "I will take you down now; but before we go, let us eat a morsel of our provisions, kindly furnished us by our friend, 'The Sheath'." "No, indeed," said I, "this is a feast of reason; I can only feast with my eyes." But, to please him, I ate a few grapes off a bunch placed in the car by John Adams, which he was devouring with a gusto that indicated a keen appetite. I also got out of the basket a roasted fowl to regale myself with.

While in this solemn stillness I was suddenly startled. "Oh, what was that?" Mr. W. said, "I let off some gas to go down!" When the valve snapped shut, it cracked like a gun and made me tremble for a moment—it made such a strange noise up there. Now we gently and softly sank down through this fleecy bed below; in its midst it was more dark this time, and as we came out gradually below, I saw the city as behind a thin gossamer curtain, and now came such a clattering of iron wheels, and puffing of steam engines, and rattling of bells, and contrasting strangely with the bright, silent world above the clouds. Here we could see the beautiful Sequae-