FATHER ABRAHAM.

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Pennsylvanisch Deitsch.

Brief Fun Schliffletown.

SCHLIFFLETOWN, June 8, 1868.

MISDER FODDER ABRAHAM DRUCKER: DEER SIR: Yetz will ich doch awer ach an sei-kivvel foll grumbeera shawla fressa, wann net seller brief, wu der de letsht woch for mich in eier roushiche gooty FODDER ABRAHAM'S zeitung nei gedruckt hen, yusht about an ufruhr gemacht hut doh im shteddle. Un de Bevvy, my alty, de hetsht awer widder amohl heara sella lacha derweaga! Se war yusht about gekitzelt wie se es g'seh hut, in schwartz un weis, das se an monn hut wie ich, der shmart genunk is for so an gootes shtickly uf deitsch in an englishe zeitung nei zu du. Un om very same owat we de zeitung awkumma is, sin meh das an dutzend gooty demokrata on unser house kumma, for den brief zu leasa; un se wahra ach all gons immer un eawich goot gepleased das ich amohl in de frei-shoola un kæricha un so shtuft nei gepitch'd bin. Der Joe Bifflekop, du weasht, is als for common orrig close mit seina greenbacks, un awer er hut sivva mohl gedreat un allemohl mit gedrunka, bis er so ordlich how-come-you-so is warra, un donn hab ich un der Bill Schneckafoos ehn hehm genumma. Wie mer awer on sei house sin kumma, donn hen mer doch so ordlich fits krickt fun seiner fraw, for se war yusht about bæs derweaga. Fun sellam will ich awer doch now nix weiders g'sawt hawa, for du wehtas evva wie die weibsleit sin wann unser ehns so a bissel sunnersht sevversht hehm kummt.

Forgeshder owat hen mer amohl an meeting gehalta dort ons Kitzelderfer's wærtshouse, un dor then mer ousgemacht das de demokratisch dahler society organized wærra mus; un now hetta mer gern das der uns an first rater gooter demokratischer shpeech macher shicket for uns an shpeech macha. Ich wehs ehner, seller dehta mer orrig gleicha, un awer ich kann now net yusht grawd uf sei nawma kumma. Er woont in Readingtown, dort in seller shtrose wu selly roy backa-shteanische heiser sin dort, du weasht, unnich 'em eck net weit fun sellam platz wo de grossy fenshdera sin, about a hunnert yard fun der kærrich, un yusht ums eck rum wo als an grosser shtall war, doh da yohr we der circus in der shtadt war, sellamohls we de alt fraw als an kucha shtand hut gehalta for grundniss zu ferkawfa for drei cent a blechly foll. Ich wehs ach now nimmy wie das er heast, un awer er is anyhow an lawyer—so an ordlich dicker ding, du weasht, un wann er an shpeech macht, kann er kreisha so loud das em alta Dopfoos sei gonsy easle foor. Ich hab ehn amohl heara an shpeech macha, doh de yohr, un se war yusht about goot. Uf course, ich hab se net fershtay kenna, for es war in English, awer der weg we mier es ausgelegt is warra, hut er explained wie de black republicans an law macha wella so das de neager all unser weiver un dechter heira kenna, un soll mich der deihenker hohla wann ich sell shtande du, for wann sei dog un des leavas an neager sich amohl awmacht bei meiner fraw, du Bevvy, donn nemm ich a flint un shees ehn doht so gewiss das my nauma Pit Schwefflebrenner is. Law oder ken law, wannn an schwartzer neager amohl ons Bevvy heira geht, donn gebts dohty leit in Schliffletown, un now mind wanns net dut!

Now Misder FODDER ABRAHAM printer, het ich gern das der mer seller lawyer doh ruf shicket for uns an shpeech macha, yusht weil er so orrig loud kreisha kann wann er schwetzt, for so ehner, wann mer ehn ach net ferstayt, macht doch an ivver ous gooter impression doh unnich unser demokrata, un no more at present,

PIT SCHWEFFLEBRENNER.

DER GENERAL GRANT.

In der Stadt Louisville is an demokratisher zeitung drucker—ehner Buckner—un er sagt der Grant is net fit for President, weil er ken longy briefa shreibt, un ken gossy speeches macht. Der very same Buckner war dah for etlich yohr amohl an General in der rebel army, un we er commander war in Fort Donalson, hut er an brief krickt fum General Grant; seller war so deitlich das er ehn ufamohl ferstanna hut. Doh is der very brief, ivversetzt in Pennsylvanisch deitsch:

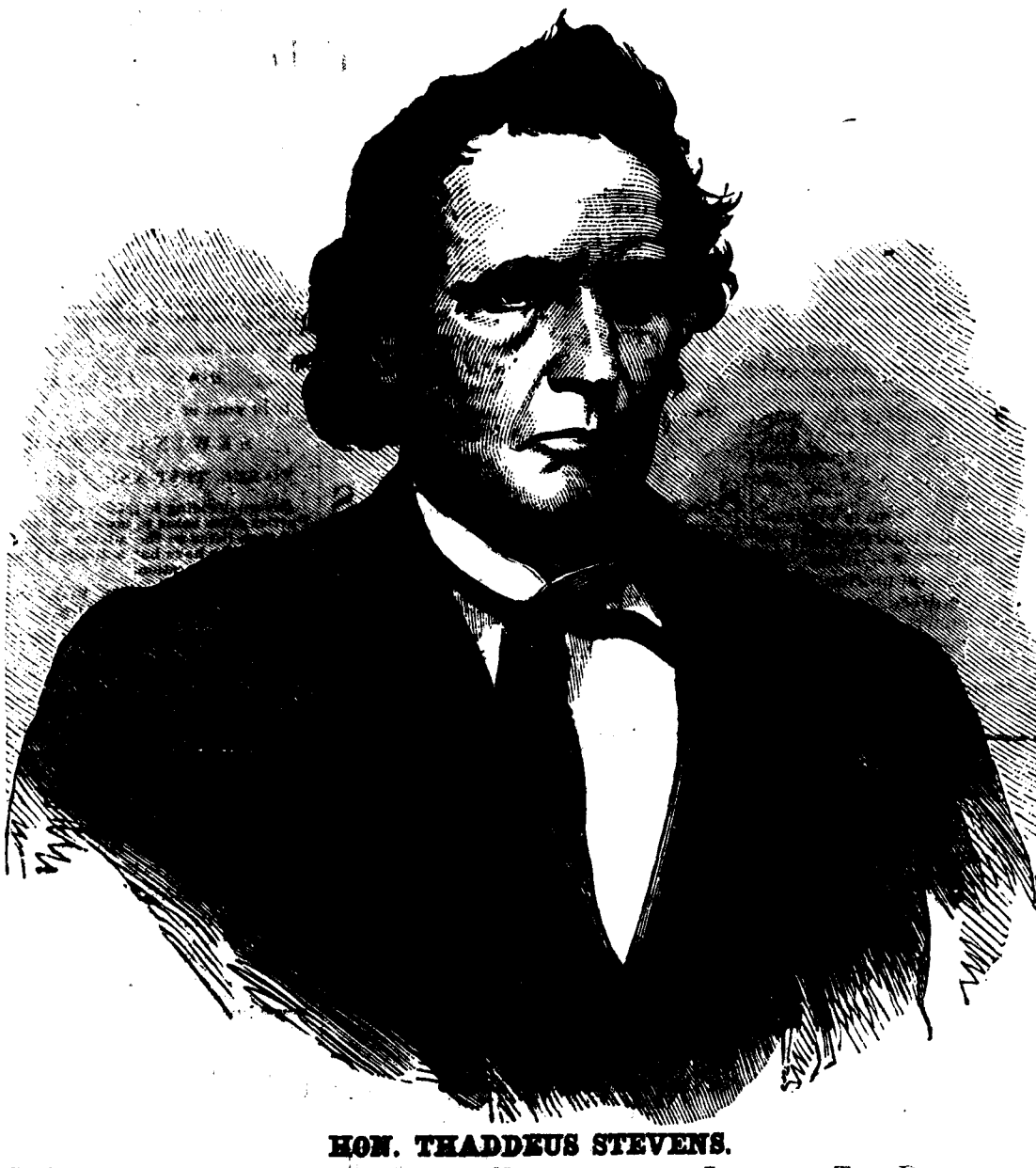
HEAD-QUARTERS, ARMY IN FIELD,
CAMP DICHT BEI FORT DONELSON,
February 16, 1862.

On der General S. B. Buckner, Confederate Army:

Dei brief hab ich yusht krickt, mit em forschlag conditions zu macha for surrendera. Nix went! Es mus unconditional sei. Mer hen im sin grawd uf dei wærka zu moofa. Du besser shaffst dich ous em shtaab, for mer kumma! Mit grossem reshpect, &c.,

U. S. GRANT.

Seller brief hut der Buckner deitlich genunk fershtanna, un es hut ehn net long genumma ousrufinna das, was der Grant sagt mehnt er sich!



HON. THADDEUS STEVENS.

THE "GREAT COMMONER"—THE FRIEND OF EDUCATION AND LIBERTY—THE DETERMINED FOE OF IGNORANCE AND SLAVERY—THE TERROR OF TRAITORS AND COPPERHEADS!

NASBY.

The Chicago Convention—Mr. Nasby Attends it and Gets on a Heavy Disgust—A Lecture on Democracy.

POST OFFIS, CONFEDRIT X ROADS,
(Which is in the State uv Kentucky,
May 24, 1868.

I wuz at Chicago one day, and that one day satisfied me. My ears wuz stunned with 'rors for Grant; which ever way I turned my eyes I saw nothing but Grant badges and Grant medals; the bands wuz all playin the Star Spangled Banner and sich, and even the street organ grinders hed attooned their lyres to the same Ablishun melodies.

On my arrival I sakt a vishus boy (which I knowed wuz Dimokratic, from the fact that his little shirt wood hev hung out uv his little pants ef he had any shirt,) ef he cood show me where the Ablishun Convensbuh waz holdin itself.

"Certainly I kin, my old buffer," sed he. "It's in that yer bildin," pintin ez he spoke, to a rather gorgus edifice with a steeple to it.

I entered it, and wuz surprised, not only at the fewness uv the delegates on the floor, but at their pecoolyer appearance. They didn't look like delegates to any Convenshun I hed ever attended. Ther nose wuzn't uv the color I hed been accustomed to. They wuz all solemn lookin chaps with gold spectacles, black coats, high foreheds, and white neckerchers. "Is this," thot I to myself, "the uniform delegates wear at Republikin conventions?"

At this pint I turned to a man sittin beside me, an in an undertone askt wich wuz ahed on the last ballot, Colfax or Wade?

"Sir," sed he, "are you a Johnson postmaster?"

"I am," sed I defiantly. "How didst determine that pint?"

"By yoor breath," sed he. "Yoor mistaken in the place, my frend. This is a Methodist conference."

That wikked and perverse boy hed intenshnelly deceived me.

On my return we wuz a settin in Bascom's a discussin the nominashens. Deekin Pogram wuz indignant. "Good Heavens!" said he, with horrors in his sainted face, "Kin it be that men perfessin nashnel views, wood offer sich an insult to Kentucky ez to nominate sich a man ez Grant, who, sword in hand, devastatid her fertile fields and piled the bodies uv her nootral sons who resisted his advance mountains high? Kin it be that—"

"Easy, Deekin," replied I, "stiddy! stiddy! Don't take posishen rashly. It ain't improbable that we may hev to nominate Hancock or some other soljer. In that event—but I've sed enuff."

"Well, at all evence," sed the Deekin, "it's a most humiliatin thing to hev thrown in our faces a infamous proposishen to pay a debt inkurred in a infamous attempt to subjoogate us—to pledge our labor to pay a debt unconstitooshnally inkurred, and un—"

"Deekin," sed I, "yoor zeal I do admire, but yoor reely indiscreet. It may be found necessary in order to carry New-York to nominate Belmont's man, who will be pledged to this very thing. Go a little slow."

"Well, however that may be, it's a burnin shame to throw into Kentucky's face a Ablishnist—two uv em in fact—and—"

"Deekin," (I spoke this time severely,) "yoor very indiscreet to-day. It's possible, and I may say probable, that that noble patriot, Cheef Justis Chase, who hez bin s friteful Ablishnist, and who, ef he runs, will, for obvus reasons, make us swaller at the beginin a posishen uv his heresies, may be our candidate. Say nothin, Deekin, that yoo'l hev to take back."

Feelin that rite here wuz a splendid chance for on improovin discourse on the nacher, objicks, and aims uv democracy, I opened out onto em.

"Dimocrisy," I remarkt, "is distinguished cheefly fot its elasticity in adaptin means to ends. One wood suppose that Post-Offis is its cheef end. In one sense it is. Dimocrisy is willin to sacrifice any thing which it hez for Post-Offis. It might raise Deekin Pogram's ire to sejest the nominashen uv Hancock, on akkount uv his slawterins, or Belmont's candidate on akkount uv his insistin on paying off the Nashnel Debt, or Chase who hez bin in his day suspected uv hein tainted with Ablishinism. But my brethring let it be remembered that success is the main objick. Success is wat Bascom wants, that I, bein continyood in offis, may have the means to pay for the likker I consoom, and to avoid the necessity uv bein continyoodly rekested to chalk it down, which practis he esteems disgustin, and one which greatly increases his labors. Capt. McPelter wants success that he may continyoo to hev Assessors, Collectors, and Revenoo offisers with which he kin divide the profits uv the $2 tax on the whisky he makes, and Deekin Pogram wants success that he may hev his niggers agin, or at least that he may hev the privilege of hirin em for $4 per month, deducting 25 cents per day for each day's absence, without no Burow offiser or other military satrap hangin about to molest or make afraid. Success is the main pint, and ef Hancock is the way, walk ye in it—ef Chase or Seymour is the way, walk ye ditto, for with either uv these men all these things we'll hev. When they come to us they leeve ther former selves behind.

But methinks I hear one say, Hancock is a soljer, Seymour a anti-repudiator, and Chase a Ablishnist! Wat uv that? They may be wat they like when they go into offis?—assosiashun with us fetches em sooner or later. Kin yoo tech pitch and not be defiled? Doolittle, Cowan, and Dixon wuz Ablishnists. When they split from Ablishnism—the minit they fell into our embraces—they became ez satisfactory Democrats ez I cood wish. The road down is a easy one to travel. It's easier to slide than to climb, which is the reason why so many more are dammed than saved. Democracy, like Bastien's new liker, holds a man when it gits him. Johnson wuz a good enuf Ablishnist till he called onto us for help, and then he wuz lost. Let Chase stay with us a week and he'd forgit all his old ideas, yoo bet. Shood yoo stike that silver pitcher at him the niggers give him at Cincinnati, for defendin a fugitive, and he'd swear like Peter he never saw it—only differ in from Peter in that he'd stick to it. And there is no gettin back, for the principal ones. Ther remorse kind o' drives em deeper and deeper, till they finally are worse than ez tho they originally wuz w us. Let us, my brethrin, never reject any help we kin git. Let it come in any shape and from any source, it'll finally assimilate to us and be uv us. Remember, Johnson, Cowan, Doolittle and Dixon swore, when they started at Philadelphia, that they never cood go into the ranks uv the Dimocrisy—in a year they wuz makin speeches for us in Connecticut.

Ez I concloodd my remarks, my circle all agreed that it wuz safe to take—whatever we cood get from the Democrisy, and we rethred, I feelin more whatever other locanties mite do, the Corners wuz safe. Wat an outrage it is, though, that the Ablishnist nominated sich a man for Vice-President ez to make Grant perfectly safe from hein removed ez Linkern wuz. He'll live out his time sure.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY, P. M.,
(Wich is Postmaster.)

Our Little Jokes.

EPIGRAMS.

As my wife and I, at the window one day,
Stood watching a man with a monkey,
A cart came by, with a "broth of a boy,"
Who was driving a stout little donkey.
To my wife I then spoke by way of a joke,
"There's a relation of your's in the carriage."
To which she replied, as the donkey she spied,
"Ah, yes, a relation—by marriage."

A country girl one morning went
To market with a pig;
The little curl-tail, not content,
Began to squeal a jig;
A dandy who was riding by,
Who wished to pass a joke,
"My dear how comes your child to cry,
When wrapped up in your cloak?"
The country girl thus quick replies,
"So bad a breeding had he,
That ever and anon he cries,
Whene'er he sees his daddy."

—An enraged man tears his hair, an enraged woman tears her husband's.

—During a recent performance of "Romeo and Juliet," at Marblehead, Mass., the fair Juliet's questions in the soliloquy before taking the sleeping draught, "What if this mixture does not work at all?" was answered by an urchin in the pit, who said: "Then take a dose of pills." The effect upon the audience can be imagined.

—A good story is told of a boot black whose energies were taxed by the huge shoes of a private just returned from the war. The little fellow, kneeling down, looked over his shoulder to a comrade, and exclaimed: "Lend me a spit, Jim, I've got an army contract."

—During a recent trial, there was a large number of ladies present, who caused a gentle murmuring all the while. The usher called out repeatedly, "Silence!" when the judge mildly said: "Mr, Usher, don't you know better than to call silence when ladies are in Court."

—"Doctor, a child has been born half black."

"Ah, I must look into that. Pray, what was the color of the other half?"

"Black, too."

"Mr. Brown, I owe you a grudge, remember that!"

"I shall not be frightened then, for I never knew you to pay anything you owed."

"Halloa, there! Got anything?"

"Got anything? Of course not. Only came here last week!" was the reply of the patient angler, as he cast his patent fly.

—The young lady who fell dead in love with a young gentlemen, immediately revived on being asked to name the day.

—To be a woman of fashion is one of the easiest things in the world. A late writer thus describes it: "Buy everything you don't want, and pay for nothing you get; smile on all mankind but your husband; be happy everywhere but at home; neglect your children and nurse lap dogs; go to church every time you get a new dress."

—"This is a fast age," said a countryman, "I bought a new hat for my daughter on Saturday, and on Sunday it was worn out."

—"See are, mishter," said a seven-year old Irishman, driven up a tree by a dog, "if you don't take that dog away, I'll eat up all your apples."

—A man describing a church in Minnesota, writes to a friend: "No velvet cushions in our pews; we don't go in for style. The fattest person has the softest seat."

—"O, for a thousand tongues!" as a boy remarked, when inside a molasses hogshead.

—In a town in which they were making a railroad was employed a party of Irishmen, one of whom went to a neighboring shop kept by a Yankee and asked for a yard of pork. The Yankee deliberately cut off three pig's feet and gave them to him. "Sure is this what you'd be after callin' a yard of pork?" asked the Irishman.—"Yes, indeed, don't three feet make a yard?" The biter was bit.

—A schoolmaster in a neighboring town, while on his morning walk, passed the door of a neighbor, who was excavating a log for a pig trough. "Why," said the scoolmaster, "Mr. have you not furniture enough yet?" "Yes," said the man "enough for my own family, but I expect to board the schoolmaster this winter, and am making preparations."

—An illiterate man, wishing to enter some animals at an agricultural exhibition, wrote as follows to the secretary:—"Also enter me for the best jackass; I am sure of getting the prize."

—Here is an expressive epitaph which, alas! would fit many a grave:

Poorly lived,
And poorly died—
Poorly buried,
And no one cried.

—A cobbler took the following plan to save expense in painting a sign:

E
SHO
P

—Recommended to the young sprigs of the Lancaster bar:

"Fee simple, or a simple fee,
And all the fees entail,
Are nothing when compared to thee,
Thou best of fees—female!"

—A very nervous gentleman announced a steam boat explosion to the Connecticut Legislature, as follows: "Spister Meeker and ledges of the memberislature, the Elliver Ollsworth has biled her buster!"

—A preacher once said that he saw little children, who could neither walk or talk, running around the streets cursing and swearing.

—"I cannot bear children," said Mrs. Prim, disdainfully. To which Mrs. Partington, looking over her spectacles, mildly replied: "Perhaps if you could, you would like them better."

—At an evening party, while the guests were eating supper, Mr. A. asked Mr. L. to help him to some potpie. Mr. L. said "Certainly, certainly," and in his hurry stumbled and fell on the table, his hand going into the potpie. The accident was turned into a joke by Mr. E., who exclaimed, "Just help me to some while your hand is in."

—The latest puzzle has relation to a very lamentable fact in regard to the present spring. It is:

C C
S I

Which a long headed friend interprets to mean—"The *C's* on *is* backward."

—A story is told of a jolly good fellow who resided in Chicago about four years, and while on an Eastern visit was asked how he liked the water out West. "By George, Mr.——," said he, after a moment's reflection, "I never thought to try it."

—"Am I not a little pale?" inquired a lady, who was short and corpulent, of a crusty old bachelor. "You look more like a big tub," was the blunt reply.

—A query: Is a man who has made a fool of himself to be considered a self-made man?

—Mrs. Jenkins complained in the evening that the turkey she had eaten at Thanksgiving did not set well. "Probably," said Jenkins, "it was not a hen turkey."

—A western merchant lately chalked on a big hogshead in front of his store, "for sail." A passing wag added, "For freight or passage apply at the bunghole."

—"Are you near-sighted, Miss?" said an impudent fellow to a young lady who did not once choose to notice him. "Yes; at this distance I can hardly tell whether you are a pig or puppy."

"How can you pay us? what can you offer in the pound?" demanded the creditors of a bankrupt farmer. "Alas! gentleman, all I really have is a donkey in the pound," replied the ruined agriculturist.

—"Well, my boy, do you know what 'syntax means?'" said a schoolmaster to a pupil. "Yes, sir," was the reply, "the duty on spirits."

"You want nothing, do you?" said Pat. "Bedad, an' if its nothing you want, you'll find it in the jug where the whiskey was."

—"Oh, I'm dead; I'm dead!" blubbered a little fellow the other day, as he ran into the house. "What's the matter, my dear?" inquired the affrightened mother. "Oh, I ran against a fence and stuck a *knot hole* in my trowsers.

[By our special Artist.]

DEMOCRACY—THE NEW CHASE BOAT.

SAMBO—*Golly! Most too strong current for one culled pusson to go sich a load.*