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Pennsylvanisch Deutsch.



Brief Fun Der Bevvy.

SCHLIFLETOWN, July 14, 1868.

Now Misder, Drucker fum FODDER ABRAHAM, now misset der ach amohl an brief in eier zeitung nei du for mich; for ich will eich wissa lussa das ich ach um be weg bin wann se mer mein Pit fort noch Nei Yorrick shleafa mit denna nix-nutziche un fersuffenny kupperkeppiche demokrata, un sei watch un bocket-buch shtela, an ehn ferleicht gar noch in selly shlechy heiser nei nemma. Se setta sich shemma, un awer was kann mer expecta fun so shlechy, meany un dreckliche loafers we de demokratische party leit wu's doh in unser nochershaft hut? We der Pit heam is kumma ohna geld un ohna watch, donn hab ich ehm grawd g'sawt das yetz shreib ich em FODDER ABRAHAM ach amohl an brief, un das ich ach alles nei du fun weaya denna loadie doh in Schlifletown wu yusht de halb zeit shaffa un ally owat ehra geld fersaufa dort ons Kitzelderfers, un donn heam kumma un shtinka yusht wie de sei in de bren-nheiser.

Un now Misder FODDER ABRAHAM, war is shuld on all unserm truvvel? Ei niemant das de weesht meany un ferloagny demokrata, wu de emter wella, un so leit we mein Pit un der Sam Dinkop un der Joe Muckafigle un so leit wu nix fun denna sacha fershtean yusht rum foola un narra ous ehna macha. Es is ball tseit das unser ehns frei rous kummt derweaya. Ich shtands anyhow nimmy, for doh mus ich derheam sei un hart shaffa un ally woch uf der morrickt geh mit meina bohna, un tommtats un krumbra un a butter un oyer un tswivella un shtink-kase, un donn geht mein Pit ally owat unnich denna demokratische loafers dort ons Kitzelderfers un fersaufts geld! Fun sellam sagt er awer ken wart wann er als selly briefa shreibt for in eier zeitung nei drucka!

Es is woch, ich war ach als so halwer uf seller demokratisch side, for ich hab als net besser gewist. Un awer siddar das ich ehra meany seierei fershtay, hab ich im sinn my mind amohl expressa uf de onner seit, un do geb ich gar nix drum eb se's gleicha oder net. Doh kumma als ally yohr fun denna long-behnliche lawyer fun der shtadt rous un macha unser menner weis das wann se net fors demokratisch dicket vota un on ehra meetings gehna, donn dehts lond entire rum, miniert werra un de freiheit ferlora geh! Awer ich wehs besser, for es hut ach re. publicans doh in Schlifletown, un was for leit sin se? Ich kann ders sauga. Se sin decent, fleisich un sorya for ehra weiver un kinner; se gehna in de karrich un shicka ehra kinner in de Sundog school, un meine solla ach geh, un do mag der Pit un sei lidderrliche demokratische friend sauga was se wella, for ich geb yetz nix un kens fun ehna except der Pit, for ehn mach ich ach noch geh, so das er a decenter donn gebt we er als war, mind eb ich net du, for es wer any how ordlich fiel besser for ehn un sei fommella wann er selver a republican werr das so an ferlumpter demokrat! Denk yusht amohl draw—an party das so mean is slsfort zu shelty ivver de shoola, un karricha, un alles was decent is, un nei zu geh fors loafa un fucha un fechta un saufa un alles was mean un shlecht is!

Ich kann yusht on ehn weg denka for ivver unser truvvel nous zu kumma, un sell is, nei zu geh for de Republican party, un unser menner ken ruh lussa bis se ach entirely reconstruct sin uf decency principles un in a decency party. I bin de demokratisch seierei anyhow, ferlet un darum geh ich de whole hog for Grant un Colfax, un wann der Pit wehs was goot is for ehn donn dut ers ach so macha.

BEVVY SCHWEFFLEBRENNER, Wife of Pit Schwefflebrenner.

De Nele Sort Zeita!

Oh haert ehr hewa Leit, was sin des Zeita! Das unser ehns noch des erleawa mus! An yeaeder bauers Buh muss carstige reida, Un bauers Mied de shtappa rum in Seida, Un niemant nemmt on all dem shtoltz ferdruss. An eache Buggy hut an yeaeder bauers Buh, An fetter waul mit g'stanzed Harness druf, Un playy spending wotter der wack—doh is der Ruh,

Om Somsldog gehn de Gentle-leit em Shteddele tsu Un shtella dort om greashta Waerts-house uf. We is des yunga bauers Volk doch uf gedressed! We heawa se de Kep so shtef un hoch! We dalm se in de shtolsa Fashions reuna—Mer kann se nimmy von de Shtadter kenna—Se macha all ehr Hochmoots weiga noch. Der Daudy denkt: Was hab ich shinaryt sehna— De Mommy sagt: My Maed, de kumma rous! So shtyle koshl Geld. Ei yah, mer kann yo lehna— Sell geht a weil—bass uf, der waerd bal' sehna Der Daudy "geht der Bangerd Fens hinaus." For alters war es als ein sind un shand Melh Shulla macha das mer tsahla kann; Sis net meh so—mer gebt yusht notice dorch de editors— Mer het geolosed, un deht compounda mit de editors— War so betriegt, der is a gentlemonn! We leabt mer now? Ich seh du washt noch nix! Mer leabt yusht we zuffore—des fix'd de Law—Mer egent nix—de Fraw butts all in Hond—Mer is ehr Agent—managed Geld un Lond Un geht now in de kosht bei seiner Fraw!

Selected.

The Force of Imagination.

Late one evening, a couple of Irishmen stopped at a country inn and asked for lodgings. The porter escorted them to the door of their room; but just as the travelers entered it, the candle was extinguished by the wind from the door as it closed behind them. The porter had already returned to the bar-room, and after vainly groping on the mantel-piece in search of matches, the travelers resolved to go to bed in the dark. In the middle of the night one of them awoke, and, after shaking his comrade to arouse him, said:

"Terrence, I'm as wake as a vaccinated kitten for the want of air. Get up and open the window. The room is as close as a patent coffin, and I'll die if you don't give me air!" Terrence arose, groped around the room for a few minutes, and then said: "I've found the window, but bad luck to me if I can budge it. I can't move it either up or down."

"Then knock a couple of panes out wid yer shoe, and we'll pay for them in the morning," said the sick man.

Terrance did as directed. After two crashes were heard by the man in bed he seemed to recover, for he remarked:

"Oh, that fresh air is invigorating. I feel better already. Out wid a couple more panes. Glass is chape, and the landlort won't be angry whin we're willin' to pay for them."

Terrence's stout brogan soon shattered the few remaining panes, and the weak man recovered his exhausted strength so soon thereafter that in ten minutes more he was enjoying his slumbers, undisturbed by the snores of his companion, who had also expressed himself refreshed by the current of fresh air admitted through the broken glass.

Considerable time elapsed, and at length the travelers awoke. For thirty minutes they lay conversing, wondering why they could not sleep.

"Surely it must be near mornin', for I don't feel a bit sleepy," said Terrence.

"Mornin'!" echoed the other. "By the morthial, but it appears to me that it's perpetual night in this part iv the world."

In a few minutes more they heard a knock at the door, and the travelers asked what was wanted.

"It's twelve o'clock!" answered the porter, opening the door and entering the room with a candle in his hand.

"Aren't ye going to get up at all?" "Only twelve o'clock!" exclaimed Terrence. "Why, I thought it must be at least five. What dy'e mean by rousing us in the middle iv the night! Do the people in these parts get up at midnight!"

"No, but they get up at breakfast time."

"Why didn't you wait until breakfast time before ye disturbed us?"

"Because it's hours after breakfast time now—in fact it's just the dinner hour!"

"Get out, or I'll throw me brogue at ye. What a barefaced liar ye must be to say it's dinner time before it's daylight! The candle in yer hand makes a liar out of ye!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" and the porter chuckled with the exuberance of delight. "No wonder ye thinks it isn't daylight, for there's no window in this room to let in the light."

"Thin what did I brake last night?" Terrence asked, looking around the room in astonishment. His eyes at last alighted on the book case, the glass doors of which presented a dilapidated appearance.

"Be the powers, Jerry!" he added, addressing his comrade, "whin I thought I was smashin' the windy, I was only breakin' the glass in the book-case. But it did ye a power iv good, Jerry, for ye sed that ye felt the fresh air revivin' ye!"

Larger Beer.

I hev finally cum tew the conclusion that larger beer as a beverage is not intoxicating. I have been told so by a german who said he had drunk it all night long, just to try the experiment, and was obliged to go home sober in the morning. I have seen this same man drink sixte glasses, and if he was drunk he was drunk in german and nobody could understand it. It is proper enuff to state that this man kept a larger beer saloon and could have no object in stating what was not strickly true. I believed him tew the full extent of my ability. I never drunk but three glasses of larger beer in my life, and that made my hed outwast as tho it was hung on the end of a string, but I was told that it was owin to mi bile being out ov place; and I guess that it was so, for I never billed over wuss than I did when I got hum that nite. My wife thot I



HON. SIMON CAMERON, U. S. SENATOR FROM PENNSYLVANIA—THE FRIEND AND ADVOCATE OF PROTECTION TO AMERICAN LABOR.

was goin tew die, and I was afraid I should, for it did seem as tho everything I hed ever eten in my life was cummin to the surface, and I do really believe that if my wife hadn't pulled off my boots just as she did, they wood have come thunderin up too.

Oh how sick I was! 14 years ago, and I can taste it now.

I never had so much experience in so short a time.

If enny man shud tell me that larger beer was not intoxicating, i shud beleve him; but if he shud tell me that i wasn't drunk that nite, but that mi stummuck was out of order, i shud ask him tew state how a man felt and acted when he was well set up.

If i want drunk that nite i had sum ov the most nateral simptoms that a man ever had, and kept sober.

In the first place it was about 80 rods from where i drank the larger beer to mi house, and i was over 2 hours on the road, and had a hole bustid thru each one ov mi pantaloon neez, and did'n't have any hat, and tried to open the dore by the bell-pull, and hickupped awfully, and saw everything in the room trying to get around on the back side ov me; and in settin down in a chair i didn't wait long enuff for it to git exactly under me when it wuz gon round, and i set down a little too soon and missed the chair about 12 inches, and couldn't get up soon enuff to take the next one that cum along; and that ain't awl; mi wife sed i was as drunk as a beast, and as i sed before, I began to spin up things freely.

If larger beer iz not intoxicating it used me most almighty mean, that i know.

Still i hardly think that larger beer iz intoxicating, for i have been told so; and i am probably the only man living who ever drank enny when his life was not plumb.

I don't want to say ennything agin a harmless temperance bevridge, but if i ever drink enny more, it will be with mi hands tied behind me, and mi mouth pried open.

I dontthink larger beer iz intoxicating, but if i remember right, i think it tastes to me like a glass uv soap suds that a pickle had bin put tew soak in.

[JOSE BILLINGS.]

Mark Twain on the Accordeon.

Mark was, as many other young men are at some period of their lives, anxious to learn music. He tried first one instrument, then another, till finally he settled down to the accordeon. On that soul-stirring article of music he learnt to play that melodious and popular air, "Auld Lang Syne." For about a week he continued to torture his unwilling hearers, when, being of an ingenious turn of mind, he endeavored to improve upon the original melody by adding some variations of his own. But who has ever seen a real genius succeed yet? Just as Mark had finished his only tune, and wound up with an admirable flourish, the landlady rushed into his room. Said she: "Do you know any other tune but that, Mr. Twain?" I told her, meekly, that I did not. "Well, then," said she, "stick to it just as it is; don't put any variations to it; because it is rough enough on the boarders the way it is now."

The upshot was that its "roughness" was soon made manifest, for half the boarders left, and the other half would have left had not the landlady discharged Mark. Then, like the wandering Jew, Mr. Twain went from house to house. None would undertake to keep him after one night's music; so at last in sheer desperation, he went to board at an Italian lady's—Mrs. Murphy by name. He says: "The first time I struck up the variations, a haggard, careworn, cadaverous old man walked into my room and stood beaming upon me a smile of ineffable happiness. Then he placed his hand upon my head, and looking devoutly aloft, he said with feeling uncton: 'God bless you, young man! God bless you! for you have done that for me which is beyond all praise. For years I have suffered from an incurable disease, and knowing my doom was sealed, and that I must die, I have striven with all my power to resign myself to my fate, but in vain—the love of life was too strong within me. But heaven bless you, my benefactor! for since I heard you play that tune, and those variations, I do not want to live any longer—I am entirely resigned—I am willing to die—in fact, I am anxious to die.' And then the old man fell upon my neck and wept a flood of

happy tears. I was surprised at these things, but I could not help giving the old gentlemen a parting blast in the way of some peculiarly lacerating variations, as he went out of the door. They doubled him up like a jack knife, and the next time he left his bed of pain and suffering he was all right in a metallic coffin."

At last Mark gave up his penchant for the accordeon, and from that day gave amateur musicians a wide berth.

Gossip About the Nominations.

Seymour!

"Seymour won't accept. He will pass the nomination over to Chase."

"I don't see it."

It wasn't seen.

Seymour takes the nomination and pockets the insult to his

Honor!

Everybody, except some Southern ex-Rebels, goes away

Mad!

Seth Adams, of Massachusetts, says the Campaign in the East is

Crushed!

Lew Campbell goes back to his farm in Ohio and declares

Seymour won't carry a State northwest of the Ohio.

New Hampshire regards the nomination as good as

Five thousand majority in that State for Grant.

Maine says this has been the first real Grant ratification meeting that has

been held since the campaign opened.

The two platforms.

The two Dromios—one the Dromio of Chicago, the other the Dromio of New York.

It will be amusing to see them in the Presidential contest, and

Lots of fun will follow.

Blair!

That's a new name in the councils of the nation:

But it was once heard of

Before the deluge.

It is familiarly known in the

Kitchen cabinets of every administration at Washington.

It is a bully name for a

"Small party in the lobby."

Our Little Jokes.

Homeopathy.

Take a little wife,

The prettier the better;

Pat her cheek, and when

She wants to kiss you—let her.

Keep her in the house—

There she'll cook your mutton;

Darn your jacket, too,

If she's worth a button.

Never mind the lots

Of her aunts and cousins;

Ask them to "drop in"—

Dine them all by dozens.

One of these odd days

You'll feel full one inch taller,

When you see her hug

A chopping little squaller.

"Lame!" sighed Mrs. Partington,

"here I have been suffering from the

bigmies of death three mortal weeks.

Fust I was seized with a bleeding brain-

ctology in the left hemisphere of the

brain, which was exceeded by a stoppage of the

heart. This gave me an inflammation of

the borax, and now I'm sick with the

chloroform-morbus. There's no blessing

like that of health, particularly when

you're sick!"

"My boy," said a distinguished merchant to his son, who was meditating matrimony, "be sure, in making your selection, to get hold of a piece of goods that will wash."

—A Western paper proposes that hereafter, instead of saying "Let us sing the Doxology," the minister shall say, "Let us put on overcoats, adjust furs, slip on gloves, seize our hats, and be dismissed."

—A cynical bachelor thinks the honeymoon a sweet lunacy.

—A fashionable party is now called a daughtercultural show.

"John, did Mrs. Green get the medicine I ordered?" "I guess so," replied John, "for I saw a crape on the door next morning."

—An exchange says: Eve was the only woman who never threatened to go and live with her mamma. And Adam was the only man who never tantalized his wife about "the way mother used to cook."

—Why is a prosy preacher like the middle of a wheel? Because the fellows around him are tired.

—A New Haven paper, describing the localities of three prominent institutions of that city says: "The medical college is on the road to the cemetery; the divinity college on the road to the poor-house; and the law school on the road to the jail."

—When were the first sweatmeats made?—when Noah preserved pairs in the ark.

—If a cart wheel has nine felloes, it's a pity a pretty girl can't have but one.

—If you would look "spruce" in your age, don't "pine" in your youth.

—Here's to internal improvements," said Dobbs, and down went the dose of salts.

—A worthy detainee in the country, who had been detained several hours by a freshet, astonished his wife on coming home, by remarking, "It was the dammed ice that kept me."

—A hen-pecked reader writes that he takes no stock in the "new woman's club." He says his "old woman's club is enough for him, and frequently too much."

—A local editor has seen a man whom he thinks well occupied. He has his wife on one arm, a baby on the other, a basket and cane in his hands, a cigar in his mouth, and two little hopeful heirs attached to his coat tails.

—A bachelor remarked to a young lady that soap-stone was excellent to keep the feet warm in bed. "Yes," said the young lady, "but some gentlemen have an improvement on that, which you know nothing about."

—How to have a big time—Buy a town clock.

—"Pompey, what makes you hab no wool on the top of your head?"

"Wall, Julius, I was out West 'bout two months ago, and de way I got bald was, the gals out dare used to pull me in dar windows."

—A pastor, coming out of church, met a lad of whom he inquired if the family were well, and was answered: "Yes, except mother, who has got the New Elijah [neuralgia], or something of that sort, in her head."

—An innkeeper observed a postillion with only one spur, and inquired the reason. "Why, what would be the use of another?" said the postillion, "if one side of the horse goes, the other can't stand still."

—When a man and a woman are made one by a clergyman, the question is which is the one. Sometimes there is a long struggle between them before the matter is finally settled.

—A "great brute of a husband" advertised in the morning papers for a strong, able bodied man to hold his wife's tongue.

—Quip, who has heretofore been a Universalist, now believes there are two things destined to be eternally lost—his umbrella and the man who stole it.

—A bachelor, according to the latest definition, is a man who has lost the opportunity of making a woman miserable.

—"Is there any danger of the boat-constrictor biting?" asked a visitor of a zoological showman. "Not the least," replied the showman; "he never bites—he swallows his wittles whole."

—A cross letter—X.

—An old maid's letter—T.

—A letter of importance—P.

—The game of infants—Crib-age.

—The smallest lady—Minnie Mum.

—Good for broken limbs—Bone-set-tee.

—A real "high-flyer"—An aeronaut.

—Signal for a bark—pulling a dog's tail.

[By Our Special Artist.]

DROWNING DEMOCRACY.



"Save, Sambo, or I perish!"