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Pennsylvanisch Deitsch.



Brief Fun Schlipfletown.

SCHLIPFLETOWN, July 28, 1868.

MISDER FODDER ABRAHAM DRUCKER —Dear Sur: Wann ich net fersprocha het eich zu shreiva we es om Reddinger Singerpesht gonga is de letsht woch, donn deht ich es glawb ich unmerweges lussa, for es is mer ebbas g'happened das net orrig aw genehm war, un ich hab gons weanich ous g'funna derfoo. Awer weil ich es fersprocha hab, shreib ich ach yetz alles was ich derfoo wehs. De Bevy hut absolut hawa wella das ich derheam bleiva set, for se hut behaupt das wann ich unnich de demokrata kumm dort in der stadt, donn gebts widder amohl so an whisky un lager beer sufl. Awer ich kunsider mich an freier monn, un du yusht exactly we ich will. Ich hab ehra awer fersprocha das ich nix shlorkes nemma will except wann ich in kumpany kumm oder by mer selver bin, un sell hut se donn so halwer g'satisfied.

Well, des ding war goot: om Dinshdog morga bin ich free abg'shart un zu foos on der Railroad Depo geluffa, un om halb elf formiddags bin ich in der stadt awkumma. Dort war awer amohl an crowd! Ich wehs net we fiel, un awer ich set denka es wabra anyhow about firf un neintsich dousand fun dema Singerpeshter un about fiertsich dousand omery, so we ich un de kerls fun Klappboardsheddle, Seikop Valley, Schnitzbreeville, Hulloobarrick, Whiskyport un Shofbacktown. We ich amohl de shrose nuf bin dort net weit fun Depo, un mer ums eck rum dreht, dort bin ich lin nummer un om morrick hous ferbei, un grawd niver fun sella sheana poshta un greeny dinger druf mit flags un so sach wa se uf g'fixt hen for de Singerpeshter, dort bin ich amohl on a dish uf g'shopt, un denk ich, doh is es now net der waert das mer mean acta dut, for ich bin kumma for mich zu enjoya, un donn hab ich amohl finf cent waert grundniss gekauft, un donn net in a saloon un amohl a weanich in lager beer un Limborriker kase invest. Sell lager, hen se g'sawt, deht fun Longeshter kumma, un weil es yusht about goot war, un donn hab ich noch a glaws full genumma, un donn hab ich amohl mei grundniss gessa, un bin nous in der crowd. Awer es wedder war so orrig wahram das ichs net hab shtanda kenma, un donn bin ich in an ommerer beer saloon nei. Sell war awer an ivver ous sheaner platz, un picters hen se uf henka kat fun General Mackallin, der Buckannin, der Brackauritch un der Mister Glimmer. Ich hab uf course grawd g'ech das sell an soundes demokratisches house is, un das es ach gepatronized warra mus. Un ich hab ach als shum of geleasa das ehner so hoch das sechtsich glaws lager drinka kann un das es chm nix dut, un donn hab ich gedunkt, doh is now amohl an first raty chance nei zu geh for sich sot drinka. Sivva glesser—ehns noch an ommer hab ich amohl der hals nummer geh lussa, un awer, somehow, des ding hut doch awfonga a weanich zu shaffa in mer. Ich hab awer net ufgevva, un eh glaws noch em ommer hab ich fershteckelt. Zuletsht is mers doch ivvel warra, un donn bin ich amohl nous in de luft, un hab mich dort oma g'huckt uf an keller deer. De auga sin mer shwear warra, un ferbettel will ich sei wann ich net eig'shlofa bin. Dann hab ich awfonga amohl zu drawma, un hab gedrawnt ich wer uf 'em weg ivver de Rocky Mountains for ins Mormon lond, un awer de cars sin so immer un cawich huperrich gerunt das ich wacker bin warra, un wu denkst das ich war? Du magst es now glawa oder net, un awer so gewiss das my nawma Pit Schweflebbrenner is, war ich ivver-tswarrich uf ma shub-korrich un tsweh kerls mit so blohe uniforms aw hen mich abgelawda dort on am eck hawa, dort, was se der lock-up heasa, du weasht. Des ding hut mer go net g'falla, un wanns uf mich awkumma war, donn war ich feel leever uf seller keller deer lieya gebliwa. Awer, was will mer evva macha, wann mer in so 'a condition is, un in de kluppa fun so kerls kummit, abbordich suddiche we seller wu se "Dick" g'heasa hen, for er weegt ufs weanicht tsweh hundert un fuftsich

pund! Donn hen se mich in so an dunkle shloob nei gedoo un de deer tsu g'shussa, un weil ich net yusht in er condition war for nix Singerpesht geh, hab ich mich uf a bonk geleagt, un bin eig'shlofa un hab sound g'shlofa bis der neersht moya.

Awer wie ich wacker bin warra, hab ich mich amohl in ordlich harter kumpany g'funna, for besides mich wara drei Eirische un finf Sengerpeshter dort rum geleaga! Tsweh fun ehna hen blohe auga g'hat, un ehns fun de Sengerpeshter hut sei hoot ferlora un an qmerer hut an grosser shlitz im buckle fun sein ruck gerissa kat, de gons leng fun coller av bis ons umersht end. Ich hab awer ous gefunna das se all gooty demokrata sin we ich ach, un sell war anyhow ch consolation. Ivver a while hen se amohl de deer uf g'shussa, un ehns noch em ommer in an omery shub genumma fore so an grosser ding was se der Mare heasa, dort wu hinnich am desk g'huckt hut, mit so bahmshder fensly drum rum. Seller dick, wu mich runner gebrocht hut uf em shub-korrich, seller hut donn alles g'sawt fun weaya we ich dort uf der keller deer g'shlofa hab, un der Mare hut decide das ich drei dahler un a fertle fine betzahlia mus, un weil ich keh gelt mich hab kat except a paar tsehn cent stamps, hen se mich widder dort in selly shub nei g'shpert bis der negsht moya! Wie mei tseit uf war, huts evva g'heasa das des Sengerpesht about ous g'shpielt war, un ich war so disgust mit, das ich zu foos ab g'shart bin un der gons dog geluffa bis noch Schlipfletown.

We ich derheam awkumma bin, donn war awer widder amohl der deihenker lohs! So we de Bevy mer regular fits gevva hut fergess ich net so long ich leab, un se hut declared das se deht der amohl an brief shreiva de negsht woch for in der FODDER ABRAHAM.

Ich deht net so fiel drum gevva wann se yusht net so hort war uf de demokratisch party, for ally mohd das es ebbas gebt so das mer a weanich zu fiel drinka, donn dut se als de party bleama derderweaya. Ich wehs boll net was zu du for de Bevy widder zurrick uf de goot alt demokratisch seit zu coasa, for ehra influence kenma mer nothwendich braucha des shpout yohr.

PIT SCHWEFLEBBRENNER.

Selected.

NASBY.

MR. NASBY RETURNS FROM NEW YORK BEFORE THE ADJOURNMENT OF THE CONVENTION—HOW THE NOMINATIONS WERE RECEIVED AT THE CORNERS. (Which is in the State of Kentucky.) July 13, 1868.

I didn't stay in Noo York till the Conventions adjourned, for a most excellent reason, to wit, viz: my money run out. The Missian female with whom I wuz first to board, required payment in advance, and uv course under sich an arrangement there wuz nothing left for me but to succumb. The lenth uv my stay redoost itself to a mere matter uv money. I tried the borrowin lodge, and the cheekin dodge, but good Lord! wat cood I do with an entire Convenshen, all uv 'em more or less tryin to live in the same way? I left and come home while I cood, and before it was everlastingly too late. When I left I sposed ther wuz no doubt uv the nominahsen uv Pendleton. The "young eagle uv the West" hed received 155 votes, and wuz again in and Seymour hed declined so often and so persistently that goin back on my yooosul disbelief in these fellers, hevyn declined a great many offices myself that I wanted, I reely beleevd the cuss wuz in 'earnist, and saw nothin that cood stand between Pendleton and success. Ez I left the Ohio river, I got out of the reech uv railroads and telegraphs, and I told the people all along that, Pendleton hed bin nominated on the 16th ballot, and that the country wuz ablaze with enthusiasm for him and greenbox, so certain wuz I uv his success.

On arrivn at the Corners I found that intense anxiety wuz manifested by the citizens thereof. They were all gathered at Bascom's discussin the matter when I hove in site on a mule wich I hed borrowed at Seccessionville to ride over onto.

"Who is it?" asks Dekin Pogran, ketchin the mule by the bridle. "Who is it, and wat principles hev we got to support this fall?"

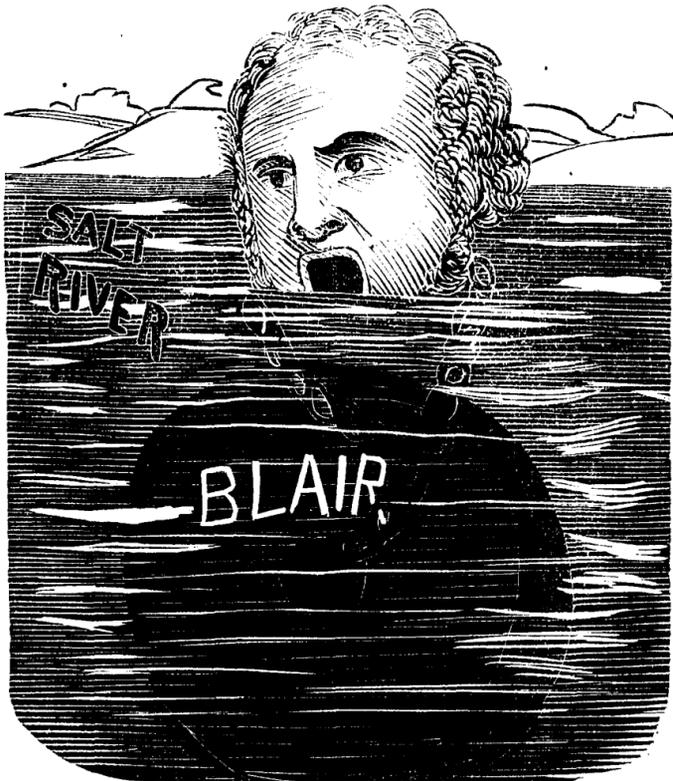
"Pendleton and greenbox," shouted I. "Pendleton the young eagle uv the west, who is opposed to the bloated aristocratic bondholders, which wood crush us labrin men into the dust. Pendleton, who beleevs that ef greenbox is good enuff for us honest laborin men, they are good enuff for the aristocrat, who like the King in the nursery rhyme, sits in his parlor countin his money. Pendle—"

"Enuff!" sed Bascom, "enuff. Save that speech, Parson, till we lev our ratificashun. In the meantime, get off and take suthin. So good do I feel over the result, that I am willin to stand treet for the crowd. Come one, come all."

These few remarks of Bascom's wuz hailed with satisfaction. Ez one man the entire crowd moved into his place, and as one man they all asswaged their thirst. Bascom can move the Corners quicker than any man in it. Wat a happy posishen is hevyn.

The next it wuz desired to hev a ratificashen, that the Corners mitte contribbit her mite towards swellin the enthosiasm on the buzzum uv wch Pendleton wuz to sweep to glory. We met in the open air, in front of Bascom's, and the inpassent crowd called upon me to give an account of my stewardship.

I opened by statin that I went to Noo York under pekoolyerly embarrassin circumstances. The whole money power uv the east wuz arrayed agin us. The aristocratic Belmont, which is the agent uv the Rothschilds, the money-king uv the world, wuz determined to hoist onto the Dimocriy either Chase the



UNGRATEFUL.

The Democracy, after forcing their "choice" upon poor Horatio, hang a mill-stone around his neck.

HORATIO SOLILOQUIZETH—"Save me from my friends!"

accused Abolitionist, or Seymour the pekoolyer pet uv Wall street, wich street is, I may sling in here for the benefit uv my hearers, where the money biznis is mostly done, and where they sleep on Government bonds and spend the heft uv their time a clippin off the coupons."

"What is coupons?" asked Dekin Pogran. I explained to the besid old saint wat coupons wuz, and went on.

"This Wall street influence wood, my brethren, hev corrupted the Dimocriy. Wall street came into Tasmanny Hall and wanted to control our ackshen. But we wuzent to be purchist. The more Wall street offered to enslave the Dimocriy, the more your representatives, gloryin in their manhood, spurned their proffered bribes. We went ther determined to emancipate the yeomanry uv the country from the bondize uv the bloated bondholder—we went ther pledged to Pendleton, the young eagle uv the West—pledged to tender the bloated bondholder, if we made them anything, greenbacks for his bloated bonds or nothin. We went ther determined to annihilate this yer Seemore and his bloated supporters."

"Rah for Pendleton!" sung out the crowd. "Three groans for Seymour, the bloated bondholders' agent."

Both cheers and groans were given with a will, and I proceeded.

"My friends, you nevr'll know wat we, the people's defenders, hed to contend with. The bloated bondholders hed money—we hed none. They were determined to fasten the yoke on your necks—we were determined to list it off. They wuz determined to hev Seymour, with all Wall street at his back, fastened on to you to grind you into dust, but feelin that ef he should be nominated we cood never support him, we riz in our mite and manfully compelled em to withdraw this man and give us the people's choice, Geo. H. Pendleton, the eagle of the—"

At this pint Dekin Pogran's son Gamaliel wuz seen puttin down the lill ez fast ez his mule cood git. Joe Bigler notist him fust and rusht out uv the crowd to intercept him. The boy hed a noospaper in his hand wich Josep took from him and rusht to where I wuz standin on the hed uv a barl.

"Here's the last Louisville paper," sed Josep, unfolding it. "Shel I read it?" "Read! read!" yelled the crowd: "Giv us the nooze uv the downfall uv the bloated bondholders!"

"Before I read," sed Josep, who hed glanced at the headings uv the telegraf column, "give three more cheers for Pendleton and greenbacks. Hip, Hip—"

"Rah!" chibered the crowd.

"Now three groans, and let them be good ones, for Seymour and his cussed doctrine wich will grind us into dust under the heels of Belmont, and aid the furrin capitalists by payin the bonds in gold!"

And they groaned ez heartily ez they cheered.

"We, ez Democrats," continued Josep, "hev sworn by our alters and our fires, never to support for any offfis any man who woud pay a debt inkurred by a unconstitioosnel government in a unconstitioosnel war in anything but the debased currency wich that unconstitioosnel government ishood."

"Never! never! we swear!" "Very good," said Josep, "This paper wich I hold in my hand conveys the afficin intelligence that on the twenty-second ballot Governor Horasho Seymore, uv New York, wuz nominated, and that Frank Blair wuz nominated for Vice President by acclamation. Ez Seymore is opposed bitterly to Pendleton's greenback policy, I spose, uv course, the Corners will repoodiate the ackshen uv the convenshin."

And with a laff wich wuz devilish in the extreme Josef left the stand.

The meetin broke up in a row. The Corners felt, that they hed been imposed upon and hed I not got out uv the way I might hev been personally injoored.

The Doekin, Bascom, Kernal McPelter, Issaker Gavitt, and I met in the Postoffs after the excited crowd hed dispersed and consulted. We was in a ruther a tite place. Ralyin on the strength uv our candidate, we hed gone to far in denouncin the others, tho for that matter wat cood we do? The two policies is so cussed opposite, that we can't support the one without denouncin the other. It wuz desired that we support the ticket. We felt it wuz safe. Seymore, if he is electid, can't discriminate between his supporters in the distribooshen uv the Postoffices, and after all that is the real question at ishoor. After givin the subjack a more mator considerashen, we come to the concloooshen that the credit and standin uv the Government demanded

the payment uv the Nashpel indebtedness in gold, and that anything short of that woud be repoodiashin.

"I wonder," said I, "that any honest man—any man who beleevs in maintaining unimpaired the credit of the Government, should think for a moment uv payin the debt in anything but wat wuz contemplated—honest, hard gold!" At a meetin the next nite to ratify Seymour's nominahsen, I said this over agin, and asked em ef any Dimocrat who remembered the glorious fite Jackson made for hard money, woud consent for a moment to multiply a irreedeemable paper currency? No! Let us, ez our glorious standard-bearer Seymour hez so boldly proclaimed, let us pay our debts in Democratic money—gold—hard, shinin, yaller gold—Three cheers for Seymour!"

And they cheered ez vigrionously ez I ever heered men cheer. Ther aint no trouble in managin the Dimocriy. All they want is to hev it settled wat they are to hurrah for, and then they hurrah for it. Notwithstanding the fo pite I made the first nite, we shall poll the yooosul vote for Seymore, and possibly more. Yet the experiment was a leetle risky. I will never ratify agin till I know wat I am ratifyin and for whom.

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

Krow K.

The corner grocery net bein very attractiv tother afternoon, on account of a scarcity of change among the regular sitters, I tho't I would go hum and enjoy the society of my wife. When I got there, I found the children playin Ingun Warrior to the life, thru the house. It wuz evident the femail hed of the family wuz absent, so sez I, sunwhat vext, "Wares yure muther?" The stern vois uv thare parunt cauzed a lul in thare sport, and looken up, they exclaimed in a korus:—

"She's down in the back yard a playin Krow K."

I notist that the round tops of the bed posts had been sawed of, and the handles rudely torn from a bushel barsket that wuz uzed to contain dirty kloes. I comprehended the situation of things in a moment. Two daze before I had refoozed to purchase Mrs. K. a Krow K. outfit, as she stiled it, and now she had impofised one and wuz making a fule of herself in voo of adjacent nabors.

I tho't I woud go down and look on. Thare she wuz, with four or five of her fernal cronies, among hoom wuz an old maid hoom I knu bi the reputashun she enjoyed ov being the cheepest nusepaper in the country. However, she didn't kno me. I quietly sot down on a convenient saw buck, and after watching the game intently a fu seconds I remarkt: "Elizy, aint you most tu well up in years to be pirootin around in the grass like a thing of sixteen?"

Frivolous woman, she hed on mi old straw hat tied down clost over her eers, and her dress wuz so short that when she stooped one mite hawa saw her garters from a five story windo.

The old maid give me a contemptuous glans, and arskt in a lo tone, "Mrs. Kringle, who is that depraved lookin man sittin on the saw buck?"

"He's mi husband," sed Mrs. K., and blusht. Blusht to own her lord!

"Why, yu don't tell me so," sed this vurgun, o'er hoom net less than 40 sum-

mers hed parst. "Why I woodent hav taken him to be yure husband!"

"Bin and bowin purty stysh, I sed: "No, you never tuk anybody to be yure husband, did you? And nobody tuk yu to be hiz wife, did he? Well, after serutinizin yu all over, I kant say I blame him."

She squimed under this brilliyunt repartee, and I chuckled and made mi xit, a foo seckonds in advans of the saw buck, which caught up to me direckly and sent me tu grass.

I don't kno much about the pints ov Krow K., but it is a game at wich many a foolish young man haz lost hiz hart a watching the ankles of a hartless cokay. It is played in the grass. Which leads me tu think it was invented bi a grass widder.

Our Little Jokes.

The Mosquito Hunt.

Not a sound was heard but a terrible hum, As around the chamber we hurried, In search of the mosquito whose trumpet and drum Our delectable slumbers had worried.

We sought it darkly at dead of night, Our coverlet carefully turning, By the struggling moonbeam's misty light, And the candle dimly burning.

No useless garments confined our breast, But in simple night-dress and slippers, We wandered about like spirits distressed, Or the sails of piratical skippers.

Short and a few were the words we let fall, "Lest the sound should molest the mosquito, But we stealthily gazed on the white-washed wall, And thought how we had been bit, Oh!

But half an hour seemed to elapse Ere we met with the wretch that had bit us, And raising our boots, gave some terrible slaps, And made the mosquito quietus.

Quickly and gladly we turned from the dead, And left him all smashed and gory; And blew out the candle and popped into bed, Determined to tell you the story.

—The View to which Distance lent Enchantment, is requested to return it at once to prevent mistakes.

—We know a girl so modest that when she has nothing else to do, she sits and knits her brow.

—An irritable gardener, seeing a boy stealing fruit, swore if he caught him there again, he'd lock him in the ice-house and warm his jacket.

—A lady caught her husband breaking her hoops. Two hours afterwards, the unfortunate man was seen at a drug store purchasing hair restorative.

—A marriage license issued in Washington was returned with the endorsement, "She wouldn't have me." Poor fellow!

—At no moment of difficulty does a husband, knowing his own utter helplessness, draw so closely to his wife's side for comfort and assistance, as when he wants a button sewed on his shirt collar.

—The following queer epitaph is to be seen at Sparta Diggins, Cal.:

In memory of JOHN SMITH, Who met violent death near this spot, 18 hundred & 40 too. He was shot by his own pistol. It was not one of the new kind, but a old fashioned brass barl, of such is the kingdom of heaven.

—The difference between a sexton and a miller is that one tolls for a living and the other for a death.

—A bald man made merry at the expense of another man who covered up his partial baldness with a wig, adding, as a clincher, "You see how bald I am and I don't wear a wig." "True," was the retort, "but an empty barn needs no thatch."

—A certain lady had a custom of saying to a favorite puppy, to make him follow her: "Come along, sir." A would-be wag stepped up to her with: "Is it me, Madam, you called?" "Oh, no, sir," said she with great composure, "it was another puppy I spoke to."

—A clergyman, who was sadly annoyed by incessant coughing among his congregation, paused in his discourse and remarked that "if ladies would wear their bonnets on their heads, and tie the strings, coughs would not be so prevalent."

—Little Bobby.—"I say, ma, is it true that we are made out of dust?" "Ma.—"Yes, my boy; so we are told." Bobby.—"Well I'll be hanged if I can believe it; cause, if we was, when we sweat wouldn't it be mud?"

—A girl who had become tired of single blessedness thus wrote to her intended husband: "Dear Bill: Come right off, if you're coming at all; Edward Kelderman is insistin' that I shall have him, and he hugs and kisses me so continually that I can't hold out much longer."

[By Our Special Artist.]



One of the unterrified taking a free ride to Democratic Headquarters.