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Pennsylvanisch Deutsch.



Brief Fun Der Bevvy.

SCHLIFFLETOWN, Ougst der drit, 1868.

MISDER ABRAHAM BRINTERS: Now awer duhnet er widder amohl so an briefly in eier zeitung nei drucka for mich. Ich wehs woll das der Pit eich notice gevva hut doh de woch for der letsht das er eich der Shreef shicka will wann der noch amohl an brief published for mich, un awer wann ich net mistaken bin is des an freies lond, un wann du an freier monn bisht, Misder FODDER ABRAHAM, donn lusht dich net seller weg obshrecka. Anyhow yetz shreib ich amohl, un sag ach, yusht nei mit, for wanns amohl ons shreefa geht hab ich ach ebbas dertsu zu sauga. De fact is der Pit, sidder das er so fiel unnich dena demokrata rumm loaf'd dort ons Kitzelderfers, is bol gor nix meh nutz. Shaf fa dut er de halb tseit net, un awer yusht doh im shteddle rum hucka un brawla we das er als so gooty demokratische briefa in der FODDER ABRAHAM nei dut, un donn duha se als dresta un kawrta shpiela un drom saufa un bensa pitcha un flucha so das es an realy shond is. Now der Pit war als so an decanter monn das ehn zu finna war doh in Schliiffletown, un awer de hochmeediche, long-behniche un halb ferhungerty demokratische leaders wu als doh rouse kumma fun der shtadt wann se als for de emtlin runna, de macha ehn als weis das er der shmarstst monn im county is, un uf seller weg lusht er sich rum foola un dut ehra meeny wervat shaffa un sei geld shpenda yusht for de meensht party uf zu halda das yea im lond war.

Ich kennet der ordlich fiel sauga fun denna ferlumpty, ferloageny un fersuffeny demokrata doh in Schliiffletown, un awer ich hab net de geduld es zu du. Wann yusht mein Pit amohl de ding ef-seh kennet das se so an norr ons ehm macha un das wann er noch long so fort macht das er ivver a weil an realer ferlumpty siffer is, donn bin ich sure das er mei roat nemma deht un sich uf de republican ehra seit shaffa, un donn wær er boll widder an decanter monn.

Weil ich yets om shreiva bin will ich der amohl an specimen fun demokratische dummhett gevva. Doh is ehner Bill Dopfoos im shteddle, seller wu als rum geht on de fairs un baddolyas mit de flying coacha, dar is doh der onner dog amohl on unser house kumma grawd noch am middog essa, yusht we ich noch om g'sharr wessa war, un huckt sich onna uf der gross shuckle shtool un fongt grawd aw politics shwetza mit 'em Pit, un now will ich kordullish werra wann er net de dumshy sacha gebobbed hut das ich in all mein leawa nock g'hart hab. Er hut behaupt das der Grant an schwartzer neayer is un das de 'publicans an law macha wella so das an yeader neayer ufs wennigst finf weise weiver heira soll un das wann ennich ehny net willens is an neayer zu heira wann er se hawa will, das se ferkaut werra soll for noch Mexico. Er hut ach behaupt das der General Jackson het de Bevel gemacht, un das der General Washington wær der gross-dawdy gwest fun monn wu der Readinger Adler rouse gebt. Ich hab dem ding mit gooter gedult zu g'horricht bis das er widder awg'fonga hut fun de neayer un donn hut er so a wennich on mich gewunka un sagt, secht er, "now suppose se duha ðen neayer Grant nei vota un macha so an law, we se im sin hen, so das se unser ehns doat macha un donn mista unser weiver ach noch schwartz neayer heira, un sell, secht er, bin ich sure deht der Bevvy doh gor notawshatay."

Ich habs awer unmy shtanda kenna, un donn hab ich ehm amohl mei melnung g'sawt uf plain deitsch. Sag ich, "now du dummer easle du—denksht now es is noch eh mensh in der gons welt der halb so dumm is we du? Wanns amohl ons heira geh deht wet ich noch feel leever an schwartzer neayer heira das so an mileidliches biffle kalb we du, for wann ders net neddeerlich kumma deht zu shnauza donn weraht in drei minnutta so doht das an dohter mackere, un wann ich dich wer donn deht



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.

ich mich grawd prowiera obshwappa for an bull-hund, odder and geas-buck, odder an long-ohriecher easle odder ennich epas sunsht wær an improofment uf so an ungeweshener un ungekemter kupperkeppicher Döpfoos we du." Ich mus awer doch sauga das er genunk fershtond hut g'hat for sich ons em shtaab macha, for ich kann der sauga ich hab yusht about so halwer im humor g'feelt for ehm noch a paar gooty olrfeiya zu gevva in der barya, for sell is about der ehntsch weg das mer so kerls ideas gebt we's in der welt hier geht. Mein Pit war awer shtill—kenn wort hut er zu sauga g'hat, for er hut good genunk gewist we er ous macha deht wann ich amohl awgebrennt bin. Er hut ach kenn wart zu sauga g'hat fun weaya shreefa wann ich widder an brief in der FODDER ABRAHAM nei du, un fun sellam suff in der shtadt we sell Binderpesht dort war de woch fore der letsht we er ins lock-up gedoo is warra hut er ach nix zu sauga g'hat. De fact is der Pit mus mer noch an decanter monn gevva we er als war, un awer for sell zu du mus er sell demokratisch lumperei entirely ufgevva. Ich geb net uf, un doh mags now geh we's will. Grant un Colfax is my dicket, un ich sag, geh nei Fodder, shtick dertzu, un luss yusht mich zum Pit Schweflebreuner tenda. Ich will ehm shun der kup tsurecht setza.

BEVY SCHWEFLEBREUNER,  
Wife of Pit Schweflebreuner.

Selected.

General Grant.

At a soldier's reunion at Blanchester, Ohio, Judge Sloan said:  
Nor since the war has he become a dabbler in politics. Possessing a high command in the army, and liable at any time to be called upon, in his military capacity, to enforce the laws of Congress, he has perceived how grossly improper it would be for him to announce to the country his opinions as to the policy or constitutionality of the laws either passed or proposed. He has preserved a discreet silence.  
Judge Sloan maintained:  
First—That while Grant was not the most learned man in the country, he was, by far, the most suitable man for President in the present condition of the country, and in view of the troubles threatened in the future, because he is a man in whom all parties have the most unbounded confidence.  
Second—He is not a genius, but possesses a great amount of practical, useful, trustworthy common sense.  
Third—He is not an orator, has never made any great speeches, but has done great deeds. We don't need an orator for President; indeed, it is better to have one who does not speak than a word-monger or slang-whanger.  
Fourth—He is not a politician.  
Fifth—He is prominently a prudent man, as illustrated in his keeping out of politics, both during and since the war.  
Sixth—He is a shrewd observer; a man of great quickness of perception and prompt action.  
Seventh—He is a man of sound judgment and great pertinacity of purpose.  
Eighth—He is a man of great energy and activity.  
Ninth—He is an honest man.  
Tenth—He is a man of liberal education.

Eleventh—He is an honest man.  
Twelfth—He is a man of good stock. He concluded his analysis of Grant's character as follows:  
Such, gentlemen, as I have described him, is Ulysses S. Grant, a man of good, solid sense, and useful and thorough acquirements—a man of plain and direct, but shrewd and far seeing mind—a quiet and taciturn man, but one who speaks, when called upon to speak, directly to the point, in clear, forcible, and fitting language—a modest and retiring man, who never thrusts himself upon the public attention, but one who, being called upon to act, acts with promptitude and vigor, "asking no favors, and shrinking from no responsibilities;" a man of activity and energy, without bluster or parade; of firmness, without obstinacy; of self-reliance, without vanity or presumptuousness; a man of quick perceptions, rapid reasoning powers, sound judgment, and prompt decision—a man who owes nothing to favoritism, but who, "by dint of merit," has "achieved greatness," and who, notwithstanding the eminence to which he has risen, has not become dizzy-brained, but is the same simple mannered, "level-headed" man he was before, and who walks the toppling mountain heights of fame with the same firm step, undazzled eye, calm, clear, steady mind, and modest bearing, for which he was noted in the humble and obscure lowlands of life.

Chapter on Hogs.

Josh Billings thus discourseth about hogs:  
Hogs are generally quadruped. The extreme length of their antiquity has never been fully discovered; they existed a long time before the flood, and hev existed some time since.  
There is a great deal of internal revenue in a hog; there ain't much more waste in them than an oyster.  
Even their tales can be worked intew whissels.  
Hogs are good, quiet borders; they alwuz eat what is set before 'em and don't ask any foolish questions.  
They never hev any disease but the measles, and they never hev it but once; once seems to satisfy 'em.  
There is a great menny breeds amongst them.  
Some are a close corporation breed, and agin some are built more apart, like a hemlock slab.  
They used to hev a breed in New England a few years ago, which they called the striped hog breed; this breed was in high repute with the landlords; almost every tavern keeper had one which he used to show to travelers, and brag on him.  
Some are full in the face like a town-clock, and some are as long and lean as a cow-catcher, with a steel-pointed nose on them.  
They kan all rute well; a hog which kan't rute well hez been made in vain.  
The hog can be learnt a great menny cunning things, such as hoisting the front gate off from its hinges, tipping over the swill barrel, and finding a hole in the fence tew git into a corn-field; but thar aint enny length to their memory; it is awful hard work for them to find the same hole tew git out, especially if you are enny ways anxious they should.  
Hogs are very contrary, and seldom drive well the way you are going; they drive mostly the contrary way. This has never been fully explained, but speaks volumes for the hog.  
—An editor out West, who had served four days as a jurymen, says: "I am so full of law, that it is with great difficulty I refrain from cheating somebody."

A Sermon Worth Remembering.

Wo, wo, tu the man that kisseth his nabur's wife.  
Sich, frens and brethrin' is the words uv our text, and yu will find 'em writin' on tu the heart uv enny man that luv's his wife—and sum that don't. In the words uv our text: Wo, wo, to the man that kisseth his nabur's wife, be she white or black, publikin or christin, fur he shel be tried, and Satan shel be his trier, and he shel tri hard. Frens and brethrin', this is rong; yu may relish the smack exceedingly, but it is this same smack that will reck yu and yure hopes of hev'in forever. Sich conduct'll often bring its own punishment. Once I knu a man that wuz in the habit of kessin' his nabur's wife, and one time, jist at dusk, he observed a female form standin in the hall; he rushed to the spot and clasped it tu hiz bnzzum, and imprinted an unholy kis. Lo, and behold the head uv the family was sittin in the next room, and upon hearin the busin, opened the door and diskivered a man huggin and kisin his—wel, he diskivered a feller a hugg'n a deloshn, and a black wun at that—he was bestoin his cares on the culerd watur gurl. Stolin pleshurs ma be sweet, but that feller wuz never diskivered kisin anebudy elces female agin. 'Tis strange that men'll du so, in fact 'tis a pussul, and when the wife kises back 'tis a re-bus—'tis a bus that'll take you where there's walin and nashin uv teeth. There'd brethrin be careful where yu puts yure lips, fur there's a da cumin when yu'll be called tu anser for these short cumins, and yu will have no excuse—sich excuses as kisin her fur her mother, won't go down about them daz. In conclusion I would sa tu yu awl, get yure kisin like yu du yure meals, at hum, for if yu don't, as sure as my name is Elder Plug, yu'll go where it ain't to be got. The good book sez there ain't enny water there, and there I'll bet there ain't enny water-falls. That's awl! Amen!

Hints to Political Meetings.

As the season for political meetings approaches, it may be well to reproduce the following excellent advise given by Horace Greely some years ago, which Republicans might do well to heed:  
1. Do not fix the day of your meeting and then look up your speakers—they will already, perhaps, have been engaged elsewhere for that very day—but secure your speakers. Let them fix the day.  
2. Two prominent speakers, with the aid at your command, are amply sufficient for any one mass-meeting. Let the people understand these can be relied on, and do not load your bill with an array of great names only to disappoint your audience.

3. Have your meetings, if possible, indoors. One indoor meeting, even if packed, is worth half a dozen outdoor gatherings. The former is comparatively easy, and the latter difficult for a speaker to control.
4. If you must have outdoor gatherings, then seek the grove or woods, and fail not to erect a stand for your speakers, and cover it with boards, and nothing else. Canvas absorbs and deadens the voice, while with nothing above the speaker's head, the voice will waste in the air above, and in five cases out of six he will break down.
5. Always put down upon your platform, whether in or out of doors, a piece of coarse carpet to stand upon. Never cover with oil cloth, unless you expect your speaker to be lifeless and dull.
6. Consume as little time as possible in preliminaries, in marching and counter-marching. Get your procession upon the ground with dispatch and proceed at once to the business of the meeting.
7. Remember your speakers, especially the more prominent ones, have families to support. Their time is valuable, and it costs them money to travel on railroads and stop at hotels. "Thou shalt not muzzle the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corn."

Our Little Jokes.

A Courting Scene

BETWEEN MISS SEYMOUR AND THE DEMOCRATIC SWAIN.  
Blushing, twiddling, head averted,  
Coy, coquettish, Seymour stood,  
Vowing he should kiss her never,  
While she really hoped he would.  
Kiss the other pretty maiden,  
Said the modest Nancy belle,  
While she whispered o'er her shoulder,  
"Kiss me—I will never tell!"  
"Do not kiss me," cried Miss Seymour  
To her democratic swain,  
Down whose red and flustered visage  
Sweat-drops poured like Summer rain.  
"Do not kiss me"—round his waistband  
Slipped Miss Seymour's pretty arm,  
While she softly, sweetly murmured,  
"Kiss me, if it costs a farm!"

—The hog may not be thoroughly posted in arithmetic, but when you come to square root he is there—the hog is.  
—The song of the repentant husband, after knocking his wife down—"Come rest on this bosom, my own stricken dear."  
—A wealthy widow, advertising for an agent, was overwhelmed with applications. The printer made it "a gent."  
—A jurymen was asked whether he had been charged by the presiding Judge. "Well, Squire," said he, "the little fellow that sits up in the pulpit, and kinder bosses it over the crowd, gin us a talk, but I don't know whether he charged anything or not."  
—Philosophy says that shutting the eyes makes the sense of hearing more acute. A wag suggests that this accounts for the many closed eyes which are seen in our churches every Sabbath.  
—There is a story of a celebrated French preacher, who, on delivering a sermon on the duty of wives, said: "I see opposite me in this congregation, a woman who has been guilty of the sin of disobedience to her husband; and in order to point her out to universal condemnation, I will fling my breviary at her head." He lifted his book, and every female head was instantly ducked.

—Isn't a woman wet enough with a cataract in her eye, a waterfall on her head, a creak in her back, forty springs in her skirt, high tied shoes, and a nation in her head?  
—A little Berkshire five-year old, who was hungry one night recently, just at bed-time, but didn't wish to ask directly for something to eat, put it in this way: "Mother, are little children who starve to death happy after they die?" A good big slice of bread and butter was the answer.  
"Nancy," said a girl to her companion, "which railroad do you like the best?" "That one," replied Nancy, "which furnishes a spark catcher."  
—An Irish glazier was putting in a pane of glass, when a groom standing by began joking him, telling him to put in plenty of putty. The Irishman bore the banner for some time, but at last silenced his tormentor by, "Arrah, now, be off wid ye, or else I'll put a pain in yer head without any putty."  
—An Irishman, a short time in this country, was eating boiled green corn. After eating off all the corn, he passed the cob back to the lady, who sat at the head of the table, saying: "Would you please be so kind as to put some more bones on the stick?"  
—A white poodle is now essential in a fashionable family.

[By our Special Artist.]

DEMOCRACY.



Got the BLARES.