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Pennsylvanisch Deutsch.



Brief Fun Schwefflebrenner.

SCHLEFFLETOWN, Onsdag der 17ta, 1868. MISDER FODDER ABRAHAM: Dear Sur: Ich hab net g'mehnt das ich de woch shreiva wet, un awer ich bin widder amohl im truuvvel. De tsht woch hab ich so an holwy notion g'hat dort niver moofa noch Dorkey Buzzard Valley, net weit fun Lodwarricksheddle, un awer alleweil gookts das wann de Bevy mer seller truuvvel g'shaart het. Any how se is fort, un wann du mich doht macha deatsht kennst ich der now net sauga wu se omna gonga is odder eb se yea widder heam kummt.

Un now will ich der amohl all de particulars gevva fun weaya meer un der Bevy. Doh om letshta Fridog owat is der Joe. Muckafiggel tsu uns kumma un hut mer g'sawt das er in der shtadt war un das er eppas gootas hut for mer tsu sauga, un sell is, das der ali Tat Shtevens doht is. Sell war sheer tsu goot tsu glawa, un awer we der Joe mer g'sawt hut das es sure wahr is, weil er im Adlers buch shore war we de news kumma is, donn hab ich uf course ordlich goot g'feeld derweaya, un ich un der Joe ob un niver ons Kitzelderfers un donn hut der Joe un der Sam Dinkop un der Fritz Longohr amohl de rounds g'shtand. Well, donn hen mer noch amohl an yeador fun uns ehns genumma, un donn hen mer unser opinion fun dem Tat Shtevens ordlich frei rouse expressed. Der Joe hut g'sawt das es sei shuld wer gwest das mer de ferdelienkerty frei-shool uf gelawda krickt hen, un das seller weg sin de doxa so hoch warra un de demokratish party sheer gorly ufgeused. Well donn hut der Joe noch amohl gedreat, un donn hen mer widder sellam alt Tat Shtevens fits gevva weil er als def party so feel shawda gedu hut mit sein dumma frei shool weasa, un donn hab ich drei mohl hinner nonner gedrunka, for de kerls hen evva als widder gedreat, da weasht, weil se so orrig goot g'feelt hen fun weaya sellam alta Tat, for ich kann der sauga er kann unser party yets mer shawda meh du. Un noch ehns, mer hen ach so an probosishen gemacht a meeting tsu halta ons Kitzelderfers for sehna eb mer nix da kann for des shoola shtuft un ker- richa ous'em weg tsu shaffa. So an meet- ing kann anyhow ken shawda da, for wanns ehny gebt dom uf course kumma de shmarly kerls fun der shtadt rouse, un plenty gooty dreets gebts, uf course, un for sell gevva mer all nei.

Well, des ding war goot, weil mer so oft gedrunka hen sin mer doch a wennich hedum-cun-yo warra, un ich bin net heam bis noch de elf uhr, we de Bevy shun im bet war. Uf course, so is wid- der amohl in mich nei gepitcht un hut behawpt das ich g'suffa bin, un awer sell war net so, for ich hab noch ordlich goot navigata kenna, except ehmoht bin ich obg'shlippt we ich de drep nuf hab wella un bin unner g'falla un hab mei kop a wennich fershunna. Der negst morya bin ich widder ob ons Kitzelderfers un hab fier mohl gedrunka uf borricks, un nochmiddogs bin ich niver ons Scheck- a-fongers wiertshouse un dort is evva yusht about gedreat warra, for se wahra ach all in tip-top gooter yoomer ivver seller alt Tat Shtevens. Ich nus awer g'shtay das ich amohl so ordlich in de shaal krickt hab, un ich bin net heam kumma bis shpoat om Sundog nacht. Der negst mooya bin ich net wocker warra bis halb nine uhr, un ich uf un ons em bet, un awer de Bevy war fort un wu das se onna is kann ich net sauga. Der Joe, Muckafiggel mehnt ich set se adferdeisa, un now geb ich notice das wann ennich ebber mit meiner fraw fort is ge'loped donn da ich ehn brosecuta in der law uf em Court House in der shtadt mit em shreef, for so ebbas shtand ich net weil de Bevy my property is. Se hut ehra neier frock aw gedoo mit hoops un ehra Soondogs unner-ruck un ally cent geld, un yets hab ich nimmy so feel das an smaller odder an shtick chaw dawack kawft. Ich geb ach yetz notice das weil se mei bet un board ferlussa hut du ich kenns fun ehra shulda betzahla, for sell kennst ich yusht alleweil anyhow

net du weil ich entirely ous wecksel bin. Ehns fun meina nochbera is uf der mehning das de Bevy yusht noch Len- keshter gonga is for sellam alt Tat sei leich tenda, un das se ferleicht den owat odder morya free widder fun selvert heam kummt. Wann se uf so an moun sei leich geht dom gebts ach an fuss derweaya, for ich kunsider das sell an in- sult is uf an true blue demokrat we ich bin. Wann se der Bookanan noch amohl fergrawa dehta, donn deht ich selver noch amohl geh, for donn dehta ach de rechty klass leit tsamma kumma, soddiche wu ach demokratish sin un de dreets shtanda. Awer yusht weck met sellam Tat Shtevens. So ball das ich ousfin was ous der Bevy warra is du ich noch amohl shreiva.

PIT SCHWEFFLEBRENNER.

Der Alt Dan.

Sog, du, Lewie, du woonsht dort de negst deer, un now sog mer amohl, geht der alt Dan Sole ach for der Sei-Moyer?

Ei ich kann gwiss now net sauga. Ich glawb awer net das er dut, for seller FODDER ABRAHAM is widder un de weg, un ich suspect das der Dan se ach widder nemmt. Ich denk der Tke Womelsdorf kennst ehn sauga.

"Well, ich hab selwer a notion for der Grant tsu geh."

Was! We shwetsht donn du? Ei denksht ich deht for so ehner geh we seller Sei-Moyer? No sir-ree, for ich kenn ehn, un wehs das er net fit is.

Was waersht ehn donn kenna—we bisht ehn donn behannt warra?

Ei weasht donn net doh for a paar yohr we mer om Kutzotwner Baddolya wahra, dort hen mer ehn g'seh uf der frolic we er de geig g'spielt hut.

Sis doch now net seller neamlich Sei-Moyer wu als de geig g'spielt hut om Kutzotwner Baddolya!

Be sure is es—der very monn.

Wann sell so is donn geh ich ach for der Grant.

Yah un ich ach, un doh mag der Frank Tserby un all selly kerls sauga was se wella.

Eppas fun Fry-Shtadt.

Dan—Denksht mer setta widder pro- wera selly paupers om Poor House on de leckshun kreeya?

Jake—Well, ich mane evva doch es is net recht das so leit shtinna.

Dan—Yah, sell is wahr, es is net recht, un awer ich kann der sauga, mer missa se evva hawa—des yohr abbordich kenna mer se brancha.

Jake—Yah, sell is so un mer missa se donn rouse kreeya, un doh mags koshta was es will.

Selected.

Josh Billings.

Josh sets up for a moralist as well as a humorist, and his wise sayings are often better than his jokes. We give a little handful of plumbs from his pudding: "I maid up mi mind, more than a month ago, that this world wa'n't made for phools; and when i see a man determined tew go to the devil, i generly let him went." "Crippels ar always cross; thay ar nature's libels. I kunsider marring for money no better than stealing it." "I hav seen sum awful bad throte diseases completely cured in 3 days by simply jineing a temprance society." "A pun, tew be irresistable, don't ought to flavor ov malis aforethought, but wants tew cum sudden and apt, like a rat out ov his hole." "How menny men thare is who argy, just as a bull dus, chained tew a post; they beller and paw, but they kant git away from the post." "The happy man iz always married or expects tew be. He don't beleaf in ghosts or ghostesses, nor raleroad acksidence before they oc- cur. He lives upon milk, and pays az he goes. He luvv evry boddy, and but fu luv him. He lafs when he gits wet, and only takes pills tew please other folks." "Them hosses who aekt just az though they waz agoin to run away awl the time hardly ever do, but the dozy ones, when they do get started, kant run fast enough to suit them. It is sum so with the hu- man critters." "In my honest opinyun, whiskee is seekund only tew original sin; it is the mill stum, hung upon the neck ov poor degraded humin nature, and if the devil was allowed leave ov absence for six months, tew visit this earth, the fust thing he would do, would be to lobby our legislatures for a repeal ov the excise laws, and then invest his pile in gin mills." "Methusila lived a 1000 years, but i serpose he could hav seen aul he saw, and dum awl he did in 5 years, if he had lived in New York city." "I had rather be a good natured man than tew hav a seat in the New York Legislature; thare may not be as mutch money in it, but thare is twice the means ov grace." "I always advise short sermons, espeshly on a hot Sunday. If a minister kant strike ile in boring 40 minutes, he has either got a poor gimlet, or else he is a boring in the rong plase."

ON Monday two weeks two Copper- head Irish Seymourites were forcibly ejected from the Lancaster train, between Penningtonville and Parkesburg, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, for persistently smoking in the ladies car. They were both drunk and refused to behave them- selves, when conductor Hambright stop- ped the train and put them off.



GENERAL JACOB M. CAMPBELL, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR SURVEYOR GENERAL.

GENERAL CAMPBELL was born in Allegheny township, Somerset county, Pa., on the 20th day of November, 1821; consequently, he will be forty-seven years old next November. At an early age he was apprenticed to the printing business, in Somerset, Pa. After mastering the "art," he emigrated to Pittsburg, when he "worked at case" for some time. He next found his way to New Orleans and into another printing office. Tired of the "composing stick and rule," he tried his hand at steamboating, first as a deck hand, and subsequently as clerk, mate and part owner of a vessel. In 1847, we find him in the iron business, at Brady's Bend. In 1851, he followed the tide of emigration to California, remaining there but a short time. In 1853, we find him in Johnstown, Pa., assisting in the construction of the mammoth Cambria Iron Works, with which establishment he was connected up to the breaking out of the war. In 1861, he was among the first to enroll himself as a volunteer, to defend the flag of his country, and belonged to the first company that entered Camp Curtin. He was mustered out of service on the 28th of July, 1861, and on the 30th of the same month, was commissioned by Gov. Curtin to raise a regiment. On the 20th of March, 1862, Colonel Campbell was ordered to occupy the line of the Baltimore & Ohio Rail Road from North Mountain Station, fifty-six miles westward to the South Branch of the Potomac, with the 54th Penna. Regiment. How well he performed his arduous and multitudinous duties in this trying position, the officers of the B. & O. R. R. as well as his superiors in the military service do not hesitate to testify. On the 6th of March, 1863, he was assigned to the command of the 4th Brigade, 1st Division, 8th Army Corps. His regiment took an active part in the battle of New Market, Va., occupying the left of the line, and suffered severely, being the last to leave the field. In Gen. Sigel's official report of the battle, he acknowledged the valuable services of Gen. Campbell in very flattering terms. The Colonel and his regiment took a prominent part in the battle of Piedmont, under Gen. Hunter, and soon after brevetted a Brigadier General for bravery and "fitness to command," in this battle. He also took an active part in Hunter's celebrated Lynchburg raid, his command suffering heavily in the attack upon Lynchburg. He also participated in the engagements in the Shenandoah under the gallant Phil. Sheridan. Gen. Campbell was mustered out of the service in the fall of 1864, having been in the army almost three years and a half. He was never absent from his command, except three weeks, sitting as a member of a Court of Inquiry at Wheeling, Va., and had but two "leaves of absence" during his whole period of service, one for ten and the other for twenty days. On the 17th of August, 1865, Gen. Campbell was nominated for Surveyor General by the Republican party, and in October of the same year was elected over Col. Linton, his competitor, by a large majority. For over two years he has administered the duties of his office with recognized ability and to the satisfaction of all parties; and has brought up a large amount of unfinished and intricate business. In March last, he was unanimously renominated by the Republican State Convention, for the office he now so ably and satisfactorily fills. Such in brief, is a hurried sketch of the life and services of one of Pennsylvania's noblest sons. He is first found a "printer's devil," a "jour," a "deck hand" on a steamboat, a "clerk," "mate" and "part owner of a vessel." He is next found in the iron business, then in California, and finally in the gigantic enterprise of the celebrated Cambria Iron Mills, where his great experience added largely to the success of that stupendous undertaking. At the breaking out of the war, he was lieutenant of a militia company, entered the army, and after a brilliant campaign of three long, weary years, he was honored with a Brevet Brigadier General's Commission, a position long and doubly earned in command of a brigade and division, and by gal- lantry in the field. Thus it will be seen, that General Campbell comes from a working class, and is emphatically a working man. His social characteristics never fail to create the warmest friendships, and a lasting impression. He is a genial companion, a clever, whole-souled honest man, strictly temperate in his habits, and that he will be re-elected by an increased majority, is already beyond a peradventure.

California Poetry.

When from my room I chance to stray, to spend an hour at close of day, I ever find a place most dear, where some friend treats to lager beer.—Sacramento Age.

Ah! yes my friend of city life, such a treat cures such a strife, but better than such dose, by far, are the pleasures of a fine cigar.—Paezer Herald.

Such pleasures may suit baser minds, but with the good no favor finds; we think the purest joy in life, is making love to one's own wife.—Volcano Ledger.

Most wise your choice, my worthy friend, in Hymen's joys your cares must end; but we, though tired of single life, can't boast of having our own wife; and so when 'neath our cares we faint, we fly to kiss some gal that aint—yet.—Napa Reporter.

That lager beer will bile provoke, while "fine Havaanas" end in smoke. To court one's wife is better far, than lager beer or vile cigar. Kisses the dew of love's young morn, break on the lips as soon as born. These are all nought to that greatest joy—the first-born boy!—Evening Ledger.

'Tis true a boy's a wished for blessing, but then suppose the first's a girl! A dear sweet child, with ways caressing, with pouting lips and flaxen curls, with dimpled cheeks and laughing eyes, to come and bid "papa" good-bye! So whether boy or whether t'other, embrace the babe and then the mother.—San Francisco Globe.

THE Pittsburg Chronicle says: "We saw the man last night who don't believe lager beer will intoxicate. He stopped us on Vine Street to say, 'Mos' harm'ss bev'ge in er 'orid. Man can drink fifty glasses 'n never feel it more'n (hic) I am this min't. A man drinks whisky, an' he shows it. Drink lage' beer 'n don't sh-sh-show 't, an' al'ys did! Look at t'noble Germ' pop'pop'lash'n. Never see 'm tos-tos cated, don't ye, so am I! Lager Beer has no more 'fect on me 'n so much w'ar. Can walk (hic) hole through la'er or see crack in 'er side'alk well 's an' ov'er man. But ye two dol-'nr'n half fican. My house'n find his way home with (hic) hole keg beer out-sif us. Y' say beer 'stroys mem'ry. 'Slie. Member better to-day than I ever did to-mor'r. 'Rah for—who's that ge'm'n we nom'na'd at—where was our Conve'tion held? What am I—who are you, an'how? Please tell me f Seven Street runs down Stree' ra'round can get a (hic) hack'n go my way. If don't who has?' We left him, satisfied that he was right; lager beer is not intoxicating. Oh no."

Boves.

Loafers who sit down in an editor's sanctum and read newspapers to him. Mothers who force disinterested people to notice their children.

Ladies who crowd you out of your seat in the stage or cars.

Squalling babies in railroad cars. A young gentleman fresh from college. A man that reads his poetry to you.

A pair of lovers. A man that wants to borrow money from you.

Creditors of every description. Wives who make you go to church with them.

Mosquitoes and newsboys. The man who sits down at your desk. The man who reads all the newspapers but never buys one.

THE Ohio Statesman, a leading Cop- perhead paper, recently received a club of thirty new subscribers, which is pro- nounced the largest list ever raised (for said paper) in one district, and the "in- ference is," says the Statesman, "that the Democracy is looking up." FATHER ABRAHAM has now at least twenty clubs in Ohio, the least of which is over thirty, and the inference is that Democ- racy will continue to "look up."

Our Little Jokes.

Croquet.

The evening was bright with the moon of May, And the lawn was light as though lit by day; From my windows I looked to see Croquet.

Of mallets and balls the usual display, The hoops all stood in arch array, I said to myself, Soon we'll see Croquet.

But the mallets and balls unheeded lay, And the maid and the youth, side by side sat they, And I said to myself, Is that Croquet?

I saw the scamp—as it was light as day— Put his arm 'round her waist in a loving way, And he squeezed her hand. Was that Croquet?

While the red rover rolled forgotten away, He whispered all a lover should say, And he kissed her lips. What a queer Croquet!

Silent they sat 'neath the moon of May, And I knew by her blushes she said not nay, And I thought in my heart, Now that's Croquet.

THE BONNET.—Shakspeare must have had a vision of the modern bonnet when, in "The Taming of the Shrew," he wrote the following:

Petruchio.—"Why, this was moulded on a porringer, A velvet dish;—fie, fie!—

Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut shell, A knaack, a toy, a trick; a baby's cap; Away with it; come let me have a bigger!"

Katharine.—"I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time; And gentlemenome doth wear such caps as these."

—A traveler stopping at a western hotel exclaimed one morning to the waiter, "what are you about, you black rascal? You have roused me twice from my sleep by telling me breakfast is ready, and now you are attempting to strip off the bed clothes." "Why, replied Pompey, "If you isn't gwine to get up I must hab de sheet anyhow, cause dey am waiting for de table-cloth."

—A lady who had read of the exten- sive manufacture of odometers to tell how far a carriage had been run, said she wished some Connecticut genius would invent an instrument to tell how far husbands had been in the evening when they just step down to the post office.

—An orator, perspiring freely, in a loud voice said: "In short, ladies and gentlemen, I can only say that I wish I had a window in my bosom, that you might see the emotions of my heart." The newspapers printed the speech, leaving "n" out of window.

—Artemus Ward was fond of telegraph- ing and studied it for amusement. He was a very good "sender." To the tele- gram of a California lecture committee, "What will you take for 100 nights?" Artemus Ward replied: "Brandy and water."

—A talking match is on the tapis be- tween two women of Boston. Amount of wager not stated. Time, twenty-four hours without sleep; no stoppages for food or drink. The husbands of the amiables are anxious to have the time ex- tended to a week.

—A man on Cape Cod having adver- tised his wife as having left his bed and board, she retorts that she went away for a couple of weeks to earn her board, and that the bed belongs to her mother.

—The old lady who used to dry her clothes on the equinoctial line, has gone to Greenland to get the North Pole to draw her cistern water with.

—Farmers in 1776—man at plow, wife at cow, girl at yarn, boy at barn, and all dues settled. Farmers in 1867—man at show, girl at piano, wife in satin, boy at Latin, and dues unsettled.

—Ladies generally shop in couples. When a lady has any money to spend, she dearly loves taking a friend with her to see her spend it.

—The feast of imagination is as follows: "When your stomach is empty and your pocket ditto, sit down and read a cookery book."

—A young man in New York fright- ened his wife into suspending a certain lecture by taking a sciditz powder which he informed her was arsenic.

—A Western farmer recently hung up a hoop skirt in his cornfield to frighten away the crows. The crows went off, but the field was full of boys.

—Why are young widows like a band of Ethiopian minstrels? Because they do not stay long in black.

—To be born with a silver spoon in your mouth is lucky, but twice lucky is he who can open his mouth without betraying the spoon.

[By our special Artist.]

TWO-FACED DEMOCRACY.



COPPERHEAD BOND OF UNION, NORTH AND SOUTH.