

Pennsylvanisch Deutsch.



Brief Fum Schweflebrenner.

SCHLIFLETOWN, Sept. 15, 1868.

MISDER FODDER ABRAHAM DRUCKER

—Deer Sur: Yetz awfer duna unser Schlifletown shtedler awfonga ufreerish werra fun weaya meer. Ich hab fergessa der tsu mentiona das sellamohls we ich sell bevel aid g'numma hab nix tsu drinka, un aw funs Kitzelderfer's weck bleiva for eh woch, weil de Bevy es nimmy shtanda will, das we de woch ous war hut se mich noch amohl shweara macha for a gouser moonat. Yetz is es shun drei wocha das ich nix meh genumma hab, un gons weck gebliva bin funs Kitzelderfer's, un wann ich draw denk we feel hunnert mohl das se mich als gedreat hen dort, un we se ehmal's de demokratische party sacha dort explaina, un we uft ich als sivva uf g'sheelt hab for de drinks, donn mus ich sauga das es ordlich hort geat dort weck tsu bleiva. Forgeshter we ich dort ferbei bin uf der onner side hab ich g'seh das de kaerls mich gewatcht hen, un das seller long-behnick lawyer fun dor shtadt dort war, un donn hab ich gedent, now doh geats —ich geh yetz niver un ruh widder amohl my chance for eh dreet—yush chner, du weasht, for so a wennich shod nemond nix. Ich bin donn aw grawd ob, un awer we ich so about in der middla shtrose war, will ich yetz aw de krenk kreya wann net de Bevy grawd dort ums eck rum kumma is, un donn, kansht denka, war der Pit Schweflebrenner amohl in er fix. Ich awer niver, iver de shtrose, un shtell mich dort onna wedder der sign poshta un hab gedu das wann ich nix fun der Bevy g'seh het. Ich hab grawd a calculation gemacht das ich so du wet das wann ich gor net in sin het nei ins house tsu geh, un sell deht de Bevy ferleicht satisfya, un donn, wann se ferbei is, donn kenat ich du we ich wet. Well, des ding war goot, donn is amohl der Sam Dinkop uf g'shtept un sagt, "Well Pit, we machts als?" "Well, so-so," hab ich g'sawt. "Now Pit," secht er, "se hen a report doh im shteddle das du aw im sin huast niver tsu geh uf de 'publian side, un das du dich entirely rula lusht bei deiner fraw." Sell hut mich so halwer falsch gemacht, un uf course, ich habs ferleagent. Donn is seller long-behnick lawyer rous un grawd uf mich tsu un sagt, "How-di-du, Mr. Schweflebrenner," un hut mer de hond gevva. Er hut mer ach g'sawt das er em Joe Muckaffillige sei lawyer is un das er kumma is for tsu sehna eb mer net sell Saltz un Pattry bisness mit der Bevy setla kennt. Er hut so gedu das wann ich de umkoshta betzahl uns demokratisch dicket vote das der Joe willens woer des ding tsu droppa. Donn hut er mer explained we de sacha sin, un das es my duty is widder uf de demokratisch side tsu vota; das den weg deat widder alles recht,geh. Er hut ach behaupt das mer set sich net rula lussa bei seiner fraw, un das de weiyer nix wissa fun denna sacha, un das es kens fun ehra bisness is we an monn vote odder we oft er als drinkt. Donn hab ich ehm my wart gevva das ich my eagner monn bin un mich gor net infuensa lus bef der Bevy, un donn secht er, "Well donn Pit, luss uns amohl nei geh ins house un ehns nemma, for uf sellerweg kansht uns satisfya das du noch an gooter demokrat bist, un an independent monn," un yusht we er sell g'sawt hut donn hab ich ehner im crowd hear sauga, "Now look out—dort kummt de Bevy Schweflebrenner;" un ich gook rumm, un sure enough dort war de Bevy, un se yusht uf un sagt, "Kumm Pit!" "Was wit?" hab ich g'sawt. "Ei ich will der ebbas sauga," secht se. Donn secht der lawyer, "Now Missus Schweflebrenner, du musht der Pit geh lussa, for ich hab bisness mit ehm." "Un ich hab ach bisness mit em Pit," secht se, "un now, Pit, du geasht mit meer." "Well," hab ich g'sawt, "ich kumm iver a while." "Nix wart," secht se, "du geasht grawd alleweil mit meer," secht se. Donn kreisht ehner ous em crowd, "Now Pit, wann du a monn bist, donn lusht dich net rula bei deiner fraw." De Bevy hut awer druf insiat das ich mit man, un we ich g'sah hab das se net ufgevva will, donn hab ich gedu das wann

ich se so a wennich ous 'em weg coaxa wet, un ich bin mit er bis uf de onner side 'em Kitzelderfer sei-shtall, un donn hab ich proposed das se heam geh set, un das ich in a halb stund oder so aw kumma will. Se hut's awer net agreed, un ich hab ufgevva missa grawd dort for ally leit, un we mer mitonner de shtrose nuf sin, donn hen se mer noch gerufa un mich so insult das ich grawd my mind ufgemacht hab das ich nix meh mit ehna tsu du hawa will so long ich leab.

We mer beam kumma sin hut de Bevy mer awer widder amohl an lecture gevva, un ich mus sauga, se hut about recht. Ich bin ach froh das ich mit ehra beam bin, for wanns net for se g'west woer donn glawb ich so gwiss das ich leab hetta de demokrata mich macha my aid brecha, un donn woer widder amohl der deifel loas doh in Schlifletown. Un wann ich draw denk we my eagny demokratische party's leit mer my watch g'shtola hen dort in Nei Yorrick we ich uf der Convention war, donn feel ich sheer gor das wann ich om end noch uf de 'publian ehra side vota set, un wann ich sell du donn nemmy wart derfore das de Bevy de besht fraw gebt in der United States. Ich hab ehra anyhow yetz fersprocha in ehner woch tsu decida was ich du will derweaya. PIT SCHWEFLEBRENNER.

Selected.

Josh. Billings' Answers to Correspondents.

"Barnacle."—I kant tell ye exactly when the "Gettysburg Asylum Gift Lottery" will draw, but probably, like other pick-pockets, the next good chance they get.

"Bummer."—When I here a man bragging about hiz ancestors, it alwas makes me feel bad—for the ancestors.

"Billy."—Beuty iz like molassis, very good ointment, but sickish for stiddy diet.

"Benzine."—Men who have a great deal to do with hosses, seem to demoralize faster than the hosses do.

Hosses are like dice and kards, although they are virtuous enough themselves, how natural it is to gambol with them.

Hosses love the society of man, and being susceptible uv grate deceit, they will learn a man to cheat and lie before he knows it.

I know lots folks who are real pius, and who are honest enuff to work up into moral estate assessors, and such good moral chunks left over, but when they come to tork hoss, they want as much looken after as a case of diphtery.

"Bronk."—Club-houses are usually asylums for hen-pecked husbands and vagrant bachelors.

I have been told that certain muskular femails have gone into the club-house bizness lately in New York city, and that they hav had one settin at Mr. Delmonicoze already, which ended amikably. This speaks volumes too the futer growth and usefulness of the order, but the grate joke of the thing iz, that awl their proceedings is to be kept dark.

I hav alwuz been a friend to down-trodden women, and have bin in favor of their voting from my infancy, but if they kant vote, I say let them club.

One rule of this club is a golden one, "no man shall be present on pain of Deth." If they stick to this rule, they are sounder on the gander than I supposed they wuz.

"Brickdust."—I never have used enny ov "doctor Emanuel's liver-consoling and kindney-encouraging pills," and therefore kant tell you how influential they am, but of you are looking after a pill as mild as a pet lamb, and az seching az a fine tooth comb, buy "Doctor Ringbon's silent perambulators, 27 in a box, sold by all respectful druggers."

These pills don't phool round, but attend strictly tew bizness, and are ez good in the dead ov night az an alarm clock.

"Biscuit."—In reply to youre questions, I would hurriedly state that the load iz a domestik animal, or can be made so, by coaxing him into a barrel, and shutting up the bung-hole.

They stand in the same relashun tow a frog that a Dutchman duz to a live Yankee, they aint so sudden gaited az the frog. They lead a very retired and pensive life during the day, behind stun walls, but when twilight begins tew dress for the night, then the toads and toadsees begin to reconnoter round.

They are sed tew be strictly virtuous, but this incessant bunning round nights, and keepin hid all day, haz cauzed me to suspicion the toad.

If toads kan liv upon what they eat, they would be just the thing tew stock a boarding school with, for one fly and a couple of bugs iz all the meat they want for a fortnite.

Toads are very lengthy to liv—I should think about 400 years. I have often thought I would buy one, and keep him till he died, jist to git at their age.

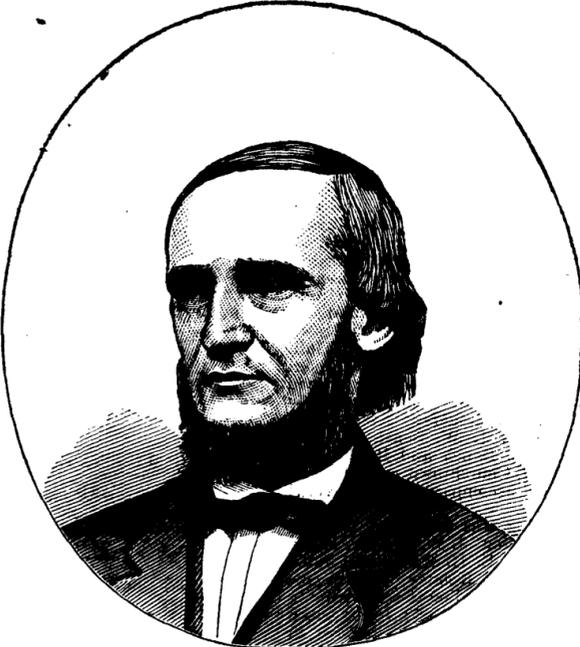
"Beeswax."—Speaking ov kats, mi opinyun iz, and will continue to be, that the old-fashioned, kalika, coulered kats iz the best breed for a man ov moderate means, who haint got but little munny to put into kats.

They propugate the most intensely, and lay around the stove more regular than the Maltese, or the brindle kind.

The yellor kat is a fair kat, but they aint reliable; they are apt tew stay out late nights and once in a while git on a bad bust.

Black kats have a way of gitting on the top of the wood-house when other folks have gone tew bed, and singing dewets till their voices spile, and their tails swell till it seems az tho they must split.

If I waz you, Beeswax, I wouldn't go into the kat bizness untill the phinances of the country gits more calm, for if there comes a big smash up, kats will be the fust thing to dip.



COL. O. J. DICKEY, of Lancaster, Pa.

REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR CONGRESS, AS THE SUCCESSOR OF HON. THADDEUS STEVENS, DECEASED.

Hans Von Spiegel's 4th of July Oration.

YELLOW ZITIZENS:—Vot for me meets here to-day, hey? Vot you say? Is it yusht a leedle bic-nic for noddings, or is it another tam horse race? I dells you vot for. We meets to-day to celebrate der Vourth of Yuly, which, by reading your Almanaces you vill see goomes on the third day Yuly this year. In some goontries it goomes on the finfte day, which is the reason they don't zelebrate all der vile.

Der Vourth mit Yuly pese a krate fellor. He governs der whole American goontent. His right hand sits tywn on Maine, un his left hand stands upon California. He scratches his head mit de forest of Alaska, un floaks his corns in der Kulf of Mexican Moostang Linament! Long time leedle wile ago, de Vourth of Yuly was yoozt a leedle poy. He lauted from a Hampurg shtener at Philadelphia in seventeen hoonert un zeventy-zex, un he has been a pooty poy ever since.

Der Vourth of Yuly is a Pig Ding, and he has ton pig dings for gis goonty. He prings hot wedder mit schnapping crackers, but also prings her bic-nic mit der lager peer. So long as he govens the whole goonty, so long as he broedets der native porn zitizen of foreign pirth. Now let us all johin in singing der Stharspangled mit der Panner.

Oh! say, don't you see,
Mit ter tawn's early light,
Vas so proudly we hailed in ter twilight's last gleaming;

Who's proud stripes unt pright stars
Mit her perilous night
On the ramparts we watched
Vas so callantly streaming (all de vile.)

Unt der rockets red glare,
Der pooms bursting in de air,
Oh! mine Got, it givs phroof
That our vlag it bees there.

Unt der star-spangled mit der panner
In triumph shall wave
O'er der landt mit der vree
Unt der hoine von der brave.

Now then, poy's, three cheers for der Vourth of Yuly, un den gooms der bully lager peer.

Proposals Wanted.

A racy correspondent of an American cotemporary extends an invitation to the fair sex to send in proposals, giving the following specifications:

The undersigned, feeling the need of some one to find fault with and grumble at when business goes wrong; and being lonely, with no one to hate him, and having arrived at the proper age, has therefore determined to "come out!"

Sealed proposals will be received until twelve o'clock, P. M., on the 31st of December, 1868.

Applicants must possess beauty, or its equivalent in currency.

She must not chew gum.

Nor frequent sewing circles.

Nor go around begging for charitable purposes.

Nor trade off my clothes to wandering Italians for flower vases.

Nor borrow money from my vest-pockets while I sleep.

She must believe in sudden attacks of chills, and make allowances for their effect upon the nervous system.

When her "old bear" comes home from "a few friends" rather affectionate, she must not take advantage of his state, and wheedle him into trips to watering places.

And above all, she must not on such occasions, put ipeac into the tea she prescribes for his "poor head."

A lady possessing the foregoing qualifications, positive and negative, can hear of something to her advantage by addressing the undersigned enclosing a stamp.

All proposals must be accompanied with satisfactory evidence of the ability of the applicant to support a husband in the style to which he has been accustomed.

Read it, Soldiers!

The rebels got Robert Ould, rebel Commissioner of exchange of Prisoners, to write a letter denouncing Grant's course on that subject. Before he consented to mix in that controversy, he should have seen that this extract from a letter he wrote glorifying his management of this subject, had been destroyed: "The arrangement I have made works largely in our favor. We get rid of a set of miserable wretches, and receive some of the best material I ever saw."

The Contrast.

The ordinary expenses of the Government for the last three years has been \$298,840,371, or a little over \$92,000,000 a years.

The expenses of the last fiscal year under the Democratic administration of James Buchanan amounted to.....\$76,841,000

Equal to a currency equivalent at the average of 140 for gold, the rate at which our expenditures should be taken if our currency expenses be reduced to gold, to.....\$107,577,400

It therefore appears that the expenses of the Government under the direction of a Republican Congress, hampered by a hostile Executive, have been at the rate of \$15,500,000 less per annum than the expenses under the last year of Democratic rule.

Thanks to Republican extravagance.

To the Farmers.

The real estate in Pennsylvania in 1860 was, according to the census, valued at \$1,416,501,818. All this large amount of property, under statute passed by a Republican Legislature, is exempted from State taxation, and the United States at present lays no land tax. The Democracy, in the fourth section of their platform, call for equal taxation on all forms of property. This includes farms, mountain lots, town lots, homesteads, and mortgages and judgments secured by real estate.

Farmers of Pennsylvania, read and ponder well that plank:

"Fourth. Equal taxation of every species of property according to its real value, including Government bonds and other securities."

Information Wanted.

The victims of rebel cruelty at Andersonville and Belle Isle want to know how their old keepers are going to vote in the coming election. They remember hearing, from their stockades and prison-pens, the humane and benevolent men who stood guard over them, rend the air with cheers at the election of Seymour as Governor of New York in 1862; and they are curious to know if these men are as loud in his praise now as then, and whether, now that they have the opportunity, they will vote for him for President. Can General Rosecrans or his friends Lee, and Beauregard, and others of that answer?

The Rebel Democracy.

During the war the conduct of the so-called Democracy towards the soldiers in the field was really outrageous. In those trying hours by them the victories of the armies of the Union were uniformly disparaged, their hardships and sufferings laughed at, their devotion and loyal enthusiasm ridiculed, the cause pronounced hopeless and worthless, and their fate foretold to be ruin and infamy. On the other hand, rebel triumphs were exaggerated, their successes magnified, their cause cheered and blessed. For the Union soldier were their contempt and obloquy; for the rebel, encouragement, and smiles.

Watch Them.

Information has been received in Washington city that extensive arrangements are being made by the Democratic State Central Committee of Pennsylvania to colonize doubtful districts in this State at the October election with Marylanders. The latter State does not hold an election in October, and this will leave Maryland Copperheads and rebels free to help their friends in Pennsylvania. This is the rebel Democratic game, and our friends everywhere throughout the State must be on the alert. All attempts at illegal voting should be followed by the prompt arrest of the perpetrator, and his punishment to the full extent of the law.

WHY is the Democratic party like Adam? Because, like Adam, after they had sinned and been driven out of the garden of never-falling fruit, and compelled to labor for their bread in place of living upon the earnings of others, they sigh, labor and swear to return again to the good old days of indolence and plenty.

Our Little Jokes.

—Judy says a Belgravian mamma, who has succeeded in getting her own seven daughters "well off her hands," has determined to extend to others the benefit of her "system." She is going to open a "class" for the instruction of young ladies in the art of husband catching. It is to be called the "school of design."

—"What can a man do," asked a green 'un, "when a sheriff is coping up to him with a writ in his hand?" "Apply the remedy!" said another. "Apply the remedy?" "What remedy?" "Heel-ing remedy."

—Why is a lawyer like a lzy man in the morning? Because he lies first on one side, and then turns over and lies on the other.

—A sub-editor announces that the editor of the paper is unwell, and piously adds: All good-paying subscribers are requested to make mention of him in their prayers. The other class need not do it, as the prayer of the wicked avail-eith nothing, according to good authority."

—A lady teacher was announcing to her pupils the holiday on the 22d of February, and asked them why the birthday of Washington should be celebrated more than hers. A little fellow exclaimed, with great vivacity, "Because he never told a lie."

—A chap from the country stopped at one of the Baltimore hotels, and sat down to dinner. Upon the bill of fare being presented to him by the waiter, he remarked that he "didn't care 'bout readin' now—he'd wait till after dinner."

—Quilp, 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.

—Prentice thinks if a young lady has a thousand acres of land, the young men are apt to think that there is sufficient ground for attachment.

—A wag on hearing that a man had given up chimney sweeping, expressed surprise as he thought that business suited him.

—We suppose everybody has heard of the Irishman who said: "The most eloquent feature of a dog's face was his tail."

—A man advertises for a "competent person to undertake the sale of a new medicine," and adds that "it will be profitable to the undertaker."

—"Did your wife have an income last year?" asked an internal revenue officer of a citizen of Carlisle, Ill. "Yes, she had twins—both girls." The officer concluded that it was a pretty liberal income.

—A housemaid who was sent to call a gentleman to dinner, found him engaged in using a tooth-brush. "Is he coming?" said the lady, as the servant returned. "Yes, ma'am, directly," was the reply; "he's jist sharpening his teeth."

—"My son, would you suppose that the Lord's prayer could be engraved on a space no larger than the area of a nickel cent?" "Well, yes, father; if a cent is as large in everybody's eye as it is in yours, I think there would be no difficulty in putting it on about four times."

—A rock ahead—what a young husband foresees when a cradle is brought home.

—Why is a learned man like scarlet? Because he is deep read.

—The young lady who gives herself away loses her self-possession.

—An Irishman remarked of a lady who had been very kind to him, "Bedad, she's a perfect jentleman."

—A youth declared that his sister is so tender-hearted that she can't be induced to strike a light.

—What gentleman can, with any sense of propriety, ask a fat woman to lean on his arm?

—A young Missourian, eulogizing his girl's beauty, said: "I'll be dogged if she ain't as purty as a red wagon!"

—It has been ascertained that some ladies use paint as all fiddlers do rosin—to aid them in drawing a beau.

"My notion of a wife at forty," said Jerrold, "is, that a man should be able to change her, like a bank-note, for two twenties."

The minister who boasted of preaching without notes don't wish to be understood as referring to greenbacks.

[By our special Artist.]



"That Same Old Coon."