

Pennsylvanisch Deitsch.



Brief Fun Schwefflebröner.

SCHLIFFLETOWN, Sept. 21, 1868.

MISDER FODDER ABRAHAM DRUCKER
—Deer Sur: Sidder das du my letshter
brief in di ivver ous gooty tseitung nei
gedu husht, sin de Schliffletowner demokra-
krata yusht about so down uf mich das
wann ich an hinkle deeb wær. Se duna
mich alleweil yusht dorn-coat, un neegur,
un onnery meeny nawma shelta, un awer,
du magsht mer now glawa odder net, ich
geb yetz nix meh drum was se sauga, for
es is kens fun ehra bisness eb ich for der
Grant vote odder net. Un now, Mister
FODDER ABRAHAM, will ich der amohl
sauga we ich ousgemacht hab sidder
ich my letshter brief g'shrivva hab.

Der very negst dog noch dem das de
Bevvy mich heam genumma hut funs
Kizelderfer's, hen mer des ding amohl
dorrich g'shwetzt, un ich mus sawga das
de Bevvy recht hut, un now will ich der
alles gevva was se g'sawt hut.

“Now Pit,” secht se, “now is es boll
amohl tseit das du dei mind uf machst
was du im sinn husht tsu du—eb du for
der Grant odder der Seimoyer vota wit.”
“Wann du obsolut a demokrat bleiva
wit,” secht se, “dunn will ich yetz nix
meh dergaya sawga; des is an freies
lond, un du kannst du we du wit; du
mogsht nunner ous Kizelderfer's geh,
un korta shpiela, un bensa picha, un
flucha, un sowfa bis du sot bisht; un du
mogsht denna demokrata ehra meeny
erwat shafia so long du wit, for ich will
yetz keu wart meh sawga dergaya.
Awer, mind, Pit, des lond is aw frei for
mich so goot das for dich, un ich kann
my living macha ohna dich wanns sei
mus, un wann du yetz sogst das du ob-
solut bei der demokratisch seierei bleiva
wit, donn go ahead, awer donn pock ich
uf un geh my eagner weg. Wann du
awer yetz di mind uf machst nix meh
tsu sowfa, un weck bleiva fun denna
demokratische flucher, un sifler, un loafers
wu alsfort dort ous Kizelderfer's rumm
hucka, donn will ich als widder morrickt
tenda un geld macha, un donn ivver a
weil kenna mer uns an eagner platz
kawfa.”

“Now Pit,” secht se, “was sogst?”
Donn hab ich gedenkt, des is doch now
ordlich plain deitsch, un doh mus ebbas
gedu wæra. Donn hab ich g'sawt, sog
ich, “Now Bevvy, du bisht ordlich severe
uf mich, un awer weil de demokrata
meer my watch g'shtola hen dort in Nei
Yorrick, we ich uf der Seimoyer's Con-
vention war, un weil se mich so mean
dreeta un blackgarda yusht weil ich
nimmy sowf, geb ich der yetz aw my
wart derfore das ich vote for der Grant,
un now geb ich g' nix dram wærs
weas,” hab ich g'sawt. Du hetsht awer
derbei si solla we ich sell g'sawt hab!
So we de Bevvy gepleased war fergess
ich all my dog un des leawes net. Se hut
behaupt ich wær der besht monn in
Schliffletown.”

“Un now,” secht se, “Now Pit, weil du
yetz all right bisht, will ich der sawga
was ich du. Ich hap yetz about sivva
dutzend oyer, un an ordlicher gooter
shtock tswivvella un roat-reeva un aw
shnitz, un ivver-morya shponn ich widder
amohl ei un geh in de shtadt uf der mor-
rickt, un donn kawf ich der a paar neie
hussa un aw a neier hoot, un donn, om
Sundog geasht mit mer in de kærrieh, un
om nein un tswansichshta gehna mer uf
de gross republican meeting drivva in
Lengeshter, yusht so das de leit sehna
kenna das du yetz an true blue gentle-
monn bisht.”

“Awer Bevvy,” hab ich g'sawt, “es is
der doch net arnsht das ich in de kærrieh
geh soll om negshta Sundog?”

“Yoh,” secht se, “es is mer arnsht, for
ich bin yetz determined das du an first-
rater, felner monn sei mäsht, un wann
du sell bisht, donn gebst nix um all
selly demokratische Kizelderfer's loaf-
ers.”

“Well donn,” hab ich g'sawt, “ich
geh, for du husht recht—selly demokrata
sin net yusht humbugga, un awer my
watch hen se mer g'shtohla, un sell fer-
gess ich net so long ich leab.”

Geshter s aw amohl der maddadish-
porra kumma, and hut mich b'sucht. Er

is aw an horter 'publican, un er hut mer
ordlich feel g'sawt fun denna sacha, un
er hut mich orrig geloabt das ich de
demokratisch party ferlussa hab, un er
hut mich aw fersprecha macha mit der
Bevvy in de kærrieh geh om negshta
Sundog. Du kannst aw ousgooka for
mich on der gross meeting in Lengesht-
er, for ich un de Bevvy gehna in der
persession als de delegation fun Schliffle-
town.

PIT SCHWEFFLEBRÖNER.

De Rehrshettler Fair.

REHRSHETTLE, September 19, 1868.

On der roushich FODDER ABRAHAM
Printer:—Doh der onner dog, we de fair
doh war im shteddle, hab ich der John
—, an raler sounder Barrieks County
demokrat awgetruffa. We er mich g'say
hut, is er uf g'shtept un hut mer de tseit
gebutta un amohl hands g'shaked, un doh
geb ich der yetz amohl unser g'spreach
—ich bin der Joe, du weasht, un sei
nawma is John:

John—Well Joe, was denksht fun der
leckshun—denksht der Seimoyer kummt
nei?

Joe—Nay, ich denk der Grant kummt
nei. Husht donn noch net de neuicheit
fun Maine g'hoert?

John—Well, ich glawb net das der
Grant nei kummt, for der Adler sagt das
de Republicans deata so feel uf unser
side kumma, un der Jim Bechtel un der
Commissioner Young sawga das de demokra-
krata hetta Maine gewunna. Un noch
ohns, Joe, du weasht das der greek for
nix war das de neayer frei tsu macha, un
sell shtanda de leit net, un de Republic-
ans hen der greek awg'fonga.

Joe—Ich hab als gemehnt de rebels
hetta der greek awg'fonga we se uf Fort
Sumter g'fired hen.

John—Doh hen mer ken shreivas der-
fore; doh weas ich nix derfu, un ich
hab der Adler geleasa yetz shun frertsch
yohr, ally woch, un we g'sawt, de Republic-
ans hen de neayer frei gemacht, un du
wærst sehna das se de weise leit noch
gong uf usa. Un we kummts das der
Kungress laws gemacht hut so das de
neayer ally Moondog morya on de tresh-
ery geh kenna uns geld shtea, un fer-
wass kenna de weise leit des net du?
Der Adler drucker sogt er kennt des
proofa in schwartz un weis, un ich hab
dei shwoger heara sawga das etliche
yohr tsurick het er sich a neie suit ge-
kawft for sivva dahler de yord, un donn
is er nous noch Ohio gonga tsu deim
uncle, un dort war an neayer, der hut
kleader getrauya das tsehn dahler de
yord gekosht hen, un sell beweist das de
neayer ovva druf kumma wann se de
chance hen. Un noch ehns, als an
freund, Joe, was deatsht du denka wann
du heam kumma deatsht den owat, un es
wær an grosser neayer bei deiner fraw?

Joe—Un was deatsht du denka wann
du an grosser weiser monn awtreffa
deatsht bei deiner fraw?

John—Well sell wær evva doch net
gong so orrick, anyhow, du wærst sehna
das de neayer noch gong ovva druf
kumma.

Joe—Glawbsht du now das fier mil-
liona neayer frertsich milliona weise uf
usa un rula kenna?

John—Well ich weas net ebs so fiel
mehner weise leit hut als neayer. Awer
mer wella donn nix meh fun sellam
sauga. Awer was denksht du fun denna
ivver ous hocho doxa?

Joe—We fiel doxa betzahlsht donn du
in ma yohr?

John—Ei sivva-un-sechtsich cent!
Awer fore em greek hab ich yusht sivva-
un-dreisich cent betzahla missa.

Joe—Un was is donn dei dog lohn
alleweil?

John—Fun a dahler un a halwer bis
tsu tsway dahler der dog—yusht dem-
noch we das der erwet is.

Joe—Un was husht donn krickt fore
em greek?

John—Fun a holwer dahler bis tsu
drei fertle.

Joe—Well donn meansht net du
kennst afforda aw a bissel meh dox be-
zahla now weil dei lohn so fiel mehner
is?

John—Oh wann ich so fiel benner, un
geld, un lond het we di dawdy, donn deat
ichs gern betzahla.

Joe—Well John, du bisht an dog-leh-
ner, un du dusht dei sei meshta, ku halta,
un aw hinkle, un du eagensht dei house,
un betzahlsht yusht sivva-un-sechtsich
cent dox, awer wann du for der Seimoyer
shtimmsht, donn geasht nei for all de
sacha tsu doxa, for de demokratisch plat-
form sagt das alles property gleich ge-
doxt sei soll—for der dog-lehner so wohl
das for der reich monn.

John—Ich weas besser we sell. Ich
leas der Adler net for nix, un der Adler
sagt das sell der Chicago platform is, un
net der demokratisch platform.

We der John sell g'sawt hut, donn is
de bugle gonga for de horse race, un
unser g'spreach war om end. JOE.



GEN. HECTOR TYNDALE, of Philadelphia,
REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR.

Fun Pottstown.

POTTSTOWN, Sept. 21, 1868.

Sidder der Maine leckshun, is der alt
Isaac doh ous em kop. Sei freind in-
sista druf das er in a 'sylum mus, un das
se ehm a straight-jacket aw du missa—
so ehns wu se fun hianna bei tsu k'neppa.
Anyhow eppas mus gedu wæra for ehm.
Er behaupt das der FODDER ABRAHAM
unconstitutional is, un er deekt sich
nachts tsu mit em Readinger Adler, un
butzt sei naas mit em La Gross Demo-
krat!

JAKE SHICKLEFRITZ.

Selected.

O'Flaherty.

The following "worthy epistle" to
Mr. Teddy M'Ginniss, Esquire, Kildowry,
County Cork, Ireland, from his cousin,
Dinnis O'Flaherty, appears in the Cleve-
land (O.) Herald of a late date:

TO MR. TEDDY M'GINNISS, ESQUIRE, KIL-
DOWRY, COUNTY CORK, IRELAND, FROM
HIS COUSIN, DINNIS O'FLAHERTY—
Dear Teddy:—

Me pin in my hand I am takin'
To write yez this bit of a schrawl,
An' hopin' in health it will find yez,
As, plaze God, it's leaving us all;
An, Ted, I'll be afther inquiren'
How yez doin' this bright summer day?
How are the pigs, an' the childer',
And the rest of yez over the say,
Teddy me bye?

It's meself wud be happy to see yez
Put your good looking phiz thru' the dure;
It's meself that wud thro' out the whiskey
Till yez slape like a king on the flure.
I'd give yez me bed but for Judy,
Whose faylins I'm afraid it would hurt,
But we'd empty the bottle together,
An' together we'd shape in the dirt,
Teddy me bye.

Shure, Ted, it's an illigint country;
There is praties an' whiskey galore,
An' mighty good pig for the 'atin',
An' money to buy it, ashore.
An' for clothes, bedad I've a breeches
Wid niver a patch or a hole,
An' to mass Judy goes wid a bonnet
An' a feather as black as a cole,
Teddy me bye.

An' election times, Teddy, me darlint!
'Twud make your eyes stick out a fut
To see how the greenbacks are flyin',
An' how quick in our pockets they're put.
Shure what is the use of a ballot
If to sell it yez always refuse?
The way is to pocket the money,
—An' then vote just as yez choose,
Teddy me bye.

An' that brings me round to the story
That I'm scratchin' this letter to say:
Election times comin' an', Teddy,
It's wanted yez are right away;
For Dimmykrats are not so plenty
But we want all the boys over, shure,
To shewing the shillaly, dirink whiskey,
An' shove in the votes for Saymore,
Teddy me bye.

Niver mind about risidnce, Teddy,
Shure yer risidnce is undher yer hat—
Divil a one have yez got in Kildowry—
Love me all such matthers as that.
Shure me sister's son, Paddy Mulloney,
Has a friend in New York who will shwear
That yez worked by his side an' dug cellars
In Amerikky many a year,
Teddy me bye.

He'll fix up yer papers so natly
That yez think yez Amerikin born;
In a good shute of clothes y'e'll be shtrutin',
Instead of yer brayches all torn.
When up to the polls ye are marchin',
Shure the naysgers will all hold their whisht,
If some blaygard axes impident questions,
Just tip him a shmell of yer fish,
Teddy me bye.

Och, Teddy, now don't yez be shtaying;
Hang yer furnity on to yer shtick,
An' shtep out for Cork an' take passage
For Amerikky sudden and quick,
For the country will go to the divil
Under naysger an' radikle shway,
Unless saved by the votes and shillalys
Ov the byes fresh from over the say,
Teddy me bye.

There're 'aitn us up wid their taxes,
An, shtamps an' the divil knows what,
(Though barrin' the dhuty on whiskey,
Niver a tax out of me they have got.)
They've given us green rags for money,
(It's a fish full I wish that I had.)
An' we're reshtaring on bafe an' corn whiskey,
Which is mighty good shtarving, bedad,
Teddy me bye.

But that's not the worst of it, Teddy,
The naysger's a citizen now,
Can vote like a Dimmykrat white man,
An' shtick up for his rights in a row.
So pervated is public opinion
Tisn't safe to crack open his shkull,
An' the hair on a Dimmykrat's cranium
Is no better than Afrika wool,
Teddy me bye.

In the mornin' when laving the shanty
Judy serbranes out, "Dinnis, don't go!
Some fourthin' that of a naysger
Will be killin' thee Dinnis, I know,
An' then comin' down to the shanty
An' marryin' me right out of hand!"
That a naysger should marry me Judy,
Is more, bedad, than I'll stiland,
Teddy me bye.

But we'll soon give the scoundrels a drubbin',
Vallandigham's now to the fore,
Thad. Stevens has gone to blue blazes,
And bedad we've a friend in Saymore.
So pack up your dhinds in a hurry,
Nex forgettin' to split in your list,
An' lay hold on your blackthorn shillalay,
An' we'll soon give the naysgers a twist,
Teddy me bye.

DINNIS O'FLAHERTY.

Nasby in Trouble.

From the Toledo Blade.]
Our readers will be pained to learn that
our venerable and highly esteemed cor-
respondent, Rev. Petroleum V. Nasby,
is in trouble.

We were becoming alarmed at his pro-
longed silence, and were on the point of
telegraphing to his "friend Horasho See-
more" for some information concerning
him, when, just as we were going to
press, we received the following tele-
graphic dispatch in the Parson's familiar
hand:

Edditter Toledo Blade: I am in a frite-
ful stait uv trouble and tribulashun. While
in the peaceful pursoot of organizin See-
more and Blare clubs among the degradid
culleder poplashun of Tennessee; while I
wuz thus a actin the benevolent role uv
mishnery, accordin to the instructshins
uv the Nashnel Dimmicatic Committedy, I
wuz suddently sot upon by a full regiment
ov Brownloze radikle cusses uv all cul-
lers, who completely surrounded me, lade
vilent hands onto my venerable person,
bruzed and battered me in a fearful
manner, and then, wuss than all, compelled
me to taik the oath uv allejance with the
ojus American flag a wavin over my ven-
erable hed.

This wuz more than I cub bare, and I
swuned away, and the retches left me fur-
ded, a lyn onto a public hyway. I wuz
pickt up by a cupple uv niggers and tuk
to there mizzable cabbinn, ware I now ly.
Telegraf immedjity to A. Johnson to
call out the army and the navy. The
rites of a free born Amerikin sitizen
(wich is me) hev been fritefully outraged,
and his person (wich is mine) hez bin
feerfully bruzed. Tell him too ishoo his
proclamashun to wunst, callin out three
hundred thousand men to vindicate the
rites uv the aforesaid citizen. For the
saik uv effect they mite be instructed to
sing ez they cum,

"We are coming, Andy Johnson,
Three hundred thousand strong."

Ez soon ez I am able to travel (wich
I hope under the stimulatun infloence uv
this mountain air and these niggers'
whisky will be in a very few days) I will
repare to wunst to headquarters to take
command uv a cupple brigads. Tell
Johnson to hev my comission ez a
Major General redy made out, so ther
shall be no delay in gitten the force into
the field.

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

P. S. (wich is Postscript)—Send me
about twenty-one dollars to pay my ex-
penses to Washington. I can't borror
nothin uv these degraded niggers. He
return you the amount with interest ez
soon ez I get my Major General's com-
ishun. P. V. N., P. M.

Our Little Jokes.

—Affected young lady, seated in a rock-
ing chair, reading the Bible, exclaimed:
"Mother, here is a grammatical error in
the Bible!" Mother, lowering her spec-
tacles and approaching the reader in a
very scrutinizing attitude, says: "Kill
it! kill it! It is the very thing that has
been eating the leaves and book-marks!"

—A Wisconsin paper publishes an ap-
peal by a young lady for a situation as
teacher, in which she says: "I was eddica-
ted in one of our leading female semina-
ries & have my certificates, and so
feel it my duty to teach somewhere, and
if you can assist me, please rite and let
me no, and ile get redy at oncet."

—There is an anecdote toldsomewhere
of a dispute in which a boisterous ill-bred
fellow called his adversary "no gentle-
man." "I suppose you think yourself
one," was the reply. "Certainly I do,"
answered the bully. "Then," said the
other, "I'm not offended that you don't
think me one."

—Never be so rude as to say to a man,
"There is the door;" but say, "elevate
your golgotha to the summit of your per-
icranium, but allow me to present to your
ocular demonstration that scientific piece
of mechanism which constitutes the egress
portion of this apartment."

—A physician stopped at the shop of a
country apothecary and inquired for an
apothecary. "Sir," said the apotheca-
ry, "I know of no such farmer living
about these parts."

—A disconsolate fellow up-town, who
lost his wife recently, exclaimed weeping
to a sympathizing friend: "Well, I've
lost gloves, lost umbrellas, yes, even
cows and horses, but I never, never had
anything to cut me like this."

—A boarder looked very discontentedly
at a beef steak, and the landlady, having
observed him, said: "Don't the steak
suit you!" "Yes," said the boarder, "it's
good enough, what there is of it, and
there's enough of it, such as it is."

—The ladies who wish to assume the
position given the form by the "Grecian
Bend" are informed that the eating of a
few green apples, an ear of corn and a
cucumber, will have the desired affect.

—A decent looking Irishman, stopping
at a hotel to warm himself, inquired of
the landlord, "What was the news?"
Landlord, disposed to run a rig upon
Paddy, replied:
"They say that the devil is dead!"
"And sure," quoth Pat, "that's news
inlade."

Shortly after, Pat stalks up to the bar
and depositing some coppers resumed
his seat.

The landlord, always ready for a cus-
tomer, asked him what he would have.
"Och, sure, sir," said Pat, "it's the
custom in my own country, when a chap
like you loses his daddy, to give him a
few coppers to help pay for the wake."
Landlord stood treat all around.

—"Yaw," said Mr. Spreitzelwiggle, who
lowered his glass from his face long enough
to tell the story, "I dinks I knows vat
vas der matters mit der Bendleton's, so
as dat he was not nominated. Tem Sey-
mour fellers was too Tam many for Shorge
Yaw."

—Artemas Ward has been heard from
through Planchette. He says: "I'm
tryin to figger up how I could give away
twenty-five thousand dollars at my death,
when, according to reports sence, I didn't
hev but five."

—"Sambo, why am dat nigger down
dar in the hole of de boat like a chicken
in de egg?" "I gives um up." Ans.—
"Because he couldn't get out, if it wasn't
for de hatch."

—Why is a thief like a certain household
utensil? Because he is a base-un (basin.)

—What man is in advance of his time?
Ans.—One who has been knocked into
the middle of next week.

—A clergyman after marrying a couple
made a prayer over them, concluding:
"Forgive them, Lord, they know not
what they do!"

—A remarkable sign for a confectionery
shop: "Eye scream for sail hear."

—How to make the "stamps"—put
your heel down.

—A lady remarked to her boy. Never
put off till to-morrow, what you can do
to-day. The urchin replied, "Den Mom
let's eat dat 'ar watermelon." It was
eaten.

—When an acquaintance says, "How
are you?" and rushes by you without
waiting for a reply, I wouldn't if I was
in your place, follow him more than a
mile to tell him I was well.

—If you wish to fatten a thin baby,
throw it out of the window and it will
come down plump.

—"I am laying for you," as the old
hen said to the chap who was hunting
for her nest.

[By our special Artist.]



A SICK COPPERHEAD.

DOCTOR SAMBO—Bad case of mor-
tification deduced, by MAINE de poker
—you die sure!