

**Pennsylvanisch Deutsch.**



**Brief Fum Schweflebbrenner.**  
SCHLIFLETOWN, Sept. 28, 1868.

**MISDER FODDER ABRAHAM DRUCKER:** Ich bin bissig alleweil. According to tsu bromise, de Bevvu hut mer a neier hoot un a paar neie hussa gekawft doh der onner dog, we se in der shtadt war uf em morrickt, un geshter war ich in der kaerrich, un ich mus sawya, des ding hut mer ordlich goot aw g'shtonna, for somehow, de leit wahra so ivver ons monneerlich. Doh war seller shoolmeashter wu fun Chester County kumma is, seller hut mer de tseit gebutta un sogt, "How-doo Misder Schweflebbrenner?" un sei fraw —yusht about a finey lady—de hut mer aw noch gor de tseit gebutta un hut gedu das wann se mich an raler gentlemom considera deht. Des is mer awer ordlich koryose fore-humma, for da weasht, we ich noch a demokrat waf un ons Kitzelderfers als drom g'suffa hab, donn war ich evya als yusht der Pit. Yetz awer heasts "Misder Schweflebbrenner" un we gehts "Misder Schweflebbrenner" un "fine day Mr. Schweflebbrenner." Un de Bevvu behaupt das sidder ich an Republican bin gooka de leit nich aw we an feiner gentlemom, excepts Kitzelderfer's loafers wu for der Seimoyer gehn. Mit selly will ich anyhow nix meh tsu du hawa, for ehra eagny party's leit hen mer my watch g'shtola we ich uf der Demokratish Convention war dort sellamohls in Nei Yorrick.

Awer, we g'sawt, ich bin bissig alleweil, for morya free gehna ich un de Bevvu noch Lengeshter uf de gross convention, un ich bin draw so a banner of fixa for de Schlifletowner delegation (sell is mich un de Bevvu). Ich expect aw in der gross persession geh, un wann ich sell du, donn sogt de Bevvu se deht mer ehns fun denna Grant medles kawfa, so an silver dingly, du weasht, wu se fun blei macha mit em Grant sel kop uf ehner seit un ebbas fun weaya de publicans uf der onner, un sell dut mer forma uf der rack fesht pinna, un sell mach de ebsa a gooter publican. Anyhow, mit seller watcha deeb party will ich nix we tsu du hawa, un um selly Kitzelderfer's Kupperkeppiche loafers geb ich gor nix meh.

Wann ich tseit krick donn schreib ich der aw noch we's on der needing haer geht morya.

PIT SCHWEFLEBBRENNER.

SCHLIFLETOWN, September 30, 1868.

**MISDER DRUCKER:** Now doh gehts for my tsawter brief de woch. Geshter war ich un de Bevvu uf der Convention drivva in Lengeshder, un so a crowd we dort war hab ich in all mein leawa net g'seh. Es war yusht about interesting, for ich un de Bevvu hen aw so a bannerly mit g'numma, un dort war druf g'shtonna das near sin de Schlifletowner delegation, un yusht for de Bevvu tsu satisfy, hab ich aw druf du missa das "Ich bin der Schweflebbrenner, un des doh is de Bevvu, my alty." We mer dorrich de shtadt g'fawra sin mit unserm banner, un de Bevvu mit ehram schwartz seidenor bonnet aw, un de line in caner hond un de wip in der onner, donn hetsht awer de leit haehra sella lacha un hurraha for mich un de Bevvu! "Gook dort," secht ehner, "so gewiss ich leab dort is der Pit un de Bevvu." un we mer dort om Rail Road forbei sin, hen se gons ewich hurrahd. De Bevvu hut a paar mohl g'sawt das yetz kennt ich sehna well de besht party is, for so hoch war ich noch nee aw g'seh in der demokratish party. Un noch ehns, desmohl is mer gor nix g'shtola warra, we in Nei Yorrick, we de demokrata mer my watch genumma hen.

Fun der meeting kann ich awer net feel sawya, for mer hut se yo sheer net sehna kenna for feely mensha. Es wahra anyhow, denk ich, so about a hunnert dousand—meh odder weanicher. Awer de yungy med uf selly weaya, wu so neisty weiser klehder aw kot hen, un de flags un bands un sheany weiver un banners un alles, war about de shensht meeting das ich noch erleabt hab. De Bevvu hut aw g'sawt we mer heam kumma sin, das desmohl deht ich gor net

noch brondywine shtinka, so we ich als hab we ich noch a demokrat war.

De negsht woch will ich der amohl shreiva fun weaya so an roat-keppiche demokratish reth doh im shteddele—ehny de sich orrig bissig macht ivver mich un de Bevvu tsu leeya un retcha sidder das ich an 'Publican bin. Ich kann der ordlich feel fun ehra sauga, un wann se net goot acht gebt donn du ich aw.

PIT SCHWEFLEBBRENNER.

P. S.—(Des mehnt Pit Schweflebbrenner nochamohl.) We ich in der stadt war geshter, donn is ehns fun denna demokratish drucker ufg'shtept, un hut obsolut hawa wella das ich ehm a dahler note wecksel, un ich hab shun tsweh faertle un eh holwer ous em sock, un ich hets ehm aw gevva, un awer de Bevvu war tsu wide awake, for we se der dahler g'seh hut, hohls mich der deihenker wann's net ehns fun denna demokratish counterfeits war, so ehns we se proweert hen uf de Bevvu tsu passa, we se uf em morrickt war. We er g'seh hut das de Bevvu tsu smart war for eh, donn is er shkedaddled in a Lager Beer shop, un sidder hab ich ehm nimmy g'seh. P. S.

**Fun Ohio.**

LENKESHDER, OHIO, Sept. 26, 1868.

On der Bully FODDER ABRAHAM in Lenkeshder Bennislawny.—Bruder Lidderlich: Doh hous in Ohio sin mer an abbordiche set leit, un uf eh mohl kumt an kaerl, ehner Shtolfsos, fun Nei Hul-loud, un gebt uns a copy fun a Tseitung was se FODDER ABRAHAM heast, un dort war a shtick drin g'shtonna fun "Shool House on der Krick." We mer sell geleasa hen sin uns de draina tsu de bocka numner geluffa, un mer hen ous gemach tsu shicka for a dutzend copies, awer, somehow, es is net gedu warra, un weil mer der FODDER ABRAHAM hawa missa musht uns yetz alty wach a dutzend shicka. Doh woont ehner Frank Zimmermon, der feldmesser fun dem county: er is a demokrat, un awer er sogt er kennt seller Schwarts Rauch wu se druckt, un er sogt er is a first rater kaerl, un negsht besht tsum Aleck Hood un der lawyer Dickey un der fershtorwener bruder Tat Shtefens. Du shicksht de Tseitung tsum Charley Weisman, unser Posht Meashter do. Es sin ordlich feel alty Bennislawny Lengeshtrer doh, for instance, der John Kaufman wu's West Hotel halt—es besht house in Ohio. Un sog 'em Pit Schweflebbrenner das ich ehm goot ken, un war ach goot bekannt mit seiner fraw, de Bevvu, we se noch leddich war, for sellamohls bin ich als mit ehra in de sing shool gonga un ach on de lodwarrick frolics. Awer my bob-bier is foll. Ich will yusht noch mentiona das Ohio sure is for der Seimoyer, provided er krickt votes genunk. Ich suspect awer der Grant kummt nei, anyhow wann a majority for eh gehn. Sell kummt so a wennich druf aw we de leit vota. Anyhow ehner odder der onner krickts, un doh wet ich druf.

N. B.—Sog 'em Pit Schweflebbrenner er set sich a neie cop kreeya. Selly alt shtent em gor net aw.

YOHANNES BOLTZMOYER.

**Selected.**

**What's the Matter With that Nose.**  
Snyder kept a beer saloon some years ago "over the Rhine." Snyder was a ponderous Teuton of very irascible temper—"sudden and quick in quarrel"—got mad in a minute.—Nevertheless his saloon was a good resort for the boys—partly because of the excellence of his beer, and partly because they liked to chafe "old Snyder," as they called him; for although his bark was terrible, experience had taught them that he wouldn't bite.

One day Snyder was missing, and it was explained by his "fraw" who "jerked" the beer that day, that "he had gone fishing mit ter poys." The next day one of the boys who was particularly fond of "roasting" Snyder, dropped in to get a glass of beer, discovered Snyder's nose, which was a big one at any time, swollen and blistered by the sun, until it looked like a dead ripe tomato.

"Why, Snyder, what's the matter with your nose?" said the caller.

"I peen out fishing mit der poys," replied Snyder laying his finger tenderly against his proboscis, "the sun it pese hot like ash der tifel, unt I punns my nose. Nice nose, don't it?" And Snyder viewed it with comical sadness, in the little mirror back of his bar. It entered at once into the head of the mischievous fellow in front of the bar to play a joke upon Snyder, so he went out and collected some half a dozen of his comrades, with whom he arranged that they should drop into the saloon and ask Snyder "What's the matter with that nose?" to see how long he would stand it. The man who put up the job went in first with a companion, and seating themselves at a table called for beer.—Snyder brought it to them and the newcomer exclaimed, as he saw him:

"Snyder, what's the matter with your nose?"

"I just dell your freint here I peen out fishin mit der poys, unt der sun he purnt 'em—zwi lager—den cents—all right."

Another boy rushes in, "Hallo, boys,



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you are ahead of me this time, 'spose I'm in, though. Here, Snyder, bring me a glass of lager and a pret—(appears to catch a glimpse of Snyder's nose, looks wonderingly a moment, and then bursts out laughing)—ha!—ha!—ha! Why Snyder—ha!—ha!—ha! what's the matter with that nose?"

Snyder of course, can't see any fun in having a burnt nose, or having it laughed at, and he says, in a tone sternly emphatic:

"I've peen out fishin mit der poys, unt der sun was yust ash hot like ash der tifel, unt I punt my nose; that ish all right."

Another tormenter comes in and insists on "setting 'em up" for the whole house.—"Snyder," says he, "fill up the boy's glasses, and take a drink yourself—ho! ho! ho! ha! ha! ha! Snyder, wha—ha! ha!—at's the matter with your nose?"

Snyder's brow darkens with wrath by this time, and his voice grows deeper and sterner—

"I peen out fishin mit der boys on der leedle Miami. Der sun pese hot as hail unt I punt my bugle. Now, that is more vot I don't got to say. Vot kind of peseness? That ish all right: I punn my own nose, don't it?"

"Burn your nose,—burn all the hair off your head, for what I care; you needn't get mad about it?"

It was evident that Snyder wouldn't stand more than one more tweak at the nose, for he was tramping about behind his bar and growling like an exasperated old bear in his cage.

Another of his tormenters walks in. Some one sings out to him. "Have a glass of beer, Billy?"

"Don't care about any beer," says Billy, "but Snyder, you may give me one of your best ciga—ha-a! ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! ho! he! he! ah-h-h-ha! Why—why—Snyder—who—wha—ha-a-ha! ha!—What's the matter with that nose?"

Snyder was absolutely fearful to behold by this time. His face was purple with rage, all except the nose which glowed like a ball of fire. Leaning his ponderous figure far over the bar, and raising his arm aloft to emphasize his words, he fairly roared:

"I've peen out fishin mit der poys. Der sun pese hot ash hail-tammation. I punnt my nose. Now you no like 'dose nose, you yost take dose nose unt wr-wr-wr-wr your tan American fingers mit 'em! That's the kind of man vot I am!" And Snyder was right.

**A Specimen Copperhead.**

The following letter was actually written by a Maine Democrat:

KITTERY

State of Maine

September the 15th 1868.  
MI DEER NEFFU I received you kind letter today and talk my pen in hand to let you know we air all wel and enjoyn the blessins of health and we have as much of provisions as wil last us threw the winter. There aint much news to rite at present. polittix is gettin excitable and evry body is hollerin fur grant & colfacks with sun exsheshions. I think grant is a good soljer, but i think he hurt hisself popolarly speekin when he captured general lee at appermattux. smn people think it was very unconstitooshual to be a itin or brethring while tha want too doo jost as tha air a mine too in a free land o liberty & if grant hadent beet gen lee ide he willin to vote fur him. deer nefu, how doo yew stan on the grate perletice kwestion of the da. let me heer from yew soon and give my respects to all inquirin friends. no more at present.  
Afflektionmuttly your uncle.  
SILVESTER S.

—A noted divine was lecturing on the sufficiency of human testimony to establish the truth of miracles, when a pupil suggested a practical application of the doctrine. "What would you say, sir, if I stated that, as I was coming up College street, I saw the lamp-post at the corner dance?" "I should ask you where you had been, my son!" was the reply, in the instructor's gravest manner.

—"When men break their hearts," remarks a cynical female writer, "it is the same as when a lobster breaks one of his claws—another sprouting immediately and growing in its place."

**A Model Love Letter.**  
The following "billet doux" was received by one of our subscribers a few days since. We give it to our readers for what it is worth:

HINKLE SEATTLE, Sept. 4th, '68.  
You Precious Darling — Merchant:  
Having long felt the most ardent adoration for you, and been secretly pining beneath this weary yet secret burden of love suppressed, I now find myself unable longer to conceal these vast oceans of deepest affection, and must ease my palpitating organ of vitality by confessing to you, my idol; thou art my star, my moon, my sun-ny. I think of you by day and dream of you by night.

My well-beloved, if my heart's wish could be gratified it would be to live forever in your presence, for I only live when basking in the sunshine of your bewitching smile. Ne'er shall I forget the first time we met; 'twas on a dark and dreary night, the moon and stars were shining bright, as dark as forty thousand concentrated midnights in a barrel of pitch at the bottom of the Black Sea. 'Twas then those beautiful expressionless eyes shone forth with the lustre of a pewter dollar in a mud hole, and that charming form, 'twould melt to tears the eyes of a marble statue, bowed gracefully before me.

'Tis not alone for thy bewitching smile I love thee, but for thy caroty hair, radishy cheeks, turnipy nose, corny ears, Jerusalem pickley chin, potatory eyes, and the greatest honor to your sex, a cabbage head. Oh! how I long for vegetable soup! I would say more, very much more, of my love, but alas! alas! it is in vain, another smile hath won thee, and thy heart is hers alone. I must strive to quiet this troubled heart of mine. Oh! come back, come back, and love me as you used to did, and see this throbbing heart that it may quit stopping aching no longer. Joy of my life, didn't you receive that missive of love I did not write to you, once before the first time? Quintessence of love, do not keep me in suspense, but respond soon if not sooner.

O, ————— is the boy for me.  
I'll never have another;  
If ————— die to-morrow night,  
I'll surely have his brother.  
Your adoring and devoted  
POLLY PERKINS.

P. S.—Next door to the people who have no geese.

**We Want Peace!**

We clip the following from a recent speech of our candidate for Vice-President, the eloquent Colfax:

"We, who wage this contest desire no proscription, no persecution, not one word of wrath, not one act of vengeance. We merely want this Union to be ruled by the men who have shown devotion to the Union. We want no war, we want no blood, we want no poverty, we want no desolation, we want no drafts; we want peace and only peace; peace in the North, and in the South, peace in the East and in the West, peace in the White House, and no more endless sessions of Congress in expectation of Presidential violence, peace between Congress and the Executive, peace all over the land, to all the dwellers in the land, between the Atlantic and the Pacific, with peace extending its glorious vista, bringing with it stability, and with stability prosperity, and with prosperity progress, and with progress peace."

GENERAL DIX has been true to his motto: "Shoot the first man on the spot who would haul down the American flag." And in selecting Seymour as the standard-bearer of the new rebellion he as certainly brought down his men.

It is intimated that the next Democratic demonstration will be an attack upon Horatio Seymour by Frank Blair. Reason—While Frank is telling his followers to be of good heart, Horatio exclaims I am "plunged into a sea of trouble."

The reason why Northern Republicans who go South are called carpet-baggers, is to distinguish them from the Democrats, who generally carry their clothes in a red handkerchief.

HORATIO SEYMOUR boasts that he never loaned a dollar to the Government during the war, while many a loyal woman gave not only her husband and son, but invested her little earnings in her country's cause.

**Our Little Jokes.**

—A fellow stole a dog, and upon being detected by the owner promised to return the animal next day. The individual received a package at the appointed hour, on which was written, "This is your dog." On opening it, the astonished man discovered ten pounds of fresh made sausages.

—Jonah wrote to his father, after the whale first swallowed him, stating that he had found a good opening for a young man going into the oil business—but afterwards wrote for money to bring him home, stating that he had been 'sucked in.'

—An Ohio boy tried to see how near he could stand to a passing railway train. He never knew.

—A lawyer is something of a carpenter. He can file a bill, split a hair, make an entry, get up a case, frame an indictment, impanel a jury, put them in a box, nail a witness, hammer a judge, bore a court, and other like things.

—"Rachel, my daughter, why don't you learn as fast as your sister Hannah?"—"Why don't every stock of clover bear four leaves, mother?"—"Go bring in a basket of chips, child."

—Jonathan presented himself and his intended to the minister for the purpose of being married. Being questioned if they had been published: "O, I guess so, for I told it to Uncle Ben, and he told his wife more 'an a week ago."

—Vermont is famous for the production of four great staples, namely, men, women, maple sugar and horses.

The first are strong; the last are fleet: The second and third are exceedingly sweet; And all are exceedingly hard to beat.

—The young lady who was recommended to take exercise to improve her health, says that she "will jump at an offer and run her own risk."

—"What is the difference 'twixt a watch and a fodder bed, Sam?"—"Dunno-gin it up."—"Because de tickin' of de watch is on the inside, and the bed is on de outside."

—When a gentleman steps on a lady's train the lady should turn round and say politely, "I beg your pardon, sir;" and the gentleman should bow and say, "I accept your apology, Madam."

—When you see a young man and woman walking down the street, leaning against each other like a pair of badly matched oxen, it is a pretty good sign that they are bent on consolidation.

—A Hungarian desiring to remark on the domestic habits of a young lady, "Oh, miss, how homely you are."

A gentleman once asked a little girl, an only child, how many sisters she had, and was told "three or four." Her mother asked Mary, when they were alone, what induced her to tell such an untruth. "Why, mamma," cried Mary, "I didn't want him to think you were so poor that you hadn't but one child. Wouldn't he thought we were dreadful poor."

—A Sabbath-school superintendent asked his scholars if any of them could quote a passage of Scripture which forbade a man's having two wives, whereupon nearly the whole school cried out, "No man can serve two masters."

—A young lady in New York has got such a perfect "Grecian Bend" that she has earned the title of beau instead of belle.

—A considerate tavern-keeper, advertising his "Burton XXX," concludes thus: "N. B.—Parties drinking more than four glasses of this potent beverage at one sitting carefully sent home gratis in a wheelbarrow, if required."

—Dr. ——— wants to know if you'll please pay this bill now? Old gentleman looks at the items, and replies: "Tell Dr. ——— I'll pay him for the medicine and return his visits."

"Daughter," said a fond mother, whom oil speculations had made aristocratic, "has Mr. Brown proposed to you?" "Yes, mam," replied the daughter; "he proposes that we go out this evening and get some oysters."

—A country gentlemen advertises for "a small black tan leather collar, through which was the head of a black tan terrier dog." We trust he will recover the lost collar.

—A Mobile paper says of a guitar player in that city, that "his playing would give any well conducted saw mill the toothache."

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

[By our special Artist.]



**The Individual Who Devoured the Democracy at the Maine Election.**