

Pennsylvanisch Deutsch.



Brief Fun Schwefelbrenner.

SCHLAFLETTOWN, Uekdoer der 5ta, 1868.

MISER FODDER ABRAHAM DRUCKER—Deer Sur: De letsht woch hab ich eich g'shrivva das in meim negshta brief, des meht yetts der doh, wet ich eppas sauga fun so a roat-keppiche demokrat-ishe retch doh in shtedde, un awer de Bevvy meht es si net derwert, for se is nix nutz wu se de hout awreagt, un wann mer so leit handled donn kriekt mer gern dreckichy hend. Ich will yusht sauga das selly Sal Breadfoos—for sell is ehra nawma—is nix das an ferlogeny retch, for se hut g'sawt tsu der Bevvy sidder das ich a 'Publican bin, dos ich on ma shlechte platz g'west war we ich my watch ferlora hab dort in Nei Yorrick, un uf seller weg hut se calculate, wet se de Bevvy down uf mich kreeya, un donn deht se mich widder ferlussa, un uf course deht ich widder awfonga fun sellam Kit-zelderfer's nine-shtrike wiskey saufa un demokratisch vota. Now, wann de Sal meht das ich on ma shlechte platz war sellamohls, so ehm, du washt, wu de leading demokrata als for common onna gehn in de shtedt, un shlechte sachta driva, donn sog ich es is a leeg, un awer wann se meht das der platz schlecht war weil de Seinoys's demokratisch Convention dort war sellamohls, donn will ich weiders nix dergeaya sauga, for donn hut se gons recht. Uf course es mus a shlechte platz si wann se ehm sei watch shteaala, we se meer's gemacht hen.

Ich geh anyhow nimmy unnich so leit, un for a watch deeb party vote ich immer un ewich nimmy.

Now will ich awer amohl shreiva fun weaya der leekshun om negshta Dinshdog. De fact is, mer missa se now amohl beeta. We ich noch a demokrat war, sin mer als sheer ally mohl gebutta warra, un now, sidder das ich de alt kupperkep-pich seierei ferlussa hob, will ich amohl sehna eb mers net besser geht.

Der weg for se tsu beeta is rechtshafft votes ni du fors 'Publican dicket, un according tsu meiner calculation, wann mer de meanshy votes kreeya, donn beeta mer se aw. Awer ich kenn de demokrata, un fershtay ehra dricks, un ich geb yetz aw public notice das se gewatched warra missa, odder se vota leit fun de orna heiser, jails, un uf folshy bobbeera, for sell is ehra shtyle. Der weg for se recht tsu beeta is wann a yeader sei duty dut. My plawn is for a yeader 'Publican free uf tsu shstay om Dinshdog, un donn grawd noch 'em morya essa fort uf de leekshun. Donn missa plenty um de weg si for de polls watcha, so das de demokrata wu mer my watch g'shtola hen, ken folshy votes nei duhn. A yeader monn der a foor hut, mus eishponna un de 'Publicans on de leekshun fahra. For alty leit, un cripples, un kronky misset 'er carriages nemma. Un a yeader monn mus sober bleiva, anyhow so long das noch eppas tsu du is for votes rous shaffa, un wann's absolut sei mus das der drinket, donn du's wann de leekshun ferbei is, un donn—beheft eich. Wann ehns fun denna kupperkep awfongt tsu shwetza fun fetty sei, oder welshkorn bashta, donn luss ehns yusht shwetza, un awer du midsht di leekshun business, un machst das de votes in de box nei gehn; wann ehner broposed de ronnds shtanda, donn geb acht das se dich net g'suffa macha, so das du unfitt bist for leekshuneera; wann a kupperkep dich froked for bensa pitcha, odder a game sivva uf shpeela for de drinks, donn sog ehm du husht bessery business om leekshun dog, un for tsu prooffa das du a fershtendicher monn, un a true blue Republican bist, donn shtick tsu de leekshun business. Un watch di dickets, so das es ken mistake gebt. Wann awer a kupperkep shwetzt fun wetta uf Bennislawny—wann er wetta will das se uns beeta om Dinshdog, donn deatsht ehn awer yusht so goot ufnehma un ehn's geld ufsocka macha odder sei mau halta. Des is about my opinion fun weaya we mer nei geht for de copper-heads tsu beeta.

De Bevvy is yusht about uf getuned. Se hut im sin pies un kucha backa, un shunka fleash kocha, un coffee macha, for a gootes Republican middog essa, un donn

sin all de Grant leit wilkun sich selwer helfa om leekshun dog. Mer hen aw so a helwy notion a wennich pulfer tsu ferbrenna om Mitwoch morya wann amohl de redurns hin sin fun dem Ollygeany, un Chester, un Lenkesher, un selly onnery Republican whoppers. In der Ohio duna se glawb aw leekshun halta om Dinshdog, for ich hab a brief kriekt for-geshter fun mein shwoger, der wu dort net weit fun Canton wohnt, un er sogt dort sin se sheer all gooty Publicans, un das se im sin hen denna gross-meiliche kupperkep amohl rechtshafft shtuft tsu gevva for de werram. Anyhow, desmohl gookts das wann ich amohl uf der shtorrick side bin. Hurrah! Yusht shtick dertsu. De Bevvy lust dich greesa.

PIT SCHWEEFLEBRENNER.

Selected.

N A S B Y.

THE RECEPTION OF THE NEWS OF THE MAINE ELECTION IN KENTUCKY—A MOST JOLLI-FICATION AND A DAMP TIME GENE-RALLY AT THE CORNERS.

POST OFFICE, CONFEDERATE X ROAD (which is in the State of Kentucky.) September 20, 1868.

The glorious news of the Maine election reached the Corners promptly on the fourth day after it occurred. So anxious wuz we to hev the earliest intelligence uv the overthrow uv the Ablish-nists uv the Pine Tree State, that Bascom's mule wuz kept bridled and saddled, Issaker Gavitt's little brother, Jethro, onto him, at Secessionville, the nearest stashun to us, for three days and nites. But ez no tranes stop ther unless ther is a barl uv whisky to roll orf for Bascom, it wuz a long time afore we cood git a paper. That paper wuz finally thrown of to him, and he rode into the Corners wavin it over his hed in triumph. It wuz a *World*, but hed it been a *Tribune* it wud hev made no difference. Ez the precious child can't read, all papers is alike to him.

I opened it in feverish eagerness, and my sole dilated ez I saw the hed lines.

"How is it?" shriekt Dekin Pogam, Elder Pennibacker and Bascom in a breath.

"See them roosters! Observe them hed lines! We hev carried the State uv course!"

"Ror!" shouted the entire assem- blage.

"Three cheers!" sed I, for Maine. The tidal wave of Democracy hez com- menced movin. Maine hez succumbed; let the other States do ez well and Sey-mour is elected. Three cheers for Maine!"

They gave em with a will, and then demanded the partikellers.

"I will read," says I. "Listen."

"We hev the pleasure uv announcing to our readers the most glorious victory ever achieved by the Democracy uv any State."

"Ror!" sung they out altogether.

"Maine hez spoken. The Ablish-nists who expected to carry the State by 23,000 majority at leest, and who hed based their hopes thereupon, hev bin—"

"Ror!"

"Disappointed. After a hard-fought battle, in wich money was yooosed with- out stint, they hev—"

"Ror!"

"CARRIED THE STATE BY ONLY 22,000!"

The vast aujence by this time gath-ered didn't cheer at this. On the contrary, there wuz a most ominous silence perva- din uv em, wich I acknowledge affected me.

"Is this reely and trooly a victory?" askt the Deekin in a husky whisper.

"So the paper sez," returned I.

"How much did they carry the State by last fall?" askt he, bustin into tears.

"Eleven thousand and some odd hun- dreds," replied I, wipin my eyes in a vane attempt to restrane the tears wich started unbidden.

"Ef we keep on gainin at the same rate in Ohio, Injenny and Pennsylvania will it certainly elect Seymore?" askt the blessed old lamb.

"So the *World* sez!" sed I.

"Then lets jollify," sed he and pro- ceeded to do it.

A procession was formed, and a more glorious one it hez never been my lot to ornament. It wuz organized in the fol- lowing order:

1. The Deekin and me with handker- chers at our eyes, weepin perfoosely.

2. Military band, consistin uv one bass drum playin the Ded march in Saul, the performer okkeppin one hand with his handkercher, and the other a holdin up the drum in consequence of the strap be- ing in yood ez a circingle on Bascom's mule.

3. Bascom with a handkercher at his eyes, engaged in calkelatin ef I kep on payin my lickier bill at his bar at the same rate the Democracy hed won victrys in Maine how long he cood stand it if my stumick held out.

4. Elder Pennibacker and Issaker Gavitt, both with handkerchers.

5. Capt. McPelter and Elder Punt, with handkerchers.

6. The populis generally, with hand- kerchers.

7. Joe Bigler and Pollok, the Illinoy storekeeper, arm in arm, without hand- kerchers, and wearin a most disgustin ex- pression uv levity on their countenances.

8. A dozen or more niggers, all with handkerchers—in their pockets—and showin ther ivories furiously.

This cheerful procession reached the church, wich it entered, all the members thereof holdin ther heds down jubilantly, ceptin Pollok, Bigler, and the niggers. We marched slowly up the aisles, I takin the cheer without the formality uv a vote. After settin decorously for perhaps three minits, each with his head bowed in high glee onto the seat afore him, Deekin Pogam arose, and wipin his eyes, remarked that the occasion wuz one uv great exhilarashun; we herd from Maine

(pensive cheers from the aujence), and we hed gathered together to jollify there- over. He moved, therefore, that we jollify, and sot down overcome with his feelins.

Another interval uv three minits elap- sed, wich was spent by the populis in the most exhilaratin meditation with their heads bowed. Elder Pennibacker then arose, and puttin his damp handkercher in his pocket, blithely askt ef it woodent be well to read the votes by counties.

Issaker Gavitt, spreadin his handker- cher on the back uv the seat afore him to dry, and usin his coat-tails in its place, vivaciously observed that it wood height- en the interest uv the occasion ef the sed vote wuz compared with the vote uv the precedin years, and he sat down jubi- lantly, his eyes suffused with tears.

Bascom, with an animashen born uv high hopes, remarkt that the result wud doubtless have an effect upon Ohio and Pennsylvania, at wich the aujence ez wun man, sprightly exclaimed: "God forbid!"

After sitting in cheerful, buoyant silence for perhaps ten minits, Deacon Pogam moved that ez we hed jollified long enuf, perhaps it wud be well to adjourn, at wich the aujence moved with decorous slowness out of the church, and each went to his own home peacefully and without any uv that levity and noisiness wich hez marked other occasions uv the kind. Bascom remembered at a little past ten, ez him, Pogam and me sot in his bar, that we hed forgotten in our excitement to give any cheers for Seymour and Blare, but it wuz too late to git em together agin, and so we let it go.

I notist, however, as I passed Pollock's store, that a party gathered there felt well. Bigler, Pollock, the free niggers uv the Corners, and a parcel of Northern men who have settled on the Run west uv the town, hed gathered together, and ther cheers for Grant, and ther hip, hip, hurrahs for Maine, grated harshly on my feelins. Kin it be that Seymore is to be beaten, after all? Kin it be that in my old age I shal be turned out uv my haven of rest, that Pollock will hev my place, and that the place wich knows me now will shortly know me no more forever? Convulsively kissin the stamp and with a lovin look at the mail bags, I sunk sobbin onto my couch. Thus ended this most auspishus day.

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

How the Old Veterans Talk.

The *Hartford Post* says: "Our Demo- cratic friends have not hesitated to claim the vote of the soldiers for Seymour, absurd as it may appear. Incidents are occurring every day that show how false and slanderous is the charge that the men who fought for the Union have de- serted their great leader to support a Rebel sympathizer. There was one such at the reunion of the 10th Connecticut at Savin Rock, Wednesday afternoon. About 75 officers and men were present. After dinner several of them were com- pelled to leave. Among them was Lieut. Frank Otis, who lost an arm in one of the last engagements of the war. As he opened the door, he turned and wished to say good bye to his old comrades. 'I do not know,' said he 'but I have a curi- osity to know how the old 10th feels polit- ically.' He then called for a standing vote, when every man rose and voted for Ulysses S. Grant. When the unanimity appeared, there was an exciting demon- stration, in which cheer upon cheer was given for Grant and Colfax. 'It's the same old fight,' said Otis, as he waved his empty sleeve, for the good cause."

Andersonville.

Out of 44,882 Union soldiers confined in the Andersonville prison 12,303 died from sickness and starvation in one year. This is more than one thousand per month; over 250 per week; over 35 per day. Think of it. This is a greater number than was lost by the British gov- ernment in its Crimean campaign. And yet we are asked to sustain the inhuman wretches who did this work, by voting for Seymour and Blair.

"I have just met your old acquaint- ance, Daly," said an Irishman to his friend, "and was sorry to see he has shrunk away to nothing. You are thin, and I am thin, but he is thinner than both of us put together."



GEN. W. W. IRWIN,

STATE TREASURER OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Spicy Dialogue.

The *Augusta Republican* is responsible for the following:

A day or two since a somewhat retired local Democratic politician stopped an old colored man, formerly his servant, when the following dialogue occurred:

Democrat—Uncle Billy, what have you agin me? Was I not always kind to you?

Uncle Billy—I've nothing agin you. Ob course, you was allers good to me.

Democrat—Then why don't you vote with me?

Uncle Billy—(Scratching his head.) Mr. — what you got agin me? Weren't I allers a faithful servant?

Democrat—Why, Billy, I have nothing in the world agin you. I am your friend.

Uncle Billy—Then why don't you vote with me?

"WHY is it, John," asked a lady of one of a primary class in botany, "that the flower of a daisy is always on the top of a stalk looking up?"

"I can't tell," was the decisive an- swer.

"Next?" said the teacher.

"I don't know," replied the second.

"I guess I've got it," said an urchin at the foot of the class.

"Well, what do you say, Ralph?"

"I think," said the boy, looking down upon the floor, "it's for the same reason that the school-marm's waterfall is always on the top of a stalk looking up—'cause it's the fashion."

A witness in court who had been cau- tioned to give a precise answer to every question, and not to talk about what he might think the question meant, was in- terrogated as follows:

"You drive a wagon?"

"No, sir I do not."

"Why, man, did you not tell my learn- ed friend so this moment?"

"Now, sir, I put it to you on your oath, do you not drive a wagon?"

"No, sir."

"What is your occupation, then?"

"I drive a horse, sir."

Our Little Jokes.

When lovely woman stoops to frolic, And runs the ruse, alas! too late, What balin shall soothe her meloncolic? What art shall set her back up straight?

The only thing for her disaster—

The only way her woe to end—

Is to apply a mustard plaster:

If she won't do it, let her bend.

An eminent artist lately painted a snow-storm so naturally that he caught a bad cold by sitting too near it with his coat off.

—What length ought a lady's crinoline to be? A little above two feet.

—ARAGO once confidently announced that a big comet that was approaching the earth would not destroy it. "How do you know?" he was asked. "I don't know," he replied, "but in either case I am safe. If it does not knock the world to pieces, I shall be considered a prophet; if it does, they can't blow me up in the newspapers."

—A young man of great gallantry re- cently rescued a beautiful woman who was in danger of drowning. She stood in high tied shoes, surrounded by forty springs under a watered silk, with a ca- taract in her eye, a waterfall on the back of her head, and a notion in her brain.

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

—Excited Frenchman at Niagara Falls: "Ah! dis is de grand spectakel! Sub- barb! Magnifique! By gar! he is come down first-rate!"

—The following is probably the worst conundrum ever perpetrated: Why is a dog's tail like an old man? Because it is in-firm.

—Josh Billings says: "If you trade with a Yankee steal his jackknife; for if he gets tew whittling, you are gone in spite of thunder."

—Mrs. Persimmons regards with con- cern the increase of the cattle plague; and sympathetically wonders if her hus- band will escape it.

—A Philadelphia policeman found a fast youth of twenty-one steadyin him- self against a lamp-post the other even- ing, and, on asking him what he was do- ing, the happy man replied: "Sir—I (hic) I'm don't you know, son nig'ramus I'm prac'ising the Grecian bend, I am."

—"My Son," said an anxious father once, "what makes you use that nasty tobacco?" Now the son was a very lit- eral sort of person, and, declining to con- sider the question in the spirit in which it was asked, replied, "To get the juice, old codger."

—PRINTERS'DEVILS' are generally great ladies men, notwithstanding they have a very hard name. Some time ago, one of these hard named fellows and his lady love were taking a stroll, and as they were walking along, chatting briskly upon the numerous questions of the day, she suddenly caught his hand and look- ing smilingly in his face, asked: "Do you know why I cannot get religion?" "No, my dear, I do not?" "It is be- cause I love the devil!"

—A poor emaciated Irishman having called a physician in forlorn hope, the latter spread a large mustard plaster, and immediately clapped it on the poor fel- low's lean breast. Pat, who, with tear- ful eye looked down on it, said: "Docther, it strikes me it's a dale of mustard for so little mate."

—A German out west being required to give a receipt in full, produced the following, after much mental effort:—"Ish full. I wants no more monish. John Swakhammer."

—A little girl of three years old was saying her prayers not long since, when her little brother, about four years old, came shyly up behind and pulled her hair. Without moving her head she paused, and said: "Please, Lord, excuse me a minute, while I lick Herby."

—The Louisville *Journal* ungallantly says that woman, with all her beauty and worth, should remember that man was the chief matter considered at the crea- tion. She was only a side issue.

—"Hullo, Steward," exclaimed a fel- low in a steamboat, after he had retired to his bed. "What is it massa?" "Bring me the boat register." "What for massa?" "I want to see if these bed- bugs put their names down for this berth before I did mine. If they didn't, I want them turned out."

—Boy what is your father doing to- day? Well, I s'pose he's failin. I hern him tell mother yesterday, to go round to all the shops an get trusted all she could—an do it right off, too,—for he'd got everything ready to fail up to noth- ing, cepin' that.

—At Dieppe, in France, the following notice has been issued by the police: "The bathing police are requested, when a lady is in danger of drowning, to seize her by the dress, and not by the hair, which oftentimes remains in their grasp. Newfoundland dogs will govern them- selves accordingly."

—"If you can't keep awake without," said a preacher to one of his hearers, "when you feel drowsy, why don't you take a pinch of snuff?" "I think" was the shrewd reply, "the snuff should be put in the sermon."

—An exchange says: "A girl in Top- ham, M., died from her heart turning to sugar. Our devil says this must be a mis- take, for he knows a girl who, if sweet- ness is fatal to mortality, could not live a minute."

—Does the dentist kiss you when he pulls your teeth, pa?" "No, my son, why?" "Oh, nothing, only he kissed ma, and she said it took the ache all away; and I guess it did, for she laughed all the way home."

—AN old lady on hearing of a pedes- train's "great feat" wondered why they did not interfere with his fast walking.

—The love of a cross woman, it is said, is stronger than the love of any other female individual. Like vinegar, the affections of a high-strung woman never spoil.

—To quiet a crying baby, prop it up with pillows if it can not sit alone, and smear its fingers with thick molasses; then put half a dozen feathers into its hands, and it will sit and pick the feath- ers from one hand to the other until it falls asleep. As soon as it wakes again—more molasses and feathers.

[By our Special Artist.]



A West Ward Conservative as he ap- peared in the Copper-head Procession.