

Pennsylvanisch Deutsch.



Brief vom Schwefflebreuner.

SCHIFFLETOWN, der 19ta Uckdover, '08.

MISTER FODDER ABRAHAM DRUCKER
—Dear Sir—Sidder das ich an freier mon bin, un a true blue Republican, sin de Schiffletowner demokrata mer about shpitedful genunk mich doat tsu macha, un geshter hab ich amohl an ordlich horter round shtanda missa, un awer ich bin ewva widder ahead fun ehna, for ich kann der sauga, es nemmt a monn mich tsu handla wanns amohl on de rough-un-tumble bisness geht. Un now will ich ders exactly shreiva we's war.

We ich de shrose nuf bin for my shtiffle flicka lussa, dort beim Bill Solaklupper, un yusht we ich dort om Sam Dinkop sein schmied shop ferbei bin, is der Joe Muckatfiggle un der George Senawetzer grawd geaya mich kumma, un donn hut der George g'sawt:

"Well, Pit, wu nous?"
"Ei, ich bin uf 'em weg nuf tsum Solaklupper for my shtiffle flicka lussa," hab ich g'sawt.

"Now, Pit," secht er, "we des dumers uns wedders kummts donn das du des schwartz'publican dickot gevote husht om letshta Dinshdog?"

"Ei, weil ich nix meh mit a party tsu du hawa will we eire, wu mer my watch g'shtola hen we ich dort in Nei Yorrick uf der Seimoyers Kuvvenshun war."

"Kumun, Pit," secht der George, "sog sell niminy, for wann du dusht donn gebts rupps."

"Awer es is wuhr, un des is now a freies lond," hab ich g'sawt, "un ich sog de wohrat yusht grawd so uft das ich will. Du kannst mich anyhow net obshrecka."

"Awer du sagsht de demokrata hetta der di watch g'shtola, un sell kunsidder ich an insult uf mich, for ich bin a demokrat un bleib aw ehn so long ich leab."

"Yah, awer sell konn ich now net helfa we du's kunsidderst, for ich sogs now un olly mohl das de demokrata hen mer my watch g'shtola."

"Donn heasht mich a watcha deeb," secht der George.

"Well, nay, ich du net," hab ich g'sawt, "un awer wann du a demokrat bist, un gehst ni for soddiche wu ehn si watcha shtela, donn mogst dich meind weaya aw an watcha deeb kunsiddera. Anyhow, mit so a party will ich now gor nix meh ten du hawa."

"Well, donn deatsht mich yusht so goot aw an watcha deeb heasa."

"Well," sog ich, "wann du es donn absolut so hawa wit, donn geb ich nix drum. Ich deht deer anyhow aw net weider draua das ich an bull om shwanzt shneisa kent."

"Now, Pit," secht er, "geb acht was du sogsht, for wann du mich a deeb heasht, donn mach ich dich's aw prooffa in der law."

"Well," sog ich, "ich geb net meh um dich das enlicher onnerer monn, un weil du now so orrig particular bist, sog ich der ins g'sicht nei das du mer drei dahler un a holwer g'shtola husht, sellamohls we mer poker g'shpielt hen dort ons Kitzelderfer's, we se selly gross sow rouse g'husselt hen."

"Wann du sell sogsht bist an ligner," secht der George.

"Heas mich ken ligner," hab ich g'sawt.

"Du bist a ferfonter ligner," secht der George.

"Un du bist an deeb un a meener ferloadelter kupperkeppicher demokrat," hab ich g'sawt.

"Heas mich ken deeb," secht der George.

"Du bist an deeb," sog ich, "un keh monn wann's aw nemsht."

We ich sell g'sawt hab, donn hut der Joe Muckatfiggle aw sei gross maul nei g'henkt, un sogt, secht er, "George, sell deht ich awer now net awnemma." Un donn hut der George sei ruck ons, un in de hend g'shpout un sogt, "now by de rushtus krualtus, luss mich amohl on ehn—den Pit konn ich k'noatcha in wenicher das drei minnuta."

We er sell g'sawt hut, hab ich awer amohl my shtiffle gedropt un in de feisht g'shlaywa, un sog, "yusht kumma on, du ferfonter kupperkeppicher deeb

du—yusht kumma on, for wanns ons k'noatcha geht, donn is der Pit Schwefflebreuner aw um de weg."

Donn is der Mose Henkerbach aw der tsu kumma, un grawd tsowisa uns nei, yusht we ich g'shpont hob g'hat for 'em George amohl so an sockdolager uf si linkes aug tsu gevva. Awer we er g'sch hut das der Henkerbach mich net on ehn g'lust hut, donn hetsht ehn awer amohl heara sella kreisha un flucha iwer mich! Awer er hut goot acht gevva das er ous der range fun meina finf fingeriche tsuwivella geblyva is. Un der Joe der hut donn aw so holwer gedu das wann er mich fehta wet, un awer we ich ehm g'sawt hab das mit ehm wers mer gor net derwaert aw tsu fonga, for de Bevvy, sog ich, hut dich yoh geleddert doh fergonga bis du geblert husht we a drei wochich bulla kalp.

We ich ehm fun sellam g'sawt hab, hut er awer sei maul g'halta. Un der George, nochdem das er recht ons gedoat war, is donn aw ob un ons Kitzelderfer's nei, un dort hut er uf course a drunk nine-shtrike g'numma uf borrieks, un ich hab donn aw my shtiffle widder uf gepickt un bin ob un nuf tsum Solaklupper for se flicka lussa.

We ich uf 'em heam weg war, donn is mer der Jake Hulderbach so noch geluffa kumma, un we mer uns eck rum sin, secht der Jake:

"Well, Pit, du un der George hend so an ordlicher hullabaloo g'hat mitnonner."
"Yah," hab ich g'sawt, "er mus ned denka das er mich uf so a weg ob bluffa konn."

"Ich mus sauga," secht der Jake, "das du recht husht g'hat, for ich war dort un schmied shop, un hab alles g'sch in g'heert."

Now, fershtay, der Jake is aw a demokrat, un we er mer recht gevva hut, hab ich mich ordlich ferwunnert iwer ehn, for ehra rule is als for common tsonna tsu shticka.

Donn hab ich g'sawt, "Yah, Jake, now shwetsht we an ehrlicher monn, for ich wehs das ich recht hab uf meiner side."

We mer on unser house kumma sin, hab ich der Jake g'froked eb er net mit mer ni geh wet, un er wars agreed; un donn sin mer mitnonner in de kich, weil ken fire in der fuddera shtooob war; un we mer om ufta g'huckt hen, donn hen mer awfonga fun weaya politics tsu shwetza, un du kannst denka das ich mich ferwunnert hab we der Jake mer g'sawt hut das er so a halvy notion het aw noch for der Grant tsu vota un unser party tsu joina. Donn is de Bevvy awer amohl hinnich ehn, un hut ehn alles explained we de sacha sin. Se hut ehm aw g'sawt das "der Pit, (sell is mich du weasht,) wer yetz gons an onnerer monn sidder er de demokratish party ferlussa hut. We er noch a demokrat war," secht se, "hut der Pit, (mich hut se gemeint), als all si geld fersuffa dort ons Kitzelderfer's, un awer yetz," secht se, "gook amohl doh," un kriekt ehra pocket buch rous un weist ehm drei un sivrattich dahler in louder greenbacks, "un doh kannst sehna," secht se, "is es aw derwaert das a monn sich dreht fun der loafers' party, un shaftt sich unnich deenty leit."

Donn hab ich 'em Jake aw all de particulars explained fun weaya we se mer my watch g'shtola hen; un we er fort is, hut er fersprocha das wann er heam geht donn wet er amohl mit seiner alty shwetza, un wann se ken fuss macht derweaya, don wet er aw for der Grant vota.

We er tsu der deer drous war, hut de Bevvy g'sawt "Der Jake is all right."
"Yah," sog ich, "according tsu was er sogt, kummts ewva so a wennich uf si alty aw."

"Drum sog ich," secht de Bevvy, "er is all right, for si fraw hut mer doh der onner dog selwer g'sawt se winsht ehra Jake deht aw de ferlumpty demokrata ferlussa we du husht, un donn deht er aw noch an decenter gentlemonn waerra we mein Pit."

"Well," sog ich, "dennoch is si fraw an sounder Republican."
"Uf course is se, un ufow waersht aw seh das der Jake rum kummt un for der Grant vote," secht de Bevvy.

Un now, bis morya oder iwer morya war ich wohl wissa for sure we der Jake geht, un donn will ich dich es aw wissa lussa.

PIT SCHWEFFLEBRENNER.

SHOENECK, Uckdover 18ta, 1868.

FODDER ABRAHAM—Dear Sir: Now nusht mer aw amohl a brief in di roushliche un bully gooty tseitang nei drucka. De Kangaroo rebels sin shtorrick ousgetorn'd, awer net gous genunk for uns tsu beeta on Dinshdog. We se ehra procession deh g'hat hen, sin se awkumma mit ma grossa hoy wayua, un om ower end fum shtedde hen se de foor awgebunna dort dicht om shool house wu der Lewy Weasht shool halt, un donn sin se in de ranks g'shtept we brawfy soldahta. Der Col. Dicksock, wu about a mille fun Reinholdsville un ser nulle fun Fritzwon



COL. FRANK JORDAN, SECRETARY OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA.

woont, hut der procession geload, un der eh beanich Aby is in de ranks gemarch'd mita drom buttle im sock, un er war uf course gekawft. Ehner war forna draw mit a drom buttle in der hond, un uf seller weg der procession noch geluckt. A dohl hen aw rings mit bluma un der hols henka g'hat, un uf den weg sin se uf gemarch'd ons ballot-box loch, un hen ehra dickets ni g'showa un hurrah'd for de leit wu der dox betzahla. Awer alles war for nix. Der Schwamm kann net alsfort ahead si. Der Hartranft un Campbell sin om ionga end rous kumma, mit acht un twansich majority doh in West Cocalico, un ich contend das mer entitled sin tsum flag. De Kupperkep sin anyhow amohl dorrich un dorrich loxiert warra, un negsht mohl gevva mer ehna nochaohl shtuff for de werram.

BROATWUERSIT.

[FOR "FATHER ABRAHAM."]
From Shiremanstown.

JENTEL REDER:
You & i air mortals, least ways, i am, & i persoon to sa you air. The fact is, most evry buddy is mortal, & sum is mortal big fool.

This reflexyon cum upon me a fu daze agow, as i wuz visitin my gran parients, (desidudley thu best frens i hav) hu rezide not fur off. The won of the mail purwashun hez lost moust ov hiz teth, so that he no moare takes delite in knawen grene korn off the ere, but cuts it off with a nife. He wuz wunst ez yung & boyaut as enny buddy, but he ant wun hufe as yung as he ust to wuz an evry fu daze he gits older.

Hiz wife (hiz wife wuz my gran muther) is about as oald as he is, and its a good thing she is, becuz she wuz a yung gurl wen he married her, and if she hed staid yung wile he groad ole, thar wooden't be no afnity atween them.

But as it is, thay both bein old, makes it about even. So that thayre about as nigh a match as enny pare of kattle you will find in the same yoke. My granfather thinks the ole fashuns is the best, so he talks hiz t without shoogar, an sez shanghigh chickens is a noosence, and watter folls on the gurls heds is a iven-shun ov the devile. But the wust feuchure i see about the ole man is he's a dimykrat. He sez the laws izzent as good as thay used to wuz, fur wen he wuz a boy, you cud git awl the appels you wanted fur a shillin a booshel, an now you kant get a duzzen fur that. He's a leetle sot onto hiz waze, and kant be injooced to beleve enny buddy kin make as good a precedent ez jennrel jaczun, an evry five yeers he wotes fur him. He noze (thru sum mejum) that Seemore wants hiz vote this fall. He sez Seemore i node wen a boy, and i never node enny thing good about him. He wuzzent as good a boy as he mite hev been wen he wuz yung. He cud bete enny buddy lyn i ever seed, i remember (sez that venerable man) a small nanackdoat wich i will relate just hear: about that kompanyun ov my boyhood daze, and enny boy hu phooled his dadday as that boy did is mean enuf to—not be Prezident. Hiz dadday hed a pease of corn growin sum waze from the hous, an promised yung Horasho three cents a day ef hed kepe the croze off. So he went and stud on a stump ol day, holdin hiz arms out, and the ole man wuz much pleezed with his fighdellity, an after that day he stuck sum old cloze on a stick on the stump, an then went an hunted burds nests, an tho he didnt phool the croze enny, he did hiz dadday, an got hiz 3 sents a da.

STEVE HAINS M D
wich the m d it stans fur mool driver

An exchange says that one hundred Hoosiers in Chicago, who were Democrats up to the nomination of Seymour and Blair by the New York Convention, have come out for Grant and Colfax, and joined the Tanner Clubs.

PREZIDENT JOHNSON fixes and sets apart Thursday, November 26, as a day of national thanksgiving. By that time the nation will have Grant and Peace, and a thankful people will attest their gratitude.

Our Little Jokes.

—"Sam, why don't you talk to your massa, and tell him to lay up treasure in heaven?" "What for? What de use of him layin' up treasures dar, when he neber get dar to enjoy dem?"

—A New York tradesman having three customers, a father and two sons by the name of Wheeler, and fearing a confusion of accounts from their different orders, solved his difficulty by styling the stern parent "Stern Wheeler," the eldest son "Side Wheeler," the youngest, rather a fast youth, "Propeller."

—A sensitive fast young lady in Chicago, we think, called an officer to scare away a curtailed poodle, that was using only two of his legs on the street. The officer asked her "wherefore, why," etc., she said the ugly little thing was mocking her. She had a chronic attack of the Grecian bend.

—A wag at a hotel recently ordered eleven beds for his own exclusive use, because he had been eleven nights without decent sleep, and wanted to make up the loss!

—ONE of the deacons of a certain church, asked the bishop if he usually kissed the bride at weddings. "Always," was the reply. "And how do you manage when the happy pair are negroes?" was the deacons next question. "In all such cases," replied the Bishop, "the duty of kissing is appointed to the deacon."

—REV. DR. BOND, of Baltimore, reports that when in Boston he went to church where he "heard music which made him wonder how he got in without a ticket."

—"How is your husband this afternoon, Mrs. Quiggs?" "Why, the doctor says as how if he lives till mornin' he shall have some hopes of him, but if he don't he must give him up."

—"It is said that the Englishmen in Canada patriotically avoid placing green spectacles on their noses, lest it be construed into hoisting 'the green above the red.'"

—"TOBY, what did the Israelites do when they crossed the Red Sea?" "I dunno, but I gueth they dried themselves."

—GENTLEMAN (to boatman)—You must often, I should think, get wet, do you not? Artless boatman—Yes, yer honor, we does get werry wet indeed; but I am werry dry just no yer honor and no mis take.

—"IN reply to the compliment, 'I'd give the world for her fingers,' said by a gentleman in the hearing of a brilliant lady pianist, of Great Barrington, Mass., she retorted, 'You may have the whole hand for your own.'"

—"ARE you fond of Hogg's Tales?" asked a city lady of her country lover. "Yes I like them roasted, with salt on them," was the response. "No I mean have you read Hogg's Tales?" "No, our hogs are white and black. I don't think there's a red one among them."

—"EVERYTHING has its use," said a philosophical professor to his class. "Of what use is a drunkard's fiery red nose?" asked one of the pupils. "Its like a lighthouse," answered the professor, "to warn us of the little water that passes underneath it, and reminds us of the shoals of appetite on which we might otherwise be wrecked."

—"NEVER chase your hat when it blows off in a gale of wind; just stand still and you will presently see half-a-dozen persons in pursuit of it. When one has captured it, walk leisurely toward him, receive it with grateful acknowledgment and place it on your head; he will invariably act as if you had done him a favor. Try it."

—A worthy deacon, in a town somewhere in North America, gave notice at a prayer meeting, the other night, of a church meeting that was to be held immediately after, and unconsciously added: "There is no objection to the female brethren remaining!" This was equaled by a clergyman who told, in his sermon last Sunday, of a very affecting scene, where "there wasn't a dry tear in the house."

—"Wonder what makes papa tell such stories," said a youngster, "about hiding the schoolmaster's rattan when he went to school, and about his running away from the schoolmistress when she was going to whip him; then shut me up all day in the dark room because I tried just once to be as smart as he was?"

Selected.

John Brown.

At the lonely log cabin where we spent the night in the winter of 1857-8, old John Brown, with twelve fugitive slaves whom he was conducting to Canada, had waited four days for the creek to fall. Stephens and Whipple were his only white companions. Six men from Leecompton came prowling suspiciously about, when Stephens went out and asked:

"What are you looking for?"
"Six fugitive slaves."
"Well, gentlemen, we have not your negroes, but we have twelve others up at the house. Come and see them."

This invitation was accompanied by the click of his cocking rifle. The Leecomptonites were armed to the teeth, but five wheeled their horses and fled, while the sixth at whom the rifle was pointed, tremblingly remained. Stephens made him dismount, give up his arms, and follow him to the dwelling.

"Mr Brown, this man came here hunting negroes, do what you please with him."

After searching him for concealed weapons, Brown took a rope from his pocket, tied the prisoner's hands and feet, and then requested him to take a seat. He kept him confined four days, reasoning with him about slavery and the wickedness of negro-hunting. When set at liberty, the discomfited foe seemed thoroughly converted, and manifested genuine regard for the wonderful old man.

Here came the United States Marshal with a posse of thirty, to arrest Brown's party. The three dauntless pilots waited at the windows with leveled rifles to receive them, and Stephens called out cheerfully.

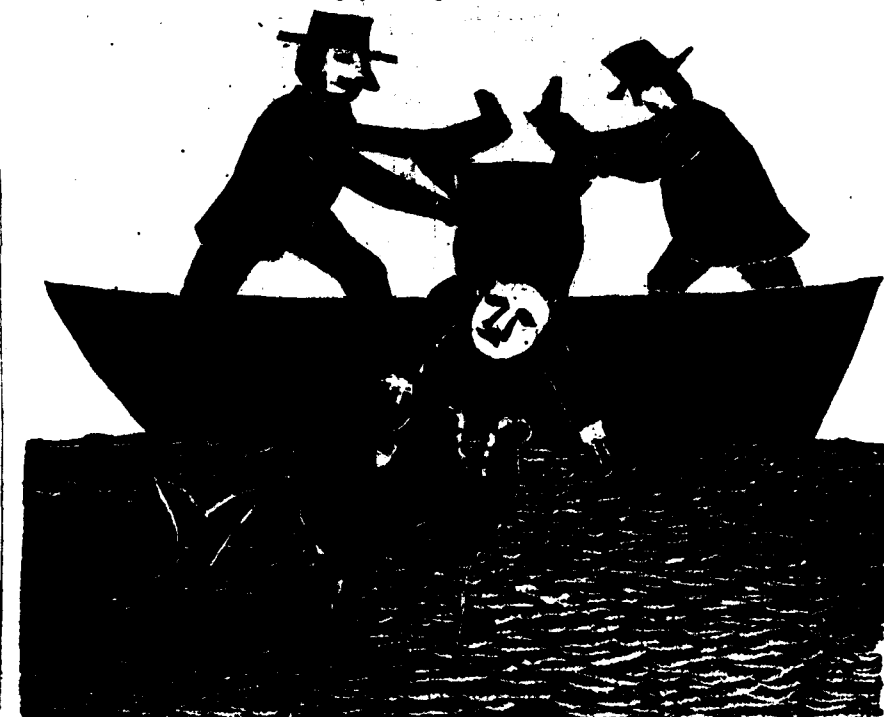
"Come on gentlemen, we are ready whenever you are."

Their proverbial daring was as terrible as an army with banners. The negro-hunters were fully persuaded that dwellings, out-buildings and hay-lofts swarmed with fighting men. So they left without firing a shot; and when the creek fell, the negroes continued on unmolested toward the North star.—Beyond the Mississippi.

If you vote for Seymour, you vote for General Preston, a bitter rebel, one of the men who went to Europe especially to get England and France to take part in the war.

If you vote for Seymour, you vote for Governor Vance who told his rebel troops to "pile hell so full of Yankees that their feet will stick out of the windows."

[By our Special Artist.]



THE MODERN JONAH.

The N. Y. World and the National Intelligencer casting Seymour overboard to be swallowed by the great Political Whale!