

Pennsylvanisch Deitsch.



Brief fun Schwefelbrenner.

SCHLIFLETOWN, der 19ta Uekdober, '68. METER FODDER ABRAHAM DRUCKER —Beer Sur: De letscht woch hut de Bevy so an English shtickt in eier Tseitung geleasa, un se hut mers uf deitch ous gelegt, das der a brief krickt hend fun Ludwig Dengelshtock, um mich direct, un das der ehn de woch drucka wellet, un weil ich ehn gor net bekannt bin duts mich doch yets wunna was for a ding das er is—eb er an Seimoyer's monn is, oder eb er for der Grant geht, we ich un de Bevy. Un weil der ferleicht net platz genunk hend in eier Tseitung for uns all tsu accommodata de woch, will ich meins kortz macha des mohl.

Forgeshter is der Jake Halderbach widder tsu uns kumma, un der besht Grant monn is er yetz in gons Schliffetown. Ich un de Bevy un der Jake hen alles fun dem politik weasa ivver g'shwetzt, un sin tsu der conclusion kumma der John Winkeleisa aw noch rivver kreeya. Unser plaw is ehn eilawidmit uns in de kerrich tsu geh om negshta Sundog, un donn er un der Jake un em Jake si fraw bei uns tsu middog essa, un donn, wann mer om essa sin wella mer awfonga shwetta fun Seimoyer un fun Grant, un donn sog ich ehn aw alles fun weaya we de demokrata mer my watch g'shtola hen dort in Nei Yorrick we ich uf der convention war; donn soll de Bevy amohl hinlich ehn, un donn ferluss dich druf, se fetcht ehn aw.

Mer hen aw yetz ous gemacht das noch dem das der Grant amohl geleckt is du ich rouse kumma for Posht Meachter fun Schliffetown, un der Jake behaupt ich kann's emtyl aw kreeya, un now kumm ich aw rouse derfore. Awer net das mers geht we em alta Seimoyer—rouse kumma for drous bleiva, awer rouse kumm un ins omt nei tsu geh—sell is my shtyle. Anyhow, ich huff der signed aw my pit-tischen, for ich kaans emtyl so goot be-deena das der besht demokrat in shted-dle, un wann ich de nawma uf de breefa net leasa kann donn muss evva de Bevy draw, for se konn geh so goot das en-licher onnerer monn.

Om Dinshdog duna mer unser beshts doh. De demokratisch majority kenna mer anyhow runner bringa uf achtsea, un wann mer der John Winkeleisa aw noch rivver kreeya, we ich inspheet das mer duhn, donn duna mer als noch besser. Awer, for sellam Ludwig Dingshtock platz macha sog ich, no more at present. PIT SCHWEFELBRENNER.

Ludwig Dengelshtock on der Pit Schwefelbrenner. SEIMOYERSHEDDLE, Yorrick Co., Uekdober der drei un tswanzigsht, 1868.

LEEVER PIT:—Ich seh du shreibst olly woch so a breefly in der FODDER ABRAHAM fun weaya politics un deiner fraw, de Bevy, un aw fun weaya we de demokrata der dei watch g'shtola hen uf der Nei Yorrick konvention. Seller brief weaya sellam kupperkup we er der demokratisch Seimoyers flatform ousegelegt hut, un we de United States Benner betzahlt wera setta mit green bags, war yusht about first rate, un der weg we du's ehn unner de ribba g'shussa husht fun weaya we du ehn selly note betzahla wetst according tsu dem demokratisch flat-form wars besht ding das ich for a longy tsait geleasa hab, un lacha hab ich missa derweaya das ich bauch-wea krickt hab, un donn awer is mers lacha fergonga. Un we ich es der Sus geleasa hab—so war noch net foertich nacht essa —un hut em Jake Suppaleffia, yusht cof fay eishenka wella, un awer se hut so orrick lachaa missa das ehra de coffay kon mit somt em coffay ous der hond g'falla is un all ivvers weis dish-duch fer-shitt bis der heas coffay driver nunner gebuffa is un im Take si shu ni un hut ehn de hout fun knechel gobreed. Hail Gollumby was is awer der Jake uf get-shumpt! Awer, genunk fun sellam for dezmohl.

De Sus hut g'sawt ich set dich froga eb du denkst doh hivva in Yorrick county kets keh so gooty shorya das we drivva we du woonst in Schliffetown, un se war orrig on mer das ich on dich akhsht un der sog fun ehner doh bi ans. Well, doh

war der alt Mordy Hinkletsaw—er hut al-fort de demokratisch dicket gevote. un ich aw, bis de Sas mich convinced hut das ebbas letz is mit unser party un das unser kerkis nimmy ehrlich sin. Awer we se g'funna hen das der alt Mordy so a bissel wacklich warra is, hen se conclude ehn a bissel ebbas tsu shlecka gevva. Donn hen de Court House ratta so unner nouner gemacht das er a paar mohl uf de Jury kumma is. Awer sell hut ehn net g'satisfied, for es war ehn net ums omt, awer so we er meer meh das amohl g'sawt hut, er is gonga for brincible, un wann er shun awram is, se solla ken norr fun ehn macha. Well, donn is der rode Bill Enkeidel amohl on ehn un hut broweert ehn tsu forgelshtera fun weaya de neayer—ehh glawa macha das wann der Grant ni kummt donn deata se all unuich de weise nei heira, un unfonga tsu vota. "Well," sagt der Mordy, "wann se dox betzahla, un missa fechta fors lond, setta se aw vota, provided se vota ehrlich un yeader yusht eh mohl, un net drei un feer mohl we selly demokratisch Eirische es macha mit ehra falsly bobbeera dort in Fildelfy, un wanns ons heira geht," secht der Mordy, "bin ich derfore das yeadas geht according tsu seim obbadit. De fact is, de helft fun der neager doh in Seimoyershteddle sin uf der demokratisch side un in der freindschaft mit de leading demokrata. Ehn fun de demokratische weise med hut a neager g'heiert, un ich hab ken doubt das es ehra net goot g'shmackt hut we se ehn g'numma hut, for sunst het se's net gedu. Anyhow," secht der Mordy, ich vote for der Grant, un doh mogs now geh we's will.

Du hetsht awer doh si sella om morya noch der leekshun, for de kronky kupper-kep tsu sehna. Se hen geguckt das wann a yeadas fun ehna redy g'west war sich tsu ferkaufa fer an ous gekowter chaw-duwock, un se sin aw alleweil noh net driver.

Now heasts aw das se wella de Seimoyer un Blair four ous shpanna. Awer suppose se duna sell, was d'no? De fact is, Pit, de soup was se in Nei Yorrick gekocht fen sellamohl we se der di watch g'shtola hen, missa se aw yetz fressa, un de demokratisch party is ous g'shpielt un so dote das de Sowderoncomferdese, (Wann du sell wart net ferstaysht donn luss de Bevy draw un ders explaina.)

LUDWIG DENGLESHTOCK. P. S. Wann du miglech kaansht, donn geh aw uf de Presidenta leekshun, un du di vote ni. Votes gons dicket uf amohl. Vote uff. Vote de gons tsait. Vote free moryats. Vote owats. Vote a paar mohl tsowisha ni. Vote we de demokrata vota in Kodorus —bis mer genunk hen L. D.

Fan Lodwærkshteddle.

LODWÆRSHTEDDLE, Oct. 24, 1868. FODDER ABRAHAM:—Mer hen horyt tseita doh alleweil, abborchich sidder der leekshun, for ich bin ehms fun de un-glickliche demokrata was de gripes so orrig hen alleweil. Es gookt yetz aw das wann unwer party om tsonna falla wier. Ich deat net yusht so feel drum geva, un awer de Kotarina, my alty, for se is aw uf der Republican side, lacht mich als so orrig ous, un behaupt das es besht ding das ich du kent war nich aw niver uf de Republican side shaffa un for der Grant tsu vota. De Katarina war shun a Republican we ich se g'hiert hab, un se behaupt der wonn leabt net we se draya kann.

Now, wanns net wer das de demokrata mer so an emtyl fershpocha hetta donn het ich selwers republican dicket gevote, un der weg we's yetz gookt kenna se mers doch net gevva, weil ehna alles fer-lorra geht, un now hab ich a notion der Katarina ehra rote nemma un grawd rous kumma for der Grant, un wann ich du donn kumma aw noch feel mehmer. Awer du musht now nix sauga derfu, sunst duna se mich aw a torn-coat heasa. Ich hab im sinn es tsu do so a wennich uf 'em shly

NICHOLAS BAUCHTSUVER.

—A wild boy who followed the tow-path as a profession, once visited a plous uncle in the city. At dinner, without waiting for ceremony, he attacked the nearest dish. Thereupon the uncle in a deprecatory tone said: "John, we're in the habit of saying something before we eat." And John, talking with his mouth full, and having in mind the usual jokes they have on the canal boat, replied: "Go ahead! you can't turn my stomach."

—Henrietta," said a lady to her new girl, "when there's bad news, particularly private afflictions, always let the boarders know it before dinner. It may seem strange to you, Henrietta, but such things make a great difference in the eating in the course of a year."

—A Bridget applied to the family of a citizen up town yesterday, with her clothes dripping like a water spout. On being interrogated as to her condition, she said she understood the lady of the house wanted a wet nurse, and she had come ready for service.



COL. JAMES P. WICKERSHAM, STATE SUPERINTENDENT OF COMMON SCHOOLS.

Selected.

A Dimmykratic Protest.

BY DENNIS O'FLAHERTY.

Its ruined we are wid taxashin, The likes ov it nivr wuz known; The load that is piled upon us Wud squash out the heart ov a stone, Yez may talk about fraydum and justice, The price of the Union, an' that, But the price that is axed for six thrilles Is too high for a good Dimmykrat.

What's the wurth of the Union wlm whisky Is taxed wid a shillin' a quart? Can a Government be one of fraydum When you've got to pay out money for't? To be sure, fur ayquid taxashin Its a Dimmykrat's duty to bawl, But meself thinks its mity unpropur 'To be Dimmykrats taxin' at all.

Is the Government wun of our choosin'? Don't illeekshun returns ansir No? Is Congress that piles on the taxes, Any more than a Radikal show? Hev we got our fair share ov ploundher? —An' the whole is all that we ax— Thin why shud a Radikle Congress Upon Dimmykrats levy a tax?

"It's the war," is the Radikle ansir, "It's the war that brought on the expense." That's a fact that I'll not be disputin', But what Radikle dares make praytise That Dimmykrats wanted the finin' Faix, the Radikles all of 'em know When the South packed their trunks to thravel, We would them, "God bless yez, an go."

Did Vallandigham vote to buy powder To kill Dimmykrat frinds in the South? Did Pendleton spake for coersion, Or Saymour wid war fill his mouth? Did they shware that by traitors an' rebels The Union shud nivr be split, Though it tuk ivry man an' aych dollar To maintain it?—Divil a bit!

Whin our Southern frinds got mad in ainist An' blazed away at the flag, Did the Dimmykrat chiefs saze their soorls thin An' rush to defend the ould rag? Did we drop our picks an' our shovils An' run to inlisch, ivry man, To fight for the Union an' fraydum An' gloory? Divil a man!

'Twas finin' an' marchin' we did tho', But not ov the Radikle kind; While in front the soulters wuz finin' We wuz doin' our finin' behind. As fur marchin'! Set a draaft wheel a turnin' An' we'd thraval away double quick, When a Dimmykrat patriot wuz draafted He'd for Canady shrait cut his shtick.

'Ginst our Southern Dimmykrat braydthin' 'Twas Radikle soulters that fought, An they killed Southern Dimmykrat voters Wid Radikle powder an' shot. 'Twas Radikle did most the finin' An' fired the money away, But now they put taxes on whisky An' the Dimmykrats have it to pay.

That the wuns what did all the mischief Should pay for't, is sartly sinse; An' if there'd have bin no finin' There'd have bin no war expinse. So it's fair I'll be afther thinkin' What a good Payce Dimmykrat axes, That the soulters that did all the finin' Themselvs shud pay all the taxes.

Nigger! Nigger! Nigger!—A "White Boy in Blue" Captures Four Africans!

We have before assured our readers that the Democratic hatred of the negroes was only vepted against the male sex. The softer sex of the colored persuasion exercise a most seductive influence over our susceptible Democratic friends. Of the million mulattoes down South, every one of them can boast a Democratic daddy. A distinguished Democratic orator and politician of this city can be seen almost nightly prowling through the obscure streets and lanes of our city on the trail of some colored sister. This is a well known fact, as every police officer of this city can testify. A few weeks since a new born colored infant was found floating in the canal feeder near Titusville, this county. The mother was arrested and she swore her misfortune on the President of a Democratic Club in that vicinity. One evening last week a negro ball was held in Taylor Hall, attended by the first colored families in this city. Female Africa was there, with pouting lips that opened upon gates of ivory.—Dusky Cleopatras, warranted all wool, sailed gracefully through the dizzy waltz, or languished lovingly upon the arms of enamored swains. "White Boys in Blue"

Our Little Notes.

—PEW WHISPERINGS.—MARY ELLEN (anxiously). "Betsy Jane, isn't my chignon coming off?" Betsy Jane (pettishly). "No. Can't you move a little further? you are creasing my lace flounces." MARY ELLEN (moring a little). "Don't you think Susan Brown looks dreadful homely?" Betsy Jane. "Was there ev— Oh! there's Charlie! Isn't he a perfect Adonis! How I do wish he would look our way!" MARY ELLEN (smiling sweetly). "Ah! I see him. He's looking toward us." Betsy Jane (angrily). "He isn't looking at you, so you needn't act like a fool. The minister's going to pray." MARY ELLEN. "Those long prayers of his are positively awful, and I sha'n't try to keep awake." Betsy Jane (peeping through her fingers at Charlie). "Go to sleep, dear, I sha'n't disturb you."

THE disrespectful fellow who wrote the following is daily expecting an attack of broomsticks:

Duplex hoops and painted faces, Patent calves and foreign curls, Waterfalls and costly laces, Tell too plainly what are girls.

—A young woman, meeting a former fellow-servant, was asked how she liked her new place. "Very well." "Then you have nothing to complain of?" "Nothing, only master and mistress talk such very bad grammar!"

—"Come here, sissy," said a young gentleman to a little girl, to whose sister he was paying his addresses; "you are the sweetest thing on earth." "No, I ain't," she replied. "Sister says you are the sweetest." The gentleman popped the question the next day.

—A dandy wishing to be witty, accosted an old rag-man as follows: "You take all sorts of rubbish in your cart, don't you?" "Yes—jump in, jump in!"

—REYNOLDS, the dramatist, observing the thinness of the house at one of his pieces, said: "I suppose it is owing to the war." "No, was the reply: it's owing to the peace."

—"So far so good," as the boy said when he had finished the first pot of his mother's jam.

—A traveler in Pennsylvania asked the landlord if they had any cases of sun stroke in that town. "No, sir," says the landlord, "if a man gets drunk here we say he is drunk—and never call it by any other name."

—Will asked old "ten-per-cent," what he wanted to accumulate so much money for. Says he: "You can't take it with you when you die, and if you could it would melt."

—A wag lent a clergyman a horse which ran away and threw him, and then claimed credit for "aid in spreading the gospel."

—An exchange says clergymen address congregations of ladies and gentlemen as "brethren" because the brethren embrace the ladies.

—A waggish editor says that the streets of one of the Western cities are to be lighted with red headed girls. That will be bad—too many people will be found hugging the lamp posts.

—The latest case of Grecian Bend became fully developed in a recent feline quarrel on our back shed.

—Josh Billings says he has "seen some awful bad throat diseases completely cured in three days by simply jining a temperance society."

—Little Daisy's mamma was trying to explain to her the meaning of a smile. "Oh, yes! I know," said the child; "it is the whisper of a laugh."

—"How is coal now?" inquired a gentleman of a son of the Emerald Isle who was dumping a load of coal in Fulton street. "Black as ivver, sir, be jabbers," responded Patrick.

—A youth who desired to know how to become rich sent a quarter in answer to an advertisement, and received the following valuable receipt: "Increase your receipts and decrease your expenditures. Work eighteen hours a day, live on hash and oat meal gruel."

—A cotemporary, lauding a "well-known citizen" just elected to office, says, "He is one of the cleverest fellows that ever lifted a hat to a lady, or a boot to a blackguard."

[By our Special Artist.]



Seymour Rejoicing over the Victory of his "Friends," New York, July 4th, 1863.