

Pennsylvanisch Deutsch.



BREEF FUM SCHWEFFLEBRENNER.

SCHIFFLETTOWN, Nafember der 24ta, 1868.

MISTER FODDER ABRAHAM:

Du musht mich desmolde excusa wann ich now a wennich fun mer selwer schreib. Yetz hab ich shum for sex moonat olly woch an brief g'schrieva for in der FODDER ABRAHAM, un hab eich kea cent ge-charg'd derfore. U's wennichst fünf un tschwansich dousand leit hen olly woch u'breffa geleasa: Ich un de Bevyv sin about so weit bekant warra das emlicher on-nerer munn un fraw, except, of course, der Mister Grant un de Misses Grant. U'ich kann profia mit humerta fun breffa, in schwartz un weis, das ich meluer ge- hab for der Grant, sidder das ich mich of de Republican side getraut hab, das en-licher omnerer munn in Schiffletown.

Now, wann ich de Post Office krick, dom bin ich g'satisfied, for soll gelt mer an grosser namnt, un dom hab ich fun sim amohl an frisher stant tsu nemma, un yetz will ich dich aw wissa lussa was my calculation is. De Bevyv meant es war an first rater plan, un doh is er:

Ich hab a notion mich met particularly ob tsu geva mit shreiva for der FODDER ABRAHAM, net yuscht allemlich fun weaya politics, awer olleloh onnery sacha. For instance, cans fun meina alty bekanta hut on mich g'shrieva, all de weg fun Ohio rei, un er insist druf, das sidder ich yetz so orrig got bekant bin in der gons United States un im ivverichin deal fun der welt—for olly leit kassa der FODDER ABRAHAM—set ich by all means a fully g'schicht fun meim lewa shreiva—we meers gonga is we ich ersicht obwegant bin warra bi meiner mounny; we un wu ich in de shool gonga bin; we ich als k'necht for yehra long of de bau-reit g'shalt hab un we mer als in de sing shula, un in de lod-warriek froles gonga sin; we ich g'shalt hab we ich ersicht mohl in meim lewa a meadle korrisiert hab, un we ich nocher- hontla—noch dona das ich amohl de busness ferstomma hab—about olly Somshlog owat nous bin unnich de maed; we ich's ersicht bekant warra bin mit der Bevyv, un we ehner mich ous cutta hut wolla, un we ers net hut kumma kenna. Wann ich tsurick denkt, on my yungu dawya, un we ich so by degrees, un noch gor dorrieh's, Kitzelderfers werts-house un der Bevyv cara guter ferstodt on end cans fun de greashy un popularly memmer in gonsa Shreite bin warra, dom kumms mer selwer fore das olly leit wissa setta was mer olles in meim gonsa lewa fore kumma is.

Now, Mister FODDER ABRAHAM, du musht net denka das ich selwer of de no- tion kumma bin, for de very proposition is mer gemacht warra—un, we g'sawt, ich kann profia in schwartz un weis-by ordlich hoch gelarty leit—by Law- yers, un Porra, un Ducker, un aw by leit fun grossy respectability un gooty kor- rokter. We ich's ersicht mit der Bevyv g'shwetzt hab derweya hab ich net yuscht so orrig feel gedenkt fun so g'schichte shreiva fun weaya meir selwer. Dom hut awer amohl de Bevyv chra meaning geva. Secht se, sidder das du yetz a decenter munn un a leading Republican bist, nus aw di gonsa lewa in de FODDER ABRAHAM Tseitung nit, un nemond kons besser du das du selwer. Se hut mich aw erinnert on de fact das onnery grossy leit yuscht of den very weg sich in der welt un shalla. For instance, secht de Bevyv, wan a munn shaft of a gar- werci, unnich de stinckes usa leit un kee haerner, dom is es of course gor nix abbordichs; awer wann so a munn we der General Grant amohl draw get ons usa heit gerva, dom stinkt gor nimmy we tsufore, un es deat mich aw net wumera wan de hochmeediche stadt ladies yetz noch gor de notion nemma deata an ivyer ons fashionable lohr cal macha ous ally kee shwenz, un collone wasser fun der bree ous de gerwers' gruva. Un, secht de Bevyv, wann cans wasser-mellona o- dder so sacha fress'd, dom froked unmond nix dernoch, un awer wann so eaner we der Seimoyer amohl an raley sow fun sich macht, un fress'd a gonsy wasser-mellone uf amohl, dom duna anyhow de copper- heads aw ni gea for wasser-mellona, providing es dut net interfera mit chram whiskey.

De Bevyv hut widder recht. Es kummt net druf aw was cans dut for de dawt wichtich tsu macha, awer yuscht weers yetz. Un so, Mr. FODDER ABRAHAM—tsu wisa meir un deer—kumms shreiva is es aw a wennich mit breffa shreiva. Wann yuscht so commony leit shreiva, dom leas- nemond, un awer wann ich un der alt Kreecy un der Sheckspeer un so leit amohl de fedder in de hond nemma, dom

look out, for es geht sure elbas tsu leasa das aw derwaert is.

Now, ich hab my mind noch net fullens uf gemacht eb ich nochdem my cayney g'schicht geva set odder net. Ferleicht du dich, for im fall das ich amohl cans fun demma dog runna set for Kungress, oder noch gor for in de Senly, mistis anyhow gedu warra. Ich will awer doch noch a paar dog tsu sea derweya, un driver kunsidera.

PIT SCHWEFFLEBRENNER.

DER JOE UN DE BETSEY.

Don—Hullo, Joe, was hut dich geshter so ferduht smart ons 'om Squire Acsy-bens sein house kumma macha? War elbas ketz?

Joe—Nix abbordichs; Ich hab yuscht a wennich mit der Betsey g'sparriekt, un dom is so gons unferhuht der alt munn derzu kumma un hut mer tsu ferstete geva das ar deats net gleicha.

Don—Awer we hut er ders tsu ferstete geva—uf an guterodderer gruyver weg?

Joe—Ei uea, er hut gor kea wart g'shwetzt.

Don—Well, we hut ers dom gemacht? Joe—Ei er hut ewa yuscht de deer of gemacht un de cow-skin fun der wand runner krickt, un dom hab ich tsu mer selwer gedenkt er gleichts net das ich de Betsey so shparriekt, un bin tsu der con- clusion kumma mich so a wennichous 'em stlaab (tsu macha, un dom, of course, bin ich yuscht so fort gonga, du weasht, un des war dom alles.

Don—Yah, geleddert hut er dich, un du bist net yuscht "so fort gonga" we du sogst, awer g'shprunga bist du was a dousand blood-hounds himich der noch wea.

Joe—Well, si numma sthilt derfu un sogt nemond, samst duna se mich yuscht ous-haba.

Der Dan hut cam ferstprocha si maud tsu halta derweya, awer, som now, er wus sich doch fersthuoptt hawa, samst mer net rous kumma so das ich es yetz obshreiva kom for in der Fodder Abrah- am tsu dudu.

AN ACROSTIC.

The following is probably the most re- markable specimen of alliteration extant. Any one who has written an acrostic, and who has felt the embarrassment of being confined to particular initial letters, can appreciate the ingenuity demanded by the following, where the whole alphabet is fathomed, and each word in each line, exacts its proper initial:

"An Austrian army, awfully arrayed, Boldly, by battery, besieged Belgrade. Cossack commanders cannonading come, Heaving destruction's devastating doom. Every endeavor engineers essay, For fame, for fortune—fighting furious fray, Generals 'gainst generals gallop—great God! How honors Heaven heroic hardihood! Infuriate—indiscriminate in ill, Kinmen kill kinmen—kindred, kindred kill! Labor low leech loathes longest lines— Men march 'mid mounds, 'mid nodes, 'mid numerous mines. Now noisy numbers notice ought: Of outward obstacles, opposing ought; Poor patriots, partly purchased, partly pressed, Quite quaking quickly quarter-quarter 'quost. Season returns, a legion's right redoubts, Bearson stops such sanguinary sounds, Trace to the Turk—triumph to thy train! 'Unjust, unwise, unmerciful Ukraine! Vanish vain victory, vanish victory vain! Why wish we warfare? when fore-welcome were Nerxes, Ximenes, Xanthus, Xaviere? Yield, ye youths! ye yoomen, yield your yell! Zeno's Zarpater's Zoroaster's zeal, And all attracting—against arms appeal."

Mrs. PARTINGTON ON MARRIAGE.

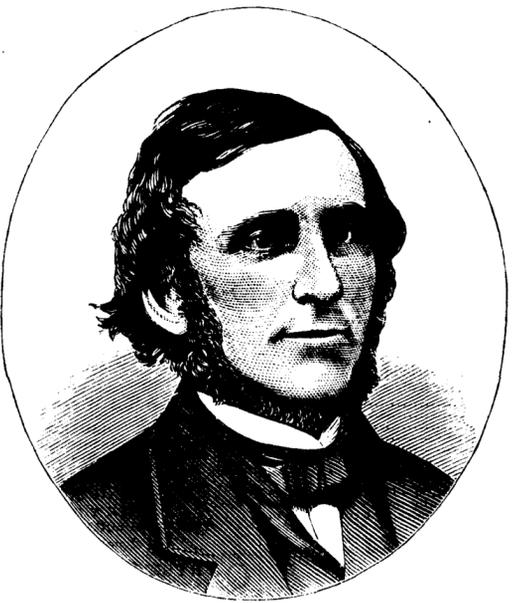
"I like to attend weddings," said Mrs. Partington, as she came back from one in church, hung her shawl up, and re- placed the black bonnet in the long-pre- served handbox: "I like to see young people come together with the promise of love—cherish and nourish each other. But what a solemn thing is matrimony—a very solemn thing, where the minister comes into chancery with surplus, and goes through the ceremony of making them man and wife. It ought to be hus- band and wife, for it isn't every husband that turns out to be a man. I declare I never shall forget when Paul put the nuptial ring on my finger, and said, 'with worldly goods I thee endow.' He used to keep a dry goods store then, and I thought he was going to give me the whole there was in it. I was young and simple and did not know, till afterwards, that it meant one called gown a year. It is a lovely sight to see young people 'plighting their troth,' as the song says, and coming up to consume their vows."

PATHETIC.

A lady was reading to her five-year old boy the story of a little fellow whose fa- ther was taken ill and died, after which the youngster set himself diligently to work to support himself and his mother. When she had finished the story she said: "Now, Tommy, if pa were to die, wouldn't you work to help mamma?" "Why, ma," said the little fellow, not relishing the idea of work, "what for?" "Ain't we got a good house to live in, and everything so nice?" "O, yes, my child," said the mother, "but we can't eat the house, you know?" "Well, ain't we got plenty of things in the pantry?" said the young hopeful. "Certainly my dear," replied the mo- ther, "but they will not last long—and what then?" "Well, ma," said the little incorrigible, "ain't there enough to last till you get another husband?" "Ma gave it up."

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN (Sey) MOUR.

Not a sigh was heard, nor a funeral groan, As up Salt River we scurried; But we longed to leave the cold corpus alone, For we heartily wished he was buried. We buried him deeply on election day, (All our votes for Clydes easting.) And soiled when we thought how his New York "friends" Would pray for his rest everlasting. No Star Spangled Banner enclosed his breast, But in a wet blanket we bound him; And he lay like a gray-back taking his rest With a seershug around him. Just as our jolly job was done, Salt River the moonbeams reflected; And we knew by the booming of Union guns, That Grant and Colfax were elected.



HON. ISAAC B. GARA, Deputy Secretary of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

Selected.

OUR "GAL."

I must write it; if nobody ever reads a line of it, I must, while it is all new and fresh in my mind, write out the history of the last two weeks, and the description of "our gal," as Harry calls her.

Our gal first made her appearance in the house two weeks ago last Monday, and I hailed her broad face and stout figure with hearty welcome. "Little did I realize," but to begin at the beginning. I was, I am a very young house-keeper, yet theoretically, I do know something of the arts and sci- ences thereto appertaining. I was mar- ried about two years ago; but we have al- ways boarded until now, and when I start- ed in my pretty house, with two good girls, and every thing new. I fancied clock work would be a mere wandering vagrant compared with the regularity of my pro- ceedings.

"'Twas on a Sunday morning," as the song says, that my troubles began. I was dressing for church, when my chamber- maid came up with a rueful countenance. "If you please, Mrs. Harvey, I'm go- ing."

"Going? I exclaimed. "Where?" "To leave, ma'am. Home. I've got a spell of neuralgia coming on, and I'm going home to lay by."

"But you can lie down here, if you are sick."

"Well, ma'am, I ain't to say sick, ex- actly, but I'm fixing for a turn."

"Yes, I have neuralgia in spells, and I always feel uncomin'."

Words were vain. Go she would, and go she did. I went into the kitchen to ex- plain to the cook that she must do double duty for a time. She was a perfect terma- gant, and to my utter amazement she wheeled round with the cry:

"Gone! Jane gone! Will you get an- other girl?"

"Certainly."

"How can I get a girl on Sunday?" "And to-morrow is wash day." Well, I'm not going to stay to do all the work. You'll either get another girl early to-mor- row or I'll leave!"

my door. Her knock was the first pecu- liarity that startled me: one rap, loud as a pistol-shot, and as abrupt.

"Come in!" With a sweep the door flew back, and in the space stood my new acquisition. Stop a moment. I must describe her. She was very tall, very robust, and very ugly. Her thick hair grew low on her forehead, and her complexion was uniformly red. Her features were very large, and her mouth full of (her only beauty) white, even teeth. Still, the face was far from stupid. The mouth, though large, was flexible and expressive, and the big black eyes promised intelligence. But oh! how can I describe her "ways," as Harry calls them? She stood for an instant perfectly motionless, then she swept down in a low and really not ungraceful courtesy.

"Madam," she said in a deep voice, "your most obedient."

"You are—?" I said, questionably— "Your humble servant."

"This was not "getting on" a bit; so I said— "You are the girl Mr. Harvey sent from the Intelligence office?"

"I am that woman," she said, with a flourish of her shawl; and she took a paper from her pocket. Advancing with a long step, a stop, another stop and stop, until she reached my bedside, she handed me the paper with a low bow, and then stop- ping back three steps she stood waiting for me to read it, with hands clasped and drooping, and her head bent as if it were her death-warrant.

It was a well-written, properly-worded note from her former mistress, certifying that she was honest and capable, and I really had no choice but to keep her, so I told her to find her room, lay off her bon- net, and then come to me again. I was half afraid of her. She was not drunk, with those clear black eyes shining so brightly, but her manner actually savored of insanity. However, I was helpless, and then—Harry would come as early as he could, and I could endure to wait.

"Tell me your name," I said, as she came in with the stride and stop. "My name is Mary," she said, in a tone so deep that it seemed to come from the very toes of her gaiters.

"Well, Mary, first put the room in or- der before the doctor comes."

Oh, if words could picture that scene! Fancy this tall, large, ugly woman, armed (I use the word in its full sense) with a duster, charging at the furniture as if she were stabbing her mortal enemy to the heart. She stuck the comb into the brush as if she were saying "Die, traitor!" and piled up the books as if they were faggots for a funeral flame. She gave the curtains a sweep with her hands as if she were put- ting back tapestry for a royal procession, and dashed the chairs down in their places like a magnificent bandit spurning a ty- rant in his power.

But when she came to the invalid she was gentle, almost caressing in her man- ner, propping me up comfortably, making the bed at once easy and handsome, and arranging my hair and dress with a perfect perception of my sore condition. And when she dashed out of the room, I for- gave the air with which she returned and presented a tray to me for the sake of its contents. Such delicious tea and toast, and such perfection of poached eggs, were an apology for an eccentricity of manner. I was thinking gratefully of my own com- fort and watching her hang up my clothes in the closet in her own style, when the door-bell rang. Like lightning she closed the closed door, caught up the tray, and rushed down stairs. From my open door I could hear the following conversation, which I must say rather astonished even me, already prepared for any eccentricity.

Dr. Holbrook was my visitor, and of course his first question was— "How is Mrs. Harvey this morning?" In a voice that was the concentrated essence of about one dozen tragedies, my extraordinary servant replied— "What man art thou?" "Is the woman crazy?" cried the doc- tor.

"Lay not that flattering unction to your soul?" cried Mary. "I'm—yes—" said the doctor, musing- ly; then in his own cheery, brisk tones he added: "you are the new servant, I sup- pose?" "Sir, I will serve my mistress till chill death shall part us from each other."

you to ascend. She waits within your chamber for your coming."

Is it to be wondered at that the doctor found his patient in perfect convulsions of laughter, or that he joined her in her merriment?

"Where did you find that treasure?" he asked. "Harry sent her from the office."

"Stage-struck evidently, though where she picked up the fifth-cut actress manner remains to be seen."

The professional part of his visit over, the doctor stayed for a chat. We were warmly discussing the news of the day, when—whe! the door flew open, and in stalked Mary, and announced, with a swing of her arm—

"The butcher, madam!" I saw the doctor's eyes twinkle, but he began to write in his memorandum-book with intense gravity.

"Well, Mary," I said, "he is not wait- ing?" "The dinner waits!" she replied. "Shall I prepare the viands as my own judgment shall direct, or will your inclination dictate to me?"

"Cook them as you will, but have a good dinner for Mr. Harvey at two o'clock."

"Between the strokes 'twill wait his ap- petite." And with another sweeping cour- tesy she left the room, the door, as usual after her exit, standing wide open.

She was as good as her word. Without any orders from me, she took it for granted that Harry would dine up stairs and set the table in my room. I was beginning to let my keen sense of the ludicrous tri- umph over pain and weariness and I watched her, stragling the laugh till she was down stairs. To see her stab the po- tatoes and behold the celery was a perfect treat, and the air of a martyr preparing poison, with which she poured out the water, was perfect. Harry was evidently prepared for fun, for he watched her as keenly as I did.

Not one thoughtful word she brought to me, till she made it as dainty as could be: mashing my potatoes with the movement of a saint crushing vipers, and buttering my bread in a manner that fairly trans- formed the knife into a dagger. Yet the moment she brought it to me, all her af- fection dropped, and no mother could have been more naturally tender. Evidently, with all her nonsense, she was kindhearted.

It took but one day to find we had secured a perfect treasure. Her cooking was exquisite enough for the palate of an epur- e; she was neat to a nicety, and I soon found her punctual and trustworthy. Her attentions to myself were touching in their watchful kindness. Sometimes when the pain was very severe, and I could only lie suffering and helpless, her large hands would smooth my hair softly, and her voice became almost musical in its low murrin- ings of "Poor child! poor little child!" I think her large strong frame, and con- sciousness of physical superiority to me in my tiny form and helpless state, roused all the motherly tenderness in her nature, and she lavished it upon me freely.

I often questioned her about her former places, and discovered to my utter amazement that she never was in a theater, never saw or read a play, and was entirely inno- cent of novel reading.

I had become so used to her manner, and no longer feared she was insane, when one evening my gravity gave way utterly, and for the first time I laughed in her face. She had been arranging my bed and self for the night, and was just leaving the room, holding in one hand an empty piteh- er, and in the other my wrapper. Sudden- ly a drunken man in the street called out with a yell that really was startling, though by no means mysterious. Like a flash, Mary struck an attitude. One foot advanced, her body thrown slightly for- ward, the pitcher held out, and the wrap- per waved aloft, she cried out in a voice of perfect terror—

"Gracious heavens! What hideous screams is those?" Gravity was gone, I fairly screamed with laughter, and her motionless attitude and wondering face only increased the fun.

"Go down, Mary, or you will kill me!" I gasped at her. To see her brandish a dust-brush would strike terror to the heart of the most daring spider; and no words of mine can describe the frantic energy with which she punches pillows, or the grim satisfaction on her face at the expiring agonies of a spot of dirt she rubs out of existence. The fun- niest part of all is her perfect unconscious- ness of doing anything out of the way.

Harry found out the explanation. She had lived for ten years with a retired ac- tress and actor, who wished to bury the knowledge of their past life, and who never mentioned the stage. Retaining in private life the attitude and tones of their old pro- fession, they made it a kind of sport to burlesque the passions they so often imi- tated, and poor Mary had unconsciously fallen into the habit of copying their pe- culiarities. When they left for Europe, she found her way into the Intelligence Office, where Harry secured her. Long, long may she remain "Our Gal."

Our Little Jokes.

—The requests to the carrier—"Letters, pray."

—The spring of domestic happiness—Ollspring.

—The sweetest girls in the West—the Mo-lasses.

—The salad of the solitary man is, let- tuce alone.

—A drunken hackman's motto: "Hick- hack hock."

—A man, to speak his mind, must have one to speak.

—Can the bakers on a strike be properly termed loafers?

—The storm king is hard to "bear" when he is a-bruin.

—Men, like bullets, go farthest when they are smoothest.

—Unsatisfactory chop for hungry men—A chop of the sea.

—What do cats have which no other animal has? Kittens.

—What is worse than raining pitch- forks? Hailing omnibuses.

—What roof covers the most noisy ten- ant? The roof of the mouth.

—Why is a thief in a garret like an honest man? He is above doing a wrong action.

—It may be a fair question whether a man can be said to be wedded to celibacy.

—Many men and women have had oc- casion to know that two do not necessarily make a pair.

—When a dog insists upon lying on the mat, would you consider him dog-nati- cally inclined?

—A Gentleman asked a friend if he ever saw a cat fish. "No," was the response, "but I have seen a rope walk."

—Rev. Dr. Chapin says that a man liv- ing in the activities of the nineteenth cen- tury is a condensed Methusalem.

—We frequently see it stated that a scheme is on foot. Wouldn't a scheme be advanced faster if it could be got on horse- back?

—The man who "cannot find words to express his gratitude" is advised to purchase copies of Webster's and Worcester's dictionaries.

—How shall I stir the fire?" inquired B, at a musical party. "Without interrupt- ing the music?" "Between the bars," re- plied his friend.

—A disagreeable old bachelor says that Adam's wife was called Eve because, when she appeared, man's day of happiness was drawing to a close.

—A frantic fair correspondent says that the ladies are beginning to give up society, because they encounter nothing but spoilt boys and prematurely old men.

—Many a man thinks it is virtue that keeps him from turning a rascal, when it is a full stomach. One should be careful and not mistake potatoes for principles.

—Never be disturbed by trifles. They are beneath your notice. Look at the eleph- ant and rhinoceros during mosquito time, and learn composure and philo- sophy.

—A wag, passing by a house which had been almost consumed by fire, inquired whose it was. Being told that it was a hatter's, "Oh," said he, "then the loss will be felt."

—A gentleman presented a lace collar to the object of his admiration, and, in a jocular way, said: "Do not let any one else rumple it." "No, dear," said the lady, "I will take it off."

—A Miss Joy, hearing it stated that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever," emphati- cally declared that she was glad she was not a thing of beauty, because she didn't want to remain a Joy for ever.

—You and your wife should become one," said a friendly adviser to a hap- pened husband. "Become one?" ex- claimed henpecked. "Why we are ten now." "How so?" "She's I, and I'm I!"

—An exchange says: A fellow who is now in jail in this city for having three wives had the audacity to ask wife No. 1 to wash a white vest for him to wear dur- ing the ceremony with the third woman.

—The account of a contest of wits be- tween a police justice at the Tombs and a saucy girl who was arraigned for stealing makes a good four-line verse:

"The brass upon your face," he said, "Would make a four quart skillet."

"Your flower's head," the girl replied, "Has sap enough to fill it."

—On a recent trip of one of the Illinois river packets—a light draught one, as there was only two feet of water in the chan- nel—the passengers were startled by the cry of "Man overboard!" The steamer was stopped, and preparations made to save him, when he was heard exclaiming: "Go ahead with your damned old steamboat! I'll walk behind you!"

—A Western exchange gives vent to its poetical phrenzy in the following beauti- ful stanzas:

"I would not dy in Ortum, With peaches fit for eatin', When the wavy corn is gettin' wripe, And the candidates are trainin'.

When sassage meat is plyrin', & hickory nuts is thiek, Owe! who wud think of dyin', Or even gettin' sick?"



AGENT—Thieve you advertise for agents who could make ten dollars a day? ADVERTISER—Yes, of gentlemanly and pleasing address, and it will be necessary to deposit a hundred dollars.