

Pennsylvanisch Deutsch.



BREF FUM SCHWFFLEBRENNER.

SCHLIFLETOWN, } December 1, 1868.

MISTER FODDER ABRAHAM:

Ich ben now om end tsu der conclusion kumma for so a wennich my Leawas-lauf ous tsu shreiva, for ich fin das de leit determined sin alles tsu wissa was ich bin, we ich ufgebracht bin warra, un we mers gonga is fun tseit tsu tseit bis uf der heitich dog, for wann ich amohl in der Posht Office bin, donna expect ich tsu bissu tsu si for my g'shicht tsu shreiva, un dawrum will ich's yetz du.

For mor awer a wennich uf de shpoor tsu helpa will ich doch aw now un donna als ebbas so mit ni bringa fum General Grant, un onnery grossy leit, weil in mea das ea reshpact ich about an monn bin we er aw—ufgebracht unnich de comonly leit.

We der Grant set about sivva yohr alt war hut er sich fors ersht mohi in sein leawa a cent wert comonly cigars gekawft, un ich wens noch goot das ich mommy mer als for g'shmissa hut das ich yusht sivva yohr alt war we ich mer amohl drei cent wert chaw-duwack gekawft hab, un sellamohls hab ich awfonga tsu chawa, un der General Grant hut aw sidder sellam ferleicht meaner cigars g'shmoked das enicher onnery mon in der United States. Ken wunner is der Grant yetz der greasht mon im lond, un ken wunner wella all de leit in der gons welt my deitche breefa leasa, except, uf course, soddliche wu se net leasa kenna.

Fun seller tseit aw bis ich elf yohr alt war is mer for nix g'happend das derwert is derfu tsu shreiva.

My dawdy hut sellamohls dort on der gross shtrase gewohnt, net weit fun blowa barrick, un er war aw cans fun denna roat gledlich huasy demokrata wu yusht der Adler leasa un olly yohr's solid dieket vota. De mommy hut hawa wella das ich in de shoof sea set, un awer der dawdy hut g'meant es wer net noatwendich un ich kennu noch a paar yohr warda. Derheinn hab ich als ollerlea jobs g'shafft, un weil ich so orrig uf sei war, hab ich mich on a sei dreiver gedingt we ich tsweif yohr alt war, un der gons summer bin ich als denna lop-orliche un kroll-shwensiche sei noch gedopt mit a geasle in der hond. Selly business hut mich about goot g'suit, for nemond hut mers noch sawya kenna das ich des sei dreiva bisness net ferstohna hab, un es is an merk wurdliche circumstance das on der very tseit we ich sei gedriyva hab war der General Grant om hondwarrick kerna uf der gerwereri.

Wann de leit yusht g'wist hetta doch des shpoat-yohr das der Pit Schweflebbrenner amohl an sei dreiver war, donna hetta so net yusht so Grant's tanner clubs in de processions gemarch'd, awer aw gonsy Regiments fun Schweflebbrenner sei-dreiver, un sell wær yusht's ding g'west for de demokrata tsu fetcha, for wann se unnich de sei sin donn sin se in earam rechta element, un feel fun eana het mer seller weg riyver lucka kenna. Awer, was wer de use g'west, for mer hen yogenunk g'hat ohnase.

Fun dreitsea yohr alt bis ich ochtsea war hab ich als sei gedriyva, in der hoyet un ernt g'shafft, welshkorn gebasht, grumbeera ous gemach, shtea gebrocha un helfa kollich brenna. We ich ferstsea yohr alt war bin ich drei monnat in de shoof gonga un im fuftscanshta yohr hab ich noch drei monnat shooting dertzu kriekt, un donna hab ich mich so tsu sawya ous g'lermt considerd. We ich awer amohl achtsea yohr alt war—un ich ferfess es net so long ich leab—donna bin ich fors ershta molous geturd for exatzeera uf 'em baddolya, for sell amohls hen se als noch de militz baddolya g'hat, un do wu so alt wara we ich hen ewva aw gemissa odder a fine betzabla. Uf course, ich bin gonga, un bin mit uf em baddolya rum gemarch'd un hob mich about so gross considerd das enicher onnery monn. Now der General Grant, sawya se, het aw si wong in der militz gemach so about de neanlich tseit.

Well, des ding war goot; om baddolya wara gons ewach feel med, un fors ersht mohi in mein leawa hab ich mich amohl aw gemach by eaner—sally Bensamacher war eara nawma. Ich hab se amohl gedreet uf small beer, lebkucha, tsucker-sach un drei cent wert grund-niss, un donna hab ich se g'froked eb ich mit ehra heam gea derraft, un se wars aw grawd willens. Now, denk ich, wærd de very nacht amohl g'shperrickt, un we mer uf em weg wara hen mer so fun ollerlea g'ahwetzit—fum baddolya, fun de sheany gail, fun de buwa un mæd, fun de soldawta un ollerlea. We mer ons Bensamacher's house sin kumma don hen mer uns dort

uf de porch onna g'huekt—de Sally uf ea side un ich uf de onner, for sellamohls, du weasht, war ich noch yung un feel tsu blied for rechtschaffa in des shperricka ni tsu gea. Was mer alles g'shwetzit hen kann ich now nimmy sawya, doch weas ich noch goot das mer des ding orrig goot aw g'shtonna hut, un es war sheer gorly tsweif uhr in der nacht we ich uf un ob bin, un donna glawb ich wær ich noch net fort wann net der alt monn de Sally ni ins house gerufa het un meer g'sawt es wer tseit heam tsu gea.

Now, ich kann net sawya eb der General Grant yusht about de neanlich tseit aw g'fonga hut unnich de med tsu gea odder net, un awer I'll be bound wann mer yusht de wohrat wist, deats ewva rous kumma das er aw about selly tseit si ershter trip fun der art gemach hut. Kea wunner is er yetz President, un ken wunner wella se mich Posht Meashter macha fun Schlifletown.

We mers weiter gonga is unnich de mæd, un aw in onnery sacha, will ich der shreiva in mein negshta breef.

PIT SCHWFFLEBRENNER.

NASBY ON THE ELECTION.

CONFEDERATE CROSS-ROADS, Ky., } November 12.

Mr. Nasby gives the reason for the Democratic defeat and enumerates the obstacles the party has been compelled to contend with as follows:

"1. We shoold hev succeeded hed the Republikans nominated a man who was considerably less popular than Gen. Grant and who woodent hev bin able to hold so many votes. Their aint no doubt uv this. Hed they nominated a man less in favor with the people, we shoold hev had an easier time uv it.

"2. Hed the Dimocriy nominated more popular men—the result wood hev been far better. Governor Seemore is an admiral candidate, but somehow he dident strike the popular heart. He did all he cood to soot the masses, but the masses went back on him. He made a speech agin repudiation, and in favor of paying the bonds in gold; and then, that there shoold be no complaint from anybody, he accepted a nominashun at the hands uv repoodiators and payers in greenback. Wat was really a desire to satisfy all kinds uv people wuz branded ez weaknis and vascilashun, and so he went down.

"3. Ginnal Blare hurt us. It is troo we bleeve in the sentiments enunciated in the Brodhead letter, and my admira-shen for him on other accounts is unbounded. I hev alluz loved him sence one memorabile night, when I seed him take 18 drinks in 30 minutes, and walk off under it. "Here," thot I, "is my soope-rior—to him I bow." I tried to surpass it, but I caved at the 17th. He is entirely acceptable to the South. His Brodhead letter reflex our views precisely. Deekin Pogran's brother, who lives in Alabama, knows where his niggers are a livin, and he ardently desires the abolishun uv the carpet-bag governments, that he may sveze em and redooce em to their normal speer. Captain McPelter's old cavalry kin be rallied at a minit's notice, and he asks to lead em again among the rich farmers uv Southern Ohio and Injeany; and we all desire that the Northern men which hev come down among us like locusts with their shops and factories and stores, and mowin-machines and skool houses and sich, a tryin to elevate the nigger above us, shel be hung or sent packin out uv the country, leavin us to manage things our own way. But Blare shooodn't hev sed so. He shooodn't hev alarmed the week Dimocriy uv them States wich desire peace, and who are tired on the subjick uv revolooshen. Blare hurt us. His letter was correct but inconsiderate.

"4. Our platform was agin us. Hed it bin different in all partiklers, we shoold hev polled more votes, provided, uv course, that we hed hed different men standin onto it. This is clear.

"5. The Republikin platform was agin us. Hed they made a different platform and put other men onto it—their platform and their men bein both more objection-able to the people, and our platform and our men bein less objectionable to the people—the result wood hev bin far different. This is clear.

"A careful examinaschen uv the reasons for our defeat shows how near we come to success, and how little stood in the way."

A SCAFFOLD SCENE.

A terrible scaffold scene recently took place at Tambow, in Russia. Young Gorsk, a pupil of the high-school of that place, and eighteen years of age, was to be executed for having murdered a family of seven persons. The young criminal was conveyed to the place of execution on a wagon which was escorted by a company of dragoons. The gallows was surrounded by a crowd of ten thousand persons. After the doomed lad had alighted from the wagon, the sentence of death was read to him. He was deadly pale, and fainted before the warrant was read through. The executioner then branded him, after he had been restored to consciousness; the boy struggled violently and uttered heart-rendering screams when the red hot iron was applied to his forehead. He was then whipped, receiving about thirty lashes. The executioner thereupon undressed him and wrapped him in a long white blanket, tied his feet together, fixed the rope to his neck, and drew the blanket over his head. He then lifted him on top of a stepladder and was about to push him from it, when the secretary of the criminal court stepped forward and told the executioner to stop. The excitement of the crowd had reached the highest pitch by this time, and it seemed as if all the ten thousand persons around the gallows were holding their breath. The executioner lifted the lad from the step-ladder, removed the blanket from his face, which was livid and distorted with fear, and then the secretary read to him a letter from the Emperor, changing his sentence to hard labor for life. The executioner then untied his feet, gave him thirty more lashes—the sentence having ordered that he should receive sixty lashes—and then clad him in the convict dress and chained his legs. He was thereupon taken back to his cell, and two days afterward sent to Siberia.



MAJ. MARIS HOOPES, Presidential Elector, Ninth District (Lancaster County) of Pennsylvania.

Selected.

THE WHIPPING-POST AND PILLORY.

Civilization in Delaware—How Criminals are Punished. A correspondent sends to the Philadelphia Bulletin an account of the exhibition of barbarism in Delaware on Saturday week. We quote:

THE PILLORY AND WHIPPING-POST. There were seven persons whipped here to-day, and the ancient instrument of torture trembled again, as it has done for half a century, in the terrible embrace of its victims. It is a curious relic of a semi-civilization that is forgotten everywhere else but here. It consists of a sturdy post a foot square. Three feet from the ground it pierces a small platform; and five feet above this there is a cross-piece, which contains, in each of its arms, a hole for the neck and two holes for the wrists of the miserable wretch who is to suffer its torture. The upper half of the arm lifts to admit the victim, and then closes sufficiently tight upon him to impede the circulation of the blood. It is fastened down with a wooden wedge-shaped key, shot into the centre post. The whole machine looks like a gigantic cross, with a platform half way down its length.

THE NEWCASTLE PILLORY. Stands in the jail yard. A few years ago it boldly faced the world upon the public common. It is a happy omen of its final destruction that its devotees were so much ashamed of it that they hid it in this enclosure. Across the street stands a church, and behind the jail there is another.

THE FIRST VICTIM. The ponderous gates of the jail yard swung open this morning at 10 o'clock precisely, and admitted a crowd of men and children. By actual count there were one hundred and twenty-five little girls and boys present, some of them not more than four or five years of age. This was the saddest sight of all. The entertainment began by the introduction of William Jones to the audience. Mr. Jones had stolen store goods worth thirty-eight dollars, and he was sentenced to return that amount of money, stand in the pillory for one hour, be whipped with twenty lashes, be imprisoned for six months, and wear a convict's dress for six months after his release.

The first thing in order was the pillory. William ascended the long ladder rather sadly, and the jailor, having placed his neck and hands in the holes, fastened the top bar upon them and came down to the ground. The criminal was taller than the stock, and he was compelled to bend down just enough to make his position intensely painful. A keen, piercing northeast wind swept in from the broad expanse of the river and compelled the spectators to blow warmth upon their fingers. Mr. Jones had his circulation stopped, but he could not blow upon his hands.

The jagged, splintered edge of the wooden collar rasped his neck until it tore the skin, and whenever he attempted to move his head to make his position more easy, the bar would catch the upper part of his jaw-bone and give him exquisite torture.

"Jailor, isn't that pretty severe?" "Well, yes, it's a very uncomfortable position, and then his fingers and face get numb, you see."

While Jones stood in durance to-day, the jailor busied himself preparing for the flogging. This is done beneath the platform of the pillory. The prisoner stands close to the post, and has his arms handcuffed above his head. The jailor experimented upon the enger boys with the handcuffs, in order to ascertain if the victims could slip their hands through them readily. The manacles were too high, so an empty soap-box was placed at the foot of the post for the prisoners to stand on. By this time the man in the pillory began to show symptoms of faintness. The jailor, a tender-hearted fellow—merciful even in executing merciless laws—ascended the ladder, and began to comfort the poor wretch, whose hands were livid with cold, and whose face was purple. At the first stroke of the clock in the church steeple, the jailor quickly lifted the bar, helped the man down the ladder, and supported him while he staggered to his cell. He had a lashing to bear yet.

THE WHIPPING.

The Sheriff came out with the "cat" in his hand. This venerable weapon consists of a stout handle about two feet long, with nine lashes of somewhat greater length. The thongs are made of thick leather, twisted together, and as hard as wire. They have been soaked with blood before this, and it has dried upon them, until their edges are as sharp as knives. The Sheriff has just begun his term of

POPULAR OPINION

in Delaware is, I find, strongly in favor of this mode of punishment. There seems to be an idea here that the man who commits the smallest crime places himself instantly beyond the reach of sympathy, considerations of humanity, and the demands of simple justice. He is an outlaw and a vagabond, upon whom sinless society may wreak its most terrible vengeance, even to the extent of mutilating his body, and utterly ruining his moral nature. Fallen angels in Delaware never rise again. Law clips their wings and stamps upon them with its heel, and society shakes off the dust of its feet upon them and curses them in their degradation. The gates of mercy are shut upon them, hopelessly and forever, and they walk abroad with the story of their shame blazoned upon them, as the women did who wore the Scarlet Letter, in the old Puritan times in New England, that all the world may know it. They know that their punishment has been fierce and terrible, and out of all proportion to their offense, and realizing this, they rightly feel that they have been dealt with unjustly and iniquitously, and they curse their oppressors and hate them and all mankind with a bitter, unrelenting hatred. They know they will not be allowed to reform, and that the law which should have led them to a better future has cut them off from fellowship with their race, robbed them of their common humanity, and made pariahs and outcasts of them. They are turned to stone, and they come out of their prisons confirmed, hopeless criminals.

Let the reader remember that Delaware is an intensely "Democratic" State! It is a fair representative of the civilization of the party. Its Legislature is unanimously "Democratic," and keeps an habitual drunkard in the U. S. Senate.

A FEARFUL TRAGEDY.

The Crocket (Texas) Sentinel, of September 22, gives the details of a fearful tragedy enacted on the previous Sunday night, at Calhoun Ferry, on Trinity river. Mr. Charles Hall, the ferryman, his wife, Miss Hall, a girl about thirteen years of age, the sister-in-law of Mr. Hall, and an unknown stranger, were all brutally murdered. The instrument was an ax, and all the victims had their skulls terribly chopped to pieces. Mr. Hall seems to have been called down to the ferryboat and was murdered immediately on the river bank. His arms were badly bruised, from which it appears that he had made some effort to defend himself; but the defense was useless. The assassin's ax was buried deep in the top of the skull. His wife seems to have gone to his rescue, and was not about half way between the house and boat. The ax was buried in her cheek and temple, producing instant death. The assassins next rushed upon a strange man who was spending the night with the family. The little girl was struck on the side of the head, and the whole scalp was raised and the brains knocked out. The stranger's head and face were shockingly mutilated. The signs about the place indicated the presence of six or seven persons. It is believed that both revenge and booty actuated the fiends to the perpetration of this bloody deed.

MISSPENT EVENINGS.

The boy who spends an hour of each evening lounging idly on a street corner, wastes in the course of a single year three hundred and sixty-five precious hours, which, if applied to study, would familiarize him with the rudiments, at least, of almost any of the familiar sciences. If, in addition to the wasting of an hour each evening, he spends five cents for a cigar, which is usually the case, the amount thus worse than wasted would pay for four of the leading magazines of the country. Boys, think of these things. Think how much precious time and good money you are wasting, and for what? The gratification afforded by the lounge on the corner or by the cigar is not only temporary, but positively hurtful. You cannot indulge in these practices without seriously injuring yourselves. You acquire idle and wasteful habits, which will cling to you with each succeeding year. You may in after life shake them off; but the probabilities are that habits thus formed in early life will remain with you to your dying day. Be cautioned, then, in time, and solve that as the hour spent in idleness is gone forever, you will improve each passing one, and thereby fit yourselves for usefulness and happiness.

LINCOLN.

In his late speech at Carlisle, Ohio, Mr. Stanton said: "I have been told by those who visited their friends in Europe, shortly after the close of the war, that in every household, in every place, by every fire-side, there hung the portrait, more or less rude, of Abraham Lincoln." Mr. Lincoln's portrait is found in Asia, as well as in Europe—and in parts of Asia where Americans are rarely seen. Mr. Thomas W. Knox, in his journey through Siberia, two years ago, frequently saw portraits of our martyred President hanging on the walls of the wayside stations and in the hands of the wealthy citizens. At Eyaterburg, in the Ural Mountains, he was shown a bust of Mr. Lincoln, that was being made to the order of a wealthy Russian. The bust was five or six inches in height, and cut in topaz, from a model procured from America for the purpose.

GAME IN CALIFORNIA.

What a place for sportsmen some portions of California must be! A gentleman writing from San Buenaventura says that the rabbits, hares, quails, ground-squirrels, and other birds and animals are to be counted there by thousands, and that he shot a buggy-load of them in an hour or two without leaving his seat. He killed on one occasion, two rabbits at one shot, and three at another. In the last instance he only saw one, but when he went to pick it up from the side of a bush he found two others kicking their death throes alongside! Indeed, game is so plentiful there that farmers are obliged to kill it off with poison in order to save their crops from being eaten up.

PUGN, the copperhead Judge of Franklin county, Ohio, has been held in \$5,000 bail, for issuing fraudulent naturalization papers. What is to be done with Snowden, the clerk of the Pennsylvania Supreme Court? Turn him out, or quit talking about naturalization frauds, and the purity of the Judiciary.

Our Little Jokes.

—Advice to old bachelors who dye their hair—Keep it dark.

"Nat, what are you leaning over that empty cask for?" "I'm mourning over departed spirits."

Why is a horse half way through a gate like a cent? Because he is head at one side and tail at the other.

—Why are women extravagant in clothes? Because when they buy a new dress they wear it out on the first day.

—An Edinburgh paper says: We regret to find that the announcement of the death of Mr. W— is a malicious fabrication.

—A county exchange speaking of the inefficiency of its police remarks: "If everybody were to stand in the streets, how could anybody get by?"

—An eccentric clergyman lately said in one of his sermons, that "about the commonest proof we have that man is made of clay, is the brick so often found in his hat."

—There is a landlord in Boston who is in the habit of placing an extra fork beside the plate of such boarders as have not paid promptly—being an intimation to "Fork over."

—The principal of a school advertises the opening session thus: "Dear Boys: Trouble begins September 13." It is evident that this man has not forgotten his schoolboy days.

—An editor describing a church in Minnesota says: "No velvet cushions in our pews; we don't go in for style. The fattest person has the softest seat, and takes it out with him at the close of the service."

"I say, boy, stop that ox." "Well, head him, then." "He's already headed, sir." "Confound your impertinence—turn him." "He's right side out already, sir." "Speak to him, you rascal you." "Good morning, Mr. Ox."

—At a masked ball of the Grand Opera, Paris, a domino said to a gentleman, "Do try to squeeze into my box." "I should like to squeeze into your heart, madame." "My dear boy, 'tis impossible, for 'tis as full as an omnibus on a rainy day." "Make somebody get out." "I can't; they have all paid their fare."

—So long as children, whether young men or maidens, ever come with unhesitating confidence to their parents, and tell them all their troubles and temptations, the parents can keep them under a guiding and controlling hand; but as soon as they begin to conceal their offences, and especially their temptations, from their parents, the devil gets the inside track and is sure to win the race.—Oliver Duer, in Packard's Monthly.

—Fred. Douglass said at the Equal Rights Convention, a few years ago, the only luxury he enjoyed, was a whole seat in a car. Even that luxury he did not have now. The other night he was riding muffled up in his blanket, when somebody asked him for half his seat. He stuck his head out and replied, "I'm a nigger." "I don't care who the d— you are, I want a seat."

—A gentleman riding, came to the edge of a morass which he considered not safe. Seeing a peasant lad, he asked whether the bog was hard at the bottom. "O, yes, quite hard," replied the youth. The gentleman rode on, but his horse began to sink. "You rascal," shouted he, "did you not say it was hard at the bottom?" "So it is," rejoined the rogue, "but you're not half way to it yet."

—A farmer who had employed a green Emerald ordered him to give the mule some corn in the car. On his coming in, the farmer asked: "Well, Pat, did you give the mule some corn?" "To be sure I did."

"How did you give it?" "And sure, as you told me, in the ear." "But how much did you give?" "Well, you see, the cryer wouldn't hold still, and kept switching his ears about so, I couldn't get but a fist full in both ears."

—An amusing anecdote is told of an old gentleman who ministered at the altar years ago, which is too good to be lost. It was customary then to wear buckskin breeches in cold weather. One Sunday morning Father H— brought his breeches down from the garret, but the wasps had taken possession of them during the summer, and were having a nice time in their comfortable quarters. By dint of effort the old gentleman got out the intruders and dressed for meeting. After reaching the church he commenced the ceremonies, and while reading the Scriptures to the congregation he felt a dagger from one of the small-waisted fellows, and jumped around his pulpit, slapping his thighs; but the more he slapped and danced the more they stung. The people thought their pastor had gone crazy, and some of them started up the aisle to take charge of him, fearing that he might do himself bodily injury, but he explained the matter by saying, "Brethren, take your seats; don't be alarmed; the word of the Lord is in my mouth;" (feeling another sharp sting) "but—but—but the devil is in my breeches."



OFFICE SEEKER.—As I was promised an office—I'm not particular—the War Office, Post Office, or Treasury. If they are all gone, you might use your influence in getting up a gift concert for wounded soldiers, or something of that sort. You see I was brought up a gentleman, and can't work."