

Zennyslanisch Deutsch.



WE DER SAM UXDARIVER OUSGEGUCKT HUT FOR AN FRAW.

(FUN PIT SCHWIFFELBRENNER.)

Als noch leddich, sagt my uncle we ich derheam war letst freyohr, af b'such. 'Yah' hab ich g'sawt, 'ich bin als noch leddich.' De fact is, des heira business war meer immer fun der kindheit uf, orrig tau widder. Un doch bin ich so noch un noch uf de meanung kumma das ebbas mist gedu werra, for doh war my alter bachelor uncle mit all scim property, sell shlippt amohl ous der fomelia wann ich mer net a fraw krick un uf den weg der family nawma ufhalt. Un noch eans, wasu mer a gooty fraw hut donn brauch mer sich nix bekimmern fun weaya locher in de shtrimp, k'nep on de hussa, un allerlea so sacha. We meanner das ich als ons heira gedentk hob, we meanner is mers fore kumma das ich mer aw an fraw kreeya set. Warum das ich es net gedu hab, kann ich selwer net sawga, un nemond sunst. De mead wakra aw so plenty we de hucklebara, un ich mus aw sawya das se mer yusht about shea un shlick for kumma sin. Warum set ich donn a bachelor bleiwa?

Awer, hab ich aw als gedentk, ferwass set ich gebodder si mit a fraw? Wann ich amohl doat bin donn hab ich mich nix mea tsu bekimmern fun weaya mein uncle si property, for donn bots mich doch nix, un so long das ich leab hob ich anyhow so oel das ich brauch. Donn awer, wann ich ol on de weibeit gedentk hob—we ich ol draw gedentk hab fun weaya lecher in de shtrimp, k'nep fun de hemmer, shea gemachte bodder un allerlea so sacha donn, somehow, is mers doch ols so holter fore kumma das ich ousgooka set for mer a fraw tsu kreeya. Om end bin ich tsu der conclusion kumma das ich eany hawa muss.

We es amohl bekant war das ich so a wennich my awya uf de weibeit hab donn is mers fore kumma das ich my wahl het unlich dutzenda fun eana. Wann ich als derheam war, somehow, wars ols foll mead in house, un es hut sich als for common so gemacht das, yusht for my mommy tsu plessa, habich dort in der shtoob hucka missa un mit eana shwetza, lacha un se heara sinder, un mea das amohl mit eaner odder der onner heam gea. De fact is, ich hob als g'felt we der eask wu tsu wisa tsuwa bundle hoy war un ferhungert is weil er net g'wist hut in weller nei tsu beisa. Net das ich donn war uf de weibeit, for ich mus confessa das ich se all gegelicha hob. Nix hut mich besser g'suit das an owat shpenda bei de g'heirte weiver, provided eana menner wahra un de weg. Was mer als abor-dich g'falla hut, war in ma nochers house an owat shpenda un mit de kinner tsu shpela, un eana tsucker sachen shenka. Awer de yungy mead, somehow, sin mer als so wennich suspicious fore kumma—yusht so was wana yeades fun eana g'ghonnt daz g'west for mich tsu fonga. Om end bin ich tsu der conclusion kumma nei tsu gea for eany odder de onner. Heira du ich, un awer for welly soll yetz ge-travelled werra? Un we mach ich's for ous tsu sinna ebich's aw kumma kann wann ich amohl mit sersht draw gea? Ich hab so holter a notion g'hat amohl mit der mommy shwetza derweaya, un awer, somehow, es war mer bong es deat se halter nerrish macha. Un het ich consult mit eans fun meina g'heirte freind, donn wer ich ewva yusht ols geolcht warra, un de leddiche, denk ich, kanna mer aw kea roat gova das mer helf.

My mommy de war bei ehra freind in der shtadt, un amohl ea dog hab ich a brief krickt fun eana das de Sally Shink-toh in shteddle awkumma deat, for a weil bleiwa bei earam uncle, un hut druf insiat das weil se so an irver ons shumarts un feines meadle is, set ich mich bekant macha bei eana, so das se net tsu lonesome ward. Om very negatiba dog noch dem das ich seller brief krickt hab fun der mommy, is a kleaner huh in my shop kumma—a cousin fun der Sally, un now denk ich, mus amohl ebbas gedu werra. Nook dem das ich so ollerlea mit dem bu g'ahwetzt hob sog ich:

'Gell, Johnny, du cousin is gesder bei eich awkumma fun der shtadt, un se is an orrig feiny lady.'

'Meansht de cousin Sally?' secht er, 'se is net feyl, for so hut yo nix tsu sawya, un is immer so shtill un shwetzt nix. Un so cousins gebt ich anyhow net feyl' secht er.

Donn hab ich gedentk, so eany is fer-leicht yusht chns fun de rechta sort—eany de fershtond genauk hut eana wasul tsu halte un sich beheafa. Ich hab anyhow

grawmy mind uf gemacht amohl awtsu rufa bei der Sally. We der owat kumma is hab ich mich amohl mit meina beshty Stundogs kleader ufgedress'd un ob im shteddle nuf bis ons house un klupp amohl on der deer. 'Walk in' hab ich de alt fraw heara sauga, un ich nei, un sur enough, dort war de Sally—eans fun de feinshty gookiche mead das ich all my dog un dos leawas g'nen hab. Se hut so a wennich helly hohr g'hot, a dunkelly dress aw, un hut g'shaft so on was se fancy work beasa. De alt fraw, de hut orrig blesseerlich g'shwetzt so fun allerlea. Uf ea mohl awer hut so gedu das wann ebber se nous gerufu het, un se uf un tsum looh nous, un dort war ich un de Sally gons alleanch mitnonner in der shtub, un now, denk ich tau mer schwer—now is my tseit—now or never.

Donn hab ich de Sally g'froked we se unser shteddle gleicht?

'Ordlich goot' secht se.

Donn hab ich se g'froked we my mommy war we se de shtadt ferlussa hut, un so hut g'sawt se war gons g'sund. 'Un we is di mommy' hab ich g'froked. 'Se is aw g'sund' hut se g'sawt. Donn hab ich se g'froked eb se's winter welder net beser gleicht das we's summer wedder, un se hut g'sawt 'may se dut net.'

Doh hab ich gedentk—mit so ehner is es net derwert das mer awfongt. A shtilly un decency fraw will ich, awer de hut yo ger nix tsu sawya das yusht yah un nay, un ich hab ousgemacht mich ordlich free tsum house nous macha, un fort bin ich, un heam.

A paar dog nochderhond we ich in ma particular goota humor war hab ich eans fun meina freind alles g'sawt fun weaya we ich ous gemacht hab seller owat bei der Sally, un er hut sich orrig enjoyed derweaya. Donn hut er an foreshtag gemacht mer an introduction tsu gova tsu eaner de aw an feiny lady is, awer gons uf an ornery style—eany de maul genauk hut tsu shwetza, 'I'll be bound, secht er, un ich hob's agreed mit eam tsu gea.

We de tseit kumma is hob ich net yusht so orrig goot g'fokd. Hob kalt g'hat, un kup-wen, un awer weils uf importanty bisness war bin ich doch gonga. Anyhow hab ich gedentk, wann mer unich de weibeit is dut mer ebmohls es kop-wea gons fergessa. Well, des ding war goot, fort sin mer, un ich house ui. Mer wahra noch hardly in house we mer heara hen a deer tsu shlawya das es house g'shittelt hut, un aw grand druf hab ich a weibensh heara ordlich loud shwetza, un mit high-heel shue in de shtoob nei g'shteppt we a monn. Se war awer yusht about shea; schwartz awya, roaty bocka, mit a bummerisher water-fall, un gons irver ous shlick uf gedress'd, mit so a fancy jacket aw, un we my freind se introduced hut is se uf g'shteppt un hut hands g'shaked mit mer so das mers fore kumma is das se ferleicht eans fun dena society mead sei kent, weil se mer so an immer un ewicher grip gova hut. Un ohna feel weasa hut se a shtoob g'numma un moof'd ean nuf dicht tsu meim, huckt sich omma un fongt amohl aw tsu shwetza. Doh soll mich awer aw an der bottle holla wann se net g'wist hut was tsu sawya? Eara maul is gonga we an end eara shwantz, un es is mer fore kumma das se about alles wens was in der welt tsu wissa is. Fashions, bicher, politics, lodwerrick kocha un uf alles was mer denka kann war se ufgepost, un der weg we se sich frei gemacht hut mit mer hut so a wennich an koryosor impression uf mich gemacht. Se hut aw a foreshtag g'macht das ich boll widder kumma set. We ich fort hab wella hut se mer noch meanner tsu sawya g'hat, un hut mich noch about a boll shtund lenger uf g'halta. Tsuletst bin ich awer ob, un sell wars leisht, mohl das ich dort war. Se war tsu feel for mich.

(CONTINUED DE NEAGSHT WOCH.)

RETCHA UN BISSY-BODDYS.

An yeady nochereshoft is mea oder wennicher gedruvelt mit a dross leit de ols-for olly mensha eara bisness meinda except yusht eana eyene net. Des sin about de meenshty sort kreddura daz uf em gons erdsbutta tsu sinna sin. Es sin orrig feel de om beshta feela wann se yusht a wennich ebbas shlechts sawya kenna irver eana nocherba, awer de ineenshty fun meeny leit sin de wu ne kea chance shlipa lussa for irver onnery tsu retcha un leaya. Se shnecka rum, fun cam tsum onner, in der gons nochereshoft, un sinna was der un was seller tsu sawya hut irver den monn un weaya seller fraw; so wissa an yeadam si fellor; se sin particular ufgepost in olly korriseer un heir-awts secrets; se wissa exactly eb der John de Sally heira will odder net; eb de Susy der Sam nemmt odder eb se ous guckt for der Joe. Se watscha an yeadas—bu oder meadle—das se suspects notions fun heira tsu hawa, un wann's miglich is, duna se mannetcha ebbas schlechts rous tsu bringa irver eans oders onner. Se geana de rounds mit earam retcha, un leey fun monn tsu fraw—fun meadle tsum bu—river un niver—hinnersich un fersbach, fun alt tsu yung un donn widder fun yung tsu nit for eara gifliche, shneekiche un meeny shlanders fun eam tsum onner in der gons nochereshoft rum pishpera. Uf course, all eara retchei is so orrig shea, freindlich un shlick tsu gedentk nuf falsheit un beichelei das se der deifsel selwer beata all hollow. Now, ich wish nemond nix shlechts; ich bin fun irver ous guty nodduhr; ich du orrig germ de leit eara kleany fehler excusa, for ich bin aw an mensh un dawrum selwer net fehler frei; ich deat even meim serricktsa feind uf der welt nix in der weg lenya. Awer wann ich yemohls an chance grick for soldliche retcha un bissey boddys tsu shtrofa, donn look out, for donn kreeya se exactly was se ferdenna, I'll be bound das se duhn. For soldliche—nochdem das se amohl dorrich my judgment meel gonga wera, breichta nix mea weiders fun alta deifl; for der bock-uffa wu ich hitza deat for se, un der weg we ich so roashta deat, dorrich un dorrich, inwendich un ous-wendich, deat se so completely uf usa das der deifl se gor nimmy brucha kent, for se waz donn nimmy genauk fun eana irverion for an deceter shmutz-flecka tsu macha.

Pit S.



GEN. JOSEPH W. FISHER, One of the State Senators from Lancaster County.

Selected.

WANTED--A CLERK.

A few days ago, a gentleman advertised in this paper for a clerk, and requested applicants to address their notes to him at the Ledger Office. By the close of the first day on which the advertisement appeared, there were four hundred and eighteen applicants for this one clerkship. This afforded a most forcible illustration of the extent to which the occupation of clerking and book-keeping is overstocked in this city. But a few months previous, the head of a business establishment, who wished some help in the way of writing, but in which some literary ability was required, advertised for an assistant, at a moderate salary, and having incidentally mentioned that the position might suit a lawyer or physician not in good practice, got more than a hundred applications, of which fifty-three were from young lawyers and doctors. Here was another illustration of an over supply of the profession or "genteel occupations." Another advertiser in the Ledger, who wanted a person to take charge of the editorial work of a weekly paper, got fifty-seven applications, not more than half a dozen of the applicants being recognized newspaper writers, but nearly all of them being clerks, book-keepers and professional men. Still another advertised for two apprentices in a wheelwright and smith shop, in one of the semi-rural wards of the city, requesting applicants to give their address and age. He got three applications, but in every case the applicant was too old, two of them being over eighteen, and one nearly twenty. Still another advertised for an office boy, about fourteen years old, and had so many applicants that his place was crowded for more than five hours, and the applicants were of all ages, from mere children, not more than twelve years old, to full-grown men of twenty-one.

These are not very cheerful or encouraging signs. They are such, however, as every man and woman in Philadelphia should give attention to. The present generation of young men seem to have a strong aversion to every kind of trade, business, calling or occupation that requires manual labor, and an equally strong tendency towards some so-called "genteel" employment or profession. The result is seen in such lamentable facts as those above stated—a superabundance of elegant penmen, book-keepers and clerks of every kind who can get no employment, and are wasting their lives in the vain pursuit of what is not to be had; and a terrible overstock of lawyers without practice and doctors without patients. The passion on the part of boys and young men to be clerks, office attendants, messengers, anything, so that it is not work of the kind that will make them mechanics or tradesmen, is a deplorable sight to those who have full opportunities to see the distressing effects of it in the struggle for such employments by those unfortunates, who have put it out of their power to do anything else by neglecting to learn some permanent trade or business in which trained skill can always be turned to account. The applications for clerkships and similar positions in large establishments are numerous beyond anything that would be thought of by those who have no chance to witness it. Parents and relatives, as well as the boys and the young men themselves, seem to be inflicted with the same infatuation. To all such we say, that the most unwise advice you can give to your boy is to encourage him to be a clerk or book-keeper. At the best, it is not a well paid occupation. Very frequently it is among the very poorest. This is the case when the clerk is fortunate enough to be employed; but if he should happen to be out of a place, then comes the weary search, the fearful struggle with the thousands of others looking for places, the never-ending disappointments, the hope deferred that makes the heart sick, the strife with poverty, the humiliations that take all the manhood out of the poor souls, the privations and sufferings of those who depend upon his earnings, and who have no resource when he is earning nothing. No father, no mother, no relative should wish to see their boys or kindred wasting their young lives in striving after the genteel positions that bring such trials and privations upon them in after life.

How do these deplorably false notions as to choice of occupation get into the heads of boys? Why do they or their parents consider it more "genteel" or desirable to run errands, sweep out offices, make fires, copy letters, &c., than to make hats or shoes, or lay bricks, or wield the saw or jack-plane, or handle the machinist's file, or the blacksmith's hammer? We have heard that some of them get these notions at school. If this be true, it is a sad perversion of the means of education provided for our youth, which are intended to make them useful as well as intelligent members of society, and not useless drags and drones. Should it be so, that the present generation of boys get it into their heads that, because they have more school learning and book accomplishment than their fathers had, they must therefore look down upon the trades that require skill and handicraft, and whose productions make up the vast mass of the wealth of every country, then it is time for the Controllers and the Directors to cover the interior walls of our school houses with maxims and mottoes, warning them against the fatal error.

NEW YORK has a locomotive which goes without steam.

[From the Toledo Blade.] NASBY.

The Amnesty Proclamation and Other Matters Pertaining Thereto.

POST OFFICE, CONFEDERATE ROADS, December 25, 1868.

The President's Amnesty Proclamation awakened in my buzzin the most poignant pangs. I hed bin figgerin for some days prior to Christmas ez to how I wuz to raise capital enuff to go into the grocery bizness in Noo York, knowing ez I did, that that alone woud save me from destitooten and distress, nay more—from positive starvashen. When a Democratic politishun is played-out (ez the vulgar term is in this part uv the heritag) everywhere else, he naterally gravitates to Noo York, ez there is more to steel, and more facilities for stealin it there than in any other place in the world.

Ez I hed determined to go to Noo York, and ez I must hev capital to go on, I hed concluded to go to Washington for a brief season, and embark into the pardon brokerin biznis. Jest ez I hed fully determined onto this in comes this Amnesty Proclamation, and that idee wuz dashed. In my wrath I cursed A. Johnson for knockin the last prop out from under me, and in my rage I wrote a most scathin letter denouncin it, to a friend of mine who hez the ear of His Eggegency. His answer in some measure cooled my anger, viz:

WHITE HOUSE, Washington, Dec. 27.

MY VENERABLE FRIEND: Never wuz stricters more unjust than them wich yoo hev piled onto our mutual friend, A. Johnson. Ef yoo don't believe it ask Mrs. Cobb. The fact is the pardon biznis, ez a biznis, wuz played out a year ago. Every Constooshnel Southern man wich hed the cash about his person to proccor a pardon with, and wuz ambishus uv hevvin that document about him, procured it long ago. Ef yoo don't believe it ask Mrs. Cobb. The biznis wuz a good one while it lasted, and then wuz when yoo shood hev struck in. It required \$300 to secure the services uv them wich had the ear uv His Eggegency, and ez ther wuz thousands uv Constooshnel Union men wich served under Lee and Boregard, who wanted pardons that they mite run for Congriss hev Post Offices and sich, money come in lively. But this class wuz eggasted long since. Ther wuz no more uv em over wich to eggstend Exececutive mercy, the quality uv wich is not strained. Jeff. Davis coodent beaskt for money for a pardon, nor cood any uv them wich distinguished themselves in the late unpleasants. In sooth they woudent ask for a pardon. They felt that they had done no wrong—but on the contrary, that great wrong hed bin done them. They were willin to magnanimously forgive the Federals, but shood they ask to be forgiven? Uv course not.

We, and by we I mean them wich hed the runnin uv the pardon biznis, hed every facility given us. So long as ther wuz a dollar to be hed, we got that dollar. When we hed squeezed all the jouse ther wuz in that partikeler lemon, what less cood His Eggegency do than to give away the dry ped? Ef ther wuz another man in the Confedarcy who hed a dollar and who cared a soo marke about a pardon, that Proclamashen woud never hev bin shood, pervidin A. Johnson hed a friend wich needed that dollar. Ef yoo don't believe it ask Mrs. Cobb.

I woudent come to Washington—it ain't no yonce. My eggperience hev bin the eggperience uv thousands. I went up to the headquarters uv General Grant and intimated that I woud accept a positshen under him, despite his going back onto the Dimocriasy. I wuz that mornin, yoo see, in a forgivin mood. Wat was the result? Why I was shoud the door with the onfeelin remark that when the Government wantid me the Government woud go to any amount of pains to find me. And I saw thousands uv Ablishnists tretted the same way.

Don't come to Washington. All uv the retainers uv His Eggegency are leavin the city ez fast ez they kin borror money to pay their fare to Noo York. In consequence the hotels are makin money, for while the paternage ain't so large, what does come is payin paternage. The guardian angel wich stands at the door uv the dining-room at Williard's is now serene. He hez lost that watchful, worried look wich characterized him uv old. His life glides smoothly along—it is not now a perpetual skirmish with hotel bummers whose stumicks must be filled, whether they have dollars or not, which they never hev. Ther is less uv fire in the noses uv them wich yoo see at the hotel—and the bars uv the city are getting more and more lonely. Ef yoo don't believe me ask Mrs. Cobb. Farewell. Don't come.

Trooly,

I felt after readin this that I hed done A. J. injustice. I must look elsewhere for the means to get away from here. O, why didn't I go to Washington sooner?

PETROLEUM V. NASBY, P. M.

DEATH-BED CONFESSION OF A MURDERESS—Poisons her Husband, Child and Father-in-Law.—The township of Lafayette, Sussex county, N. J., is considerably excited at the present time over some revelations made by a woman named White, just previous to her dissolution, which took place last Saturday. The particulars of her confession are horrible in the extreme, and, if true, would indicate that the ferocious spirit of Lucretia Borgia has found another shocking parallel in these latter days. Our correspondent writes us that the woman White, who was a widow, fell a victim to consumption. Being a member of the Methodist Church, she sent for some of her fellow-members to attend her in her dying hour, and stated to them that about seven years ago she poisoned her infant child, so that it died. A year or so after she administered poison to her husband's father, and he died too. Later still, on the return of her husband from the army, she dealt him also a fatal poison, and he, too, passed into the spirit land. The miserable woman has borne a good character, as do also her relatives. They are poor people. The only reason assigned for making this dying declaration is that she desired to rid her conscience of this immense load of crime prior to her death. These statements were made to our correspondent by one of the attendants at the death-bed of the self-accused murderess. It is not a little singular that her acknowledged acts have never before leaked out. She was perfectly sane up to the time of her decease.—Newark Journal.

Our Little Jokes.

—The following effusion, said to be the result of a "poetical agony" by a soldier, who sent a young lady a "bokay," while in camp near her home, is eminently satisfactory, so far as it goes, to prove that "none but the brave deserve the fair," and we hope had the desired effect. Here it is:

"Accept this bokay from a feller, Who oft has heard the kannon beller; Has listened to the fies a tooten, And helped to do a heap of shooten. He has seen the war clouds dark arise, Like fifty buzzards when they flies, Who is bigger than his dad, And wants to marry mighty bad."

—How long does a widow mourn for her husband? She mourns for a second.

—Self-made men are common now-a-days, but self-made women are commoner.

—Why are the men in Washington City not to be trusted? Because they are gay D. C. vers.

—What is the difference between eggs and truth? Truth crushed to earth will rise again, but eggs won't.

—However well young ladies may be versed in grammer, there are but very few who can "decline" matrimony.

—"Ideas," says Voltaire, "are like beads. Men only get them when they grow up, and women never have any." What a wretch!

—"Remember my son," said a trading Quaker to his boy, "in making thy way into the world, a spoonful of oil will go further than a gallon of vinegar."

—"Woman is a delusion!" exclaimed a crusty old bachelor to a witty young lady. "And man is alwas hugging some delusion or other," was the quick reply.

—"An Irishman recently soliloquized: 'What waste o' money buying mate when you know the half of it is bone, while you can spind it for rum that has niver a bone in it.'"

—"Did any of you ever see an elephant's skin," inquired a teacher of an infant class. "I have," exclaimed one. "Where?" asked the teacher. "On the elephant," said the boy laughing.

—"Hello, there! how do you sell your wood?" "By the cord." "How long has it been cut?" "Four feet." "I mean how long cut it has been since you cut it?" "No longer than it is now."

—"A wag, seeing a friend bow to an extremely corpulent man, inquired who he was. 'That sir, is Smith, the great corporation contractor.' 'Ah, indeed! he looks like a corporation expander!'"

—"Somebody has proposed to establish schools for training servants. We now propose that there be a school for the education of modern young women into wives. Servants are not so scarce as housekeepers."

—"May I inquire where Robinson's drug store is?" "Certainly, sir," said the boy very respectfully. "Well, sir," said the gentleman, after waiting awhile, "where is it?" "I have not the least idea, yer honor," said the urchin.

—"A sick man, slightly convalescing, recently in conversation with a pious friend, who congratulated him upon his recovery, and asked him who his physician was, replied: 'Dr. Jones brought me thro'.' 'No, no,' said his friend, 'God brought you out of your illness, not the doctor.' 'Well, maybe he did, but I am certain the doctor will charge me for it.'"

—"A minister once prayed in the pulpit that 'the Lord would bless the congregation assembled, and that portion of it which was on its way to church, and those who were at home getting ready to come, and that in his infinite patience he would grant the benediction to those who reached the house of God just in time for that.' The congregation came on time after that."

—"Well, my lad, where are you traveling this stormy weather alone?" asked an inquisitive landlord in the North of Vermont, during the late war, of a boy whose father was engaged in smuggling, and had sent him, young as he was, with an important message in advance of the party. "Going to draw my pension," was the reply. "Pension," echoed the landlord, "what does so small a boy as you draw a pension for?" "Minding my own business and letting that of others alone."

—"One of the western papers gives the following notice: 'All notices of marriage, where no bride-cake is sent, will be set up in small type and poked in an outlandish corner of the paper. When a handsome piece of cake is sent, it will be put conspicuously in large letters; when gloves or other bride favors are added, a piece of illustrated poetry will be given in addition. When, however, the editor attends at the ceremony in person, and kisses the bride, it will have especial notice—very large type, and the most appropriate poetry that can be bogged, borrowed or stolen from the brain editorial.'"

[By our Special Artist.]

THE "CRISIS"—ON THE HILL.



NED.—See here Jim—didn't see have it well set up?

JIM.—What are you talkin' about?

NED.—Why you see there's twenty-seven of us fellers out in the cold, so we just set up the House and had a little 'William' put through, which makes us 'all hunkry' and pastin' and foldin'. Now if you can git your Senator to go for it we'll let you in.