Zennsylvanisch Deitsch.



BREEF FUM SCHWEFFLEBRENNER.

SCHLIFFLETOWN, April 14, 1869. MISTER FODDER ABRAHAM:

In meim letshta brief hob ich g'mention-

ed dos ich a notion het noch so an side bisness uf kreeya for neavich der Posht Office aw tsu dreiva, un hob sidder ordlich feel drivver gedenkt, un bin sheer gorly teu der conclusion kumma for in des bitters bisness nei tsu gea. De Bevvy hut net recht wella, awer se sogt now dos wann ich goot ocht geb un du kens fun dem meena whiskey nei, awer plenty kreiter shtuft, so we hulder beara blumma, shlonga wartzel, woll kraut shtengel, dishtla, gordabenedick, kotza-kraut un so sach, donn wær se's agreed, for so shtuft, wanns aw nix bot so shots aw nix. Om Somshdog war ich in der shtadt un hob amohl noch g'froked fun weaya der bitters bisness. Eaner, hob ich ous g'funna, dar sei nawma ordlich weit bekont g'macht hut fun weaya seina bitters, meant es wær an money making bisness, wann mer vusht de leit so glawa macha konn. Er hut mer selwer g'sawt dos es ordlich feel meaner use manetsha un bekonnt macha aw kummt dos uf de cures. Er hut mer aw privately g'sawt we mer de bitters macht. Doh nemmt mer evva ea goll commoner whiskey, ea goll wasser, tawea quart lager beer, un donn yusht ennich kreiterly shtuft nei mixa bis es an rechter bitterer g'shmock hut, un donn in de buttla nei un directions druf, un d'no is es ready for customers. Er hut mer tsu fershtea gevva dos sei beshty bitters transaction war we er ous ferkawft hut on eaner deer ols noch der nawma uf holt, un er hut meer aw gerota, ols an freind, dos wann ich nei gea in selly bisness donn set ich yusht proweera mei nawma uf kreeya, for es is, secht er, ordlich feel mehner im nawma dos im shtuft, un donn wær mei teeit ous teu ferkawfa. Er meant ich het an first raty chance, for weil der nawma Schwesselbrenner so ivver ous popular is, deat de "Schwefflebrenner's Herb un Shtommick Bitters," ordlich goot nemma, un ep dos de leits ousfinna deata dos es yucht a humbug is kennt ich ous ferkawfa uns geld in der sock shtecka. Sell war ferleicht an ordlich guter roat for geld macha, awer ich hob gedenkt ich wet doch noch a wennich weiter noch frohya derweaya, yusht for ousfinna eb se oll sell game shpeela, un wann se duna donn deat ich's ferleicht yusht so goot aw so macha. Well, des ding war goot, ich bin donn tsu ma onnera gonga, yusht a paar deera weiter nunner, tau eam was se der Major heasa, un hob amohl mit eam awfonga tsu shwetza. Ich hob eam g'sawt dos ich a notion het for in de bitters bisness tau gea, nn g'froked eb er net ous ferkawia deat wann er a gooty chance het. Awer fun sellam hut er nix wissa wella. Er hut g'sawt dos mei beshter weg wær wann ich ousfinns kennt was for kreiter shtuft, un wartzla, un so shtuft goot is for de leit, un donn in de bisness nei gea un dertsu shticks. Er hut any how kea notion g'hot for sei bisness ous tsu forkawfa. Sell hut mich donn a wennich gebottert - hob g'wnnnert we's is, eb se oll humbugs sin odder yusht a dehl fun cana. Ich bin anyhow tsu der conclusion kumma amohl draw tsu gea un seana eb ich un de Bevvy net a shtuft macha kenna dos de onnery oll beet, for sidder dos ich mit sellam onnera Bitters monn g'shwetzt hob, bin ich so uf de notion kumma dos ferleicht doch net olles humbug is was bitters heast. Any how es mus amohl proweert wærra. Was ich im sin hob tsu cura mit em "Schwefflebrenner's Herb un Shtommick Bitters," is der dishpepsy, general ability, loss of obbadit, difus fever, kollera, narfus ability, gronnick deireea, rummatticks, tsahnwea, shmærtza im rick, kupwea, oustsearing, un olly kronkheita fun dejectiff organs. Uf course es nemmt ordlich feel sorta shtuft, awer ich glawb ich weas we mers mix'd. Ich un de Bevvy geana any how draw un shtudya des ding amoh ous, un dans yeades sort shtuft prepara, un in a woch odder tawea inshpect ich kenna mer amoh! anyhow a paar golla ready hawa, un ousfinna we's shoft, un ebe goot nemmt unnich de leit, un wann's dut donn misset ers aw rechtshoffa adferdesia. Wær weas eb ich net noch an grosser job ous dem ding mach. Feleicht wærs ken shlechter plawn wann ich so dinglin mit green bobbeer drucka deat lussa for uf de buddalin pasta mit meinn nawma druf ols der "Professor Schwefflebrenner." Sell drinkt mich, deat anvhow ordlich feel besser nemma dos yusht duckter, for heitich's dogs sin de duckter

gedu hut mit seim bitters ousferkawfa an duckter heast, konn ichs aw gea ols an Professor, un sell is ca degree heacher.

Awer, ea ding will ich fershtonna hawa. un sell is, dos ich an United States Officer bin. De Posht Office suit mich ordlich goot, for es bringt de leit bei, un sell gebt mer an first raty chance wann amohl mei bieness im gong is.

Der klea Abey is net recht g'sund olleweil. Er hut so unfergleichlich dorrich foll. De Lawbucksy behawpt er wær aw g'wocksa, un dos mer braucha set derfore. Awer de Bevvy meant sell deat nix botta, un se shtickt tsum kotza-kraut tea. Den morya, meant se, wærs a wennich besser, des is, a wennich mea hort leiwich, un deat aw meaner notice nemma fun sacha. De fact is, mer meant es wet shun lacha wann ols de Bevvy so mit em shpeelt. Ich mus selwer ols locha wann de Bevvy tsu dem kleana dingly shwetzt, yusht dos wanns es feishtea deat. Doh hut se ean ols uf em shohs un fongt ols aw: "Guck a mully doh der mommy eara kleanes buwelly-duwellay-mus-net-kreisha-dukleanes Abely-a-dooty-dooty-kitza-kitzakitza-seeses-kleanes-bubbelley buwellydooty-dooty, dooty, un now gea shlofa hush by baby go to sleep." De fact, is, de Bevvy hut so an longy roy kleany warta for des Abely dos ich mer se gor net mærricka konn. Ea ding awer g'folt mer net, un sell is, de koshta for den kleana Abey. Sheer olly dog heasts, Pit, du musht denk nuff in der shtore gea un ebbas kreeyaset tswea yord flannell hawa; bring aw shtuft mit for hemdlin; 's mus aw noch a paar socks hawa un noch a klea froekly for in der woch. Un ich mus aw ordlich uft in de obbadeak, for druppa, un ollerlea, un de sacha koshta geld. Awer, mer konn evva now net helfa—der klea Abey is doh, un mus aw uf getsohya wærra."

Geshter hob ich aw an breef grickt fum Shtate Lawyer. Er will wissa eb ich im sin hob rouse tsu kumm a for shreef; will hawa ich set nix du un nemond fershprecha for emter bis dos er mich seht un mit mer shwetzt. Er meant er kent es so fixa dos ich ebbas macha kent wann ich doh in Schliffletown my influence uf de recht side geb. Er hut g'shrivva fun weaya de semly leit, un hut mich ei gelawda bei eam aw tsu rufa wann ich widder in de shtadt kumm. Ferleicht wi'll er mer so an bricka contract, odder ebbas a so awbeeta. Wær weas. Awer, ich mus ufheara shreiva for desmohl, weil de mail obgea mus in a paar minnutta. PIT SCHWEFFLEBRENNER, Esq.

A MINISTER IN A NEW ROLE.

How He Cleaned His Cistern, and What Came of it.

[From the Cincinnati Chronicle.] few days since a well-known minister who owns a house in the West End which is now vacant, paid the premises a visit, for the purpose of examining their condi-tion. After taking a survey of the house and finding everything in good condition, the reverend gentleman took a look into the cistern, the bottom of which, to his sorrow, he found to be covered with sediment, old tools, tin pans, stones, bricks, etc. After viewing the filthy mess for some time, the frugal-minded old gentleman came to the conclusion that, in view of the hard times and high vrice of labor of the hard times and high price of labor, the wisest course he could pursue was to clean it himself, especially as his sermon was written for the week, and he, in consequence, had plenty of leisure. Having once resolved, the old gentleman lost no time in executing. Proceeding to the house he divested himself of every article of clothing save his drawers, and thus attired entered the cistern, went manfully to work, with hands and shovel, until the whole mass was thrown up. Having completed his task, he wended his way to the house for the purpose of donning his costume of sober black, when, oh, horror of horrors! not a garment was to be seen where he had left them. All were gone. Thieves, it appears, who had not the fear of the law or the reverend clatern cleaner before their eyes, had entered the house, while the old gentleman was digging away to the tune of Old Hundred, and stolen his clothes. Here was a nice predicament to be placed in! Not a stitch of clothing to hide his nakedness, save the sadly damaged drawers, and no means of procuring any save by an appearance on the street in his rather primitive costume, which modesty forbade, but the chilling temperature of the house urged. Exercise was his only means of keeping warm, while racking his brain to decide upon a method of relief. So at it he went, and notwithstanding his conscientious scruples on the subject of dancing some of the liveliest hoe-downs executed—by a minister, at least—in this city, the silent walls of that deserted dwelling then witnessed. The noise of the old gentleman's terpsichorean performance finally attracted the attention and brought to his aid a number of the neighbors, whose horror and astonishment can be imagined at witnessing the performance of a breakdown by their respected fellow-citizen in a costume almost as scanty as a ''Georgiafull dress.'' Thinking, of course, that the old gentleman had gone as near stark mad as he was stark naked, the neighbors appreached him with great caution, and not for some time after his discovery was it decided to furnish him clothing in order that he might go at large. One of the party, however, finally approached near enough to hear his explanation of his strange appearance—which the appearance of the cistern corroborated—when a suit of clothes was procured, the old gen-tleman clothed, and warmed, and allowed to depart in peace, amid the suppressed titters and giggles of the spectators. He has, we believe, since decided to give up the cistern-cleaning business.

THE Democrats in this vicinity are so much exercised over the result of the Connecticut election that they refuse to permit the bartenders to shake a nutmeg sheer so common dos de Captains un de grater over their whisky punch. The de-cline in the nutmeg market is quite per-Honorables wu dort in der semly hucka. Anyhow wan seller dingrich wu so goot | ceptible in consequence.



EX-GOV. ANDREW G. CURTIN, American Minister to Russia.

Selected.

A DETECTIVE'S EXPERIENCE. The Blue The

A low, vine-clad cottage, with green gril peered from the tangled foliage out into the darkness; the young face wore an anxious look, and the eyes were sad with sorrow, one look, and the eyes were sad with sorrow, one look and the eyes were sad with sorrow.

The bright golden curls were thrown back and a little white hand was lifted to the ear as if to catch the first echo of a footstep. The light from the room flashed over the sunny tresses that shone in the glare like a golden crown. Suddenly the report of a pistol rent the air, and a man staggered and fell at her

The noise of the street had long died out The busy city was sunk to rest; the wild fever that had burned along its arteries had ceased; in that secluded spot no sound was heard, save the pistol shot and the death rattle as the victim's pallid face was raised

appealingly.

"These were the facts as they were related to Mr. I— and myself," said Mr. F—,
"an hour afterwards."

The head of the dead man was pillowed on his daughter's lap, and to the stiffened lips she pressed her own repeatedly. But friends interposed and the man was carried into the

"Have you an idea who did it?" I asked of the young lady.
She hesitated for a moment. Not even her

overwhalming sorrow had powerts suppress
the blush that stained neck and face, with a

the blush that stained now.

"I have none!" she said falteringly.

I did not believe her. Whoever the assassin was, she knew him. I was satisfied of this, although some reason, for which I could not then account, kept her ellent. This was all the public learned from the daily papers. It was related in the Picayune as all, and It was related in the Picayune as all, and water: "Sir, shall I thank you not to make it a fortnight." "A fortnight," said he, "hadn't you better take it directber. The detective's work is never done.
The clue lost must be regained. But in this instance the mystery seemed impenetrable.
Still the belief that the girl knew by whom the fatal shot was fired, kept her constantly in my mind. I watched her incessantly. I searched out her history-learned of her loves her courtships and all the secrets that young ladies guard so sacredly. I ascertained from them that she had been addressed by a young man of dissolute habits, and a wild, wayward character. She was an heiress in wayward character. She was an hereas in her own right, but her fortune depended on her marrying with her father's consent. I now settled in my own mind who was the murderer. But I had no proof. Since the night of the tragedy he had not come near her. But something assured me that an interview would yet take place. To this and

I waited patiently.

It was Mardi-Gras night—the night the carnival. The brilliantly lighted day was wild with excitement. The population was en mask. The sound of music—the sound of echoing feet—reached the street from many a palatish home and public building—a night of revelry. I stood in the centre of a room thronged with dancers, my eyes never stray-ing from a blue domino. I had traced it here. I knew the lady who wore it; I had seen the miliner who fashioned it; had seen it fitted to the beautsful face. I had not lost sight of her from early dawn. See was standing underneath the chandelies when a man approached her dressed as a hardquin. Instinct would have told man was he was, had I not heard the sounded his was, he simple word simple word-

The girl trembled violently, but I heard the reply—
"Murderer!"

"It was for love of youd?"
"It was for love of my money go!
have not and will not beingy go. But
will never williagly look on your mer again."
"You will desert me then?"
"Would you have me marry the many who " Would you have me marry the man who

killed my parent?"
"Mary, what else could I do?" I did not wait for the reply. I had preof enough now. I whispered in his ear and he followed me from the room.

"You are my prisoner!"
"For what?" he enquired h "For furder!" I replied, looking steadily in the eye. He bore the flinchingly for a moment and the down utterly.

"Mary has betrayed me!" he said:
"Not so! but I heard your conversal.

"No matter, I will confess it, and hade. It is uscless to repeat the recital. R was such as a wild, impetuous nature inurel to erime would be likely to make. A great effort was made by his friends to savenim, but in vain. The crime he perpetrated was too cruel—the deed to heartless. He is in middle age, but his hair is white, and his face is wrinkled with care—an old han, whom remorse has cheeted of youth. The girl vet lives in the city unmarried. "No matter, I will confess it, and h girl yet lives in the city unmarried. Shas a strange heart, and a mind warped by affection. She refused to testify even at the tital.

THE Methodists dedicate one charge a day throughout the year.

Our Little Jokes.

"How do you get your ice?" asked a A crusty old bachelor says he thinks it is woman, and not her wrongs, that

-What would the world be without a woman? A perfect blank-like a sheet of paper—not even ruled.

-Why do girls kiss each other and men not? Because girls have nothing better to kiss, but the men have.

"We're in a pickle now," said a man in a crowd. "A regular jam," said an-other. "Heaven preserve us," mourned an old lady.

—"I expect," said a young physician, on his way to Jamaica, on hearing exaggerated rumors of the cholera, "to witness a great many death bed scenes this summer." "Doubtless," replied a friend, "if you get much practice."

—Aunt Betsy was trying to persuade little Jack to retire at sunset, using for an argument that all little chickens went to rest at that time. "Yes," said little Jack, "but the old hen always goes with them." Aunty tried no more arguments with him.

-"Sambo, whar you get that watch you wear to meetin' last Sunday?" "How you know I had a watch?" "Bekase I seed de chain hang out ob de pocket in front." "Go way, nigger! Spose you see a halter round my neck—you tink dar

to be sure, but not a fortnight, not to weak."

—"Seventy-five cents per gal!" exclaimed Mrs. Partington, on looking over the price current. "Why bless me, what is the world coming to, when the gals are valued at seventy-five cents!" The old lady pulled off her spectacles, threw down the paper and went into a brown study on the want of a proper appreciation of the true value of the female gender.

-A gay young fellow, of a deistical turn, travelling in a stage-coach to London, forced his sentiments upon the company by attempting to ridicule the scriptures. Among other topics he made himself merry with the story of David and Gelish, strongly urging the improbability of a youth like David, being able to throw a stone with sufficient force to sink it in to the company, and in particular to an elderly Quaker. "Indeed friend," replied he, "I do not think it impossible, if the Philistines' head was as soft as thine is.'

-We heard an anecdote of a schoolboy the other day which illustrates the honesty of the youth. The little fellow had a dirty here, and his teacher told him to go and wash it. He went out and stayed a few minutes and then came back with the lower half of his countenance tolerably also and the unreal half wat and dirty. clean, and the upper helf wet and dirty.
"Johany," and the teacher, "why did you not wash your mos?" "I did wash it," said Johnny. "Why did you not wipe it then, all ever?" "I did wipe it as high as my shirt tail would reach!" was John-ny's conclusive usply.

LOW LIFE IN NEW YORK.

Some idea of low life in New York may be obtained from the following figures presented by the Rev. Van Meter in a lecture delivered in Chicago recently. Altogether, there were in New York last year, 80,093 arrests, fifty-nine of which were for minder, averaging a murder to the form exercing one to each block. iff fame averaging one to each block.

Forty-eight thousand children were running the same of New York, homeless, houseless and parentless; 126 families houseless and parentless; 126 families are seconded in one single tenement building. In the Fourth Ward the number of inhabitants to the square mile exceeded to 29,000. In this ward 224 families live below the aidewalk, many of them below below the sidewalk, many of them below high-water mark, and often they are driven from their cellars by the high water, or lie in bed until the tide ebbs. In one tenement house there were 146 persons sick at one time of scarlet fever, scarlatina, measles, whooping cough, and other diseases. In this building one out of every nineteen died. A procession of children two abreast and reaching eleven miles, would only equal the number who are now lying at death's door for want of proper food and nourishment.

Dentistry.

LARCASTER, June 25th, 1868.
EDITORS EXPERSS: Dr. Wm. M. Whiteside, the enterprising Dentist, has purchased from me a large stock of teeth and all the fixtures, the instruments formerly belonging to me, and also those used by my father, Dr. Parry, in his practice. In the purchase, the doctor has provided himself with some of the most valuable and expensive instruments used in dental practice, and has beyond doubt one of the best and largest collections of teeth and instruments in the State. Persons visiting the commodious offices of Dr. Whiteside, cannot fail to be fully accommodated. The Doctor loses no opportunity of furnishing himself with every late scientific improvement in his line of business.

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