

FATHER ABRAHAM.

Pennsylvanisch Deitsch.



BREEF FUM SCHWEFFLEBRENER.

SCHLIPFLETOWN, Moy der Ill, 1869.
MISTER FODDEK ABRAHAM:

Ich war in Washington, un forgeshter bin ich heam kumma. Es war's arshd mohl in mein leawa dos ich in Washington war, un ich mus sawya, es lut ken orrig favorably impression uf mich g'macht, for im Washington tsu sei kusst geld. Im arshda piotz kusst amoh ordlich feel for Rail Road Tickets for onna tsu gea un widder tsurick—about sivratsca dahtar. Un donn, wann mer amohl dort is—immer un ewich awer was es geld kusst! Awer, never mind—ich bin an United States Government Officer, un bin net mea so particular fun weaya de expense.

Un now will ich der amohl oiles shreiva was my business war in Washington, we ich aus g'macht hob, was ich g'sea hob un oiles. Doh om lesta Mitwoch morya hob ich an telegramm dispatch breefly g'rickt fun alta Simon das ich grawd noch Washington knmma set, weil eass fun denna krickt wu doh fergonga so an grosses onnt gekrit fun bin Grant selly nach der fore g'thorwa is, un weil's noch net ivver-all bekonnt war dos der monn doat is, hob ich gedent gea ich aw, un gricks 'pointment ep dos de onnery draw denka. Ich hob mich aw ordlich feel uf der old Simon ferluss, for er, sawya se, het so orrig feel influence mit em Grant. Well, des ding war mit, we ich sel dispatch g'rickt hob, hut de Bevvy mer grawd noch an extra sawer hem un tswea stund-up collars gebiggled, un my carpet bag gepockt un a butly full hobr ocht un a hair brush un an extra seidich shnupduch nei, so das ich mich aw recht shlick uf fixa hob kenna for der President Grant tsu seama, for du weasht, es kummt ordlich feel druf aw we mer guckt wann mer on so an platz get. Uf course, ich hob aw my beshty Sundoge kleader aw gedu—my neier ruck un my teita hussa un my neier wyllospete hoot, un we ich ob bin hut de Bevvy proposed das ich mei wach deham lussa set—selly wu ich doh fergonga amohl dort ons Zahms in der stadt gekawft hob, for es war eara bong es deat mer ebisse shelta, awer ich war detemind se mit tsu nemna, un we ich se draw erinner hob das ich demohl net unnich de demokrata gea noch Nei Yorrick, awer unnich de 'Publicans noch Washington, donn war se's aw agreed. So hu awer doch g'meant ich set goot acht gevva uf mich for de Pennsylvanische Semly leit, sacht se, shneeka aw embols dort in Washington rum, un wann ich mich clear halt fun eana, un mich gor net mit eana ob geb, donn breicht es mer net bong sei dos ich de watch ferleera deat.

Well, we ich reddy war bin ich g'shart on der shtation, un donn uf de cars, un now denk ich, doh geats. Ich kent der feel shreiva fun weaya was ich olles g'ea hob uf em weg, abordlich in Fillidely un dort in dem Baldimore, awer der cheef platz is Washington. We ich dort ons de cars bin huts mich by chucks a wennich on Nei Yorrick erinner, for es wara usf wendicheht a hunnert fun denna foormenner mit eara long wips un a yeadar hut "carritch" gegrysha was er hut g'rischa kenna. Es war about acht ur orets, un in tswea minnuta war ich completely unringt mit denna foormenner—a yeadar hut proposed mich onna nemna on ennicer platz wu ich onna wet. Eaner hut proposed mich ons Middorbollitans nemna, eaner ons Nashnale, an onnerrc ons Afnoos, an onnerr wider ons Willert's, un aw noch onnery platz hen se proposed. Ich hob eana awer grawd g'sawt dos ich business hob ons Grants, un wann eans fun eana weas wu sell is, seller is my foormonn. Donn huts awer un rush gevva. Soll ferfess ich in all mein leawa net. Eaner hut mich fesh g'rickt om awram, an onnerr om ruck coller, un noch an onnerr om ruck tsipple un drei odder fer hen uf amohl gegraht for my carpet bag. Tsuletsh net se mich nei gepusht in a carritch nei—carpet bag un olles, un dona de deer tsu un ob war ich. Er is about tswea mile gonga dorrich so an orrick breade shtose un on immer un ewich grosse gebier ferbei, un tsuletsh hut er g'shtuppt for ma grosse weisa house, mit bummer-shshea pillars uf der porch, un a hofe fun about drei ocker lond. We ich us der carritch rouse bin hob ich uf course g'froked was es kusst, un hob shun a ferle dahlir shtamp in der hond g'hot. Awer was denksht now dos seller dunner wetter mich gecharged hut? Yush exactly drei dahlir! Un er hut mich a aw betzaha macha. Ich hob eam a dahlir gebutta, donn a dahlir un a holwer, un ocs nuf bis tswea un a holwer, awer kea ceat wennecher dos drei dahlir hut er ge-

numma. Well denk ich, on dem rate kushsht geld in Washington so wohl dos in Nei Yorrick! My watch war awer noch all right, for es war kea Semly monn fun Pennsilfawny unde weg. Well, donn bin ich amohl dort uf selly porch nuf un klip on der deer, awer kea ontwart fun inwendlich. Donn klup ich noch amohl, un onstott dos es least walk in, we ich expect hob, is an darkay uf g'shtuppt kumma un froked was ich will? "Does Mister Grant lif her-er?" "Yes sir, Mister Grant lifs her," secht er. "I want to see Mister Grant," sog ich. Donn hut er mer g'sawt dos wann ich der Mister Grant seama wet mist ich der neght dog kumma. Ich hob awer druf insist dos ich ean grawd seama mus, un donn hut er mich g'froked for my card, un ich hob eam explained dos sidler ich nimmy ons Kitzelderfers gea drom sowfa hob ich aw nix mea tsu du mit korla. Funs Kitzelderfers hut er awer nix wissa wella, un hut mer noch amohl tsu fershta gevva dos ich kea business du kent seller owet, un deat besser der neght dog kumma. Donn hut ich ean g'froked eb er mer sawya kent wu der besht platz war for shtuppa, un er hut mer geronta ons Willert's tsu gea, un hut mich aw direct we onna tsu kumma, un ich hob donn aw der platz g'funna.

Sell is awer aw an werts-house! Es gookt anyhow gons omersht dos ons Kitzelderfers. Bar shtub hob ich gor net g'sea. We ich nei bin war so an kiert dort hennich 'em counter, un we ich uf g'shtuppt bin hut er so an kleany bell jinkla macha, un donn hut grawd eaner mer my carpet bag ob g'numma, un der monn longt mer a feeder un a gross buch wu full nawna war. We er g'sea hut dos ich so business net fershta hut er mer uf en orrig poleiter weg g'sawt ich set mei nawna nei shreiva, un ich hob aw gedu—"Esquire," "Schliffletown" un olles. Ich war awer kea finf minnuta dort eb ich bekonnt g'sea hob. Der ersht monn war seller Jack, fun Leukeshter, un ich weas net we fel Congressmenner un onnery de sheints aw uf em look-out wara for sell very same Marshal's emty wu ich hawa hob wella. Ich hob aw grawd g'froked eb net der old Simon un de weg is, awer se hen mer tsu fershta gevva dos er net kumma is, un dos er net tsu seina friend shtickt we er ois hut. A dehl hen aw g'meant er het anyhow kea influence mea mit em Mister Grant. Ich un der Jack hen ons donn onna g'huekt un hen awfonga tsu shwetza we's war wann mer so a wennich compromisa deata. Ich was grawd agreed un hob hawa wella dos der Jack sei influence gevva set for mich, un donn wet ich can deppity 'pointa on siva odder acht dahlir de woel. Awer sell hut er net shtanda wella—er hut g'meant mer setta so fixa dos der de hawpt office grickt, un mich nemma for deppity, un de weil dos mer derfu gebaudert hen is eans fun denna Congressmenner nei g'shtuppt un sogt "all's up." "The devil it is," secht der Jack, un "was der deifel is now widder letz" hob ich g'sawt. Es war ferbei—de 'pointment war shun g'macht—es war kens fun uns, awer eaner Grickery huts grickt. "Pit," secht der Jack, "now geana mer widder heam un sawga mer weara doh gwist." "Yah," sog ich, doh soll a dunner wetter des Marshal business holla—es is anyhow net derwert dos mer weiter shwetza fun weaya deppities tsu 'pointa." "Nay," secht der Jack, "awer du bisht anyhow 'hunky' for du hushst an office, un now gea heam, un mach dich on selly frennology business, un wann du dushst geb ich der aw an job for my kup tsu examina for oussinna wu's fealt dos ich yetz shun fers tsawta mohl g'foked bin mit dem Marshal's emty—eb emers on kup fealt odder in de bea, dos ich nix du kann." Der Jack war awer doch in a tip-top guter yoomer derweaya, un hut mer g'sawt wann ich heam kummt set ich der Bevvy aw sei compliments gevva. Iver a wil bin ich aw ins bet, un der neght morya sin mer oil ob—awer my bill tsu betzaha, sell war noch amohl an sockdolager—yushit drei un a halwer for ivver nacht bleiwa uns morya essa! De fact is, ich hob noch feer dahlir lehma nisa (ich will net sawga fun wem) so dos ich hob kenna mer a ticket kawfa for heam, un now, doh bin ich widder, un hob der Grant gor net tsu sea grickt. Ich hob awer my watch noch, for es war ken eant-sacher Semly monn un de weg.

PIT SCHWEFFLEBRENER, Esq.

As we never see a woman but we mentally bless Adam for going to sleep and losing a rib, and hence are always on the look-out to please them, we publish the following recipe for keeping the skin clear and beautiful. We don't mean to insinuate that there are any girls about here who haven't the loveliest, peachiest faces in the world; not at all! But they, or some of their acquaintances, may happen to go to a pic-nic on Fourth of July this summer, and get a little tanned, and then the recipe will come so handy. Cut it out and paste it on your looking-glass: "Tan may be removed from the face by mixing magnesia in soft water to the consistency of paste, which should then be spread on the face and allowed to remain a minute or two. Then wash off with castile soap-suds, and rinse with soft water."

ENGLAND does not like Senator Sumner's speech on the Alabama claims, and her press is quite belligerent in tone. They, however, will think better of it before long. Let our government take the matter easy, and await our opportunity, and we shall have full compensation and satisfaction. England can hardly afford to let the question remain an open one, but we can and should.

SYMPTOMS OF OLD MAIDISM.

A Scotch paper thus details them: When a woman begins to drink her tea without sugar—that's a symptom. When a woman begins to read love-stories in a bed—that's a symptom. When a woman gives a sigh on hearing of a wedding—that's a symptom. When a woman begins to say that she's refused many an offer—that's a symptom. When a woman begins to go to bed with her stockings and a flannel night-cap on—that's a symptom. When a woman begins to say what a dreadful set of creatures men are, and that she wouldn't be bothered with one for all the world—that's a symptom. When a woman begins to change her shoes every time she comes into the house after a walk—that's a symptom. When a woman begins to have a cat at her elbow at meal times, and gives it sweetened milk—that's a symptom. When a woman begins to be ashamed to take off her bonnet in a gentleman's company because she's no cap on—that's a symptom. When a woman begins to say that a servant lass has no business to have a sweetheart—that's a symptom. When a woman begins to rub her fingers over the chairs and tables to see if they are dusty—that's a symptom. When a woman begins to put her fingers before her mouth when she's talking to any one, for fear they should see she's losing her teeth—that's a symptom. When a woman begins to talk about rheumatism in her knees and elbows—that's a symptom. When a woman begins to find fault with her looking-glass, and says it doesn't show the features right—that's a symptom. When a woman begins talking about cold drafts, and stops up all the crevices of the doors and windows—that's a symptom. But, what of it? Better be an old maid, than make a foolish or unloving marriage.

GEN. SHERMAN'S LAW PRACTICE.

On the first day of January, 1859, three lawyers formed a partnership in this city and opened an office in the second story of a tottering old building on the east side of Main, between Delaware and Shawnee streets. "Sherman, Ewing & McKook," so read the sign. "William T. Sherman, his brother-in-law, Thomas Ewing, now a citizen of Washington, and Daniel McKook (afterward mortally wounded at Kennesaw, while leading his brigade) constituted the firm. Ewing dabbled largely in real estate; McKook attended chiefly to the court business, and Sherman was left to do the honors of the office. There "Captain Sherman" shone in all his glory. Seated on his rickety chair, with his feet on the smoky stove, he talked by the hour to his friends, who habitually loafed about the office. Everybody liked Captain Sherman and Sherman liked good listeners; hence he had plenty of company. He was a good talker and very entertaining. He never tried but one case. That was an act of ejectment before Squire Whitney, who then had a subterranean office under the corner of Second and Delaware. Col. B. was for plaintiff, Sherman for the defence. Sherman got badly beat. B. wound him up and wound him down, and scooped him on every point. After the war the General was asked if he remembered the case. "Yes," said he, "old B. beat me all to pieces in that lawsuit in the afternoon, but that night I beat him." "How was that?" "You see it was an action for possession. My client was a poor Irishman, who had leased a lot and put a shanty on it. He failed to pay the rent—hence the action. After we were beaten before the Justice, we immediately rented the lot adjoining, and that night my client moved his shanty over to it." Sherman soon became disgusted with the law. The partnership had lasted but a couple of months, when he was offered a professorship in the Louisiana State Military School, which he gladly accepted.—*Leavenworth News.*

Mr. Corcoran, the Washington banker, ceded to Hon. Henry D. Cooke, Hon. James C. Kennedy, and seven others, his art building, used by the Quartermaster-General for the last eight years, to be held forever as a free museum of art. The building completed is valued at two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Mr. Corcoran also donates the rent due from the government, which is estimated at thirty thousand dollars per annum since 1861. His works of art, which he also gives, are estimated at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, prominent among which is the original Greek Slave, for which he has refused twenty thousand dollars in gold. He will also place three hundred thousand dollars, in cash, at the disposal of the Board of Trustees to purchase works of art; and he has had private assurances from August Belmont, A. T. Stewart and others, who count their wealth by millions, of donations of pictures and statuary which they value at fabulous prices.

THE NEW YORK Evening Post calls attention to these interesting facts:

1. Morse's invention of the Telegraph.
 2. The laying of the Atlantic Cable.
 3. The death of Slavery in the United States.
 4. The completion of the Pacific Railway.
- In twenty-five years the continent has been spanned by the wires of the telegraph. Ten years ago the lightning began to run beneath the sea. Five years ago the war for freedom ended, and slavery died. On Monday the iron track was made complete from Portland to San Francisco.

The young man of to-day, who has seen all these things accomplished, will have tales to tell to his grandchildren such as no grandfere of our day can summon from the stores of his memory.

THE DOUBLE-ENDER PRINCIPLE.—A young New England mamma, on the important occasion of making her little boy his first pair of colored trousers, conceived the idea that it would be more economical to make them of the same dimensions behind and before, so that they might be changed about and wear evenly—and so she fashioned them. Their effect, when donned by the little victim, was ludicrous in the extreme. Papa, at first sight of the baggy garments, so "fearfully and wonderfully made," burst into a roar of laughter, and exclaimed, "Oh, my dear, how could you have the heart to do it? Why the poor little fellow won't know whether he is going to school or coming home."

Our Little Jokes.

—A model surgical operation—to take the cheek out of a young man and the jaw out of a woman.

—Who ever heard of a woman with pretty ankles and whole stockings, complain of wet sidewalks or muddy crossings?

—Brigham Young conducts his communal affairs on the principle of "large business and small profits."

—Josh Billings says, "There is two things in this life for which we are never prepared, and that is twins."

—A young woman's fancy is like the moon, which changes continually, but always has a man in it.

—"You need a little sun and air," said the doctor to a maiden patient. "Must I not wait till I get a husband?" she asked.

—The man who made an impression on the heart of a coquette, has taken out a patent for stone-cutting.

—Hoops surround two things which are now commanding great attention—girls and whisky.

—Don't speak ill of old maids. They are the true angels who have refused to make men miserable by marrying them.

—When may young ladies be said to be economical? When they resort to tight lacing to prevent waist-fatness.

—"I am afraid you will come to want," said an old lady to her daughter. "I have come to want already," was the reply. "I want a nice young man."

—Josh Billings says he will never patronize a lottery, so long as he can hire anybody else to rob him at reasonable wages.

—A man set his son to studying law, because, he said, he was such a tricky little rascal, and he wanted to humor his chief talent.

—If a young lady has a thousand acres of valuable land, the young men are apt to conclude that there are sufficient grounds for attachment.

—Josh Billings says, if you trade with a Yankee, steal his jack knife first; for if he gets to whittling, you are gone in spite of thunder.

—An ill-natured woman at Saratoga says that "some women dress to please each other; some to please me, but the most dressy women don't dress to please anybody; they dress to worry women."

—Those young ladies who use the contents of saucers on their cheeks, would arrive at the same results by morning walks and broom-promenades. "Beauty unadorned, is adorned the most."

—An admirer of dogs having had a new litter of a fine breed, a friend wished him to put him down for a puppy! "I set you down for one a great while ago," was the response.

—"I cannot imagine," said an alderman, "why my whiskers should turn grey so much sooner than the hair of my head."

—"Because," observed a wag, "you have worked much harder with your jaws than your brains."

—I pressed her gentle form to me, and whispered in her ear, if when I was far away, she'd drop for me a tear. I paused for some cheering words, my throbbing heart to cool, and with her rosy lips she said, "O Ike! you're such a fool."

—A lady teacher was endeavoring to impress upon her pupils the terrible effect of the punishment of Nebuchadnezzar, saying, "seven years he sat grass like a cow," when a boy asked: "did he give milk?"

—A Boston paper is "in favor of women voting if they want to." A western paper "would like to see the man who could make them vote if they didn't want to."

—A youngster being shown at a toyshop a papiermache mouse, which when wound up, ran about in a very life-like manner, exclaimed, with contempt, "O mamma, I don't want that; we've got lots of 'em at home, and don't have to wind 'em up, either."

A gushing "girl of the period," commenting on Mormonism, exclaims: "How absurd—four or five wives for one man; when the fact is, each woman in these times ought to have four or five husbands. It would take about that many to support her decently."

—A little girl in Sunday School was asked by a teacher: "Mary, do you say your prayers morning and night?" "No, Miss, I don't." "Why, Mary, are you not afraid to go to sleep in the dark without asking God to take care of you and watch over you until the morning?" "No, Miss, I ain't afraid, 'cause I sleep in the middle."

"I hope you will be able to support me," said a young lady, while walking out one day with her intended, during a slippery state of the pavement. "Why, yes," said the somewhat hesitating swain, "with some little assistance from your father." There was some confusion and a profound silence when the lovers' colloquy had ended.

—Old Bill W. was dying. He was an ignorant man, and a very wicked one. Dr. D., an excellent physician, and a very pious man, was attending him. The old fellow asked for bread. The doctor approached the bedside, and in a very solemn tone remarked, "My dear fellow, man cannot live by bread alone." "No," said the old fellow, slightly reviving, "he's blegged to have a few vegetables." The subject was dropped.

—An irascible old gent who held the position of justice of the peace, was going down the stairs one day, when a youth accosted him in a manner that did not come up to his honor's idea of respect due him. "Young man," said he, "I fine you five dollars for contempt of court." "Why, judge," said the offender, "you are not in session." "This court," replied the judge, thoroughly irritated, "is always in session and consequently an object of contempt."

—An advanced young woman, of seven or eight summers, had not been brought up to "go to meetin'" and consequently was ignorant of the doctrinal significance of the terms High Church, Low Church, Broad Church, Ritualism, &c., &c. She had been taken by a friend to an Episcopal Church on a communion Sunday, and, on her return home, was asked by her papa how she liked the service. She replied, "I don't like to go to a place where the minister has to change his shirt three times during meeting!"

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DEPARTMENT OF STATE, Washington, May, 1868.
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Now is de tselt; macht eich bei, un judgt for eich selwer. Kummt in four-weas; kummt of geil; kummt mit eich goara; kummt of em railrood; kummt of velopodes, older kummt tsu foos. Mer sin gor net particular—yushit se der er kummt for woblifol an first raty goods, un bringt eich greenback's mit. Mind der recht platz is ons.

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