

Pennsylvanisch Deutsch.



BREIF FUM SCHWEPFLEBENNER.

SCHLIFLETOWN, Moy der 26t, 1869. MISTER FODDER ABRAHAM:

Ich bin widder amohlg gebottert. Om negshta Somshdog is de leckshun for delegates for of de convention kucka for a kondidawt uf nemma for Gufferneer, un ich weas net recht for welly dos ich vota seht. Geshter hob ich a breefly griekt fum George dort in der shtadt, un er hut mer teu fershtea geewa dos mer gen set for seller Shmidt wu als Shreef war doh de yohr, un aw for seller printer dort in der shtadt wu sell gross house gebaut hut. Wann yusht selly tawe nei kumma donn is der George g'satisfid, secht er. Awer der Sam. Winkeleisa behawpt dos wann mer selly nei lekta, deat ewa der George yusht du mit eana we er wet, un dos mer yusht so goot for ean selwer geat, for donn war mer anyhow net betrohya. Noch dem dos mer a weil g'shwetzt hen derweya hen mer amohlg de Bevvy g'frockt was se denkt derfu, un se war so holwer uf der notion dos mer besser acht gebt dos mer sich gor net foola lust bei dem Chief Duck, for secht se, ferlust ich druf, wann der for selly geant wu ser hawa will, donn sin'd er ferkawit. Tsaleht sin mer tsu der conclusion kumma nei tsu gea for de sex sershte nawma we se gepublihd sin in der Tseitung, for selly considera mer gooty menner. For instance, so leit we der Franklin, der Kauffman, der Kinzer—for ich kenn se goot—un seller Rutter dort in der shtadt, un der Sharrick, un der honest alt John Strohm, sin menner fum rechta shtamp, un lusea sich net ferkawia. Sell is anyhow my ticket.

Es geat yetz nimmy long bis mer widder amohlg de campain shtarta. Ich bin a Geary monn, vindand der Geary waerd uf genumma. Wann net, donn gea ich ewa for der onner wu se ufs diekt duma. Meer machts net feel ons wen se nemma, un de Bevvy geat aw nix drum, provided es is eaner uf den mer sich aw ferlussa kann ois an sounder Republican.

Om letshita Somshdog hen de demokrata widder amohlg so a meeting g'holta ons Kitzelderfers. About tswea uhr nummids bish selwer onna gonga yusht for seana war all dort war, un awer es war so awer der same alt crowd—der alt Dinkop, der Sensawetzer, der Shquire Jaubuck un de kaerls wu immer uf hond sin wann ans getret waerd. Der Lawbuck war President fun der meeting, un seller dick-beanich lawyer fun der shtadt rouse war aw dort un hut a speech g'macht un about a halb dutzend molh getreut. Er hut eana grawd rouse g'sawt dos der eant-sich monn dos an guter run macha konn for Gufferneer is der Ike Heeshter fun Lenkeshter wu a gudely brill drawgt un plenty geld hut, un aw nix drum gebt was es kusst for de treets. Sell hut awer de kaerls g'fetched. Satisfy de Schliffletowner yusht dos an kondidawt nei geat for plenty oter Monnygahel whisky, un I'll be bound dos se aw all nei geana for ean. De meeting is anyhow tsu der conclusion kumma delegates tsu lekta de nei gean for der Heeshter, un es deat mich uow aw gor net wunnerna wann se seller ufnemna deata. Uf course, se hen aw onnery kondidawta for sell emty. Dort is eaner Packer wu druvva in Mauch Chunk woont. Seller hut feel freind g'hot doh in Schliffletown, bis se ous g'funna hen dos er doh for tswea yohr tsurick fnt hunnert dousand dahler geewa hut for eans fun denna colletcha baua dort in sellam Betlehem shtedde uf der onner side's Ritters Wartschause in Lechaw county, un donn hen se ean gedropt we an heavy grumber, for se behawpta dos de collectha yusht so ferdeyht neshter sin for black Republicans ous tsu breaa, un enmicher monn der nei geat for so inshdidushens is net besser dos an frei shool monn odder an karricha shtrawweller. Anyhow, mit so demokrata wella se nix tsu du hawa. Un noch eans fun eana kondidawta is an monn in Pittsborrick—Cass heast er—seller hut aw geld genuck, awer er is eans fun denna hawpt Rail Roaders; un uf selly konn mer sich aw net entirely ferlussa for true blue demokratische principles. Treata, sawya se, dut er gor net, except yusht so unnich de big bugs, un mit shampain wu se drivva in Jarsey macha, un sell suit de Schliffletowner aw net, for se geansa nei for's real shtuht—tsaan cent der drunk—regular hardware-whisky dos krotzt wann er der hols nunnar geat, un aw der demokratisch geisht in de kaerls uf weckt. Un noch eans, seller Cass, mit seina Rail Roaders, sawya se, dut der party feel shawda, for iverall wu Rail Roaders, shteam Ingines un telegraff poles sin, dort geana de demokrata olsfort hinnersich. Un noch a kondidawt wu de nominea-

shun hawa will is eaner McCandless fun Filldelfy. Seller suit se aw net, for er war an General im greek un hut uf der Union side g'fochta geaya denna demokrata cara breeder drumma in Ferginny un in Gettysborrick dort uf der onner side der Kodorus in Yorrick county. We er is om trecta, wissa se net. A deal meana er war all right uf sellam point, awer des fechta uf der letza side kenna se eam net forgeva. Anyhow, se sin determined an neier kondidowt rouse tsu bringa, un der Ike Heeshter meana se, deat se exactly suita, for we er noch an wig war in Lenkeshter county war er shuu so holwer uf der onner side, un is tswea dousand hinlich sein ticket geblivva we er's sersht mohl gerunt is for Kongress, uns tsweat mohl is er gons gebutta warra, un donn hut er sich fulshter gedrayd, un hut sidder aw shun ma monnicha dorshhticher demokrata sei wisky betzahlt.

De meeting hut awer net long gedauert. Om drei uhr war's ferbi, un donn, uf course is der crowd amohlg in de bar slub, un ea mohl noch ean onner hut seller lawyer fun der shtadt rouse ols de treets g'shtand. About fier uhr is es awer interesting warra. Es hut mich ordlich shtorrick erinnert uf olty tseita, we ich selwer noch an unreconstrueter demokrata war. De gons party is uf course g'suffia warra, un der Joe Biffekup un der Bill Shnecka-fonger sin ous g'folla fun weaya drei fertele dahler wu der Shneckafonger g'leant hut fum Biffekup we se om korta shpeela wara doh fergonga. Der Biffekup huts eam g'fuddert, un der Shneckafonger hut de shuld ferlayent; don huts bease warta geewa—"bisht an ligher" sogt eaner, "bisht noch eaner" secht der onner, "heas mich ken ligher" secht eaner, "du bist an ligher" sogt der onner, "un ich konn dich k'noatcha in wennicher dos drei minnuta"; "prowers amohlg secht der Shneckafonger," un "doh bin ich redder for dich" secht der Biffekup. Donn awer dut amohlg der Shneckafonger sei ruck ous un hut in de feisht g'shlawa un sogt, "now awer amohlg bei de ruehtus kruhshtus yusht kum aw, du meener un ferlogener rascal du—yusht kum aw," un we er sell g'sawt hut is der Biffekup un der ruck ous un in de hend g'shpaut un greisht "now luss mich amohlg on can—yusht luss mich gea for ich kon eam sei brod-korrap ous-leara in wennicher das ca minnut." Awer der gons crowd is nei g'mixt un bis es all ferbei war hut ewa doch nemond g'fochta—es war alles wind un wisky. Der lawyer fun der shtadt rouse hut donn aw noch amohlg getreut, un tsuletsh war de meeting entirely ous g'shpelit. A dehl sin heam, un about a halb dutzend hen sich onna gelegt uf de porch un uf de bank un awfonga cara loads ob tsu shloaf. Donn bin ich aw heam un hob der Bevvy g'sawt dos in all meim dog un des leawes wet ich nix mea tsu du hawa mit demokratische ticks-acks ons Kitzelderfers. Yah, secht de Bevvy, es hut aw schlechty leit in der Republican party—soddiche wu unearlich sin, un aw kaerls de ols uf der Semly hucka, un aw kaerls, awer selly gebt mer de walking papers wann se proweera widder uf de diekts tsu kumma. Awer se meaya so meen un so schlecht sei dos se wella, se sin ewa doch noch gontleisht wun mer se compared mit dem Kitzelderfers crowd fun demokrata.

Der klea. Avey is liver ous g'stund, un woxt we a younger shanghigh. Er hut awer doch noch ordlich severer dorich-foll, awer de Olt Solaklupperis sogt sell war yusht fum tsawna. Er konn aw shun ollanich uf em budda hucka, un es deat mich gor net wunnerna wann er awfonga deat tsu rutchia in a paar woeha. PIT SCHWEPFLEBENNER.

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD.

There are many different ways of getting on in the world; it does not always mean making a great deal of money, or being a great man for the people to look up to with wonder. Leaving off a bad habit for a good one is getting on in the world; to be careful and saving instead of thoughtless and wasteful is getting on; to be active and industrious instead of idle and lazy is getting on; to be kind and forbearing instead of ill-natured and quarrelsome is getting on; to work as diligently in the master's absence as in his presence is getting on; in short, when we see any one properly attending to his duties, persevering through such difficulties to gain such knowledge as shall be of use to himself and others, and offering a good example to his relatives and acquaintances, we may be sure that is getting on in the world. Money is a very useful article in its way, but it is possible to get on with small means, for it is a mistake to suppose that we must wait for a good deal of money before we can do anything. Perseverance is often better than a full purse. There are more helps toward getting on than is commonly supposed; many people lack bishul r miss the way altogether, because they do not see the abundant and simple means which surround them at all sides, and so it happens that there are aids which cannot be bought with money. Those who wish to get on in the world must have a stock of patience, of hopeful confidence, a willingness to learn, and a disposition not easily cast down by difficulties and disappointments.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

An Iowa paper of a recent date gives the particulars of a romantic story which borders somewhat on the marvelous. Years ago a Pennsylvania farmer loved and married a charming young girl that lived near him. After the marriage time passed on, and soon the farmer contracted a taste for liquor, which frequently got the best of him. His wife remonstrated with him, which on one occasion ended by the husband stabbing her with a butcher knife. He left precipitately, supposing that he had killed her, and hid himself in the west, where in a few years he became a prosperous and wealthy merchant. The wife in the meantime recovered, and after living alone for five years, married again. Her husband, however, died at the expiration of a year, and she also went to the west. Then the incredible part of the story appeared. The parties met again after their long separation, and became acquainted, but neither recognized the other. An engagement was entered into, resulting in marriage; and, upon the wife dying in the evening, he noticed the scar made by his hand years ago, and suddenly recognized her as his wife of former years. Here is a chance for story writers.



HON. HENRY D. MOORE, Collector of the Port of Philadelphia.

Selected.

THE SECRET LET OUT.

The lodge of I. O. O. F., at M—, determined to have their lodge room done up clean and nice, and it was resolved unanimously that Mrs. K— should be hired to do the job.

After the lodge adjourned, the guardian, who knew the inquisitive character of Mrs. K—, procured a billy-goat and placed him in a closet. He then informed the lady of the wishes of the lodge, and said he wished her to come early next morning, as he then would be at leisure to show her what was and what was not to be done. Morning came, and brought with it Mrs. K—, with her broom, brushes, pails, tubs, &c., prepared and armed for the job, and the guardian waiting for her arrival.

"Now, madam," said he, "I'll tell you what we want done, and how we came to employ you. The brothers said it was difficult to get any one to do the job who wouldn't meddle with the secrets in that little closet (pointing to the goat's prison). We have lost the key and can't find it to lock the door. I assured them that you could be depended on."

"Depended on!" said she, "I guess I can. My poor dead and gone husband who belonged to the Free and Anti-Masons used to tell me all the secrets of the concern, and showed me the marks the gridiron made when he was ventilated, and told me how they fixed poor Morgan, and I have never told a living soul to this day. If nobody troubles your closet to find out secrets till I do, they will lay there till they rot—so they will."

"I thought so," answered the guardian; "and now I want you to commence in that corner and give the room a decent cleaning, and I have pledged my word and honor for the fidelity of your promise; so don't go into the closet, and all will be well," and he left the lady to herself.

No sooner had she heard the sound of his foot on the last step of the stairs than she exclaimed: "Don't go into that closet! I'll warrant there's a pesky gridiron or two, or some other nonsense in there—just like the Anti-Masons for all the world, I'll be bound. I'll see, any way! I can take a little peep, and nobody will be any wiser. I guess I can keep a secret."

Suiting the action to the word, (thinking all the while what a glorious secret she would have to tell Mollie Trump, her next door neighbor,) she stepped lightly and cautiously to the door, peeped mysteriously about, to see if any one could see her, and then quickly opened the door. What was her horror to see coming from a far corner of the room, after having uttered a most unearthly shriek, a living, actual, bona fide billy-goat, with a perfect torrent of wrath flashing out of his eyes. Making a tremendous rush for his liberty, he reached the threshold of his prison almost by the time the old lady had sufficiently recovered to screech "murder" and "fire" without getting choked, and came near upsetting the dame at the door. Both made a rush for the head of the stairs, but the door was full of implements for house cleaning, and all were swept clear from their position down to the bottom of the steps.

The noise and confusion occasioned by such unceremonious coming down stairs, drew half the town to witness Mrs. K.'s efforts to get from the pile of pails, tubs, brooms and brushes into the street.

Who should be the first to step but the rascally guardian, who, after releasing the goat, which was crippled for life, and uplifting the rubbish that bound the good woman to the earth, anxiously inquired if she had been taking the degrees.

"Takin' the degrees!" exclaimed the now irate lady, "you fetch-taked hateful you! If you call tumbling from top to bottom of the stairs, and bein' starved to death, takin' things by degrees, why I have them. And if you frighten and hurt other folks as you have me, I'll warrant they'll make as much noise as I did, and mebbe more."

"I hope you did not open the closet, madam?" said the guardian.

"Open the closet! Didn't Eye catch the apple when she was told not to? If you want a woman to do anything, tell her not to, and she'll do it for certain. I couldn't see anything through the key-hole, and I wanted to know what was in that closet, so I opened the door, and the tarna critter popped right out at me. I thought I was a goner, and started for the stairs, with Satan butting me at every jump. I fell over the tub, and got down stairs all in a heap—ugh! that screechin', hateful thing!"

"But, madam," said the guardian; "as you are in possession of the great secret of the Order, you must now go back and be initiated in the regular way."

place again, and ride that critter without bridle or saddle! No, sir! never! I don't want nothing to do with the man who rides it, nuther. I'd look nice on a billy-goat, wouldn't I, now? No, sir! I'll never go nigh it again, nor into your hall, nuther; and if I can help it, no lady shall never join the Oddfellers. Why, I should rather join the Free Masons, and be fried on a gridiron as long as fire could be kept under it, and be pulled from the garret to the cellar with a halter round my neck, just as my poor dead and gone husband was, for he lived over it; but I never could outlive another ride as I took to-day. You don't ketch me back in there."

SUE MUNDY—CAREER OF A FEMALE GUERRILLA.

Nearly every pleasant day pedestrians on our principal avenues pass a dark-eyed brunette, of medium size, a plump figure, and richly dressed. In the early spring of 1861 Sue Kitegrada, a lovely girl, just returned from boarding school, lived upon her father's plantation in one of the rural districts of Kentucky, that hung in a balance, uncertain whether to risk her fate with the new "Confederacy" or hang back. Sue was 17, a frequent visitor at the adjoining plantation of Mr. Mundy, an old gentleman whose wife and son, a young man, composed a happy family.

One day a company of Union cavalry rode down upon the place, plundered the premises, carried off the valuables, burned the residence, and finally slaughtered the parents, who were defending their own firesides, laying waste the country in their track, and leaving young Mundy and Sue orphans indeed. Young Mundy was at last aroused, and while being carried of a prisoner no words escaped his lips but "Sue." When asked his name he repeated "Sue," probably the effects of a disordered brain. His linen being examined, the indecipherable name of "Mundy" was found, and ever after he was known as "Sue Mundy," the constant terror of Union citizens and soldiers in that section.

After being released on parole, he immediately returned, and interred the charred remains of his own parents, as well as the body of Mr. K. Taking a solemn and fearful oath of vengeance, and accompanied by Sue, who was now without home or friends in this wide world, he started for a neighboring camp of bushwhackers or guerrillas, where he was received with open arms, and was soon promoted to the office of commander of the force, while Sue, disguised and passing by the name of "Kit"—an abbreviation of Kitegrada—proved invaluable as a spy, a fearless rider, and of undoubted bravery. Kit, after serving nearly two years as a spy and general planner for the band, found her health failing. Disguised and armed with the highest testimonials, she succeeded in securing a position on the staff of Gen. Claiborne, the hardest fighting Irishman in the rebel army.

This position she held, doing her duty like a man, until the battle of Atlanta, July 12, 1864, in which Pat. Claiborne was killed. Returning to her youthful hero and his band, she again revelled in the carnival of blood, and though her evil spirit was willing, the flesh was weak, and Kit was again transferred to duty at Andersonville. Prisoners who have shared the hospitality of that celebrated camp, will perhaps remember a short, stout, and muscular young lieutenant, with flashing black eyes, a face smooth as a maiden's, and cruel as though a fiend incarnate lurked within. This was Sue Kitegrada, the amiable young boarding school miss, the cheerful companion, the once wealthy heiress, the beautiful maiden and the firm friend of young Mundy, whose life for he was dearer than her own. Sue Mundy and a part of his band were captured and tried by a court martial. Kit was present during the whole trial, and used her greatest influence, but of no avail. Sue Mundy was convicted and hung at Louisville, Ky., in March, 1865. The flowing hair still hung about his shoulders, and when his youthful corpse was taken down and laid away in his narrow bed, the bleeding and broken heart of Sue Kitegrada was buried with it; and now, a wanderer on the face of the earth, homeless and friendless, she lives without hope of heaven or mercy, forsaken and dishonored, and cast away.—Detroit Post.

It is beauty's privilege to kill time, and time's privilege to kill beauty.

"Ma, has Aunt Jane got bees in her mouth?" "No, my son, why do you ask such a question?" "Because I heard Mr. Briggs tell her that he would take the honey from her lips, and he was so long about it I wondered he didn't get stung."

A cross old bachelor says: "The reason why women do not cut themselves in two by tight lacing, is because they lace around the heart, and that is so hard they cannot affect it."

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