## Zennsylvanisch Beitsch.



BREEF FUN SCHWEPFLEBRENVER. SCHLIFFLETOWN, June der 1, 1869.

MISTER FODDER ABRAHAM:

Doh for a paar dog hob ich an breef grickt fun meim olta friend, der Tobias Witmer, mit a bully goots deitshes shtickly drin, un weil ich hardly tseit hob an regularer breef shreiwa de woch, bin ich tsu der conclusion kumma der sell shtickly odder liedly tsu shicka fors aw in eier roushiche un bumera wlishe gooty Keitung nei tsu printa. De Bevvy lust eich greesa. PIT SCHWEFFLEBRENNER.

GEBURT'S-DOG-ON MEI OLTY. Weasht du noch Annie, sell-a mohl, We ich a Buwelle war, De Bocka roat, un freida foll, Dei Awya hell un klohr! Mer wara druvva in der lane, Was nuf ins Bishly geat; 'S 'Shtoffels Liz, un'd Sussy Keen Un noch mea kleany mæd. Mer hen dort druvva Erbla g'sucht— Se wahra roat we bloot; Du hust de shenshty all fersucht, Mier wara se tsu goot. Du weasht, de meadlin hen so g'lacht, We se sell g'seana hen, Hob mich g'shemt—hobs doch net g'acht Ich war noch sheer tsu klea. Un Blimlin fun der shenshta sort Dos ich mei leawa g'sea— Hen bliet amongst de Erbla dort Im Dimmoddy un Klea. Oh! was is sheaner uf der Welt, Dos Blimlin, roat un weis? Un bloh, un geal, im Erbla Feld— Was sin se doch so neis! Ich weas noch goot, in seller Tseit Hob ich nix leewers 'du Dos in de wissa—long un breit So Blimlin g'sucht we du. Doch is es shun a longy Tseit Sidder ich dort in dem Feld, De Blimlin g'sucht, uf long un breit, Un uf dei Bussam g'shpellt. Der hent amohl a Gærtle g'hot— Mei shweshterly un du; Ich hobs prepared, mit hock un shpawd, De Blumma nei 'tsu du; Un wo ich hob im grossa schweshl, De Kee dort hinna g'sucht, De Lady-schlippers, weis un geal, Hob ich mit heam gebrocht, Un hob se in sell Gartle plonst, Bei nacht, im mondes licht: Der hents net gwist, bis yusht at wonst, Hent diers gegest s'war mich. Mer sin sell Tseit in d Yankee Shool Im olta Block Shool-House; Ich sea de shool-mam noch im shtool Un gebt de worta ous. Du hust se olsfert nunner g'shpellt Un husht so shea geleast Es war kea mensh im House un Feld Dær dich net hut g'praisd. Mer sin amohl ons "Devil's Hole" Mei shweshter war derbei, De Felsa sin dort greislich hobl, De Banks sin sheer sky high. A shlong war dort, net weit fum Bank, Dich hut se gons fershreckt, Mei shweshter rief we olly krenk "Du musht fum Bank a veck, Sunsht wann amohl des shlonga-fieh So in dem Grass hær shleicht We leicht wærsht du, wær weas wu he, Im obgrund nunner g'scheucht." Nord sin amohl de grosse mead, De steile Bank hinob, Bis wo des wasser greislich weht Der weg war furchtbar k'nab. Eich kleune, hen se hea gesetzt Beside an grosser Bawm, "Mer kumma bol" hen se g'schwetzt, "Nord gean mer mit eich heam." Der hent gewart, a longy Tseit Es war eich shier tsu long Der kent gesercht se sin nei g'shlide Es war eich dodes b ng. Se sin net kumma-was tsu du, Hen dier so sure net g'wist Der sind fum platz, noch eana tsu, Nord hen se eich aw g'misst, Der hend eich nord im Bush ferært, Un se ken eich gesucht, Mit engshta warsht du gons ferwært-Mei shweshter, weis we Duch. G'shprunga sin'd er, gons we wilt, Dei shnupduch husht ferlor', De grosse mæd hen aw gebrillt Es war a grosse g'fot r. Des war net weit fum grossa Fall Wu's wasser g'waltich tsuckt, Mer mus sich færchta, yusht so boll Os mer in a whirlpool guckt, Nord hut sich's awer tsu getra, Kea unglick is possiert; Se hen eich g'funna, dier sie aw, Se hen eich heam gestert. De mommy hut ferdærbt getzonkt Un huts de mad ous g'legt, We monches kind der Dode erlongt Dorrich solche dumme shtreach. Oh! wann ich on mei mommy denk, We shee se mich gefeert! We oft ich ear der undonk shenk Wo se mit Hærtzlieb ziert. Ich wot ich kent se widder sea. lich geab 'er bessers g'hear. Ich meach er sure kes Hærtz ne wea Wann ich yusht bei er wær. Se war so lieb—mei Dawdy aw, Kea mensh uf deara Ærd Het besser du, dos selly tswea; Ohl wær ich holb so wært! Yetz sin se heam—im Himmel nuf, Wu's Hetty aw shun singt Mit Goldne Horfa, Engel ruf, Bis uns der Doat aw bringt. Iich hob 'na uft a Truvyel g'macht— Habs aw net so gemeand,

Xetz mach:s ups're 'n earam fach

De Yohra filesa wunner schnell;

Net besser, we's mer scheint.

Mei Hohr sin aw shun groh; Dei Awg is nımmy gor so hell Doch immer frish un froh. A monch bekonntes is shun heam, Nuf in de oaner welt, Seit dem, in kindheits lieb-getrawm, Mir uns tsusomma g'sellt Ich weas net we es kumma is, Kea meadly uf der Tract Hab ich net g'sheit, wann's mich gekist, Yusht dich—sell is a fact! Un now, wann ich in weider welt Mei gshefta dreiva muss. Hob ich yusht ea Hærtz—lieb gesellt, Yusht ean ferliebter kuss. Weasht du noch wu de Hochtsich war; On deinem Dawdy's House;
Der Owet war so hell un klohr
Mer sin im Gorda nous.
Der nei-mond war om Himmel g'henkt, Ols weer sell you and I, De shtærnlin sin nord aw rouse g'shlupt Ins sheana Himmels mear, Wo Gottes Liebe hærsht un ruled; Wo lauter Tugend is; Wo unser Liebe ne obkielt Wo eawichs Glick uns kisst In leisern wispera, hob ich denkt, "Oh! Herr, du lieber Gott." Mach dos dei Geisht uns immer lenkt Fun now aw bis tsum Doat.
"Mach dos de Lieb, we's mondes Licht, A yeader Dog improoft, Un unser Hærtza besser richt Bis uns der Engel rooft. Un we der mond ols heller wærd Sei G'sicht mea uf geklært, So leicht ums aw, du liebes Hirt,"
Ich weas sell hut er g'heart, A monches is uns shun posseart, Wo goot war, un aw shlecht, Doch olly mohl wans nei Licht wærd. Bæt ich, "mach olles recht." So hob ich monche yohra denkt Fergess es nimmer mehr; De shlechta mensha hen sich g'regt, In wicketer Revolution, Se hen der Freiheits Fahna g'legt In dreck, Oh! welcher Hohn! Nord hut sich olles uf gemacht, Mit Peif un Drum, un schwært; De "Jonnies" hen uns ous gelacht— Hen g'sawt—"der sind net schmart." Der Shinner hut se uf gehetzt, Mit earam hochmoots geisht Mer hut gemeant's wer olles letz Se hen uns gons surprised. Awer yusht about teu seller Tseit Sin mier nord ufgeweckt,
De beshty sin uf unser side
Hens g'sheft uf'd side geleagt
Un hen der Fawna uf gericht— Der shtawb derfu gewesht. A yeader hut noch seiner pflicht, Gedu sei very besht, Oh! was war sell a shlimmy Tseit For unser Fammillie! Bleibt mer derheam—sell wær net right, Geat mer, so is mer hie! Oh! we fiel hen gevoluntiert, Un sin em Fawna noch, De nimmy sin derheam appeard Es ontwart keane shproch! Doch wo mer drouse im Feld sin g'west, Un hen de Rebels g'wehrt, So is des Nei Licht in dem west A yeades mohl uf g'shtart, Un hut a yeady nacht improved— Mit lushta hen mer's g'sea; De dunkla Wulka sin removed, Der Fahn is in der hea. Der Uncle Sam is noch net doat Obshun sei Bloot entrann, Uf dansend Felder, greislich roat! Er is an sounder monn! Es hut em ordlich shulda g'macht, Mer fielt sell gons gewiss, Doch wann mer olles wohl betracht Is es besser we es is; For hetta se de up-hond grickt Mit eara Schlaverei— Se hetta uns tsum lond nouse kickt— Es wær kea mensh mea frei, For wo de Schlaverei exist Is nie kea wohres glick, Es konn kea monn wo Krishtlich is In Satans Reich tsurick. Un wo an mensh ferbunna is, Tus diena leawes long, Dort in de sæl a hinderniss Es is 'er immer bong, Kea monn dær mit der hond arbeit, Un sei er noch so g'ring, Wærd klawya wann sei Geisht sich freit, Es is a Crishtlich ding. Der monn wo frei is, shemt sich net, De Hond on Plong tsu du, Wer sklawofa but, is niemohls frei— Sei g'wissa hut kea ruh. Kei mensh g'heart mir, mit Leib un Sehl, Yusht ich mus fer mich shtea; Mer g'heara ail dem liewa Gott. Et nemmt for ean ken tencea, Doch ich nn du sin ordlich eans Mer wahres olsfort g'west, Wann ich dich hob, ich will net mea, Mit dier bin ich geblest, Obshon mer horte Tseita hen Un wissa net wo nouse. De kinner macha freida, wen A dutzend sin tsu house, Un wann de Tschl ferdupplet wær, Un weara all so brawf. Es wear kea cantsich one to spare-'S hut olies doch sei lawf, We feel sin, now in dæra welt Se hetta liewer kea'-Se færrichs yusht es kosht se geld, Nord sin se ivvel draw Se wissa net we Hærtzens Lieb, De brawfa kinner sin-Ihr Leawa hut a schlechter trieb, Es is kea Freude drin. Wann unsere ols beisomma sin, Om morya, beim Gebeat, Ich mega yusht oliy mohl ich bin Om weg, wo'n Himmel geat. Du bisht yusht heit im Fuftsichsta. Mer meant es kennt net sei, Ich mean ich bin om lushtichshta; Un bin or dir ferbei. So we des Lawb om Mample-bawm, Im Harbah ols abæner wert, So ists bei dier, ich weas es kawm, Das Tseit bei dir fermeart Ich weas wohl, was sell so macht, Der Heilond is bei dir, Des Leawa doh, is we a nacht, Der Dog is fore der Deer, Un we der Himmel frue, om fier, In shenshter pracht, doh shteat, So is des Crishtlich Leawes zier On olte Leit, fust rate In dæra welt is mondes-licht, Der Dog kummt mit der Sun, Luss mich yusht shoffa-meine Pflicht Des shtærwa bringt mer wonn. Du husht wohl aw a hortes loos

De ærwet is tsu shwear;

Dei shenkly wær ne lear

Doch wann es Gottes willa is,

Dos net fiel ivverich bleibt,

Ich wot ich wær recht reich un gross.

Tsufridda sei, is es beshta g'miesz,

Es geat uns we mer's treibt.
Williamsville, N. Y., May 18, 1869.

## Selected.

ARTEMUS WARD ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

I picht my tent in a small town in Injianny one dry last season, & while I was standin at the door takin money, a cepty-tashen of ladies cum up & sed they was members of the Bunkumville Female Reform & Wimmin's Rite's Associashun, and they axed if they cood go in without

payin. "Not exactly," sez I, "but you can

pay without goin in."
"Dew you know who we air?" said one of the wimmen-a tall and feroshur lookin critter, with a blue kotton umbreller under her arm-"dew you know who we air

"My impression is," sed I, "from a kersery view, that you air females."
"We air, sir," said the feroshus woman

—"we belong to a Society whitch belowes wimmin has rites—whitch belowes in razin her to ber proper speer whitch belows she is indowed with as much intelleck as man is—whitch belowes she is trampled on and aboozed-& who will resist hense4th & forever the encroachments of proud & domineering men."

Durin her discurse, the exsentric female grabbed me by the coat-kollor & was wringing her umbreller wildly over my

"I hope, marm," sez I starting back, "that your intenshons are honorable? I am a lone man here in a strange place.

Besides, I've a wife to hum."
"Yes," cried the female, "& she's a slave! Doth she never dream of freedom. -doth she never think of throwin off the yoke of tyringy & thinkin & votin for her. self?—Doth she never think of these here

"Not bein a natral born fool," sed I, by this time a little riled, "I kin safely say that she dothunt."

"O whot, whot!" screamed the female, swingin her umbreller in the air. "O, whot is the price that woman pays for her expeeriunce!"

"I don't know," sez I; "the price to my show is 15 cents pur individooal." "& can't our Society go in free?" asked the female.

"Not if I know it," sed I.
"Crooil, crooil mau!" she cried, & bust into teers.

"Won't you let my darter in?" sed anuther of the exsentric wimmin, taken me effeckshunitly by the hand. "O please let my darter in,—shee's a sweet gushin child of natur."

"Let her gush!" roared I, as mad as I cood stick at their ternal nonsense; "let her gush!" Whereupon they all sprung back with the simultanious observashun that I was a Beest.

"My feemale friend," sed I, "be4 you leeve, I've a few remarks to remark; wa them all. The female woman is one of the greatest institooshuns of which this land can boste. It's onpossible to get along without her. Had there bin no fe-male wimmin in the world, I should scarcely be here with my unparaleld show on this very occashun. She is good in sickness—good in wellness—good all the time. O, woman, woman!" I cried, my feelins worked up to a hi poetick pitch, "you air an angle when you behave yourself; but when you take off your proper apparrel & (mettyforically speaken)—get into pantyloons—when you desert your firesides, & with your held fall of wim-min's rites noshuns go round like roarin lyons, seekin whom you may devour semeboddy—in short, when you undertake to play the man, you play the devil and air an emfatic noosance. My female friends," I continued, as they were indignantly departin, "wa well what A. Ward has sed!"

THE editor of the Connectat O. Reporter thus bewalleth the high price of hash:

If you want to know what it costs to keep a cow, just call at the meat market and ask for a steak, and pay for it if you

Henry, love, I wish you would throw —Henry, love, I wish you would throw aman, they ask more for a bite or two of rump steak, that if it were cut from the tenderest spot in Dan Rice's veritable sacred cow, and as for pork steak, it makes an hence was "sound!" A long pause and no reply.) "Henry, dear, my foot's asleep." "Is it? Well, don't talk; you might wake it up." an honest man "squeal" to think of one. Beef hasn't been so high since the cow jumped over the moon, and we don't believe it was half so high then. Talk about "Rachael weeping over her children," and "man can't live by bread alone," and all that, as much as you please, but we know one man who is going to try the experiment "anyhow," and Rachel may weep about the children's getting no hash as much as she pleases, she won't get any beef tea, not any, until prices "abate."

OF President Lincoln Thad. Stevens said: "He was eminently a frank man. He once rated me soundly for a speech on the conduct of the war, saying I was too fast, and would ruin all, I, of course, thought him too slow, and we had a pretty hot discussion. Just about a year later he sent for me, and I went to him. It was a hot day, and he was lying about on sofas and chairs, in a disjointed way he had. I knew him by the fragments, and was able to reconstruct him. 'Mr. the conduct of the war, saying I was too Stevens, he said, 'I am flattered by your speech.' 'Mr. President,' said I, 'I am not aware that I have made any speech lately. I know it, he answered, but this is a speech you made last year—the one I scolded you about, you remember? 'Oh, yes, Mr. President, said I, 'one don't easily forget your scolding. I re-member perfectly.' Well, Mr. Stevens you were right and I was wrong.'"

A MONUMENT, upon Southern soil, in honor of the tens of thomsands of brave Union soldiers who perished by starvation in the prison petis, has been projected. By all means let it be built, and the best conspicuously placed that every fiving rebel, may at some period of his life see it, and have recalled to him the pictures of misery and death which his fiendish harbarity assisted to produce. barbarity assisted to produce.

TERRIBLE! The Detroit Post pictures dreadful state of affairs. It says: "And now two colored clerks have been

appointed in the Patent Office. Hencetorth no Democrat will invent anything patentable; or, if he does invent anything, he will, of course, refuse to patent it; for what Democrat would not scorn a patent perhaps filled up by a "nigger" clerk? What Democrat would submit his invention or claims to a "nigger" for examina-

tion, or for record?" Whether the world will lose much it Democrats of the modern American school cease to "invent" remains to be seen.

## Our Tittle Jokes.

-Why is a hen immortal? Because he r son never sets.

-"Here's to internal improvements," as Dobbs said when he swallowed a dose of

-Josh says that the man who kan ware a shirt a whole week and keep it klean, aint fit for ennything else.

—An Irish editor congratulates himself that "half the lies told about him ain't true."

-"Jane," said a wag, "it's all over town." "What's all over town?" "Mud!" Jane's eyes dropped. -"Doctor, do you think tight lacing is

bad for the consumption?" "Not at all, my love-it is what it lives on."

-Why is a vain young lady like a confirmed drunkard? Because neither of them is satisfied with the moderate use of the -It is a pleasant thing to see roses and

lillies glowing upon a young lady's cheek, but a bad sign to see a young man's face break out in blossoms. -A new mode of dispersing a mob has

been discovered—said to supersede the necessity of a military force. It is to pass around a contribution box. -Josh Billings divides the human race into three classes—"those who think it is so, those who think it isn't so, and those

who don't care whether it is so or not." —A certain farmer's pigs were so thin that they would crawl out through the cracks in their pen. He finally stopped that fun by tying knots in their tails.

-A little boy disputing with his sister on some subject, we do not now remember what, exclaimed, "It's true, for ma says so; and if ma says so it is so, if it ain't so."

-A doctor up town gave the following prescription for a sick lady a few days since: "A new bonnet, a silk dress, and pair of gaiter boots." The lady recovered immediately.

-"Jane, give the baby some laudanum, and put it to sleep, and bring rice my parasol. I am going to a meeting for the melioration of the condition of the human race."

-A daughter is almost always right when she endeavors to imitate her mother; but we do not think the mother is equally right when, at a certain period of life, she tries all she can to imitate her daughter. -A physician boasted at a dinner that

he cured his own hams, when one of his guests remarked: "Doctor I would sooner be your ham than your patient."

-Said an ambitious youth one day to a young lady: "Don't you think I'd better dye my moustache?" carcssing the infant prodigy. "I think if you let it alone it'll die itself," said the lady.

-Mark Twain says that Horace Greeley once tried to make a living as writing master, and failed. His copy was, "Vir-tue is its own reward," and his scholars got it "Washing with soap is wholly absurd."

-An attorney, about to furnish a bill of costs, was requested by his client, a baker, to make it as light as he could. "Ah!" replied the attorney; "that's what you say to your foreman; but it's not the way I make my bread!" -A lady who was suffering under a

slight indisposition, told her husband that it was with the greatest difficulty she could breathe, and the effort distressed her exceedingly. "I wouldn't try, my dear," soothingly responded the husband.

-A boy having complained to his father that Bill had thrown the Bible at him, and hurt him on the head, the father replied, "Well, you are the only member -Henry, love, I wish

-For unadulterated economy commend

us to the German. Give him a salary of forty cents per diem, and in ten years he will own a brick block, a fat horse, nine children, and a vrow broader than she is long, and as good natured as a blind kit-

-A person being seated at a table between two tailors, and thinking to be witty upon them said: "How pretty I look between two tailors." "Yes," replied one of them, "being only new berinners in busicess we cannot afford to eep more than one goose between us." "Dare are," said a sable orator, "two

reads through this world. De one am a broad and narrow road dat leads to perdition, and de udder am a nrrrow and broad road dat leads to sure destruction." If dat am de 'ase," said a sable hearer, dis cullud individual takes to de woods.

-A young minister, whose reputation for veracity was not very good, once ven-tured to differ with an old doctor of dirod. "Why," said he, "the only time my father ever whipped me it was for telling the truth." "Well," replied the dcctor, "it cured you of it, didn't it?"

—A young and pretty girl, a little proud of her good looks, had a quarrel with her lover, who reproached her for caring more for her beauty than his love. To prove to him how much she loved him she broke off her four front teeth, and, thus disfigured, cast herself at his feet. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to state that she lost

"Can you draw, young man?" inquired Quilp of an applicant for private tutor-ship. "As ten years of age I could draw beer; at twelve a picture; at fifteen, a truck loaded with cabbage; at sixteen, an inference; at twenty, a bill of exchange. If I were an actor I believe I could draw the largest kind of a house; but being a teacher, I am content to draw a salary, the bigger the better."

-"Sir," said an old Scotch woman to

her minister, "I dinna ken a part of your sermon yesterday." "Indeed, what was it?" "You said the Apostle used the figure of circumlocution, and I dinna ken what it means." "Is that all? It's very plain. The figure of circumlocution is merely a par phrastic mode of diction."
"Oh! ah! is that all?" said the good woman; "what a puir fule I was not to understand that!"

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