Peunsylvanisch Deitsch.

BREEF FUM SCHWEFFLEBRENNER.

SCHLIFFLETOWN, AUGSHT der 9t, 1869.

MISTER FODDER ABRAHAM:

De Bevvy wierd awfongs truvvelsom. Se is mer entirely tsu wunnerfitzich fun weaya unser ring secrets. Ich hob em George fershprocha kea wart tsu cara tsu sawya fun weaya unserm set up, awer denksht se gebt uf? No sir-ree. De Bevvy is cans fun denna weiver wu for common cara points macha—ousfinna was se wella. Un was konn ich du wann se mer doh kummt we se is forgeshter un sogt; "Now Pit, du weasht we du noch eans fun denna Kitzelderfer's fersuffenny copperhead loafers warsht; du weasht noch we ich ols uf der morrickt hob gea missa in de shtadt mit oyer un tswivvella, un roat-reeva un kraut-kep un shtink-kase for an living tsu macha, un we du ols olly cent fersuffa husht in sellam demokratisha loch dort; du weasht we du ols dort rum g'huckt husht un g'watchd for treats wann ols de pollytishners fun der shtadt rouse kumma sin for leckshuneera for so shtutt we der little Mack un der Glimer fun Reddingtown un seller Seimoyer wu shuld draw war das se der dei watch g'shtola hen; du weasht aw noch we ferlumpt du ols doh rum geluffa bisht, mit grosse patcha uf em hinnerra, un we du ols korta g'shpeelt hushtt un bensa gepitcht for wisky, un du weasht aw goot genunk dos wanns net for mich g'west wær donn wærsht olleweil noch dreckich un ferlumpt un demokratish all ivver. Awer, secht se, "was bisht olleweil? An officer unnich der United Shtates un aw noch gor a professer. Un wær hut dich so rouse gebrucht dos yusht ich."

Selly speech hut mich sheer gorly g'fetched. De Bevvy hut recht g'hot, un for a weil hob ich net g'wist was tsu sawya. Awer, denk ich, now is mei tseit cara tsu weisa dos ich awer aw an monn bin, un dos ich mich net rula luss unnich pettycot government. "Bevvy" hob ich g'sawt, "du husht recht, un awer ich konn der now net my secret gevva, for ich bin g'shwora—de rules fun ring erlawa's net dos ich ders sog. Ich gea mit em ring weils betzahlt. Ich gea mit em George weil er sei bisness fershteat. Ich bin ufs geld macha ous, un insist druf dos ich my cayener weg hawa mus derfore.

"Awer" sogt de Bevvy, "we feel geld husht donn shun g'macht sidder das du in dem Duck ring bisht?"

"Ei" hob ich gsawt "ordich feel wann ich olles grick was mer fershprocha is." "Well awer wær hut der donn so feel fershprocha?" "Ei der George" hob ich g'sawt, "wær donn sunsht."

"Un noch a froke mus ich un dich du," secht se, "wu is donn dei watch wu du kawft husht in plotz fun selly wu de demokrata der g'shtola hen dort uf der Seimoyer's convention in Nei Yorrick?"

Selly froke hut mich awer sheer gorly shwitza macha, un ich hob g'feeld yusht grawd das wann ich mich full heaser hulder tæ g'suffa het un g'mixd mit tansy, katza-kraut un bebbermint. So an froke hob ich any how net expect fun der Bevvy, for ich war net prepared es tsu ansera. Awer de Bevvy war determined mich dorrich de ninety-fife tsu nemma, un sell, du weasht, meant dote odder leawa. Ich hob my beshts proweert de antwart tsu dodga, awer sell geat net wann mer de Bevvy for sich hut for a customer. Tsu letsht bin ich rouse mit der wohret, un hob er g'sawt dos ich se gepledged hob beim George bis noch der leckshun, for, du weasht, der George hut mer finf dahler gevva un hut mei nawma in sei blue book gedu, un ich hob agreed for leckshun officer wærra doh, un so de votes tseala dos der Shteamy, seller shmart Duckter un ler Wiley dort in Konnoy downship, un de onnery kondidawta, so about finf-atswanich extra uf der return kreeya. Eb der George mer awer de finf dahler gevva hut, hut er g'meant er mist so a wennich an garrantee hawa dos ich aw my duty du, un uf course, ich hob eam se gevva for se uf heawa for mich."

De Bevvy hut awer amohl ordlich plain g'shwetzt, un hut behawpt dos om end geats mer noch mit meiner neia watch exactly we mit der alt. Awer ich denk doch net, for se meaya sawya was se wella, der George is anyhow ehrlich, un aw an truer Republican un votes gons ticket, wann shun feel leit's net glawa weil seller Packer so orrig feel geld hut.

Der George hut aw noch nawma in seim blue-book fun was er de "low grade lisht "heast, on tswea un a holwer shtick, cash nunner un ohna kontinshensis. Selly secht er, used er for so a wennich de dreckich ærwat shoffa—so du weasht wann mer seana dos mer an monn nimmy beeta konn mit ballet boxa shtuffa un votes tseala, donn trotta mer de "low-graders" rouse for leeya uf kreeya un se tsu shlandera. Seller shtock, secht der George, is goot for ollerlea immertchensis. Ich het aw noch kenna mei tswe dahler un a holwer tseeya, awer, somehow, der nawma tsu hawa fun "low grader" kent ich net recht shtanda, for es wær evva doch an shond for an United Shtates officer un a professer fun de sientifficle sistem of frinnollotchickel feiloprochennitiffniss, sich in so niddery bisness nei tsu lussa. Nay, sell is tsu a kleany bissness for mich.

Ich hob de finf dohler, un der George hut de watch, un hob aw de Bevvy g'satisfied dos er se goot uf heabt for mich, un dos ich se aw widder tsurick grick noch der leckshun.

Der negsht Mondog gea ich widder in de shtadt, un donn wærra mer unser shlate fertich macha. Ich wær heit gonga, awer der George hut a kawkus den owat, un om Dunnershdog hut der Shteamy eaner in Lititz drous, for de nærdliche pollytisheners recht uf tsu setza.

PROF. PIT SCHWEFFLEBRENNER.

MORE GENUINE DEMOCRACY--BY THEIR FRUITS SHALL YE KNOW THEM.

There now lives in New York city, and he has lived there for many years, a notorious villain, known to fame as "Reddy the Blacksmith." The crimes of this monster range all the way down from murder to petty larceny. He has long kept a rum den in one of the most lawless sections of that city, into which he has inveigled his victims, and after robbing and beating them he would thrust them into the street. He has been arrested several times, but always escaped punishment, through the interference of Democratic politicians with perjured judges and magistrates of that party.

Several months since "Reddy the Blacksmith," aided by a fellow ruffian named Howard, induced a passing countryman, under some plausible pretence, to enter his den of death. These two then set upon their victim, beat him senseless, and robbed him of several hundred dollars. The facts in this case were so plainly proven, that even the wretches who wear the judicial robes in that God-forsaken den of Copperheads, were forced into a show of justice, and held "Reddy," the principal villain, in two thousand dollars bail. Howard, being of less use as a Democratic ruffian, could procure no bail, and was remanded to await his trial. Of course "Reddy the Blacksmith" did not appear when wanted, and his bail was forfeited. This was made up by the Democratic official thieves of that city, for it was not a drop in the bucket to the millions they are enabled to steal yearly from the taxpayers, through the support of just such miscreants as this "Reddy" and his associates. Howard was tried and convicted, and sentenced to Sing Sing State Prison. And now, lo! and behold! comes another actor upon the scene. The smooth and pious Governor Hoffman, who owes his position to an amount of perjured voting that might even make hell ashamed of the Democratic crowd that are wending their way to its portals, sent a pardon to the criminal ere the gates of the penitentiary had well closed upon his infernal carcase! "Reddy the Blacksmith," the murderer, bludgeonist, and highway robber, is in the pay and employ of such Democratic leaders as the Mayor of that city, the judges of the same, the pious Governor of the State, and the prominent scoundrels, generally, who reap the gains of Democratic ascendency. These tools of more polished villains lead gangs of armed ruffians from poll to poll on election day, who deposit thousands upon thousands of fraudulent votes for the Democratic candidates, and who will beat to death any man who dares challenge their right to perjury and fraud. Is not this a horrid picture? And yet it is not overdrawn. We have seen it with our own eyes, and read the uncontradicted evidence that establishes these facts beyond dispute. —*Trenton (N. J.) Sentinel.*

DEMOCRATIC DEMORALIZATION.

Never have the Republicans of Pennsylvania had a fairer chance for a great victory than in the present struggle. The Democracy are hopelessly demoralized. Beaten upon every point by the Republicans, they cannot rally against the fifteenth amendmen with the great body of the Southern Democracy in its favor, and rushing bodily into the Republican ranks. If they talk about negroes in office, they will be pointed to negroes elected by their own friends. If they demand economy in the public service, the record of Geary and Grant, who have already paid off millions of the national debt and of the debt of Pennsylvania, will be spread before them. If they attempt to prove themselves friends of the protection of home industry, the free-trade platforms of the Democrats of Ohio and New Hampshire will be quoted against them. Thus they are at once demoralized and sectionalized. They have lost their prestige by defeat on all the leading doctrines of their faith, and they have lost the right wing of their party, the Democrats of the South.

What, then, is the duty of the Republicans? It is to close the ranks and follow the flag borne by General John W. Geary. No true patriot will be found idle or indifferent in such a contest. Personal griefs, like personal preferences, should all be made to give way. When the campaign is fairly opened the faithful stewardship of the great Republican party will present a brilliant contrast to the rebellion, inconsistency, and utter absence of all real statesmanship of the false Democracy.—*Forney's Press.*

HOME TRUTHS.

In their anxiety to keep suffrage in Pennsylvania free from taint, the Democratic party, in their State Convention on the 14th ult., passed the following resolution:

"That the Democratic party of Pennsylvania is opposed to conferring upon the negro the right to vote."

Last fall, to carry the State, the leaders of the party resorted to a stupendous system of frauds. They distributed by the thousand bogus naturalization papers, and wherever an alien could be found willing to play the villain, he was promptly suppled. In this way probably not less than ten to twenty thousand fraudulent votes were polled for the Democratic candidates. Though opposed to permitting a decent negro to vote, the Democracy of Pennsylvania did not hesitate to organize fraud and recruit its ranks from the worst description of scamps, who for pay will vote from one to twenty times, without being entitled to vote once. The evidence is perfect that Sharswood was not honestly elected, and that he sits on the Supreme Bench through the frauds organized in the eastern part of the State. The negroes in Pennsylvania whom the Fifteenth Amendment would admit to the ballot-box, compare favorably with the great mass of Democratic voters, and are immeasurably superior to thousands that not only vote but are potent in selecting candidates, often from their own ranks. It would not be difficult in almost any locality to find good Democratic voters who are immensely inferior in every respect to the negroes concerning whom the party are so horrified. In any city or large community can be found negroes who would be degraded by coming in contact with a class of the Democratic rank and file, who are relied on to do the straight voting for candidates whom they have helped to nominate. These things are known of all men.—*Pittsburg Commercial.*

LITTLE ONES.—Do you ever think how much a little child does in a day? How, from sunrise to sunset, the little feet patter around—to us—so aimlessly. Climbing up here, kneeling down there, running to another place, but never still. Twisting and turning, rolling and reaching, and doubling, as if testing every bone and muscle, for their future uses. It is very curious to watch it. One who does so will understand the deep breathing of the rosy little sleeper, as with one arm tossed over its curly head, it prepares for the next day's gymnastics. A busy creature is a little child.

SENTER'S majority in Tennessee is said to be about fifty thousand.

THE PHILADELPHIA DEMOCRACY.

One of the Candidates Presenting his Arguments.

Selected.

THEIR RECORD.

Forney's *Press* "goes for" Asa Packer and his party in this wise:

"In 1863, when Chambersburg was smoking and the decisive lines were drawing around Gettysburg, the Democratic party of Pennsylvania were in council at Harrisburg. Many of the very men in session last month were there, and, under the very bayonets of the Confederate army, they remembered the Union soldier by advising compromise—compromise when the colors of rebellion were profaning the soil of the State.

"In 1864 the Democracy met in National Convention at Chicago. The fate of the nation was in the balance. Sherman was gone on his brilliant but desperate march to the sea. Thomas was battling in front of Nashville. Grant was struggling in the Wilderness amid the graves and defeats of successive campaigns. The Democracy met and remembered the soldiers—How? They explicitly declared the war after three years of trial to be "a failure," and demanded that *immediate* efforts be made for a cessation of hostilities. Is it any wonder that this shameful assemblage has passed into infamy and history as the "surrender convention?"

"In 1865, when the war was just over, and the soldiers of Pennsylvania were coming home, tired and wounded, with their dead behind them, their business and occupations gone, to commence, perhaps, a yet more desperate struggle for livelihood how were they welcomed by the Democracy of Pennsylvania? In convention assembled under the leadership of Judge Black still an honored name in his party, the Democracy of this State deliberately and officially declared the history of the war to have been "debt, slaughter, and disgrace." That was only the Democratic remembrance of our struggle and sacrifice!

"These platforms and resolutions, which make the blood of a soldier to leap and his cheeks to tingle, are all yet in full force and vigor. They are part of the creed of a Democrat. They have never been rescinded, repealed, or apologized for. A vote for Packer and Pershing is a specific endorsement of their every word."

With this infamous record, the "Democratic" party are fools enough to suppose they can win in October next! Did any body ever know of a more infatuated set of fellows?

"GRAY-HAIRED PATRIOTISM."

When Asa Packer was dining and wining the Ohio traitor, Vallandigham, before Pennsylvania felt a rebel invasion, he was displaying his true political colors as a rebel sympathizer. Then came McCausland's raid on Chambersburg, and Lee's advance to Gettysburg. Imagine the horror which thrilled every Democratic heart in the Commonwealth, when it was learned that the rebel troops were sacking and burning Democratic property with no more compunction than if its owners were Abolitionists, dyed in the wool. Copperhead sympathies proved to be no protection whatever. The Democratic mind, throughout the State, was demoralized and "all tore up," by this revelation of rebel ingratitude. Then was seen a touching spectacle! Vallandigham's wealthy entertainer, that warm-hearted friend of Southern rights, the Naboth of the Lehigh, became a "gray-haired patriot," and promised a continuance of wages to all his operatives who would volunteer. This is the substance of the latest Democratic electioneering novel. While the "wrinkled front of war" was so far off as to be out of sight from Pennsylvania eyes, Mr. Vallandigham's friend Packer felt easy in the indulgence of his rebel sympathies. He saw the case in another light when a ruthless invasion trampled on Democratic property, and threatened his railways, canals, coal mines and banks with ruin. His "gray-haired patriotism" lay then, as now, all in his pockets, and was never heard of, or suspected by his closest friends, until these were threatened with rebel pillage. The less said about this matter, by the opposition press, the better.—*Pittsburg Gazette.*

KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE.

That the Republican party is the only party that ever existed in this country of sufficient vitality and character to reform itself by ejecting its plunderers, corruptionists and hangers on from position. The excellent Legislative nominations already made in Allegheny, Chester, Philadelphia, Franklin and other counties, and those about to be made in old Lancaster, very clearly show that *the party* is all right. And whilst the Republican party is purging itself of impure matter which had gradually accumulated within its ranks, we see the Democracy sinking yet deeper in degradation by nominating for office, as they did in Philadelphia, well known blacklegs, bummers, keepers of dens of the lowest degradation and even jail-birds, as their representative men! The only thing in or about that party that may be called *respectable* is Asa Packer's twenty millions.

Our Little Jokes.

—Young ladies who play croquet are known "as maidens all for lawn."

—The five great evils of life are said to be standing collars, stove-pipe hats, tight boots, bad whisky and cross women.

—The printer who kissed his sweetheart, saying "please exchange," is believed not to have exceeded the "liberty of the press."

"The blessed man that preached for us last Sunday," said Mrs. Partington, "served the Lord for thirty years—first as a circus rider, then as a locust-preacher, and last as an exhauster."

—Blue, of very intense shade, is at present a color much in vogue with the "girl of the period," who seems to be intense in everything except economy.

—An Alabama editor, in puffing a grocery kept by a woman says: "Her tomatoes are as red as her own cheeks; her indigo as blue as her own eyes, and her pepper as hot as her own temper."

—Two spendthrift young men were discussing the character of a close-fisted uncle. "Well," said one, "if his heart ever falls into his stomach, it is hard enough to give him dyspepsia."

—Ladies are like watches—pretty enough to look at—sweet faces and delicate hands, but somewhat difficult to 'regulate' after they are a-going.

—A correspondent suggests that the inebriated person who proposed to escort his girl to see "Crossington Washing the Delaware," should do so on "Birthington's Washday."

—"Why don't your father take a newspaper?" said a man to a little boy whom he caught pilfering his paper from his doorsteps. "Cos he sends me to take it," replied the urchin.

—A lady was knocked down by a velocipede, and on being helped up said: "What's the difference between a bycicle and an icicle?" Answer.—The one drips down and the other trips up.

—"I haven't taken a drop of liquor for a year," said an individual of questionable morals. "Indeed! but which of your features are we to believe—your lips or your nose."

—A lady was urged by her friends to marry a widower, and as an argument they spoke of his two beautiful children. "Children," replied the lady, "are like toothpicks—a person wants her own."

—A traveler stopped at an inn in a neighboring village, and finding the landlord and laudlady fighting, cried out: "Hallo, who keeps this house?" The wife replied, "That's just what we are trying to decide."

—"You bachelors ought to be taxed," said a lady to a resolute evader of the noose matrimonial. "I agree with you, madam," was the reply; "bachelorism is a great luxury."

—A Quaker of Bloomington, Indiana, who observed his wife looking in at the kitchen door while he was embracing the servant girl, thus addressed her: "Betsy, thou had better quit peeping, or thee will cause a disturbance in the family."

—A New York dandy peered into the Cave of the Winds under the Falls of Niagara recently, and when asked what he thought of it remarked, "Oh, its very pretty, but it's so deuced wet!"

—A gentleman from Germany, on his first visit to an American Church, had a contribution box with a hole in the top presented to him, and he whispered to the collector, "I don't got my bapers, unt can't vote."

—It is related of a certain minister of Maine, who was noted for his long sermons, with many divisions, that one day, when he was advancing among the *teens*, he reached, at length, a kind of resting-place in his discourse, when, pausing to take breath, he asked the question: "And what shall I say more?" A voice from the congregation earnestly responded, "say Amen!"

—A correspondent writes of a California woman to whom he showed a twenty-five cent note of our postal currency, specimens of which are rare in that hard-money region. She turned it over and over with keen curiosity. "It seems very strange to me that this should be money," she said; "it don't look like money." "What *does* it look like?" "Well" (hesitatingly, and with the utmost sincerity). "it—looks—like—*a label for an oyster can!*"

—"John Chinaman" is beginning to stand up for himself. A man asked a question of one the other day, and being answered, replied back, "You lie," and struck the Celestial in the face.—'John' was enabled to give him a good whipping, and then came out as follows: "You speakee Chinaman lie too muchee; belly good; you wishee knock Chinaman down; you comee see mee, well—me likee fight; sahe?" The man made off, amid the cheers of a crowd of spectators.

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