

Pennsylvanisch Deutsch.



BREEF FUM SCHWEFFLEBRENNER.

SCHLIFLETOWN, Oct. 19, 1869.

MISTER FODDER ABRAHAM: Sieder em letshda Dunnershdog hob ich net wennicher dos fluf delligraff dispatcha griekt fum Mutchler, awer ich hob kens fun cana ganser, un war so sthilt dos a mouse for fear er deat uf mich kumma for selly hunnert dahlar Packer's geld wu er mer gevva hut. Ich hob awer doch net recht fershtonna was er g'meint hut, oder we's kumma is dos er so ungeduldich war for mich tsu seana. Ferleicht konnst du's us seifera was er hawelt hut wella, oder was er g'meint hut mit seina dispatcha. Doh sin se:

DEMOCRATIC HET QUARTERS, FIDELITY, Oct. der 14, 1869. Pit Schweflebreuner, Esq.: Kumm runner. Es is obas lett, un's mus uf g'ued warra. Der Packer is elect providing mer kenna de ritsons recht of fixa. Kumm for sure—der ut ritson will dich seana. MUTCHLER.

About a sthuid un a holy noch der hond is de doh kumma: MUTCHLER.

DEMOCRATIC HET QUARTERS, FIDELITY, Oct. der 14, 1869. Pit Schweflebreuner, Esq.: Sylvania-tswanisch hunnert majority for Packer sure, providing mer kenna de ritson noch a wennich impropia. Shtick mer de tsifera fun schlifletown, awer much's genue—du a wennich dertsu seifera, un kumm runner for sure. MUTCHLER.

Der same owel is der drit dispatch kumma. De mechnung derfu hob ich awer net fershten kenna—doh is er:

DEMOCRATIC HET QUARTERS, FIDELITY, Oct. der 14, 1869. Pit Schweflebreuner, Esq.: We kumma dos mer nix fun der herti! Hish dot oder lewendich! Oder blist aw back uf uns gong—er Asey wu, O wieser for mer hert de nawa (doh in unserm cash bish). Noch amohi soch ich, mer missa bessery tsifera hawa un nix holla dich responsible for schlifletown. Der Packer is sure bet of hunnert provided se shticka us de rechte sort ritson. MUTCHLER.

We ich seller g'leasa hob is mers sheer gortly dudderich warra, un donn hob ich gedentk du ich amohi de Bevvy insulta derwaya, un hob er aw grawd gevva for tsu leasa. Se hut awer yust gelacht driver, un is tsu der conclusion kumma dos se yusht proewera wetta der Geary noch drous tsu b'sheisa. Ich hob awer aera roat g'tamma, un kea ansur tsurick g'shickt.

Sell war awer noch net der letsht. Der negest morya—ohm Fridog—is noch eaner kumma, un doh gel ich en aw:

DEMOCRATIC HET QUARTERS, FIDELITY, Oct. der 14, 1869. Pit Schweflebreuner, Esq.: Packer safe bet tsween hunnert, providing mer kenna tsu a p'nter gains fun Lusarn, Summit Hill, un Shookill county. Ich wart aw yust noch uf de tsifera wu ich inspect dos der mer shtick fun cirum County. Well so ferdereit felt lett for der Geary g'wote mer se hawa. Shtick by tellgrat. MUTCHLER.

About middogs, hohls mich der bettle wann ich net noch cans griekt hob, un sell gel ich aw noch doh:

DEMOCRATIC HET QUARTERS, FIDELITY, Oct. der 14, 1869. Pit Schweflebreuner, Esq.: Es gukt noch oles recht awer yust a wennich dudderich, for mer kenna nix kreesa fun Lusarn un so p'lez. Konnist uns net noch meener tsifera shticka—mer missa se hawa for de tswea hunnert full macha. Der Packer is any how lect, provided mer kenna'seller weg us seifera. Es fehit uns yusht a wennich on de tsifera. MUTCHLER.

Sell war de letsht dispatch dos ich griekt hob. Es kummt mer for er deats so a wennich uf gevva, un de Bevvy meant aw so, for according tsu de tsifera wu ich g'lea hob geshter hut Lusarn yusht a dauset gevva, un in Summit Hill un in Mook Chuk un in Shookill county, un in Leeshigh wu se den dinglich bekonnit sin, goka de returns gor net dos wann er de "bride of der wellej" war. Ich wunnert doch aw now wu der alt Asey felt ollewell. De Bevvy hut g'sawt, "Pit," secht se, "dei prufatsejung wu du g'macht husht in der FODDER ABRAHAM'S Tsaitung dos noch der leckshun war der alt Packer kunnst winst dos es all "wennity un wecxashun fun spiritit is, war about goot, for's is so wuhr kumma dos wanne sfongallium wer?" Un ich wunnert now aw se wu unser cans osumacha deat ollewell wann mer beim alta Asey avroofs deat for about fluf-tswanisch dahlar leana? Denksht er deats cam gevva? Denksht der Mutchler hut sei account bichly noch, oder is de bank geclosed un der shissel im alta Asey seim sock? Ich wunnert aw ebs can net shun g'shpite hut dos er so feel gel gevva hut for selly kolleth bawu doch in Bettlehem? Es knmmt mer now doch a wennich hort for dos so a public beniaffaker wu der Packer net nei kumma is. Es gukt mer sheer gortly dos wann de rippublicks om end oordich unkeatful wera. Awer, wann mer draw denkt was for an party de demokrata sin, donn is es kea wunner dos es so gonga is, for is de vey same party wu mer mei watch g'ahola hen forran yohr on der Seimoyr's Convenshun dort in Nei York, un es macht mich ollewell noch fash derwaya wann ich draw denkt.

Awer now noch ebs. De Bevvy will wissa fun was dos ich noch dem ois breofa shtreib for in der FODDER ABRAHAM neu tsu drucka, for de leckshun is ferbei, secht se, un ich mist now uf en onnerer subject gea. Ich hob eera awer g'sawt dos se sich gor net boddera brauch fun weaya subjects, for a monn we ich bin—un United Shtates Government officer—for ich bin ois noch Post Meashter un shtick aw dertsu bis ich ebas bessers griek; an professor fun frinnology; un a sounder un getraider pollytsiaher; un an shreiver fun der pure Pennsylvania Litteratechoor, un a monn wu independent is un dut about we er denkt dos recht is, konn oisfort plenty fun subjects hawa for so breofa shreiva. Wann evva ea subject ois g'shpeelt is, donn get mer uf der onner. Frinnology, Ashtronnimny, Cheololoty, Sians un ollerlea onnery subjects fun Seikololoty konn ich all wentileats

so goot dos der neesht monn. Un ferleicht mach ich mich aw ons shreiva ivver de fashens, un shtpeckillaters, un balls un parties un feel onnery sachta dos de leit interesting is. Wann ich amohi nimmy wra was tsu sawya, donn, ferliss dich druf is aw a general fire-owet all round. Lus de leit now yusht all widder shreiva for de FODDER ABRAHAM'S Tsaitung, un donn kenna se sich druf ferlissa dos ich's gay un lively mach for se. Ich bin any how noch long net ons g'shpeelt, for ich hob now im sinn narst recht aw tsu fonga. PIT SCHWEFFLEBRENNER.



OCTOBER 12th, 1869. Wu fealts donn doh? Der hahn is kronk, De hinkle greisha sehr; Un wam er now noch geos doat geat, So greisha se noch mehr.

OCTOBER 13th, 1869. Der hahn doh hut de wisky sucht—Er seat gons greishlich ois; Et hut an floh im rechta ohr—Im linka 'n kleany louse.

OCTOBER 14th, 1869. Der hahn der sogt now gut-a-nacht—Er geat yetz us der teist; Der Geary hut can us geleast—Des wissa oilly leit.

THE "WILD MAN."

Mark Twain "Interviews" Him with Remarkable Success—Some Startling Developments and Curious Reminiscences.

Mark Twain has been "interviewing" the celebrated "Wild Man" and contributes the results of his talk with the monstrosity to the Buffalo Express:— "There has been so much talk about the mysterious "wild man" out there in the West for some time, that I finally felt that it was my duty to go out and "interview" him. There was something peculiarly and touchingly romantic about the creature and his strange actions, according to the newspaper reports. He was represented as being hairy, long-armed, and of great strength and stature; ugly and cumbersome; avoiding men, but appearing suddenly and unexpectedly with women and children; going armed with a club, but never molesting any creature, except sheep or other prey; fond of eating and drinking, and not particular about the quality, quantity, or character of the beverages and edibles; living in the woods like a wild beast; seeming oppressed and melancholy, but never angry; moaning, and sometimes howling; but never uttering articulate sounds. Such was "Old sheep" as the papers painted him. I felt that the story of his life must be a sad one—a story of suffering, disappointment, exile—a story of man's inhumanity to man in some shape or other—and I longed to persuade the secret from him.

"Since you say you are a member of the press," said the wild man, "I am willing to tell you all you wish to know. By-and-by you will comprehend why it is that I am so ready to unbosom myself to a newspaper man when I have so studiously avoided conversation with other people. I will now unfold my strange story. I was born with the world we live upon, almost. I am the son of Cain."

"What!" "I was present when the flood was announced."

"I am the father of the Wandering Jew."

"Sir!" I moved out of reach of his club, and went on taking notes, but keeping a wary eye on him the while. He smiled a melancholy smile, and resumed:—

"When I glance back over the dreary waste of ages, I see many a glimmering landmark that is familiar to my memory. And oh, the leagues I have travelled! the things I have seen! the events I have helped to emphasize! I was at the assassination of Cæsar. I marched upon Mecca with Mahomet. I was in the Crusades, and stood with Godfrey when he planted the banner of the cross upon the battlements of Jerusalem. I—

"One moment, please—have you given these items to any other journal? Can I—"

"Silence! I was in the Pinta's shrouds with Columbus when America burst upon his vision. I saw Charles I beheaded. I was in London when the Gunpowder Plot was discovered. I was present at the trial of Warren Hastings. I was on American soil when Lexington was fought—when the Declaration was promulgated—when Cornwallis surrendered—when Washington died. I entered Paris with Napoleon after Elba. I was present when you mounted your guns and manned your fleets for your War of 1812—when the South fired upon Sumpter—when Richmond fell—when the President's life was taken. In all the ages, I have helped to celebrate the triumphs of genius, the achievements of arms, the havoc of storm, fire, pestilence, and famine."

"Your career has been a stirring one. Might I ask how you came to locate in these dull Kansas woods, when you have been so accustomed to excitement during what I may term such a protracted period, not to put too fine a point upon it?"

"Listen. Once I was the honored servant of the noble and the illustrious" (here he heaved a sigh and passed his hairy hand across his eyes), "but in these degenerate days I am become the slave of quack doctors and newspapers. I am driven from pillar to post and hurried up and down, sometimes with stencil-plate and paste brush to defile the fences with cabalistic legends, and sometimes in grotesque and extravagant characters for the behoof of some driving journal. I attended to that Ocean Bank robbery some weeks ago, when I was hardly rested from finishing up the pow-wow about the completion of the Pacific Railroad; immediately I was spirited off to do an atrocious murder for the New York papers; next to attend the wedding of a patriarchal millionaire; next to raise a hurrah about the great boat race; and then, when I had

just begun to hope that my old bones were to have a rest, I am bundled off to this howling wilderness to strip, and jibber, and be ugly and hairy, and pull down fences, and waylay sheep, and scare women and children, and waltz around with a club, and play "Wild man" generally—and all to gratify the whim of a bedlam of crazy newspaper scribblers! From one end of this continent to the other, I am described as a gorilla, with a sort of human seeming about me—and all to gratify this quill-driving scum of the earth!"

"Poor old carpet-bagger!" "I have been served infamously, often, in modern and semi-modern times. I have been compelled by base men to create fraudulent history and personate all sorts of impossible humbugs. I wrote those crazy Junius Letters; I moped in a French dungeon for fifteen years, and wore a ridiculous Iron Mask; I poked around your northern forests, among your vagabond Indians, a solemn French idiot, personating the ghost of a dead Dauphin, that the gaping world might wonder if we had a "Bourbon among us; I have played sea-serpent off Nahant, and Woolly-Hose and What-is-It for the museum; I have "interviewed" politicians for the Sun, worked all manner of miracles for the Herald, ciphered up election returns for the World, and thundered political economy from the Tribune. I do one all the extravagant things that the wildest invention could contrive, and done them well, and this is my reward—playing Wild Man in Kansas without a shirt!"

"Mysterious being, a light dawns vaguely upon me—it grows apace—what—what is your name?" "Sensation!" "Hence, horrible shape!" It spoke again: "O, pitiless fate; my destiny bounds me once more. I am called. I go. Alas! is there no rest for me?"

In a moment the Wild Man's features began to soften and refine, and his form to assume a more human grace and symmetry. His club changed to a spade, and he shouldered it and walked away, sighing profoundly and shedding tears.

"Whither, poor shade?" "To dig up the Byron family!" Such was the response that floated back upon the wind as the sad spirit shook its ringlets to the breeze, flourished its shovel aloft, and disappeared over the brow of the hill.

All of which is in strict accordance with the facts. Attest, MARK TWAIN.

STATE NEWS.

CHESTER COUNTY.—A horse was stolen from the stable of O. P. Wilson, at Parkersburg, on Saturday night last. A son of Joseph Sharpless, of East Goshen, eleven years of age, had an apoplectic stroke a few days ago, which paralyzed an arm and one side of his body. Huking-matches have been inaugurated. Henry P. Jones, of Parkersburg, sold a pair of Chester White Pigs at the State Fair at Harrisburg for \$100, and a pig 4 months old for \$25. Wm. Chambers, Jr., of New Garden, sowed thirty quarts of Norway oats last spring upon half an acre of ground. The straw was very large. Mr. Levi B. Lloyd, of Warwick, raised a pumpkin, of the sweet potato variety, the present season, which weighed 90 pounds.

Wm. Clark, of Upper Oxford, was killed on Monday morning last, by the upsetting of an ox cart loaded with dirt, which he was driving. A little son of Edwin Smedley, of Upper Ewchlan, aged 20 months, was drowned in a small stream of water near the house, having crawled there while the mother was engaged in household duties.

HOLDING BACK GRAIN.

Chicago has a grain "King" similar to the gold "Ring" of New York, with the difference, however, that the "bears" control it, keeping the price of grain down until they have monopolized the entire crop, and storing it away in their city until their grasp over the present year's yield is complete. They are shipping none whatever to the East, to the great detriment of business interests everywhere. In a year of so bountiful a harvest as that of the present one, it is grain and not gold that must regulate finance and set going the wheels of trade. The West is always debtor to the East at this season, and it is a well understood principle that the produce of the former must pay here and in Europe for the products and importations of the latter. But while the produce, the great wheat and corn crops of the West, are unshipped and stored away in Chicago and St. Louis granaries, Wall street and Third street are the sufferers, and from these great money centres the whole East suffers in sympathy.

CAT-EGORICAL.—An unfledged poet, whose talent only needs to be known to be appreciated, has been favored with a feline serenade, and thus gives vent to his feelings on the occasion:—"If a cat doth meet a cat, upon the garden wall, and if a cat doth greet a cat, oh! need they both to squall? Every Tommy has his Tabby, waiting on the wall, and yet she welcomes his approach with one unearthly yell. If a kit wish to court a rock upon the wall, why don't he sit and sweetly smile, and not stand up and bawl; and lift his precious back up high, and show his teeth and moan, as if 'twere colic, more than love, that made the feline groan. Among the train there is a awain; his voice is known full well; but what's his name, or where's his 'hame,' the deuce alone can tell. He is sweet upon the other sex; and so, with groans and horrid threats, he rends the evening air, and makes these midnight 'rendezvous' impossible to bear."

USEFUL HINTS.—A bit of glue dissolved in skim milk will restore crape. Strong lye put in water will make it as soft as rain water. Half a cranberry, it is said, bound on a corn, will soon kill it. Ribbons of every kind should be washed in suds and not rinsed. Scotch snuff put in holes where crickets come out will soon destroy them. A bit of soap rubbed on the hinges of doors will prevent their creaking. Wood ashes and common salt wet with water will stop the crack of a stove. If your flat irons are rough, rub them with fine salt and it will make them smooth.

If you wish to avoid a cold, keep your mouth shut. The same plan also keeps the teeth from getting sunburnt and people from noticing them if they are.

Our Little Jokes.

Ladies are said to be working their way into the watch business, because they produce handsomer faces and more delicate hands than men.

Girls sometimes put their lips out poutingly because they are angry, and sometimes because they are disposed to meet you half way.

"Can you tell me how the old devil is?" asked an irreverent fellow of a clergyman. "My dear friend, you must keep your own family record, was the reply."

A lady dressed in the latest style was recently observed in our streets endeavoring to walk perfectly upright. She attracted a great deal of attention.

"Isn't it pleasant to be surrounded by such a crowd of ladies?" said a pretty woman to a popular lecturer. "Yes," said he; "but it would be pleasanter to be surrounded by one."

If running after the women be a sin, it is one which is very easily checked. All that's necessary is for the women to stop running away from the men.

An Indiana town boasts a giant who has by his great size vanquished the ague. That embarrassing affliction attacked him the other day and worked four days to shake him all over, but failed and left in disgust.

What did the Israelites do after they crossed the Red Sea?" asked a Superintendent of a Sunday School. "They dried themselves!" said a shrill-voiced little girl.

"O dear!" blubbered an urchin, still smarting under a recent application of birch, "perhaps forty rods do make a furlong, but golly! I'm sure one rod makes an acter."

Pleasant: To open your wife's jewel box, and discover a strange gentleman's hair done up as a keepsake. We know of nothing that makes an ardent temperament feel more "knifey."

A young gentleman, speaking of a young beauty's fashionable hair, called it pure gold. "It ought to be," quoth an old bachelor, "it looks like twenty-four carrots."

Howard Paul recently announced that he would deliver a five minutes' red-hot lecture on "Woman's Rights," in Preston, England; but the printer set it up "Woman's Rights," which caused considerable scandal.

Some one says: "The Pope is making a crusade upon the improprieties of dress, and we learn lays the blame on the shoulders of the ladies." The Pope is at fault. We have examined the shoulders of ladies, and haven't found a blame thing there.

A maiden who had suffered some disappointments thus defines the human race: "Man—a conglomerate mass of hair, tobacco smoke, confusion, conceit and boots. Woman—the water, perfume, on the aforesaid animal."

A New England church was in need of a pastor. A deacon supplying the pulpit one Sabbath prayed for the coming man after this fashion: "Send us not an old man in his dotage, not a young in his goshinhood, but a man with all the modern improvements."

Mr. G. was a most inveterate punster. Lying very ill of the cholera, his nurse proposed to prepare a young tender chicken. "Haddn't you better take an old hen?" said G. in a low whisper—he he was too ill to speak louder—"for she would be more apt to lay on my stomach." G. fell back exhausted, and the nurse faint.

It is a fashionable sport among the young girls of Fond du Lac, Wis., to collect on the sidewalk and compel their young gentlemen friends to go out into the muddy street, but a local paper calls the practice "boiled cussedness with the scum on."

The city editor of the Chicago Post makes the following acknowledgment among his "personals": "The editor of this column acknowledges the receipt this morning, from the authorized source, of a personal item of the masculine persuasion, weighing nine pounds."

Josh Billings says: "Mackrel inhabit the sea, generally; but those which inhabit the grocery always taste to me as though they had been fattened on salt. They want a deal of freshening before they're eaten, and always afterwards. If I kin have plenty of makrel fur breakfast, I can generally make the other two meals out of water."

"Every thing has its use," said a philosophical professor to his class. "Of what use is a drunkard's fiery red nose?" asked one of the pupils. "It's a light-house," answered the professor, "to warn us of the little water that passes underneath it, and reminds us of the shoals of appetite, on which we might otherwise be wrecked."

A six year old boy was asked by his teacher to write a composition on the subject of water: the following is the production: "Water is good to drink, to swim in, and to skate on when frozen. When I was a little boy, the nurse used to bathe me every morning in water. I have been told that the Indians don't wash themselves once in ten years. I wish I was an Injun."

Mrs. Lucy Stone said a good thing in the Women's Convention at Chicago, to wit: "Some mean cowards say if women vote they should fight. Now, she would ask, who perils her life when the soldier is born? The mother is his quartermaster until he is capable of finding his own ration. That's true, and that quartermaster don't feed her soldiers on 'hard tack,' either."

An old lady recently, in some court before which she was brought as a witness, when asked to take off her bonnet, obstinately refused to do so, saying, "There is no law to compel a woman to take off her bonnet." "Oh!" imprudently replied one of the judges, "you know the law do you; perhaps you would like to come up and sit here, and teach us?" "No, I thank you, sir," said the woman tartly, "There are old women enough there now."

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