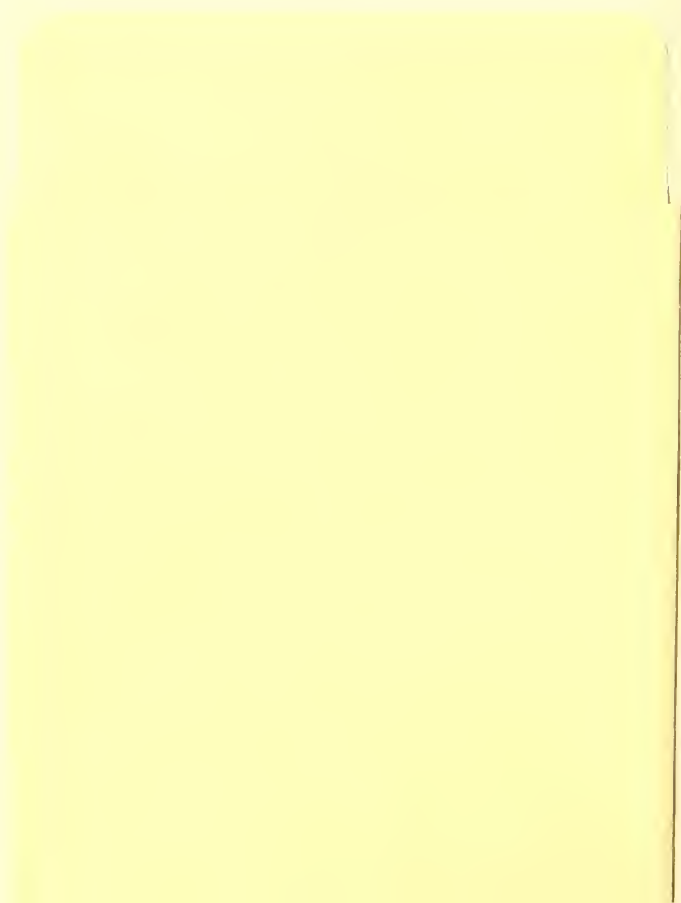


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Second Series of the 'Breitmann Ballads.'

Hans Breitmann

About Town.



And Other New Ballads.

BY CHARLES G. JELAND.

AUTHOR OF "HANS BREITMANN'S PARTY," ETC.

PHILADELPHIA:
T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS;
306 CHESTNUT STREET.

PRICE SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS.

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WITH OTHER BALLADS.

By CHARLES G. LELAND.

PRICE 75 CENTS.

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"All goned afay mit de Lager Bier,
Afay in de ewigkeit."

"The likening of the Party, at which everybody got drunk 'ash bigs' and overeat themselves like the same noble animals, to the 'lovely golden cloud-raft float on de mountain's prow,' and to the star whose light has been dissipated ages since; and again the 'lyrical cry' of despair, as Mr. Matthew Arnold calls it, with which the ballad ends—these are stings of satire which contain more humor, and strike deeper than even Jeames' vulgarly lacquered imitations of sentiment. When Breitmann's greed becomes maudlin, the ballads attain their climax in art."—*London Spectator.*

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"The hero is a bit of true character, and the adventures through which he passes are racy of the soil and of the time. But the oddity of his figure and his fortunes would be lessened in any other medium than its language, the strange grotesqueness of which acts on the nerves as much as on the spirit. The very effort to pronounce this poetry sets one laughing."—*London Athenæum.*

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Breitmann about Town.

DER Schwackenhammer eoom to down,
Pefore de Fall vas past,
Und by der Breitmann drewd he in
Ash dreimals honored gast.
Led's see de sighdts! In self und worldt,—
Dere's "sighdts" for him, to see,
Who Selbstanschauungsvermoegeen hat,
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to de Opera Haus,
Und dere dey vound em blayin'.
Of Offenbach, (der *open brook*),
His show spiel Belle Heléne.
"Dere's Offenbach,—Sebastian Bach,—
Mit Kaulbach,—dat makes dree :
I always likes soosh *brooks* ash dese."
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to de Bibliothek,
Vhieh Mishder Astor bilt :
Some pooks vere only *en brochure*,
Und some vere pound und gilt.
"Dat makes de gold—dat makes de *sinn*,
Mit pooks, ash men, ve see,
De pest tressed vellers gilt de most :"—
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent to see an edider,
 Who'd shanged his flag und doon,
 Und crowed oopon der oder side,
 Dat very afdernoon.
 "De anciends vorshipped wetter-cocks,
 To wetter *fanés* pent de knee;
 Pow down, mein Schwackenhammer, pow!"
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented py a pauker's hause,
 Und Schwackenhammer shvore,
 Id only vant a pig *red shield*
 Hoong oop pefore de toor;
 One side of red, one side of gold,
 Like de knighd's in hisdorie—
 "De schildern of dat schild is rich,"
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent oonto a bicture sale,
 Of frames wort' many a cent,
 De broberthy of a shendleman,
 Who oonto Europe vent.
 "Dont gry—he'll soon pe pack again
 Mit anoder gallerie:
 He sells dem oud dwelf dimes a year,"
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to dis berson's house,
 To see his furnidure,
 Sold oud at auccion rite afay,
 Berembdory und sure.
 "He geepts six houses all at vonce
 Each vcek a sale dere pe,
 Gotts! vat a dime his vife moost haf!"—
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent to vind a goot cigar,
 Long dimes dey roamed apout,
 Von veller had a pran new sort,
 De fery latest out.
 "Mein freund—I dinks you errs yourself
 De shmell ish oldt to me ;
 De *Infamias Stinkadores* brand,"—
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to de *virst* hotel,
 De prandy make dem creep,
 A trop of id's enough to make
 A brazen monkey veep.
 "Dey say a viner house ash dis,
 Vill soon ge-bildet pe,
 Crate Gott!—vot *can* dey mean to trink?"
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented droo de Irish shtreeds,
 Dey saw vrom haus to haus,
 Und gountet oop, ' pout more or less,
 Vive hoondred awful rows.
 " If all dese liddle vights dey waste,
 Could *von* crate pattle pe,
 Gotts ! how de Fenian funds vouldt rise !"
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent to see de Ridualids,
 Who vorship Gott mitt vlowers,
 In hobes he'll lofe dem pack again,
 In winter among de showers.
 " Vhen de Pacific railroat's done
 Dis dings imbrofed vill pe,
 De joss-sticks vill pe santal vood,"—
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent to hear a breecher of
 De last sensadion shtyle,
 'Twas 'nough to make der tyfel weep
 To see his " awful shmile."
 " Vot bities dat der Fechter ne'er
 Vas in Theologie.
 Dey'd make him pishop in dis shoorsh,"
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent into a shpordin' crib,
 De rowdies cloostered dick,
 Dey ashk him dell dem vot o'glock,
 Und dat infernal quick.
 Der Breitmann draw'd his 'volver oud,
 Ash gool ash gool couldt pe,
 "Id's shoost a goin' to shdrike six,"
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent polid'gal mcedins next,
 Dey hear dem rant and rail,
 Der bresident vas a forger,
 Shoost bardoned oud of jail.
 He does it oud of cratitood,
 To dem who set him vree :
 "Id's Harmonie of Inderesds,"
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent to a clairfoyard witch,
 A plack-eyed handsome maid,
 She wahrsagt all der vortunes—denn
 "Fife dollars, gents!" she said.
 "Dese vitches are nod of dis eart',
 Und yed are *on id*, I see
 Der Shakesbeare knew de preed right vell,"
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to a restaurand,
 Der vaiter coot a dash ;
 He garfed a shicken in a vink,
 Und serfed id at a vlash.
 "Dat shap knows vell shoost how to coot,
 Und roon mit poulerie,
 He vas copitain oonder Turchin vonce,"
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to de Voman's Righds,
 Vere laties all agrees,
 De gals should pe de voters,
 Und deir beaux all de votées.
 " For efery man dat nefer vorks,
 Von frau should vranchised pe :
 Dat ish de vay I solf' dis ding,"
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented oop, dey vented down,
 'Tvas like a roarin' rifer,
 De sighds vas here—de sighds vas dere—
 Und de vorldt vent on forefer.
 " De more ve trinks, de more ve sees,
 Dis vorldt a derwisch pe ;
 Das Werden's all von whirling droonk,"
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Schnitzerl's Philosopede.

PARDT SECONDT.

VEN Breitmann hear dat Schnitzerl
Was quardered into dwo,
Und how his crate philosopede
To 'm teufel had gone flew;
He dinked and dinked so heafy
As only Deutchers can,
Denn saidt, " Who mightdt beliefet
Dis ish de ent of man?

" De human souls of beoples
Existt in deir ideés,
Und dis of Wolfram Schnitzerl
Mightdt dravel many vays,
In his *Bestimmung des Menschen*
Der Fichte makes peliefe
Dat ve brogress oon-endly
In vot pehind we leafe.

" De shbarrow falls ground-downwards.
Or drafels to de West;
De shbarrows dat coom afder
Bild shoost de same oldt nest.
Man hat not vings or fedders,
Und in oder dings, 'tis saidt,

He tont coom oop to shbarrows ;
 Boot on nests he goes ahet.

“ O vliest dou troo bornin vorldts
 Und nebulozer foam,
 By monsdrou mitnight shiant forms
 Or where red tyfels roam,
 Or where de chosts of shky rackets
 Peyond creadion flee ?
 Where'er dou art, oh Schnitzerlein !
 Crate saint ! look down on me !

“ Und deach me how you maket
 Dat crate philosopede,
 Vitch roon dwice six mals vaster
 Ash any Arap shteed,
 Und deach me how to 'stonish folk
 Und knock dem out de shpots.
 Come pack to eart, O Schnitzerlein,
 Und pring it down to dots !”

Shoost ash dis vort vent outvarts
 Hans dinked he see a vlash,
 Und unterwards de dable
 He doomple mit a crash,
 Und to him, moong de glaesses,
 Und pottles ash vas proke,
 Mit his het in a cigar box,
 An foice from Himmel shpoke :

“ *Adsum Domine Breitmann !*
 Herr Capitain—here I pe !
 So dell me right *honesté*
Quare inquietasti me ?
Te video inter spoonibus,
Et largis glassis too,
Cerevisia repletis,
Sicut percussus tonitru !”

Denn Breitmann ansver Schnitzerl :

“ *Coarctor nimis.—See !*
Siquidem Philistiim
Pugnant adversum me.
Ergo vocavi te,
 Ash Saul *vocavit Sam-*
 uel, *ut mi ostenderes*
Quid teufel faciam ?”

Denn der shpirit, in Lateinisch

Saidt “ *Benc—dat’s de dalk !*
Non habes in hoc shanty
 A shingle *et some chalk ?*
Non video inkum et calamos :
 (I shbose some bumper shdole ‘em):
Levate oculos tuos, son
Et aspice ad lintecolum !”

Den Breitmann see de chalk-piecc
 Viteh riset from de floor,
 Und signet a philosopede
 Alone oopon de toor,
 De von dat Schnitzerl fabricate,
 Und onderneat he see :
Probate inter equites :
 "Try dis in de cavallrie."

Den Breitmann shtoot ooprighly
 Und leanet on a bost, [peen
 Und saidt ; " If dis couldt, shouldt hafe
 It vouldt mightt peen a chost !
 Boot if it pe nouomenon,
 Phenomenoned indeed,
 Or de soobyective obyectified,
 I'fe cot de philosopede."

Denn out he seekt a plack schmidt
 Ash vork in iron shteel ;
 To make him à philosopede
 Mit shoost an only vheel.
 De dings vas maket simple,
 Ash all crate ideés should pe ;
 For 'twas noding boot a gart vheel
 Mit a two veet achsel-dree.

De dimes der Breitmann doomple
 In learnin for to ride,
 Vas ofdener ash de sand grains
 Dat rollen in de tide.
 De dimes he eot oopsetted
 In shdeerin lefdt und righdt,
 Vas ofdener as de cleamin shdars
 Dat shtud de shky py nighdt.

Boot de vorstest of de veadures
 In dis von vheel horse, you bet,
 Ish dat man couldt go so nicely
 Pefore he got oopset,
 Some dimes he go like plazes
 Und toorn her, extra-fein,
 Und denn shlop ofer—dis is vhat
 Hafe kill der Schnitzerlein.

Soosh droples as der Breitmann hafe
 To make dis 'vention go,
 Vas nefer seen py mordal man
 Oopon dis vorldt pelow.
 He doompled righdt, he doompled lefdt,
 He hafe a tousand toomps,
 Dere nefer vas a cricket-ball
 Vot got soosh 'fernal boomps.

Boot ash he shvear't he'd do it,
 He shvore id should pe done,
 Dough he schimpft und fluchte laesterlich,
 He visht he'd ne'er pegun.
 Mit *Hagel! Blitz! Kreuzsakrament!*
 He maket de houser ring,
 Und hoped de Schnitzerl pe verdamm't
 For deachin him dis ding.

Nun—goot! Ad last he got it.
 Und peaudifool he goed,
 Dis day, saidt he, "I'll stonish folk
 A ridin on de road;
 Dis day py shinks I'll do it!
 Und knock dings out of sight!"
 Ach weh! for Breitmann dat day
 Vas not pe-markt mit vHITE.

De noompers of de Deutsche folk
 Dat coom dis feat to see,
 I dink in soper earnest-hood,
 Might not ge-reekonet pe.
 For miles dey shtood along de road,
 Mein Gott! but dey vas dry;
 Dey trinked den lager-beer shops oop,
 Pefore der Hars coom py.

When all at vonce drementous gries
 De fery country shook ;
 Und beoples shkreamt : “ *Da ist er ! Schau !*
 Dere ish der Breitmann !—Look !”
 Mein Gott ! vas efer soosh a shoudt ?
 Vas efer soosh a gry ?
 Ven like a brick-bat in a vight,
 Der Breitemann foosh py.

O mordal man ! Vy ish id, dow
 Hast passion to go vast ?
 Vy ish id dat de tog und horse
 Likes shbeed too quick to last ?
 De pugs, de pirds, de pumple-pees,
 Und all dat ish, 'twould seem,
 Ish nefer hoppy boot, exept
 When pilin on de shteam.

Der Breitmann flew ! Von mighdy gry,
 Ash he vent scootin bast,
 Von derriple, drementous yell—
 Dat day de virst—and last.
 Vot ha ! vot ho ! Vy ish id dus ?
 Vot makes dem shdare aghast ?
 Vy cooms dat vail of wild tespair ?
 Ish somedings got gesmasht ?

Yea—efen so. Yea, ferily—
 Shbeak, soul ! It is dy biz !
 Der Breitmann shkeet so vast along,
 Dey fairly heard him whizz.
 Ven shoost oopon a hill-top point
 It caught a pranch ge-pent,
 Und like an opple vrom a svitch,
 Afay Hans Breitmann vent.

Vent troo de air a hoondert feet,
 (Allowin more or less)—
 Denn *pobb—pobb—pobb*—a mile or dwo,
 He rollet along—I guess.
 Say—hast dou seen a gannon ball
 Half shpent, shtill poundin on ;
 Like made of gummi-lasticum ?
 So vent der Breitemann.

Dey biek him up—dey pring him in—
 No wort der Breitmann shpoke.
 Der doktor look—he shvear erstaunt
 Dat nodings ish peen proke !
 He rollet de rocky road entlong,
 He pouncet o'er shtock und shtone ?
 You'd dink he'd knocked his outsides in,
 Yet nefer preak a pone !

All shtill Hans lay—bevilderfied—
 Nor seemet to mind de shaps,
 Nor moofed, oontil der medicus
 Hafe dose him vell mit schnapps.
 De schmell voke oop de boetry
 Of tays ven he vas young,
 Und he murmulde de frogmends
 Of an sad romandie song :

“ As summer pring de roses,
 Und roses pring de dew,
 So Deutschland gifes de maidens
 Vot fetch de bier to you.
 Komm Maidlein ! Rothe Wænglein !
 Mit a wein glass in your paw !
 Ve'll ged troonk amoong de roses
 Und lie soper on de shdraw !

“ As winter prings de ice-wind,
 Dat plow o'er burg und hill,
 Hard times pring in de lantlord,
 Und de lantlord pring de bill.
 Boot sing Maidlein ! Rothe Wænglein !
 Mit wein glass in your paw !
 Ve'll ged troonk amoong de roses
 Und lie sober on de shdraw !”

Dey dook der Breitmann homewarts,
 Boot efer on de vay,
 He nefer shbeaket no man,
 Und noding else could say :
 Boot—"Maidlein—Rothe Wængelein !
 Mit wein glass in her paw,
 We'll ged troonk amoong de rosen
 Und lie soper on de shdraw !"

Dey laid der Hans im Bette,
 Peneat de eider-doun,
 Und sempeld all de doktors
 Vot doktored in de town.
 Dat ish, de Deutsche Aertzte,
 For Breitmann alfays says,
 De Deutschers ish de onlies
 Mit originell idées.

Dere vas Doktor Moritz Schlinkenschlog,
 Dat vork ash caféopath,
 Und der learned Cobus Schoepfskopf,
 Dat use de milchy bath ;
 Und Korschaltitschky aus Boehmen,
 Vot cure mit slibovitz,
 Und Wechselbalg from Berlin,
 Who only 'tend to fits.

Dere vas Stroblich aus Westfalen
 Who mofe all eart'ly ills
 Mit concentrirter schinken juice,
 Und Pumpernickel pills ;
 Und a bier-kur man from Munich,
 Und a grape-curist from Rhein,
 Und von who shkare tisease afay
 Mit dose of Schlesier wein.

So dey meed in consoldation
 Mit Doktor Winkeleck,
 Who brackdise "renovation"
 Mit sauerkraut und speck.
 Und dat no man shouldt pe shlightet
 Or treatet ash a tunce,
 Dey 'greed to try deir systems
 Oopon Breitmann all at vonce.

Dat ish, mit de excepdion,
 Of gifin Schlesier wein ;
 For de remedy vas danger-full
 On von who trink from Rhine.
 Ash der teufel once declaret
 Ven he taste it on a shpree,
 Dat a man to trink soosh liquor
 Moost a born Silesian pe.

So de all vent los at Breitmann,
 Und woonderfool to dell,
 He coomed to his gesundheit,
 Und pooty soon cot vell,
 Some hinted at *Natura*
 Mit de oldt *vis sanatrix*,
 Boot each dokter shvore *he* cured him,
 Und de rest were Taugenix.

I know not vot der Breitmann
 More newly has pegun,
 Boot dey say he dalks day-daily
 Mit Dana of de *Sun*.
 Dey dalk in Deutsch togeder,
 Und volk say de ent vill pe
 Philosopedal changes
 In de Union cavallrie.

Gott help de howlin safage !
 Gott help de Indi-an !
 Shouldt Breitmann choin his forces
 Mit Sheneral Sheridan.
 Und denn to sing his braises
 Acain I'll gife a lied—
 Hier hat dis dale an ende
 Of Breitmann's philosopede.

A Ballad apout de Rowdies.

DE moon shines ofer de cloudlens,
Und de cloudts plow ofer de sea,
Und I vent to Coney Island,
Und I took mein Schatz mit me.
Mine Schatz, Katrina Bauer,
I gife her mein heart und vordt;
Boot ve tidn't know vot beoples
De Dampsschiff hafe cot on poard.

De preeze plowed cool und bleasant,
We looket at de town
Mit sonn-light on de shdeebles,
Und wetter fanes doornin round.
Ve sat on de deck in a gorner
Und dropled nopody dere,
Ven all aroundt oos de rowdies
Peginned to plackguard und schvear !

A voman mit a papy
Vas sittin in de blace;
Von tocket a chew tobacco
Und trowed it indo her vace.
De voman got coonvulshons,
De papy pegin to gry ;
Und de rowdies shkreamed out a laffin,
Und saidt dat de fun vas " high."

Pimepy ve become some hoonger
 Katrina Baur und I,
 I openet de lit of mine pasket,
 Und pringed out a cherry bie.
 A cherry kooken mit pretzels,
 "How goot!" Katrina said,
 Ven a rowdy snatched it from her,
 Und preaked it ofer mine het.

I dells him he pe a plackguart
 I gifed him a biece my mind,
 I vouldt saidt it pefore a tousand,
 Mit der teufel himself pehind.
 Den he knocks me down mit a sloong-shot,
 Und peats me plack and plue ;
 Und all de plackguards kick me,
 Dill I vainted, und dat ish drue.

De rich American beoples
 Don't know how de rowdies shtrike
 Der poor hardt-workin Sherman,
 He knows it more ash he like.
 If de Deutsche speakers und bapers
 Are sometimes too hard on dis land,
 Shoost dink how de Deutsch kit driven
 Along by de rowdy's hand !

Wein Geist.

I STOOMPLED oud ov a dafern,
Berauscht mit a gallon of wein,
Und I rooshed along de Strassen,
Like a derriple Eberschwein.

Und like a lordly boar-big,
I doompled de soper folk ;
Und I trowed a shtone droo a shdreed lamp,
Und bot' of de classes I proke.

Und a gal vent roonin' bast me.
Like a vild coose on de vings,
Boot I gatch her for all her skreechin,
Und giss her like afery dings.

Und denn mit an board und a shdore-box,
I blay de horse-viddle a bieece,
Dill de neighbours shkreech "deat' !" und
"murder !"
Und holler aloudt "bolice ?"

Und vhen der erim night wæchter
Says all of dis foon moost shtop,
I oop mit mein oombrella,
Und sehlog him ober de kop.

I leaf him like tead ou de bavemend,
 Und roosh droo a darklin' lane,
 Dill moonlighd und tisdand musik,
 Pring me roundt to my soul again.

Und I sits all oonder de linden,
 De hearts-leaf linden dree ;
 Und I dink of de quick ge-vanisht lofe
 Dat vent like de vind from me.
 Und I voonders in mine dipsy hood,
 If a damsel or dream vas she !

Dis life ish all a lindens
 Mit holes dat show de Plue ;
 Und pedween de finite pranches,
 Cooms Himmel light shinin troo.

De blaetter are raushlin' o'er me,
 Und efery leaf ish a fay,
 Und dey vait dill de Windsbraut comet,
 To pear dem in Fall afay.

Und I look at a rock py de rifer,
 Where a stein ish of harpe form,
 —Year dausend in, oud, it shtandet—
 Und nopody blays but de shtorm.

Here vonce on a dimes a vitches,
 Soom melodies here peginned,
 De harpe ward all zu steine,
 Die melodie ward zu wind.

Und so mit dis tox-i-cation,
 Vitch hardens de outer Me ;
 Uber stein and schwein, de weine,
 Shdill harps oud a melodie.

Boot deeper de Ur-lied ringet,
 Ober stein und wein und svines,
 Dill it endet vhere all peginned,
 Und alles wird ewig zu eins,
 In de dipsy, treamless sloomper
 Vhich units de Nichts und Seyns.

Breitmann in Politics.

I.--The Nomination.

VHEN ash de var vas ober,
Und Beace her shnow-wice vings,
Vas vafin o'er de coondry
(In shpods) like afery dings;
Und heroes vere revardtet,
De beople all pegan
To say 'tvas shame dat nodings
Vas done for Breitemann.

No man wised how id vas shtartet,
Or where der fore shlog came,
Boot dey shveared it vas a cinder,
Dereto a purnin shame :
" Dere is Schnitzerl in de Gustom-House—
Pötzblitz ! can dis dings pe ?—
Und Breitmann he hafé nodings :
Vot sights is dis to see !

" Nod de virst ret cendt for Breitmann !
Ish *dis* do pe de gry
On de man dat sacked de repels
Und trinked dem high und dry ?

By meine Seel' I shvears id,
 Und vot's more I deglares id's drue,
 He vonce gleaned out a down in half an oor,
 Und shtripped id strumpf und shoe.

“ He was shoost like Koenig Etzel,
 Of whom de shdory dell,
 Der Hun who go for de Romans
 Und gife dem shiniu hell,
 Only dis dat dey say no grass vouldt crow
 Where Etzel's horse had trot,
 Und I really peliefe vere Breitmann go
 De hops shpring oop, bei Gott !”

If oncè you tie a dog loose,
 Dere ish more soon gets aoundt,
 Und wenn dis vas shtartedt on Breitmann
 It was rings aroom be-foundt ;
 Dough *vhy* he *moost* hafe somedings
 Vas not by no mean glear,
 Nor tid id, like Paulus' confersion,
 On de snap to all abbear !

Und, in factt, Balthazar Bumchen
 Saidt he couldtent nicht blainly see
 Vy a veller for gadderin riches
 Shood dus revartedt pe :

Der Breitmann own drei Houser,
 Mit a wein-handle in a stohr,
 Dazu ein Lager-Wirthschaft,
 Und sonst was—somedings more.

Dis plasted plackguard none-sense
 Ve couldn't no means shtand,
 From a narrow-mineted shvine's kopf,
 Of our nople captain grand :
 Soosh low, goarse, betty *bornirtheit*
 A shentleman deplores ;
 So ve called him *verfluchter Hundsfott*
 Und shmysed him out of toors.

So ve all dissolfed dat Breitmann
 Shouldt hafe a nomination
 To go to de Legisladoor,
 To make some dings off' de nation ;
 Mit de helb of a Connedigut man,
 In whom ve hafe great hobes,
 Who hat shange his boledics fivdeen dimes,
 Und derefore knew de robes.

II.—The Committee of Instruction.

DENN for our Instructions Comedy
De ding vas protocollirt,
By Docktor Emsig Grubler,
Who in Jena vonce studiret ;
Und for Breitmann his instrugtions
De Comedy tid say
Dat de All out-going from de Ones
Vash die first Moral Idée.

Und de segondt erate Moral Idée
Dat into him ve rings,
Vas dat government for avery man
Moost alfays do avery dings ;
Und die next Idée do vitch his mindt
Especially ve gall,
Ish to do mitout a Bresident
Und no government at all.

Und die fourt Idée ve vish der Hans
Vouldt alfays keeb in fiew,
Ish to cooldifate die Peaudifool,
Likewise de Goot and Druc ;
Und de form of dis oopright-hood
In proetise to present,
He most get our little pills all bassed
Mitout id's gostin a ecnt.

Und die fift' Idée—ash learnin
 Ish de eratest ding on eart,
 And ash Shoopider der Vater
 To Minerfa gife ge-birt'—
 Ve peg dat Breitmann oonto oos
 All pooblic tockuments
 Vich he can grap or shtcal vill sendt—
 Franked—mit his gompliments.

Die sechste crate Moral Idée—
 Since id fery vell ish known
 Dat mind ish de resooldt of food,
 Ash der Moleschott has shown,
 Und ash mind ish de highest form of Gott,
 As in Fichte dot' abbear—
 He moost alfays go mit de barty
 Dat go for lager-bier.

Now ash all dese instrugdions
 Vere showed to Misder Twine,
 De Yangee boledician,
 He say dey vere fery fine :
 Dey vere pesser ash goot, und almosdt nice—
 A tarnal tall concern ;—
 Boot dey hafe some little trawpacks,
 Und in fagdt weren't worth a dern.

Boot yed, mit our bermission,
 If de shentlemans allow—
 Here all der Shermans in de room
 Dake off deir hats und pow—
 He vouldt gife our honored gandidate
 Some nodions of his own,
 Hafing managed some elecdions
 Mit sookcess, as vell vas known.

Let him plow id all his *own* vay,
 He'd pet as sure as born,
 Dat our mann vouldt not coom out of
 Der liddle endt der horn,
 Mit his goot *proud* Sherman shoulders—
 Dis maket oos laugh, py shink!
 So de comedy shtart for Breitmann's—
Nota bene—afder a trink !

III.—Mr. Twine Explains Being "Sound
Upon the Goose."

DERE in his crate corved oaken shtuhl
Der Breitmann sot he :
He lookt shoost like de shiant
In de Kinder hishdoric ;
Und pefore him, on de tische,
Vas—where man alfays foundt it—
Dwelf inches of goot lage.,
Mit a Bemisch glass aroundt it.

De foorst vordt dat der Breitmann spoke
He maked no sbeeche or sign :
De next remark vas, "*Zapfet aus !*"—
De dird vas, "*Schenket ein !*"
Vhen in coomed liddle Gottlieb
Und Trina mit a shtock
Of allerbest Markgraeffer wein—
Dazu dwelf glaeser Bock.

Denn Misder Twine deglare dat he
Vas happy to denounce
Dat as Copdain Breitmann suited oos
Egsockdly do an ounce,

He vas ged de nomination,
 And need nod more eckshblain :
 Der Breitmann dink in silence,
 And denn roar aloudt, CHAMPAGNE !

Den Mishder Twine, while trinken wein,
 Mitwhiles vent on do say,
 Dat long insdruckdions in dis age
 Vere nod de dime of tay ;
 Und de only ding der Breitmann need
 To pe of any use
 Vas shoost to dell to afery mans
 He's *souult oopon der coose.*

Und ash dis little frase berhops
 Vas nod do oos bekannt,
 He dakes de liberdy do make
 Dat ve shall oondershtand,
 And vouldt tell a liddle shdory
 Vitch dook blace pefore de wars :
 Here der Breitmann nod to Trina,
 Und she bass aroundt cigars.

“ Id ish a longe dime, now here,
 In Bennisylvanien's Shtate,
 All in der down of Horrisburg
 Dere rosed a vierce depate,

'Tween vamilies mit cooses,
 Und dose vhere none vere foundt—
 If cooses might, by common law,
 Go squanderin aroundt ?

“ Dose who vere nod pe-gifted
 Mit gooses, und vere poor,
 All shvear de law forbid dis erime,
 Py shings and eerdain sure ;
 But de coose-holders teklare a coose
 Greadt liberty tid need,
 And to pen dem cop vas gruel,
 Und a mosdt oon-Christian teed.

“ Und denn anoder party
 Idself tid soon refeal,
 Of arisdograts who kept no coose,
 Pecause 'twas not shendeel :
 Tey tid not vish de splodderin geese
 Shouldt on deir pafemends bass,
 So dey shoined de anti-coosers,
 Or de oonder lower glass !”

Here Breitmann led his shdeam out :

“ Dis shdory goes to show
 Dat in poledicks, ash lager,
Virtus in medio.

De drecks ish ad de pottom—
 De skoom floads high inteed ;
 Boot das bier ish in de mittle,
 Says an goot old Sherman lied.

“ Und shoost apout elegdion-dimes
 De scoom und drecks, ve see,
 Have a pully Wahl-verwandtschaft,
 Or election-sympathic.’”
 “ Dis is very vine,” says Misder Twine,
 “ Vot here you indrodeue :
 Mit your bermission, I’ll grack on
 Mit my shdory of de coose.

“ A gandertate for sheriff
 De coose-beholders run,
 Who shvear de coose de noblest dings
 Vot valk peneat de sun ;
 For de cooses safe de Capidol
 In Rome long dimes ago,
 Und Horrisburg need safin
 Mighty pad, ash all do know.

“ Acainsd dis mighdy Goose-man
 Anoder veller rose,
 Who keepedt himself ungommon shtill
 Ven oders came to plows ;

Und if any ask how 'twas he shtoodt,
 His vriends wouldt vink so loose,
 Und visper ash dey dapped deir nose :
 ' *He's soundt oopon de coose !*

“ ‘ He's O. K. oopon de soobject ;
 Shoost pet your pile on dat ;
 On dis bartik'ler querdion
 He intends to coot it fat.'
 So de veller cot elegded
 Pefore de beople foundt
 On *vitch* site of der coose it vas
 He shtick so awful soundt.

“ Dis shdory's all I hafe to dell,”
 Says Misder Hiram Twine ;
 “ Und I advise Herr Breitmann
 Shoost to vight id on dis line.”
 De volk who of dese boledics
 Would oder shapters read,
 Moost waiten for de segondt pardt
 Of dis here Breitmann's Lied.

IV.—How Breitmann and Schmit were Reported
to be Log-Rolling.

ID happenet in de yar of crace,
Ven all dese dings pegan,
Dat Mishder Schmit, de shap who rooned
Acainsd der Breitemann,
Was a man who look like Mishder Twine
So moosh dat beoples say
Dey pliefe dey moost ge-brudert pe—
Gott weiss in vot a vay !

Und id vas also moosh be-marked—
Vitch look shoost like a bruder—
Dat ven Twine vas vork on any side
Der Schmit vas on de oder :
A fery gommon dodge ish dis
Mit de arisdocracie ;
So dat votefer cardt toorns oop,
Id's game for de familie !

Nun, goot ! Howefer dis mightt pe,
'Tvas cerdain on dis hit
Der Twine vas do his teufelest
To euhre Mishder Schmit ;
Und Schmit, I criefe to say, exclaimed :
“ Goll darn me for a fool,
But I'll smash old Dutch to cholera fits
And rake the eternal pool !”

So dey cot some liddle ledders,
 Ash brifate ash could pe,
 Vitch Breitmann writed long agone
 To friendts in Germany ;
 Und dey brinted dem in efery vay
 To make de beoples laugh,
 Und comment on dem in de shtyle
 Dat "sports" call "slasher-gaff."

Dere to—as vash known py shoodshment
 Und glearly ascerdaind,
 Dat Breitmann hafe lossed money
 Py a valse und schwindlin friend—
 So dey roon it troo de newspapers,
 Und shbeeched do make pegan,
 Dat *Breitmann* shtole de gelt himself
 Und rop der oder man.

Boot de ding dat jam de hardest
 On de men dat bull de vires,
 Und showed dat Captain Breitmann
 Shtood pedween dwo heafy vires,
 Vas, peccause he vas a soldier—
 Von could see id at a elanse—
 Dey had pud him in a tisdright
 Where he hadn't half a shanse.

For ash de pold solidaten
 Ish more prafe ash oder mans,
 Dey moost lead de hope verloren
 Und pattle in de vans ;
 Und ash defeat ish honoraple
 To men in honor shtriet,
 Dey honor dem py puttin em
 Where dey're cerdain to pe licked.

Boot dis dimes it shlopped over,
 Tvas de dird or secondt heat
 Dat a soldier in dis tisdrig
 Had been poot oop und beat :
 So de Plue Goats dink it over
 Und go quietly to vork :
 De bow ven too moosh aufgespannt
 Vlies packward mit a yerck.

Now Mishder Twine deglarct on dis
 De ding seemed doubtenfull,
 Boot mitout delay he dook de horns
 So poldly py de bull,
 Und shpread de shdory eferyvhere,
 Dill folk to pliefe pegan,
 Dat Mishder Schmit had *sold de vight*
 Unto der Breitemann !

He fix de liddle tedails—
 How moosh der Schmit hafe got
 For sellin out his barty
 To let Breitmann haul de pot ;
 Und he showed a brifate ledder
 From Breitemann to Schmit,
 Vhere he bromise him for Congress
 If he shoost let oop a bit.

Der Twine vas writet dis ledder ;
 For der Copitain Breitemann
 Vould nefer hafe shtood soosh hoompoogks
 Since virst his life pegan ;
 He hat tone some rough dings in der war,
 In de ploonder-und-morder line,
 Boot vas hooekelperry-persimmoned
 Mit dese boledics of Twine.

Howefer, dis ledder vorket foorst-rade—
 Mit de Merigans pest of all,
 For dey mostly dinked it de naturalest ding
 As efer couldt pefall ;
 For to sheat von's own gonstituents
 Ish de pest mofe in de came,
 Und dey nefer sooposed a Dootchman
 Hafe de sense to do de same

V.—How they held the Mass Meeting.

DERE's nodings in dis vorltd so pad,
Ash all oov us may learn,
Boot may shange from dark to lighthood,
If loock should dake a doorn ;
So it happenet mit Breitmann,
Who in shpite of sin und Schmit,
Gontrified ad shoost dis yooncture
Do make a glucky hit.

Dey hat sendet out some plackarts
To de Deutsche buergers all
(N. B.—Dish ish not mean *plackarts*,
Boot de pills dey shtick on de vall),
To say dat a Massenversammlung—
Or a meeding of all de masses—
Would be held in de Arbeiter-Halle,
To consisd of de Sharman classes.

Now dey gife de brintin of de pills
To a new gekommene man,
Who dinked dat Demokratisch
Vas de same ash Repooblican :
Gott in Himmel weiss where he hid himself
On dish free Coloompian shore
Dat he scaped de naturalizationids,
Und hadn't found out pefore.

Boot to dis Deutsche brinter,
 De only tifference he
 Petween Repooblicanish
 Und Demokratisch tid sec,
 Vas dat von vash dwo ledders longer ;
 So he dook shoost vot seem pat
 To make de poster handsome—
 Likewise a liddle fat.

How ofden in dis buzzlin life
 Small grubs grows oop to vings !
 How ofden shoost from moostard seet
 A virst-glass pusiness shprings !
Vant klein komt men tot't groote,
 Ash de Hollanders hafe said :
 Mit dese dwo ledders Breitemann
 Caved in der Schmitsy's head.

VI.—Breitmann's Great Speech.

DIS tale dat Schmit hafe *setu de vight*
Cot so much put apout
Dat many of his beoples vere
In fery tupious toubt ;
'Pove all, dose who were on de make,
And easy change deir lodge,
Und, pein awfool smart demselves,
Pelieve in every dodge.

Vhen de meeding vas gesempled,
Und dey found no Schmit vas dere,
Dey looket at von anoder
Mit a *ganz* erstaunished air ;
But dey *saw it* glear as taylight,
Und around a vink dere ran,
Ven pefore dem rose de shiant form
Of Copitain Breitemann !

Den Breitemann vent los at dem :
“ He could nichts well exbress
De rapdure dat besqueezed his hearts—
De wonnevol hoppiness—
To meed in friendlich council
And glasp de hand of dose
Who had peen mit most oonreason
Und unkindtly galled his foes.

" Berhaps o'er all dis shmilin eart'—
 He vould say it dere and den—
 Soosh shpeedagles couldt nod pe seen
 Of soosh imbartial men,
 So tefoid of pase sospicion,
 So apove all betty dricks,
 Ash to gome und lisen vairly
 To a voe in poledicks ;

" Dat ish to say, a so-galled voe—
 For he feeled id in his soul
 Dat de *brinciples* vitch mofed dem
 Vere de same oopon de whole ;
 But he lack a vord to cxbress dem
 In manners oportunes—"
 Here a veller in de gallery
 Gry oud, oonkindly, " Shpoons !"

Und dere der Breitmann gopped him :
 " If *shpoons* our modifes pe,
 Dere's not a man pefore oos
 Who lossed a shpoon by me :
 Far rader had I gife you all
 A shpoons to eaten mit,
Und I hope to get a ladle for
Mine friendt, der Mishder Schmit."

Dis fetch das Haus like doonder—
 It raised der teufel's dust,
 Und for sefen-lefen minudes
 Dey ooplaudded on a bust ;
 Und de blokes dat dinked of hedgin
 Saw a ring as round as O ;
 So dey boked cash oder in de rips,
 Und said, " I dold you so !"

For dis d'lusion to de ladle
 Vas as glear ash city milk,
 Und drawd it on de beoples
 So vine ash flossen silk,
 Dat Hans und Schmit vere rollin locks,
 Und de locks were ready cut ;
 Only Breitmann hafe de liddle end,
 Und Schmitsy dake de butt !

Den Breitemann he crack onward :
 " If any 'lightened man
 Will seeken in his Bibel,
 He'll find dat a publican
 Is a barty ash sells lager ;
 Und das ding is ferry blain,
 Dat a *re*-publican ish von
 Who sells id 'gain und 'gain.

" Now since dat I sells lager,
 I gant agreeen mit
 De demprance brinciples I hear
 Distripetet to Schmit ;
 Boot dis I dells you vairly,
 Und no one to teseife—
 If I were Schmit, I'd pliefen
 Shoost vot der Schmit peliefe.

" And to mine Sherman, liperal friends
 I might mention in dis shpot
 Dat I hear an oonfoundet rumor
 Dat der Schmit peliefe in Gott ;
 Und also dat he coes to shoorsh—
 Mit a prayer-book for salfadion :
 I would not for die welt say dings
 To hoort his repudadion.

" Und nodin is more likely
 Dat it all a shlander pe,
 So also de rumor dat ven young
 He shtoody divinidy :
 I myself, ash a publican,
 Moost pe a sinner by fate,
 Und in dis sense I denounce myself
 Ash Re-publi-candidate !

" Und dat ve may meed in gommon,
 I declare here in dis hall—
 Und I shvears mineself to hold to it,
 Fotefer may pefall—
 Dat any man who gifes me his fote—
 Votefer his boledicks pe—
Shall alfays pe regartet
Ash bolidigal friendt py me."

(Dis voonderfol condescension
 Pring down drementous applause,
 Und dose who catch de nodion
 Gife most derriple hooraws ;
 Eshbecially some Amerigans
 Ash vas shtandin near de door,
 Und who in all deir leben long
 Nefer heard so moosh sense pefore.)

" Dese ish de brinceibles I holts,
 And dose in vitch I run :
 Dey ish fixed firm and immutaple
 Ash te course of de 'ternal sun :
 Boot if you ton't abbrove of dem—
 Blease nodice vot I say—
 I shall only pe too happy
 To alder dem right afay.

" Und unto my Demographic friends
 I would very glearily shtate—
 Since dis useless mit oop-geclearéd minds
 To hold a long depate—
 Dat dere's no man in de cidy
 Dat sells besser liquor ash I,
 Und I shtand de treadts *free-gradis*
 Vhenefer mine friends ish try.

" *Ad finem*—in de ende—
 I moost mendion do you all,
 Dat a dootzen parrels of lager bier
 Ish a-gomin to dis hall :
 Dere ish none of mine own barty here,
 Boot we'll do mitout deir helfs ;
 Und I kess, on de whole, 'twill pe shoost so goot,
 If ve trink it all ourselfs."

Soosh drementous up-loudation
 Pefore was nefer seen,
 Ash dey shvored dat Copitan Breitmann
 Vas a brick-pat, and no sardine ;
 Und dey trinked demselfs besoffen,
 Sayin, " Hope you wurd sookceed !"—
 De nexter theil will pe de ent
 Of dis historisch lied.

VII.—The Author Asserts the Vast Intellectual
Superiority of Germans to Americans.

DERE'S a liddle fact in hishdory
Vich few hafe oonderstand—
Dat de Deutschers are, *de jure*,
De owners of dis land ;
Und I brides mineself unspeakbarly
Dat I foorst make be-knownn
De primordial cause dat Columpus
Was derivet from Cologne ;

For ash his name vas Colon,
It fisibly does shine
Dat his elders are geboren been
In Co-logne on der Rhein ;
Und Colonia pein a colony,
It sehr bemerkbar ist
Dat Columbus in America
Was der firster colonist.

Und ash Columbus is a tofe,
Id is wort de drople to mark
Dat a bidgeon foorst tiscofered land
A-vlyin from de ark ;
Und shtill wider—in de peginnin,
Mitout de leastest toubt,
A tofe vas vly ofer de wassers
Und pring de vorldt herout.

Ash mine goot oldt teacher der Kreutzer
 To me tid often shbèak,
 De mythus of name rebeats idself
 (Vich ve see in his *Symbolik*);
 So also de name America,
 If ve a liddle look,
 Vas coom from de oldt King Emerich
 In de Deutsche *Heldenbuch*.

Und id vas from dat very *Heldenbuch*—
 How voonderful id run!—
 Dat I shdole de “Song of Hildebrand,
 Or der Vater und der Son,”
 Und dishtripute it to Breitmann,
 For a reason vitch now ish plain,
 Dat dis Sagen-Cyclus, full-endet,
 Pring me round to der Hans again!

Dese laws of un-endly un-wigglin
 Ish so teep und broad und tall
 Dat nopody boot a Deutscher
 Have a het to versteh dem at all;
 Und should I write mine dinks all oud,
 I ton't peliefe, indeed,
 Dat I mineself vould versteh de half
 Of dis here Breitmannslied.

Ash de Hegel say of his system,
 Dat only von maus knew
 Vot der teufel id meandt, und *he* could't tell;
 Und der Jean Paul Richter too,
 Who said, "Gott knows I meant somedings
 When foorst dis buch I writ,
 Boot Gott only wise vot de buch means now,
 Vor I have vergotten it."

And all of dis be-wises
 So blain ash de face on your nose,
 Dat der Deutscher hafe efen more intellects,
 Dan he himself soopose;
 Und his tifference mit de over-again vorldt,
 Ash I really do soospect,
 Ish dat oder volk hafe more *soopose*,
 Und lesser intellect.

Yet coprightly I gonfess it—
 Mitout ashkin vhy or vhence—
 Dere ish also dimes vhen Amerigáns
 Hafe ge-shown sharp-pointed sense;
 Und a fery outsigned example
 Of genius in dis line
 Vas dishblayed in dis elegdion
 Py Mishder Hiram Twine.

VIII.—Showing How Mr. Hiram Twine
“Played off” on Smith.

VIDE LICET : Dere vas a fillage
Whose vode alone vouldt pe
Apout enoof to elegdt a man,
Und gife a mayority ;
So de von who couldt scoop dis seddlement
Vould make a pully hit ;
Boot dough dey vere Deutchers, von und all,
Dey all go von on Schmit.

Now it happenet to gome to bass
Dat in dis liddle town
De Deutsch vas all exshpegdin
Dat Mishder Schmit coom down,
His brinciples to fore-setzen
Und his ideés to deach,
(Dat is, fix oop de brifate pargains)
Und telifer a pooblic sbeech.

Now Twine vas a gyrotwistive cuss,
Ash blainly ish peen shown,
Und vas alfays an out-findin
Votefer might pe known ;
Und mit some of his circums windles
He fix de matter so
Dat he'd pe himself at dis meetin
And see how dings vas go.

Oh shtrangely in dis leben
 De dings kits vorked apout !
 Oh voonderly Fortuna
 Makes toorn us insite out !
 Oh sinkular de luck-wheel rolls !
 Dis liddle meeding dere
 Fixt Twine *ad perpendicularum*—
 Shoost suit him to a hair !

Now it hopenit on dis efenin
 De Deutschers, von und all,
 Vere avaitin mit impatienee
 De openin of de ball ;
 Und de shates of nite vere fallin
 Und de shdars begin to plink,
 Und dey vish dat Schmit vouldt hoorry,
 For d'vas dime to dake a trink.

Dey hear some hoofs a-dramplin,
 Und dey saw, und dinked dey knowed,
 Der bretty greature coomin,
 On his horse along de road ;
 Und ash he ride town in-ward
 De likeness vas so plain
 Dey donnered out, " Hooray for Schmit !"
 Enough to make it rain.

Der Twine vas shtart like plazes ;
 Boot oopshtarted too his wit,
 Und he dinks, " Great Turnips ! what if I
 Could bass for Colonel Schmit ?
 Gaul dern my heels ! *I'll do it,*
 Und go the total swine !
 Oh, Soap-balls ! what a chance !" said dis
 Dissembulatin Twine.

Den 'twas " Willkomm ! willkomm, Mishder
 Schmit !"

Ringsroom on efery site ;
 Und " First-rate ! How dy-do yourself ?"
 Der Hiram Twine replied.
 Dey ashk him, " Come und dake a trink ?"
 But dey find it mighdy queer
 Ven Twine informs dem none boot hogs
 Vould trink dat shtinkin bier ;

Dat all lager vas nodings boot boison ;
 Und ash for Sherman wein,
 He dinks it vas erfunden
 Exshbressly for Sherman schwein ;
 Dat he himself vas a demperanceler—
 Dat he gloria in de name ;
 Und atfise dem all, for tecency's sake,
 To go und do de same.

Dese remarks among de Deutschers
 Vere apout ash vell receife
 Ash a cats in a game of den-bins,
 Ash you may of coorse peliefe :
 De heat of de reception
 Vent down a dootzen tegrees,
 Und in place of hurraws dere vas only heardt
 De rooslin of de drees.

Und so in solemn stille
 Dey seorched him to de hall,
 Where he maket de oradion
 Vitch vas so moosh to blease dem all ;
 Und dis vay he pegin it :
 " Pefore I furder go,
 I vish dat my obinions
 You puddin-het Dootch should know.

"Und ere I norate to you,
 I think it only fair
 We should oonderstand each other
 Prezactly, chunk and square.
 Dere are boints on which ve tisagree,
 And I will plank de facts—
 I don't go round slanganderin
 My friendts pehind deir packs.

" So I beg you dake it easy
 If on de raw I touch,
 Vhen I say I can't apide de sound
 Of your groontin, shi-shing Dutch.
 Should I in the Legislatudure
 As your slumgullion shtand,
 I'll have a bill forbidding Dutch
 Troo all dis 'versal land.

"Should a husband talk it to his frau,
 To deat' he should pe led ;
 If a mutter breat' it to her shild,
 I'd bunch her in de head ;
 Und I'm sure dat none vill affocate
 Ids use in public schools,
 Oonless dey're peastly, nashdy, prutal,
 Sauerkraut-eatin vools.

Here Mishder Twine, to gadder breat,
 Shoost make a liddle pause,
 Und see sechs hundert gapin eyes,
 Sechs hundert shdarin chaws,
 Dey shtanden erstarrt like frozen ;
 Von faindly dried to hiss ;
 Und von set : " Ish it shleeps I'm treamin ?
 Gottausend! vat ish dis ?"

Twine keptet von eye on de vindow,
 Boot poldly went ahet:
 " Of your oder shtinkin hobits
 No vordt needt hier pe set.
 Shtop goozlin bier—shtop shmokin bipes—
 Shtop rootin in de mire ;
 Und shoost *un-Dutchify* yourselfs :
 Dat's all dat I require."

Und *denn* dere coomed a shindy
 Ash if de shky hat trop :
 " Trow him mit ecks, py doonder !
 Go shlog him on de kop !
 Hei! Shoot him mit a powie-knifes ;
 Go for him, ganz and gar !
 Shoost tar him mit some fedders !
 Led's fedder him mit tar !"

Sooch a teufel's row of furie
 Vas nefer oop-kickt before :
 Soom roosh to on-climb de blatform—
 Soom hoory to fasten te toor :
 Von veller vired his refolfer,
 Boot de pullet missed her mark :
 She coot de cort of de shandelier :
 It vell, und de hall vas tark !

Oh vell was it for Hiram Twine
 Dat nimply he couldt shoomp;
 Und vell dat he light on a misthauf,
 Und nefer feel de boomp;
 Und vell for him dat his goot cray horse
 Shtood sattled shoost outside;
 Und vell dat in an augenblick
 He vas off on a teufel's ride.

Bang! bang! de sharp pistolen shots
 Vent pipin py his car,
 Boot he tortled oop de barrick road
 Like any mountain deer:
 Dey trowed der Hiram Twine mit shteins,
 Put dey only could be-mark
 Von climpse of his white obercoadt,
 Und a clotterin in de tark.

So dey all versembled togeder,
 Ein ander to sprechen mit,
 Und allow dat sooch a rede
 Dey nefer exshpegd from Schmit—
 Dat he vas a foorst-glass plackguard,
 And so pig a Lump ash ran;
 So, *nemine contradicente*,
 Dey vented for Breitemann.

Und 'twas annerthalb yar dereafter
 Before der Schmit vas know
 Vot maket dis rural fillage
 Go pack oopon him so ;
 Und he schvored at de Dootch more schlimmer
 Ash Hiram Twine had tone.
Nota bene: He tid it in earnesht,
 While der Hiram's vas pusiness fun.

Boot vhen Breitmann heard de shdory
 How de fillage hat peen dricked,
 He shvore bei Leib und Leben
 He'd rader hafe been licked
 Dan pe helpet bei soosh shumgoozlin ;
 Und 'twas petter to pe a schwein
 Dan a schwindlin honeyfooglin shnake,
 Like dat lyin Yankee Twine.

Und pegot so heafy disgoosted
 Mit de boledicks of dis land
 Dat his friendts couldn't barely keep him
 From trowin oop his hand, [poot ;
 Vhen he helt shtraidt flush, mit an ace in his
 Vich phrase ish all de same,
 In de science of de pokerology,
 Ash if he got de game.

So Breitmann cot elegtet,
Py vollowin de vay
Dey manage de elegdions
Unto dis fery day ;
Vitch shows de Deutsch *Dummehrllichkeit*,
Also de Yankee "wit :"
Das ist das Abenteuer
How Breitmann lick der Schmit



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