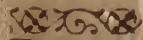
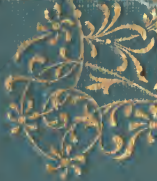
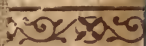


UC-NRLF



\$D 63 530



LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

GIFT OF
GEORGE MOREY RICHARDSON.

Received, August, 1898.

Accession No. 72764

Class No.

953

4537

1889



The Lotos Series.

PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

This is the only complete Edition of the "BREITMANN BALLADS" in existence, Messrs. TRÜBNER & CO. holding the copyright of several of the pieces included in this volume.

THE
Breitmann **B**allads.

BY
CHARLES G. LELAND.

A New Edition.



LONDON:
TRÜBNER & CO., LUDGATE HILL.

1889.

[*All rights reserved.*]

72764

TO THE MEMORY
OF THE LATE
NICHOLAS TRÜBNER

This Work is Dedicated

BY

CHARLES G. LELAND.

Ad Musam.

“ Est mihi schoena etenim et praestanti corpore liebsta
Haec sola est mea Musa meoque regierit in Herzo.
Huic me erbebo ipsum meaque illi abstatto geluebda,
Huic ehrensaulas anfrichto opfroque Geschenka,
Hic etiam absingo liedros et carmina scribo.”

—*Rapsodia Andra, Leipzig, 17th century.*



P R E F A C E

TO THE EDITION OF 1889.



THOUGH twenty years have passed since the first appearance of the "Breitmann Ballads" in a collected form, the author is deeply gratified—and not less sincerely grateful to the public—in knowing that Hans still lives in many memories, that he continues to be quoted when writers wish to illustrate an exuberantly joyous "barty," or ladies so very fashionably dressed as to recall "de maidens mit nodings on," and that no inconsiderable number of those who are "beginning German" continue to be addressed by sportive friends in the Breitmann dialect as a compliment to their capacity as linguists. For as a young medical student is asked by anxious intimates if he has got as far as salts, I have heard inquiries addressed to tyros in Teutonic whether they had mastered these songs. As I have realised all of this from newspapers and novels, even during the past few weeks, and have learned that a new and very expensive edition of the work has just appeared in America, I trust that I may be pardoned for a self-gratulation, which is, after all

really gratitude to those who have demanded of the English publisher another issue. My chief pleasure in this—though it be mingled with sorrow—is, that it enables me to dedicate to the memory of my friend the late NICHOLAS TRÜBNER the most complete edition of the Ballads ever printed. I can think of no more appropriate tribute to his memory, since he was not only the first publisher of the work in England, but collaborated with the author in editing it so far as to greatly improve and extend the whole. This is more fully set forth in the Introduction to the Glossary, which is all his own. The memory of the deep personal interest which he took in the poems, his delight in being their publisher, his fondness for reciting them, is and ever will be to me indescribably touching; such experiences being rare in any life. He was an immensely general and yet thorough scholar, and I am certain that I never met with any man in my life who to such an extensive bibliographical knowledge added so much familiarity with the contents of books. And he was familiar with nothing which did not interest him, which is rare indeed among men who *must* know something of thousands of works—in fact, he was a wonderful and very original book in himself, which, if it had ever been written out and published, would have never died. His was one of the instances which give the world good cause to regret that the art of autobiography is of all others the one least taught or studied. There are few characters more interesting than those in which the practical man of business is combined with the scholar, because of the contrasts, or varied play of light and shadow, in them, and this

was, absolutely to perfection, that of Mr. Trübner. And if I have re-edited this work, it was that I might have an opportunity of recording it.

There are others to whom I owe sincere gratitude for interest displayed in this work when it was young. The first of these was the late CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED of New York. With the exception of the "Barty," most of the poems in the first edition were written merely to fill up letters to him, and as I kept no copy of them, they would have been forgotten, had he not preserved and printed them after a time in a sporting paper. Nor would they even after this have appeared (though Mr. Bristed once tried to surprise me with a privately printed collection of them, which attempt failed) had not Mr. RINGWALT, my collaborateur on the *Philadelphia Press*, and also a printer, had such faith in the work as to have it "set up" in his office, offering to try an edition for me. This was transferred to PETERSON BROTHERS, in whose hands the sale became at once very great; and I should be truly ungrateful if I omitted to mention among the many writers who were very kind in reviews, Mr. GEORGE A. SALA, who was chiefly influential in introducing Hans Breitmann to the English public, and who has ever been his warmest friend. Another friend who encouraged and aided me by criticism was the late OCTAVE DELEPIERRE, a man of immense erudition, especially in archæology, *curiosa*, and *facetiæ*. I trust that I may be pardoned for here mentioning that he often spoke of Breitmann's "Interview with the Pope" as his favourite Macaronic poem, which, as he had published two volumes of *Macaronea*, was praise

indeed. His theory was, that as Macaronics were the ultra-extravagance of poetry, he who wrote most recklessly in them did best ; in fact, that they should excel in first-rate *badness* ; and from this point of view it is possible that Breitmann's Latin lyric is not devoid of merit, since assuredly nobody ever wrote a worse. The late LORD LYTTON, or "Bulwer," was also kind enough to take an interest in these Ballads, which was to me as gratifying as it was amazing. It was one of the great surprises of my life. I have a long letter from him, addressed to me on the appearance of the first collected edition, in 1870. In it he spoke with warmest compliment of the poem of "Leyden," and the first verses of "Breitmann in Belgium."

In conclusion, I acknowledge the courtesy of Messrs. DALZIEL BROTHERS for allowing me to republish here four poems which had appeared in the "Brand New Ballads" published by them in 1885. But to mention all the people of whom I have grateful memories in connection with the work, who have become acquainted with me through it, or written to me, or said pleasant words, would be impossible. I am happy to think that it would embrace many of the Men of the Times during the past twenty years—and unfortunately too many who are now departed. And trusting that the reader will take in good part all that I have said, I remain,—his true friend (for truly there is no friend dearer than a devoted reader),

CHARLES G. LELAND.



P R E F A C E.



WHEN HANS BREITMANN'S PARTY, WITH OTHER BALLADS, appeared, the only claim made on its behalf was, that it constituted the first book ever written in English as imperfectly spoken by Germans. The author consequently held himself bound to give his broken English in a truthful form. So far as observation and care, aided by the suggestions of well-educated German friends, could enable him to do this, it was done. But the more extensive were his observations, the more did the fact force itself upon his mind, that there is actually no well-defined method or standard of "German-English," since not only do no two men speak it alike, but no one individual is invariably consistent in his errors or accuracies. Every reader who knows any foreign language imperfectly is aware that *he speaks it better at one time than another*, and it would consequently have been a grave error to reduce the broken and irregular jargon of the book to a fixed and regular language, or to require that the author should invariably write exactly the same mispronunciations with strict consistency on all occasions.

The opinion—entirely foreign to any intention of the author—that Hans Breitmann is an embodied

satire on everything German, has found very few supporters, and it is with the greatest gratification that he has learned that educated and intelligent Germans regard Hans as a jocose burlesque of a type which is every day becoming rarer. And if Teutonic philosophy and sentiment, beer, music, and romance, have been made the medium for what many reviewers have kindly declared to be laughter-moving, let the reader be assured that not a single word was meant in a bitter or unkindly spirit. It is true that there is always a standpoint from which any effort may be misjudged, but this standpoint certainly did not occur to the writer when he wrote, with anything but misgiving, of his "hearty, hard-fighting, good-natured old ex-student," who, in the political ballads and others, appears to no moral disadvantage by the side of his associates.

Breitmann in several ballads is indeed a very literal copy or combination of characteristics of men who really exist or existed, and who had in their lives embraced as many extremes of thought as the Captain. America abounds with Germans, who, having received in their youth a "classical education," have passed through varied adventures, and often present the most startling paradoxes of thought and personal appearance. I have seen bearing a keg a porter who could speak Latin fluently. I have been in a beer-shop kept by a man who was distinguished in the Frankfort Parliament. I have found a graduate of the University of Munich in a negro minstrel troupe. And while mentioning these as a proof that Breitmann, as I have depicted him, is not a contradictory character, I cannot

refrain from a word of praise as to the energy and patience with which the German "under a cloud" in America bears his reverses, and works cheerfully and uncomplainingly, until, by sheer perseverance, he, in most cases, conquers fortune. In this respect the Germans, as a race, and I might almost say as individuals, are superior to any others on the American continent. And if I have jested with the German new philosophy, it is with the more seriousness that I here acknowledge the deepest respect for that true practical philosophy of life—that well-balanced mixture of stoicism and epicurism—which enables Germans to endure and to *enjoy* under circumstances when other men would probably despair.

Breitmann is one of the battered types of the men of '48—a person whose education more than his heart has in every way led him to entire scepticism or indifference—and one whose Lutheranism does not go beyond "Wein, Weib, und Gesang." Beneath his unlimited faith in pleasure lie natural shrewdness, an excellent early education, and certain principles of honesty and good fellowship, which are all the more clearly defined from his moral looseness in details which are identified in the Anglo-Saxon mind with total depravity. In such a man, the appreciation of the beautiful in nature may be keen, but it will continually vanish before humour or mere fun; while having no deep root in life or interests in common with the settled Anglo-Saxon citizen, he cannot fail to appear at times to the latter as a near relation to Mephistopheles. But his "mockery" is as accidental and naïf as that of Jewish Young Germany is keen

and deliberate ; and the former differs from the latter as the drollery of Abraham à Santa Clara differs from the brilliant satire of Heine.

The reader should be fairly warned that these poems abound in words, phrases, suggestions, and even couplets, borrowed to such an extent from old ballads and other sources, as to make acknowledgment in many cases seem affectation. Where this has appeared to be worth the while, it has been done. The lyrics were written for a laugh—without anticipating publication, so far as a number of the principal ones in the first volume were concerned, and certainly without the least idea that they would be extensively and closely criticised by eminent and able reviewers. Before its compilation the “Barty” had almost passed from the writer’s memory, several other songs of the same character by him were quite forgotten, while a number had formed portions of letters to friends, by one of whom a few were published in a newspaper. When finally urged by many who were pleased with “Breitmann” to issue these humble lyrics in book form, it was with some difficulty that the first volume was brought together.

The excuse for the foregoing observations is the unexpected success of a book which is of itself of so eccentric a character as to require some explanation. For its reception from the public, and the kindness and consideration with which it has been treated by the press, the author can never be sufficiently grateful.

CHARLES G. LELAND.

LONDON, 1871.

CONTENTS.



	PAGE
HANS BREITMANN'S BARTY	33
BREITMANN AND THE TURNERS	35
BALLAD	38
A BALLAD APOUT DE ROWDIES	40
THE PICNIC	42
I GILI ROMANESKRO	45
STEINLI VON SLANG	48
TO A FRIEND STUDYING GERMAN	55
LOVE SONG	58
DER FREISCHÜTZ	60
WEIN GEIST	65
SCHNITZERL'S PHILOSOPEDE—	
I. PROLOGUE	68
II. HANS BREITMANN AND HIS PHILOSOPEDE	70
DIE SCHÖNE WITWWE—	
I. VOT DE YANKEE CHAP SUNG	80
II. HOW DER BREITMANN CUT HIM OUT	81
BREITMANN IN BATTLE	83
BREITMANN IN MARYLAND	89

	PAGE
BREITMANN AS A BUMMER	94
SECOND PART	97
BREITMANN'S GOING TO CHURCH	100
BREITMANN IN KANSAS	112
HANS BREITMANN'S CHRISTMAS	116
BREITMANN ABOUT TOWN.	124
BREITMANN IN POLITICS—	
I.	
1. THE NOMINATION	129
2. THE COMMITTEE OF INSTRUCTION	132
3. MR. TWINE EXPLAINS BEING "SOUND UPON THE GOOSE"	134
II.	
4. HOW BREITMANN AND SMITH WERE RE- PORTED TO BE LOG-ROLLING	139
5. HOW THEY HELD THE MASS MEETING	142
6. BREITMANN'S GREAT SPEECH	144
III.	
PARDT DE VIRST :—THE AUTHOR ASSERTS THE VAST INTELLECTUAL SUPERIORITY OF GERMANS TO AMERICANS	149
PARDT DE SECONDT :—SHOWING HOW MR. HIRAM TWINE "PLAYED OFF" ON SMITH	152
BREITMANN AS AN UHLAN—	
I. THE VISION	159
II. BREITMANN IN A BALLOON.	164
III. BREITMANN AND BOUILLI	170

	PAGE
IV. BREITMANN TAKES THE TOWN OF NANCY	175
V. BREITMANN IN BIVOUAC	180
VI. BREITMANN'S LAST BARTY	183
EUROPE—	
BREITMANN IN PARIS	189
BREITMANN IN LA SORBONNE	192
BREITMANN IN FORTY-EIGHT	194
BREITMANN IN BELGIUM—	
SPA	199
OSTENDE	204
GENT	206
BREITMANN IN HOLLAND—	
'S GRAVENHAGE—THE HAGUE	208
LEYDEN	210
SCHEVENINGEN	212
AMSTERDAM	216
GERMANY—	
BREITMANN AM RHEIN—COLOGNE	220
AM RHEIN—NO. II.	225
AM RHEIN—NO. III.	228
MUNICH	230
FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN	235
ITALY—	
BREITMANN IN ROME	238
LA SCALA SANTA	244
BREITMANN INTERVIEWS THE POPE	246

	PAGE
THE FIRST EDITION OF BREITMANN—	
SHOWING HOW AND WHY IT WAS THAT IT	
NEVER APPEARED	251
LAST BALLADS—	
BREITMANN IN TURKEY	263
COBUS HAGELSTEIN	269
FRITZERL SCHNALL	272
THE GYPSY LOVER	276
DORNENLIEDER	278
BREITMANN'S SLEIGH-RIDE	281
THE MAGIC SHOES	285
GLOSSARY	293

INTRODUCTION.

BY THE PUBLISHER.



“HANS BREITMANN GIFE A BARTY”—the first of the poems here submitted to the English public—appeared originally in 1857, in *Graham’s Magazine*, in Philadelphia, and soon became widely known. Few American poems, indeed, have been held in better or more constant remembrance than the ballad of “Hans Breitmann’s Barty;” for the words just quoted have actually passed into a proverbial expression. The other ballads of the present collection, likewise published in several newspapers, were first collected in 1869 by Mr. Leland, the translator of Heine’s “Pictures of Travel” and “Book of Songs,” and author of “Meister Karl’s Sketch-Book,” Philadelphia, 1856, and “Sunshine in Thought,” New York, 1863. They are much of the same character as “The Barty”—most of them celebrating the martial career of “Hans Breitmann,” whose prototype was a German, serving during the war in the 15th Pennsylvanian cavalry, and who—we have it on good authority—was a man of desperate courage whenever a cent could be made, and one who *never*

fought unless something *could* be made. The “*rebs*” “gobbled” him one day ; but he re-appeared in three weeks overloaded with money and valuables. One of the American critics remarks :—“Throughout all the ballads it is the same figure presented—an honest ‘Deutscher,’ drunk with the New World as with new wine, and rioting in the expression of purely Deutsch nature and half-Deutsch ideas through a strange speech.”

The poems are written in the droll broken English (not to be confounded with the Pennsylvanian German) spoken by millions of—mostly uneducated—Germans in America, immigrants to a great extent from southern Germany. Their English has not yet become a distinct dialect ; and it would even be difficult to fix at present the varieties in which it occurs. One of its prominent peculiarities, however, is easily perceived : it consists in the constant confounding of the soft and hard consonants ; and the reader must well bear it in mind when translating the language that meets his eye into one to become intelligible to his ear. Thus to the German of our poet, kiss becomes giss ; company—gompany ; care—gare ; count—gount ; corner—gorner ; till—dill ; terrible—derrible ; time—dime ; mountain—moundain ; thing—ding ; through—droo ; the—de ; themselves—demselves ; other—oder ; party—barty ; place — blace ; pig — big ; priest — breest ; piano—biano ; plaster—blaster ; fine—vine ; fighting—vighting ; fellow—veller ; or, *vice versâ*, he sounds got—cot ; green—creen ; great—crate ; gold dollars—cold tollars ; dam—tam ; dreadful—treadful ; drunk—troonk ; brown — prawn ; blood — ploot ; bridge—

pridge ; barrel—parrel ; boot—poot ; begging—peggin' ; blackguard—plackguart ; rebel—repel ; never—nefer ; river—rifer ; very—fery ; give—gife ; victory—fictory ; evening — efening ; revive — refife ; jump—shoomp ; join—choin ; joy—choy ; just—shoost ; joke—choke ; jingling—shingling, &c. ; or, through a kindred change, both—bofe ; youth—youf ; but mouth—mout' ; earth—earth' ; south—sout' ; waiting—vaiten' ; was—vas ; widow—vidow ; woman—voman ; work—vork ; one—von ; we—ve, &c. And hence, by way of a compound mixture, we get from him drafel for travel, derriple for terrible, a daple-leck for a table-leg, bepples for pebbles, tisasder for disaster, schimnastig dricks for gymnastic tricks, let-bencil for lead-pencil, &c. The peculiarity of Germans pronouncing in their mother tongue *s* like *sh* when it is followed by *t* or *p*, and of Germans of southern Germany often also final *s* like *sh*, naturally produced in their American jargon such results as shplit, shtop, shtraight, shtar, shtupendous, shpree, shpirit, &c. ; ish (is), ash (as), &c. ; and, by analogy, led to shveet (sweet), schwig (swig), &c. We need not notice, however, more than these freaks of the German-American-English of the present poems, as little as we need advert to simple vulgarisms also met with in England, such as the omission of the final *g* in words terminating in *ing* (blayin'—playing ; shpinnen'—spinning ; ridin', sailin', roonin', &c.). We must, of course, assume that the reader of this little volume is well acquainted both with English and German.

The reader will perceive that the writer has taken another flight in “Hans Breitmann's Christmas,” and

many of the later ballads, from what he did in those preceding ; and exception might be taken to his choice of subjects, and treatment of them, if the language employed by him were a fixed dialect—that is, a language arrested at a certain stage of its progress ; for in that case he would have had to subordinate his pictures to the narrow sphere of the realistic incidents of a given locality. But the imperfect English utterances of the German, newly arrived in America, coloured more or less by the peculiarities of his native idiom, do not make, and never will make a dialect, for the simple reason that, in proportion to his intelligence, his opportunities, and the length of time spent by him among his new English-speaking countrymen, he will sooner or later rid himself of the crudenesses of his speech, thus preventing it from becoming fixed. Many of the Germans who have emigrated and are still emigrating to America belong to the well-educated classes, and some possess a very high culture. Our poet has therefore presented his typical German, with perfect propriety, in a variety of situations which would be incompatible with the narrow conceptions within which the dialect necessarily moves, and has endowed him with character, even where the local colour is wanting.

In “Breitmann in Politics,” we are on purely American ground.

In it the Germans convince themselves that, as their hero can no longer plunder the rebels, he ought to plunder the nation, and they resolve on getting him elected to the State Legislature. They accordingly form a committee, and formulate for their candidate six “moral ideas” as his platform. These they show

to their Yankee helper, Hiram Twine, who, having changed his politics fifteen times, and managed several elections, knows how matters should be handled. He says the moral ideas are very fine, but not worth a "dern;" and instead of them proclaims the true cry, that Breitmann is *sound upon the goose*, about which he tells a story. Then it is reported that the German cannot win, and that, as he is a soldier, he has been sent into the political field only to lead the forlorn hope and get beaten. In answer to this, Twine starts the report that Smith has *sold the fight* to Breitmann, a notion which the Americans take to at once—

"For dey mostly dinked id de naturalest ding as efer couldt pefall,

For to sheat von's own gonstituents is de pest mofe in de came,
Und dey nefer sooposed a Dootchman hafe de sense to do de same."

Accordingly, Breitmann calls a meeting of Smith's supporters, tells them that he hopes to get a good place for his friend Smith, though he cannot approve of Smith's teetotal principles, because he, Breitmann, is a republican, and the meaning of that word is plain:—" . . . If any enlightened man vill seeken in his Bibel, he will find dat a publican is a barty ash sells *lager*; und de ding is very blain, dat a *re*-publican ish von who sells id 'gain und 'gain." Moreover, Smith believes in God, and goes to church,—what liberal German *can* stand this?—while Breitmann, being a publican, must be a sinner. As to parties, the *principles* of both are the same—plunder—and "any man who gifes me his fote,—votefer his boledics pe,—shall alfays pe regardet ash bolidigal friendt py me."

This brings the house down. And when Breitmann announces that he sells the best beer in the city, and stands drinks gratis to his "bolidigal friendts," and orders in twelve barrels of lager for the meeting, he is unanimously voted "a brickbat, and no sardine."

After this brilliant success, the author is obliged to pause, in order to proclaim the intellectual superiority of Germans to the whole world. He gets tremendously be-fogged in the process, but that is no matter—

"Ash der Hegel say of his system, 'Dat only von mans knew
 Vot der tyfel id meant; and he couldn't tell,' und der Jean
 Paul Richter, too,
 Who saidt, 'Gott knows, I meant somedings vhen foorst dis
 buch I writ,
 Boot Gott only weiss vot das buch means now, for I hafe
 forgotten it!'"

But, taking the point as proved, our German still allows that the Yankees have some sharp-pointed sense, which he illustrates by narrating how Hiram Twine turned a village of Smith-voters into the Breitmann camp. The village is German and Democrat. Smith has forgotten his meeting, and Twine, who is very like Smith, and rides into the village to watch the meeting, is taken by the Germans for Smith. On this, Twine resolves to personate Smith, and give his supporters a dose of him. Accordingly, on being asked to drink, he tells the Germans that none but hogs would drink their stinking beer, and that German wine was only made for German swine. Then he goes to the meeting, and, having wounded their feelings in the tenderest point,—the love of beer,—attacks the next tenderest,—their love for their language,—by

declaring that he will vote for preventing the speaking of it all through the States ; and winds up by exhorting them to stop guzzling beer and smoking pipes, and set to work to un-Germanise themselves as soon as possible. On this "dere coomed a shindy," with cries of "Shoot him with a bowie-knife," and "Tar and feather him." A revolver-ball cuts the chandelier-cord ; all is dark ; and amidst the row, Twine escapes and gallops off, with some pistol-balls after him. But the village votes for Breitmann, and he "licks der Schmit."

The ballad, "Breitmann's Going to Church," is based on a real occurrence. A certain colonel, with his men, did really, during the war, go to a church in or near Nashville, and, as the saying is, "kicked up the devil, and broke things," to such an extent, that a serious reprimand from the colonel's superior officer was the result. The fact is guaranteed by Mr. Leland, who heard the offender complain of the "cruel and heartless stretch of military authority." As regards the firing into the guerilla ball-room, it took place near Murfreesboro', on the night of Feb. 10 or 11, 1865 ; and on the next day, Mr. Leland was at a house where one of the wounded lay. On the same night a Federal picket was shot dead near Lavergne ; and the next night a detachment of cavalry was sent off from General Van Cleve's quarters, the officer in command coming in while the author was talking with the general, for final orders. They rode twenty miles that night, attacked a body of guerillas, captured a number, and brought back prisoners early next day. The same day Mr. Leland, with a small cavalry escort, and a



few friends, went out into the country, during which ride one or two curious incidents occurred, illustrating the extraordinary fidelity of the blacks to Federal soldiers.

The explanation of the poem entitled, "The First Edition of Breitmann," is as follows:—It was not long after the war that a friend of the writer's to whom "the Breitmann Ballads" had been sent in MSS., and who had frequently urged the former to have them published, resolved to secure, at least, a small private edition, though at his own expense. Unfortunately the printers quarrelled about the MSS., and, as the writer understood, the entire concern broke up in a row in consequence. And, in fact, when we reflect on the amount of fierce attack and recrimination which this unpretending and peaceful little volume elicited after the appearance of the fifth English edition, and the injury which it sustained from garbled and falsified editions, in not less than three unauthorised reprints, it would really seem as if this first edition, which "died a borning," had been typical of the stormy path to which the work was predestined.

"I Gili Romaneskro," a gipsy ballad, was written both in the original and translation—that is to say, in the German gipsy and German English dialects—to cast a new light on the many-sided Bohemianism of Herr Breitmann.

The readers of more than one English newspaper will recall that the idea of representing Breitmann as an Uhlan, scouting over France, and frequently laying houses and even cities under heavy contribution, has occurred to very many of "Our Own." A spirited

correspondent of the *Telegraph*, and others of literary fame, have familiarly referred to the Uhlán as Breitmann, indicating that the German-American free-lance has grown into a type ; and more than one newspaper, anticipating this volume, has published Anglo-German poems referring to Hans Breitmann and the Prussian-French war. In several pamphlets written in Anglo-German rhymes, which appeared in London in 1871, Breitmann was made the representative type of the war by both the friends and opponents of Prussia, while during February of the same year Hans figured at the same time, and on the same evenings for several weeks, on the stages of three London theatres. So many imitations of these poems were published, and so extensively and familiarly was Mr. Leland's hero spoken of as the exponent of the German cause, that it seemed to a writer at the time as if he had become "as regards Germany what John Bull and Brother Jonathan have long been to England and America." In connection with this remark, the following extract from a letter of the Special Correspondent of the *London Daily Telegraph* of August 29, 1870, may not be without interest :—

"The Prussian Uhlán of 1870 seems destined to fill in French legendary chronicle the place which, during the invasions of 1814-15, was occupied by the Cossack. He is a great traveller. Nancy, Bar-le-Duc, Commercy, Rheims, Châlons, St. Dizier, Chaumont, have all heard of him. The Uhlán makes himself quite at home, and drops in, entirely in a friendly way, on mayors and corporations, asking not only himself to dinner, but

an indefinite number of additional Uhlans, who, he says, may be expected hourly. The Uhlan wears a blue uniform turned up with yellow, and to the end of his lance is affixed a streamer intimately resembling a very dirty white pocket-handkerchief. Sometimes he hunts in couples, sometimes he goes in threes, and sometimes in fives. When he lights upon a village, he holds it to ransom ; when he comes upon a city, he captures it, making it literally the prisoner of his bow and his spear. A writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* once drove the people of Lancashire to madness by declaring that, in the Rebellion of 1745, Manchester 'was taken by a Scots serjeant and a wench ;' but it is a notorious fact that Nancy submitted without a murmur to five Uhlans, and that Bar-le-Duc was occupied by two. When the Uhlan arrives in a conquered city, he visits the mayor, and makes his usual inordinate demands for meat, drink, and cigars. If his demands are acceded to, he accepts everything with a grin. If he is refused, he remarks, likewise with a grin, that he will come again to-morrow with three thousand light horsemen, and he gallops away ; but in many cases he does not return. The secret of the fellow's success lies mainly in his unblushing impudence, his easy mendacity, and that intimate knowledge of every highway and byway of the country which, thanks to the military organisation of the Prussian army, he has acquired in the regimental school. He gives himself out to be the precursor of an imminently advancing army, when, after all, he is only a boldly adventurous free-lance, who has ridden thirty miles across country on the chance of picking

up something in the way of information or victuals. Only one more touch is needed to complete the portrait of the Uhlan. His veritable name would seem to be Hans Breitmann, and his vocation that of a 'bummer;' and Breitmann, we learn from the preface to Mr. Leland's wonderful ballad, had a prototype in a regiment of Pennsylvanian cavalry by the name of Jost, whose proficiency in 'bumming,' otherwise 'looting,' in swearing, fighting, and drinking lager beer, raised him to a pitch of glory on the Federal side which excited at once the envy and the admiration of the boldest bush-whackers and the gauntest guerillas in the Confederate host."

The present edition embraces all the Breitmann poems which have as yet appeared; and the publisher trusts that in their collected form they will be found much more attractive than in scattered volumes. Many new lyrics, illustrating the hero's travels in Europe, have been added, and these, it is believed, are not inferior to their predecessors.

N. TRÜBNER.



The Breitmann Ballads.



HANS BREITMANN'S BARTY.

HANS BREITMANN gife a barty ;
Dey had biano-blayin',
I felled in lofe mit a Merican frau,
Her name vas Madilda Yane.
She hat haar as prawn ash a pretzel,
Her eyes vas himmel-plue,
Und vhen dey looket indo mine,
Dey shplit mine heart in dwo.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,
I vent dere you'll pe pound ;
I valtzet mit Matilda Yane,
Und vent shpinnen' round und round.
De pootiest Fraulein in de house,
She vayed 'pout dwo hoondred pound,
Und efery dime she gife a shoomp
She make de vindows sound.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,
I dells you it cost him dear ;
Dey rolled in more ash sefen kecks
Of foost-rate lager beer.

Und vhenefer dey knocks de shpicket in
 De Deutschers gifes a cheer ;
 I dinks dot so vine a barty
 Nefer coom to a het dis year.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty ;
 Dere all vas Souse and Brouse,
 Vhen de sooper comed in, de gompany
 Did make demsels to house ;
 Dey ate das Brot and Gensy broost,
 De Bratwurst and Braten vine,
 Und vash der Abendessen down
 Mit four parrels of Neckarwein.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty ;
 Ve all cot troonk ash bigs.
 I poot mine mout' to a parrel of beer,
 Und emptied it oop mit a schwigs ;
 Und den I gissed Madilda Yane,
 Und she shlog me on de kop,
 Und de gompany vighted mit daple-lecks
 Dill de coonshtable made oos shtop.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty—
 Where ish dot barty now ?
 Where ish de lofely golden cloud
 Dot float on de moundain's prow ?
 Where ish de himmelstrahlende stern—
 De shtar of de shpirit's light ?
 All goned afay mit de lager beer—
 Afay in de ewigkei !

BREITMANN AND THE TURNERS.

HANS BREITMANN shined de Turners,
 Novemper in de fall,
 Und dey gifed a boostin' bender
 All in de Turner Hall.
 Dere coomed de whole Gesangverein
 Mit der Liederlich Aepfel Chor,*
 Und dey blowed on de drooms und stroomed on de
 fifes
 Till dey couldn't refise no more.

Hans Breitmann shined de Turners,
 Dey all set oop some shouts,
 Dey took'd him into deir Turner Hall,
 Und poots him a course of shprouts.
 Dey poots him on de barell-hell pars
 Und shtands him oop on his head,
 Und dey poomp de beer mit an enchine hose
 In his mout' dill he's 'pout half tead !

Hans Breitmann shined de Turners ;
 Dey make shimnastig dricks ;
 He stoot on de middle of de floor,
 Und put oop a fify-six.

* *Liederchor* is the word which serves as a basis for this designation.

Und den he drows it to de roof,
 Und schwig off a treadful trink :
 De veight coom toomple back on his headt,
 Und py shinks ! he didn't vink !

Hans Breitmann shoined de Turners :—
 Mein Gott ! how dey drinked und shwore ;
 Dere vas Schwabians und Tyrolers,
 Und Bavarians by de score.
 Some vellers coomed from de Rheinland,
 Und Frankfort-on-de-Main,
 Boot dere vas only von Sharman dere,
 Und *he* vas a Holstein Dane.

Hans Breitmann shoined de Turners,
 Mit a Limpurg' cheese he coom ;
 Vhen he open de box it schmell so loudt
 It knock de musik doomb.
 Vhen de Deutschers kit de flavour,
 It coorl de haar on deir head ;
 Boot dere vas dwo Amerigans dere ;
 Und, py tam ! it kilt dem dead !

Hans Breitmann shoined de Turners ;
 De ladies coomed in to see ;
 Dey poot dem in de blace for de gals,
 All in der gal-lerie.
 Dey ashk : " Vhere ish der Breitmann ?"
 Und dey dremple mit awe and fear
 Vhen dey see him schwingen' py de toes,
 A trinken' lager beer.

Hans Breitmann shoined de Turners :
 ! dells you vot py tam !

Dey sings de great Urbummellied :*
 De holy Sharman psalm.
 Und vhen dey kits to de gorus
 You ought to hear dem dramp !
 It scared der Teufel down below
 To hear de Dootchmen stamp.

Hans Breitmann shoined de Turners :—
 By Donner ! it vas grand,
 Vhen de whole of dem goes valkin
 Und dancin' on deir hand,
 Mit deir veet all vavin' in de air,
 Gottstausend ! vot a dricks !
 Dill der Breitmann fall und dey all go down
 Shoost like a row of bricks.

Hans Breitmann shoined de Turners,
 Dey lay dere in a heap,
 And slept dill de early sonnen shine
 Come in at de vindow creep ;
 And de preeze it vake dem from deir dream,
 And dey go to kit deir feed :
 Here hat dis song an ende—
 Das ist DES BREITMANNSLIED.

* Studio auf einer Reis',
 Lebet halt auf auf eig'ner Weis'
 Hungrig hier und hungrig dort,
 Ist des Burschens Lobungswort.

This, with the other verses, may be found in the German Students' *Commers-bücher*.

BALLAD.

BY HANS BREITMANN.

DER noble Ritter Hugo
 Von Schwillensaufenstein,
 Rode out mit shper and helmet,
 Und he coom to de banks of de Rhine.

Und oop dere rose a mermaid,
 Vot hadn't got nodings on,
 Und she say, "Oh, Ritter Hugo,
 Where you goes mit yourself alone?"

And he says, "I rides in de greenwood,
 Mit helmet und mit shpeer,
 Till I cooms into em Gasthaus,
 Und dere I trinks some beer."

Und den outshpoke de maiden
 Vot hadn't got nodings on :
 "I tont dink mooch of beoplesh
 Dat goes mit demselves alone.

"You'd petter coom down in de wasser,
 Where dere's heaps of dings to see,
 Und hafe a shplendid tinner
 Und drafel along mit me.

“ Dere you sees de fisch a schwimmin’,
Und you catches dem efery von : ”—
So sang dis wasser maiden
Vot hadn’t got nodings on.

“ Dere ish drunks all full mit money
In ships dat vent down of old ;
Und you helpsh yourself, by dunder !
To shimmerin’ crowns of gold.

“ Shoost look at dese shpoons und vatches !
Shoost see dese diamant rings !
Coom down and fill your bockets,
Und I’ll giss you like efery dings.

“ Vot you vantsh mit your schnapps und lager ?
Coom down into der Rhine !
Der ish pottles der Kaiser Charlemagne
Vonce filled mit gold-red wine ! ”

Dat fetched him—he shtood all shpell pound ;
She pooled his coat-tails down,
She drawed him oonder der wasser,
De maiden mit nodings on.

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.
 Mein Schatz, Katrina Bauer,
 I gife her mein heart und vordt ;
 Boot ve tidn't know vot beoples
 De Dampfsschiff 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,
 Vhen 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 shkreemed out a laffin,
 Und saidt dat de fun vas "high."

Pimepy ve become some hoonger,
Katrina Bauer und I,
I openet de lit of mine pasket,
Und pringed out a cherry bie.
A cherry kooken mit pretzels,
"How goot!" Katrina said,
When 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 hardtworkin' Sharman,
He knows it more ash he like.
If de Deutsche speakers und bapers
Are somedimes too hard on dis land,
Shoost dink how de Deutsch kit driven
Along by de rowdy's hand !

THE PICNIC.

DE picknock oud at Spraker's Wood :—
 Id melt de soul und fire de plood.
 Id sofly slid from cakes und cream ;
 Boot busted oop on brandy shdeam.

Mit stims of tender craceful ring,
 De gals begoon a song to sing ;
 A bland mildt lied of olden dime—
 Deutsch vas die doon, und Deutsch de rhyme.

Wi's uff der Stross' wenn's finschter ischt,
 Und niemond in der Goss' mehr ischt,
 Nur Schöne Mädél wolle mer fonga,
 Wie es gebil'te Leut' verlonga.

At de picknock oud in Spraker's Wood,
 De bier was soft—de gals were good :
 Oondil von feller, vild und rasch,
 Called out for a Yankee brandy-smash !

A crow vot vas valkin on de vall,
 Fell dead ven he hear dis Dootchmann call ;
 For he knew dat droples coom, py shinks !
 Ven de Dootch go in for Yankee drinks.

De Dootch got ravin droonk ash sin,
Dey smash de windows out und in ;
Dey bust und bang de bar-room ein,
Und call for a bucket of branntewein.

Avay, avay, demselves dey floong,
Und a wild infernal lied dey sung :
'Tvas, " Tam de wein, and cuss de bier !
Ve tont care nix for de demprance here !

" O keep a pringin juleps in,
Und baldface corn dat burn like sin ;
Mit apple tods und oldt shtone fence,
Ve'll all get corned ere ve go hence !"

Dey dash deir glasses on de cround,
Und tanz dill 'tvas all to brick-duss ground,
Ven dey hear von man had a ten-dollar note,
De crowd go dead for dat rich man's troat.

A demperance chap vot coomed dere in,
Vent squanderin out mit his shell burst in ;
" It's walk your chawks, you loost your chance,
Dis vot de call der Dootchmans' dance."

Boot ven de law, mit his myrmidon,
Vas hear of dese Dootchmen's carryins-on,
Dey sent bolicemen shtern und good,
To *pull* dose Dootch in Spraker's Wood.

De Dootch vas all gone roarin mad,
Und trinked mit Spraker all dey had ;
Dey shpend 'nuf money to last deir life,
And each vas tantzin mit anoder man's wife.

Dey all cot poonish difers vays,
 Some vent to jug for dirty tays ;
 Und de von dat kilt de demperance man
 Vas kit from de Alderman repriman.

Und dus it ran :—“ A warnin dake,
 For you mighdt hafe mate soom pig mishdake ;
 Now how vouldt you hafe feeled, py shing !
 If dat man hat peen in de whiskey ring ?

“ Since you votes mine dicket, of course you know,
 I’m pound to led you shlide und go.
 Boot nefer on whiskey trink your fill,
 For you Dootchmen don’t know who to kill.”

Now Deutschers all—on dis warning dink,
 Und don’t get troonk on Yankee trink,
 For neider you, or anoder man,
 Can pe hocks like de New York rowdies can.

So trink goot bier, mit musik plest,
 For if you tried your level best,
 You can’t be plackguarts—taint in de plood :
 Dus endet de shdory of Spraker’s Wood.



I GILI ROMANESKRO.

A GIPSY BALLAD.

WHEN der Herr Breitmann vas a yungling, he vas go bummin aroundt goot deal in de worldt, vestigatin human natur, *roulant de vergne en vergne*, ash de Fraentsch boet says : “ goin from town to town ; ” seein beobles in gemixed sociedy, und learnin dose languages vitch ornamentd a drue moskopolite, or von whose kopf ish bemosst mit experience. Mong oder tongues, ash it would appeared, he shpoke fluently, Red Welsh, Black Dootch, Kauder-Waelsch, Gauner-sprache und Shipsy ; und dis latter languashe he pring so wide dat he write a pook of pallads in it,—von of vitch pallads I hafe intuce him mit moosh droples to telifer ofer to de worldt. De inclined reader vill, mit crate heavy-hood blace pefore himself de fexation und lapor I hafe hat in der Breitmann his absents, to ged dese Shipsy verses properly gorrected ; as de only shentleman in town who vas culpable of so doin, ish peen gonfined in de town-brison, pout some droples he hat for shdealin some hens ; und pefore I couldt consolt mit him, he vas rooned afay. Denn I fond

an oldt vomans Shipsy, who vas do nodings boot peg,
und so wider mit pout five or four oders more. Der-
fore, de errordoms moost pe excused py de enlightened
pooplic, who are fomiliar mit dis peautiful languashe,
vitch is now so shenerally fashionábel in literary und
shpordin circles.

F. SCHWACKENHAMMER.

I GILI ROMANESKRO.

Schunava, ke baschno del a godla,
Schunava Paschomàskro.
Te del miro Dewel tumen
Dschavena bachtallo.*

Schunava opré to ruka
Chirikló ke gillela :
Kamovéla but dives,
Eh'me pale kamaveva.

Apo je wa'wer divesseste
Schunava pro gilaviben,
M'akana me avava,
Pro marzos, pro kuriben.

So korava kuribente,
So korava apre dróm ;
Me kanáv miri romni,
So kamela la lákero rom.

* *Bachtallo dschaven* is the prose form. *Vide Pott's Zigeuner.*

DRANSLATION.

I hear de gock a growin !
 I hear de musikant !
 Gott gife dee a happy shourney
 When you go to a distand landt.

I hears oopon de pranches
 A pird mit merry shdrain,
 Goot many tays moost fanish
 Ere I coom to dis blace again.

Oopon some oder tay-times
 I'll hear dat song from dee ;
 Boot now I goes ash soldier
 To war, o'er de rollin sea.

Und vot I shdeals in pattle,
 Und vot on de road I shdeal,
 I'll pring all to my true lofe
 Who lofes her lofer so well.

STEINLI VON SLANG.

I.

DER watchman look out from his tower
 Ash de Abendgold glimmer grew dim,
 Und saw on de road troo de Gauer
 Ten shpearmen coom ridin to him :
 Und he schvear : " May I lose my next bitter,
 Und denn mit der Teufel go hang !
 If id isn't dat pully young Ritter,
 De hell-drivin Steinli von Slang.

" De vorldt nefer had any such man,
 He vights like a sturm in its wrath :
 You may call me a recular Dutchman,
 If he arn't like Goliath of Gath.
 He ish big ash de shiant O'Brady,
 More ash sefen feet high on a string,
 Boot he can't vin de hearts of my lady,
 De lofely Plectruda von Sling."

De lady make welcome her gast in,
 Ash he shtep to de dop of de shtair,
 She look like an angel got lost in
 A forest of audumn-prown hair.
 Und a bower-maiden said ash she tarried :
 " I wish I may bust mit a bang !
 If id isn't a shame she ain't married
 To der her-re-liche Steinli von Slang !"

He pows to de cround fore de lady,
 While his vace ish ash pale ash de tead ;
 Und she vhispers oonto him a rédè
 Ash mit arrow point accents, she said :
 " You hafe long dimes peen dryin to win me,
 You hafe vight, and mine braises you sing,
 Boot I'm 'fraid dat de notion aint in me,
 De Lady Plectruda von Sling.

" Boot brafehood teserfes a reward, sir ;
 Dough you've hardly a chost of a shanse.
 Sankt Werolf ! medinks id ish hard, sir,
 I should allaweil lead you dis dance."
 Like a bees vhen it booz troo de clofer,
 Dese murmurin accents she flang,
 While singin, a stingin her lofer,
 Der woe-moody Ritter von Slang.

" Boot if von ding you do, I'll knock under,
 Our droples moost enden damit.
 Und if you pull troo it,—by donder !
 I'll own myself euchred, und bit.
 I schvear py de holy Sanct Chlody !
 Py mine honor—und avery ding !
 You may hafe me—soul, puttons, und pody,
 Mit de whole of Plectruda von Sling."

" Und dis ish de test of your power :—
 While ve shtand ourselves round in a row,
 You moost roll from de dop of dis tower,
 Down shdairs to de valley pelow.
 Id ish rough and ash shteepe ash my virtue :"
 (Mit schwanenshweet accents she sang :)
 " Tont try if you dinks id vill hurt you,
 Mine goot liddle Ritter von Slang."

An moormoor arosed mong de beoples ;
 In fain tid she doorn in her shkorn,
 Der vatchman on dop of de shdeeples
 Plowed a sorryfool doon on his horn.
 Ash dey look down de dousand-foot treppé,
 Dey schveared dey vouldt *pass* on de ding,
 Und not roll down de firstest tam steppé
 For a hoondred like Fräulein von Sling.

II.

'Twas audumn. De dry leafs vere bustlin
 Und visperin deir elfin wild talk,
 Vhen shlow, mit his veet in dem rustlin,
 Herr Steinli coomed out for a walk.
 Wild dooks vly afar in de gloamin,
 He hear a vaint gry vrom de gang ;
 Und vished he vere off mit dem roamin :
 De heart-wounded Ritter von Slang.

Und ash he vent musin und shbeakin,
 He see, shoost ahead in his vay,
 In sinkular manner a streakin,
 A strange liddle bein, in cray,
 Who toorned on him quick mit a holler,
 Und cuttin a dwo bigeon ving,
 Cried, " Say, can you change me a thaler,
 Oh, guest of de Lady von Sling ? "

De knight vas a goot-nadured veller,
 (De peggars all knowed him at sight,)
 So he forked out each groschen und heller,
 Dill he fix de finances aright.
 Boot shoost ash de liddle man vent, he,
 (Der Ritter,) astonished cried " Dang ! "
 For id vasn't *von* thaler boot *twenty*,
 He'd passed on der Ritter von Slang.

O reater ! soopose soosh a vlight in
 De vingers of *me*, or of *you*,
 How we'd toorned on our heels, und gone kitin
 Dill no von vos left to pursue !
 Good Lort ! how *we'd* froze to de ready !
 Boot mit him 'dvas a different ding ;
 For *he* vent on de high, moral steady,
 Dis lofer of Fräulein von Sling.

Und dough no von vill gife any gredit
 To dis part of mine dale, shdill id's drue,
 He drafelled ash if he vould dead it,
 Dis liddle oldt man to pursue.
 Und loudly he after him hollers,
 Till de vales mit de cliffers loud rang :
 " You hafe gifed me nine-ten too moosh dollars,
 Hold hard ! " cried der Ritter von Slang.

De oldt man ope his eyes like a casement,
 Und laidt a cold hand on his prow,
 Denn mutter in ootmosdt amazement,
 " Vot manner of mordal art dou ?
 I hafe lifed in dis world a yar tausend,
 Und nefer yed met soosh a ding !
 Yet you find it hart vork to pe spouse, and
 Peloved by de Lady von Sling !

" Und she vant you to roll from de tower
 Down shteps to yon rifulet shpot."
 (Here de knight, whom amazement o'erbower,
 Cried, " Himmels potz pumpen Herr Gott ! ")
 Boot de oldt veller saidt : " I'll arrange it,
 Let your droples und sorrows co hang !
 Und nodings vill coom to derange it—
 Pet high on it, Ritter von Slang.

"So get oop dis small oonderstandin,
 Dat to-morrow by ten, do you hear?
 You'll pe mit your *trunk* at de landin ;
 I'll also be dere—nefer fear !
 Und I dinks we shall make your young voman
 A new kind of meloty sing ;
 Dat vain, wicked, cruel, unhuman,
 Gott-tamnaple Fräulein von Sling."

De fiolet shdars vere apofe him,
 White moths und white dofes shimmered round,
 All nature seemed seekin to lofe him,
 Mit perfume und vision und sound.
 De liddle oldt veller hat fanished,
 In a harp-like, melotious twang ;
 Und mit him all sorrow vas panished
 Afay from der Steinli von Slang.

III.

Id vas morn, und de vorldt hat assembled
 Mid panners und lances und dust,
 Boot de heart of de Paroness tremped,
 Und ofden her folly she cussed.
 For she found dat der Ritter vould *do it*,
 Und "die or get into de Ring,"
 Und denn she'd pe cerdain to rue it,
 Aldough she vas Lady von Sling.

For no man in Deutschland stood higher
 Dan he mit de Minnesing crew,
 He vas friendet to Heini von Steier,
 Und Wolfram von Eschenbach too.
 Und she dinked ash she look from de vinders,
 How herzlich his braises dey sang ;
 "Now dey'll knock my goot name indo flinders,
 For killin der Ritter von Slang."

Boot oh! der goot knight had a Schauer,
 Und felt most ongommonly queer,
 Vhen he find on de top of de dower
 De goblum, pesite him, abbear.
 Denn he find he no more could go valkin,
 Und shtood, shoost an potrified ding,
 Vhile de goblum vent round apout talkin,
 Und chaffin Plectruda von Sling.

Denn at vonce he see indo de problum,
 Und vas stoggered like rats at ids *vim* :
 His soul had gone indo de goblum,
 Und de goblum's hat gone indo him.
 Und de eyes of de volk vas enchanted,
 Dere vas "glamour" oopon de whole gang ;
 For dey dinked dat dis veller who ranted
 So loose, vas der Ritter von Slang.

Und, Lordt! how he dalked! Oonder heafens
 Dere vas nefer soosh derriple witz,
 Knockin all dings to sechses and sefens,
 Und gifin Plectruda, Dutch fits.
 Mein Gott! how he poonished und chaffed her
 Like a hell-stingin, devil-born ding ;
 Vhile de volk lay a-rollin mit laughter
 At Fräulein Plectruda von Sling.

De lady grew angry und paler,
 De lady grew ratful und red,
 She felt some Satanical jailer
 Hafe brisoned de tongue in her head.
 She moost laugh vhen she vant to pe cryin,
 Und vas crushed mit de teufelisch clang,
 Till she knelt herself, pooty near dyin,
 To dis derriple image of Slang.

Denn der goblum shoomp oop to der ceiling
 Und trow sommerseds round on de vloor,
 Right ofer Plectruda a-kneelin,
 Dill she look more a vool dan pefore.
 Denn he roll down de shteps light und breezy,
 His laughs made it all apout ring ;
 Ash he shveared dere vas noding more easy
 Dan to win a Plectruda von Sling.

Und vhen he cot down to de pottom,
 He laugh so to freezen your plood ;
 Und schwear dat de boomps ash he cot em
 Hafe make him feel petter ash good.
 Boot, oh ! how dey shook at his power,
 Vhen he toorned himself roundt mit a bang,
 Und *roll oop* to de dop of de tower,
 To change forms mit de *oder* Von Slang !

Denn all in an insdand vas altered,
 Der Steinli vas coom to himself ;
 Und de sprite, vitch in double sense paltered,
 From dat moment acain vas an elf.
 Dey shdill dinked dat *he* vas de person
 Who had bobbed oop and down on de ving,
 Und knew not who 'tvas lay de curse on
 De peaudiful Lady von Sling.

Nun—endlich—Plectruda repented,
 Und gazed on der Ritter mit shoy ;
 In dime to pe married consented,
 Und vas plessed mit a peautifool poy,
 A dwenty gold biece on his bosom
 Vhen geporn vas tiscofered to hang
 Mit de inscript—"Dis dime dont refuse em"—
 So endet de tale of Von Slang.

TO A FRIEND STUDYING GERMAN.

Si liceret te amare
 Ad Suevorum magnum mare
 Sponsam te perducerem.

—*Tristitia Amorosa.* Frau Aventure,
 von J. V. Scheffel.

WILL'ST dou learn die Deutsche Sprache?
 Denn set it on your card,
 Dat all the nouns have shenders,
 Und de shenders all are hard.
 Dere ish also dings called pronoms,
 Vitch id's shoost ash vell to know;
 Boot ach! de verbs or time-words—
 Dey'll work you bitter woe.

Will'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?
 Denn you allatag moost go
 To sinfonies, sonatas,
 Or an oratorio.
 When you dinks you knows 'pout musik,
 More ash any other man,
 Be sure de soul of Deutschland
 Into your soul ish ran.

Will'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?
 Dou moost eat apout a peck

A week, of stinging sauerkraut,*
 Und sefen pfoundts of speck.
 Mit Gott knows vot in vinegar,
 Und deuce knows vot in rum :
 Dis ish de only cerdain vay
 To make de accents coom.

Will'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?
 Brepate dein soul to shtand
 Soosh sendences ash ne'er vas heardt
 In any oder land.
 Till dou canst make parentheses
 Intwisted—ohne zahl—
 Dann wirst du erst Deutschfertig seyn,†
 For a languashe ideál.

Will'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?
 Du must mitout an fear
 Trink afery tay an gallon dry,
 Of foamin Sherman bier.
 Und de more you trinks, pe certain,
 More Deutsch you'll surely pe ;
 For Gambrinus ish de Emperor
 Of de whole of Germany.

Will'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?
 Be sholly, brav, und treu,
 For dat veller ish kein Deutscher
 Who ish not a sholly poy.

* *Stinging*. An amusing instance of "Breitmannism" was shown in the fact that an American German editor, in his ignorance of English, actually believed that the word stinging, as here given, meant *stinking*, and was accordingly indignant. It is needless to say that no such idea was intended to be conveyed.

† Then only you will be ready in German.

To a Friend studying German.



Find out vot means Gemüthlichkeit,
Und do it mitout fail,
In Sang und Klang dein Lebenlang,*
A brick—ganz kreuzfidél.

Will'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?
If a shendleman dou art,
Denn shtrike right indo Deutschland,
Und get a schveetes heart.
From Schwabenland or Sachsen
Where now dis writer pees ;
Und de bretty girls all wachsen
Shoost like aepplés on de drees.

Boot if dou bee'st a laty,
Denn on de oder hand,
Take a blonde moustachioed lofer
In de vine green Sherman land.
Und if you shoost kit married
(Vood mit vood soon makes a vire),
You'll learn to sprechen Deutsch mein kind,
Ash fast ash you tesire.

DRESDEN, *January 1870.*

* In Music and Song all thy life long.

LOVE SONG.

Vulnerasti cor meum, soror mea sponsa.

O VERE mine lofe a sugar-powl,
De fery shmallest loomp
Vouldt shveet de seas, from pole to pole,
Und make de shildren shoomp.
Und if she vere a clofer-field,
I'd bet my only pence,
It wouldn't pe no dime at all
Pefore I'd shoomp de fence.

Her heafenly foice, it drill me so,
It oft-dimes seems to hoort,
She ish de holiest anamile
Dat roons oopon de dirt.
De renpow rises vhen she sings,
De sonnshine vhen she dalk ;
De angels crow und flop deir vings
Vhen she goes out to valk.

So livin white, so carnadine,
Mine lofe's gomblexion show ;
It's shoost like Abendcarmosine,
Rich gleamin on de shnow.

Her soul makes pluses in her sheek
 Ash sommer reds de wein,
 Or sonnligh sends a fire life troo
 An blank Karfunkelstein.

De überschwengliche idées
 Dis lofe poot in my mind,
 Vouldt make a foost-rate philosoph
 Of any human kind.
 'Tis schudderin schveet on eart to meet
 An himmlisch-hoellisch Qual ;
 Und treat mitwhiles to Kümmel Schnapps
 De Schœnheitsidéal.

Dein Füß seind weiss wie Kreiden,
 Dein Ermlein Helfenbein,
 Dein ganzer Leib ist Seiden,
 Dein Brust wie Marmelstein—
 Ja—vot de older boet sang,
 I sing of dee—dou Fine !
 Dou'rt soul und pody, heart und life :
 Glatt, zart, gelind, und rein.*

* Thy feet are white as chalk, my love,
 Thy arms are ivory bone,
 Thy body is all satin soft,
 Thy breast of marble stone.

.
 Smooth, tender, pure, and fair.

—Liederbuch Pauls von der Helst, 1602.

DER FREISCHÜTZ.

AIR—" *Der Pabst lebt,*" &c.

WIE gehts, my frendts—if you'll allow—
 I sings you rite afay shoost now
 Some dretful shdories vitch dey calls
 Der Freyschütz, or de Magic Balls.

Wohl in Bohemian land it cooms,
 Where folk trink prandy mate of plooms ; *
 Dere lifed ein Yaeger—Maxerl Schmit—
 Who shot mit goons und nefer hit.

Now dere vas von oldt Yaeger, who
 Says, " Maxerl, dis vill nefer do ;
 If you shouldt miss on drial-tay,
 Dere'll pe der tyfel denn to bay.

" If you do miss, you shtupid coose,
 Dere'll pe de donnerwetter loose ;
 For you shant hafe mine taughter's hand,
 Nor pe der Hertzhog's yaegersmann."

Id coomed pefore de tay vas set,
 Dat all de shaps togeder met ;
 Und Max he fired his goon und missed,
 Und all de gals cot roundt und hissed.

* Slibovitz.

Dey laughed pefore und hissed pehind ;
Boot von shap—Kaspar—saidt, “Ton’t mind ;
I dells you vot—you stoons ’em alls
If yoost you shoodt mit magic balls.”

“De magic balls ! oh, vot is dat ?”
“I cot soom in my hoontin’ hat ;
Dey’re plack as kohl, und shoodt so drue :
Oh, dem’s de kindt of balls for you.

“You see dat eagle vlyin’ high,
Ein hoondred miles oop in de sky ;
Shoot at dat eagle mit your bix,
You kills him tead ash doonderblix !”

“I ton’t pelieve de dings you say.”
“You fool,” says Kasp, “denn plaze afay !”
He plazed afay, vhen, sure as plood,
Down coom de eagle in de mud.

“O was ist das ?” said Maxerl Schmit :
“Vhy ! dat’s de eagle vot you hit.
You kills him vhen you plaze afay ;
Boot dat’s a ding you nix verstay.

“Und you moost go to make dem balls
To de Wolf’s Glen vhen mitnight valls.
Dow know’st de shpot—alone und late”—
“Oh ja—I knows him *ganz* foost-rate !

“Boot denn I does not like to co
Among dem dings.” Says Kasp, “Ach, ’sho !
I’ll help you fix dem tyfel chaps,
Like a goot veller—dake some schnapps !”

(“Hilf Zamiel ! hilf ”)—“ Here, dake some more !’
 Denn Kasp vent shtompin’ roundt de vloor,
 Und coomed his hoompugs ofer Schmit,
 Dill Max saidt, “*Nun—ich gehe mit !*”

All in de finster mitternocht,
 Vhen oder folk in shleep vas lockt,
 Down in de Wolfschlucht, Kasp tid dry
 His tyfel-strikes und Hexery.

Mit skools und pones he mate a ring,
 De howls und shpooks pegin to sing,
 Und all the tyfels oonder croundt
 Coom preakin’ loose und rooshin’ roundt.

Denn Maxerl cooms along : says he,
 “Mein Gott ! vot dings ish dis I see !
 I dinks de fery tyfel und all
 Moost help to make dem magic ball.

“ I vish dat I had *nix cum raus*,
 Und shtaid mineself in bett to house.”
 “Hilf Zamiel !” cried Kasp ; “you whelp—
 You red Dootch tyfel—coom und help !”

Denn oop dere coomed a tredfull shdorm,
 De todtengrips aroundt tid schvarm ;
 De howl shoumped oop und flopt his vings
 Und toorned his het like avery dings.

Oop droo de croundt dere coomed a pot
 Mit leadt, und dings to make de shot ;
 Und hoellisch fire in grimson plaze,
 Und awful schmells like Schweitzer kase.

Agross de scene a pine-shtick flew
 Mit seferal shail-pirds vastened to ;
 Six treadful shail-pirds mit deir wings
 Tied to de shticks mit magic shtrings.

All droo de air, all in a row,
 Die wilde Jagd vas seen to go ;
 De hounds und teer all mate of pone,
 Und hoonted py a skilleton.

Dere coomed a tredful shpecdre pig,
 Who, shpitten' fire afay, tid dig ;
 Und fiery drocks und tyfel-shnake
 A scootin' droo de air tid break.

Boot Kaspar tidn't mindt dem alls,
 Boot casted out de pullet balls ;
 Six vas to go ash he vouldt like,
 De sevent' moost for de tyfel shtrike.

Ad last, oopon de drial tay,
 De gals cot roundt so nice und gay,
 Und denn dey goed und maked a tantz,
 Und singed apout de *Jungfernkranz*.

Und denn der Hertshog—dat's der Duke—
 Cooms doun und dinks he'll dake a look :
 "Young mans," to Maxerl denn saidt he,
 "Shoost shoot dem dove oopon dat dree !"

Denn Maxerl pointed mit de bix,
 "Potzblitz !" says he, "dat dove I'll fix !"
 He fired his rifle at de *Taub*,
 When Kass rollt ofer in de *Staub*.

De pride she falled too in de doost,
 De gals dey cried, de men dey coossed :
 Der Hertshog says, " Id's fery glear
 Dat dere has peen some tyfels here !

" Und Max has shot mit tyfels-blei !
 Pfui !—die verfluchte Hexerei !
 O Maximilian ! O Du
 Gehst nit mit rechten Dingen zu ! "

Boot denn a hermits coomed in late ;
 Says he, " I'll fix dese dings foostrate : "
 Und telled der Hertshog dat yung men
 Vill raise der Tyfel now und denn.

De Duke forgifed de Kaspar dann,
 Und mate of him a Yægersmann,
 What shoodts mit bixen goon, und pfeil,
 Und talks apout de Waidmannsheil.

Und denn de pride she coomed to life,
 Und cot to pe de Maxerl's vife ;
 Denn all de beoples gried " Hoorah !
 Das ist recht brav ! und hopsasa ! "

MORAL.

Py dis dings may pe oondershtood
 Dat vhat is pad vorks ofden goot :
 Or, *Maximilia Maximil-*
ibus curantur—if you will.

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 doomplet 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 efery dings.

Und denn mit an board und a parell,
 I blay de horse-viddle a biece,
 Dill de neighbours shkream "deat' !" und
 "murder !"
 Und holler aloudt "bolice !"

Und vhen der crim night wæchter
 Says all of dis foon moost shtop,
 I oop mit mein oomberella,
 Und schlog him ober de kop.

I leaf him like tead on 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 gevanisht lofe
 Dat vent like de vind from me.
 Und I voonders in mine dipsyhood,
 If a damsel or dream vas she !

Dis life is 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 wait dill de windsbraut comet,
 To pear dem in Fall afay.

Denn I coomed to a rock py der rifer,
 Where a stein ish of harpe form,
 —Jahrtausand in, oud, it standet'—
 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-gation,
 Vitch hardens de outer Me ;
 Ueber stein and schwein, de weine
 Shdill harps oud a melodie.

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

Und im Mondenlicht it moormoors,
Und it burns by waken wein,
In Mädchenlieb or Schnapsenrausch
Das Absolut ist dein.

SCHNITZERL'S PHILOSOPEDE.

Die Speer die er thut führen
 die ist sehr gross und lang,
 Das sollt du glauben mire,
 gemacht von Vogelgsang.
 Sein Ross das ist die Heide,
 das sollt du glauben mir,
 Darauf er nun thut reiten,
 führwahr das sag ich dir.

— *Ein schön nerr Lied von dem Mai und
 von dem Herbst.* 16th century.

I.

PROLOGUE.

HERR SCHNITZERL make a ph'losopede,
 Von of de pullyest kind ;
 It vent mitout a vheel in front,
 And hadn't none pehind.
 Von vheel vas in de mittel, dough,
 And it vent as sure ash ecks,
 For he shtraddled on de axel dree,
 Mit der vheel petween his lecks.

Und vhen he vant to shtart it off
 He paddlet mit his feet,
 Und soon he cot to go so vast
 Dat efery dings he peat.

He run her out on Broader shtreed,
He shkeeted like der vind,
Hei ! how he bassed de vancy crabs,
And lef dem all pehind !

De vellers mit de trottin nags
Pooled oop to see him bass ;
De Deutschers all erstaunished saidt :
“*Potztausend! Was ist das?*”
Boot vaster shtill der Schnitzerl flewed
On—mit a ghashtly shmile ;
He tidn't toouch de dirt, py shings !
Not vonce in half a mile.

Oh, vot ish all dis eart'ly pliss ?
Oh, vot ish man's soocksess ?
Oh, vot ish various kinds of dings ?
Und vot ish hobbiness ?
Ve find a pank node in de shtreedt,
Next dings der pank ish break !
Ve folls, and knocks our outsides in,
When ve a ten shstrike make.

So vas it mit der Schnitzerlein
On his philosopede.
His feet both shlipped outsidevard shoost
When at his exdra shpeed.
He felled oopon der vheel of coorse ;
De vheel like blitzen flew !
Und Schnitzerl he vos schnitz in vact,
For it shlished him grod in two.

Und as for his philosopede,
Id cot so shkared, men say,
It pounded onward till it vent
Ganz tyfelwards afay.

Boot vhere ish now der Schnitzerl's soul?
 Vhere dos his shbirit pide?
 In Himmel droo de endless plue,
 It takes a medeor ride.

II.

HANS BREITMANN AND HIS PHILOSOPEDE.

Vhen Breitmann hear dat Schnitzerl
 Vas quarderred into dwo,
 Und how his crate philosopede
 To 'm tyfel had peen flew,
 He dinked und dinked so heafy,
 Ash only Deuschers can,
 Denn saidt, "Who mightdt peliefet
 Dish is de ent of man?"

"De human souls of beoples
 Exisd't in deir idées,
 Und dis of Wolfram Schnitzerl
 Mightdt drafel many vays.
 In his *Bestimmung des Menschen*
 Der Fichte makes pelieve,
 Dat ve brogress oon-endtly
 In vhat pehindt ve leave.

"De shparrow falls ground-downvarts
 Or drafels to de West ;
 De shparrows dat coom afder,
 Bild shoost de same oldt nest.
 Man had not vings or fedders,
 Und in oder dings, 'tis set,
 He tont coom up to shparrows,
 But on nests he goes ahét.

"O ! vliest dou droo bornin' vorldts,
 Und nebulozer foam,
 By monsdrouz mitnight shiant forms,
 Or vhere red tyfels roam ;
 Or vhere de ghosdts of shky-rockets
 Peyond creation flee ?
 Vhere e'er dou art, O Schnitzerlein,
 Crate Saindt ! Look town on me !

"Und deach me how you maket
 Dat crate philosopede,
 Vhich roon dwice six mals vaster
 Ash any Arap shteed.
 Und deach me how to 'stonish volk,
 Und knock dem oud de shpots.
 Coom pack to eart', O Schnitzerlein,
 Und pring id down to dots !"

Shoost ash dish vordt vent outvarts,
 Hans dinked he saw a vlash,
 Und oonterwards de dable
 He doompelt mit a crash.
 Und to him, moong de glasses,
 Und pottles ash vas proke,
 Mit his het in a cigar-box,
 A foice from Himmel shpoke :

"*Adsum, Domine Breitmann !*
 Herr Copitain, here I pe !
 So dell me rite *honeste*,
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 de shpirit (in Lateinisch)
 Saidt “*Bene*, dat’s de talk,
Non habes in hoc shanty,
 A shingle *et* some chalk ?
Non video inkum nec calamos
 (I shpose some bummer shdole ’em),
Levate oculos tuos, son,
Et aspice ad linteolum !”

Denn Breitmann see de biece of chalk
 Vhich riset vrom de vloor,
 Und signed a fine philosopede
 Alone, oopon de toor.
 De von dat Schnitzerl fobricate,
 Und oonderneat’ he see :
Probate inter equites,
 (Try dis in de cavallrie).

Der Breitmann shtood oop from de vloor,
 Und leanet on a post ;
 Und saidt : “ If dis couldt, shouldt hafe peen,
 Dat vouldt, mightd peen a ghosdt ;
 Boot if id pe nouomenon,
 Phenomenoned indeed,
 Or de soobyectif obyectified,
 I’fe cot de philosopede.”

Denn out he seekt a plackschmit,
Ash vork in iron-steel,
To make him a philosopede
Mit shoost an only vheel.
De dings vas maket simple,
Ash all crate idées shouldt pe,
For 'tvas noding boot a gart-vheel,
Mit a dwo-feet axel dree.

De dimes der Breitmann doomple,
In learnin' for to ride,
Vas ofdener ash de sand-crains
Dat rollen in de tide.
De dimes he cot oopsettet,
In shdeerin' left und righdt,
Vas ofdener ash de cleamin' shdars,
Dat shtud de shky py night.

Boot de vorstest of de veadures
In dis von-vheel horse, you pet,
Ish dat man couldt go so nicely,
Pefore he get oopset.
Some dimes he co like plazes,
Und doorn her, extra-fine ;
Und denn shlop ofer—dis is vot
Hafe kill der Schnitzerlein.

Soosh droples ash der Breitmann hafe,
To make dis 'vention go,
Vas nefer seen py mordal man,
Oopon dis vorldt pelow.
He doomplet righdt—he doomplet left,
He hafe a dousand doomps ;
Dere nefer vas a gricket ball
Ash get soosh 'fernal boomps.

Boot—ash he'd shvearet he'd poot it droo,
 He shvear't it moost pe tone ;
 Dough he schimpft' und flucht' *gar læsterlich*,
 He visht he't ne'er pegun.
 Mit "Hagel ! Blitz ! Kreuz-sakrament !"
 He maket de Houser ring,
 Und vish der Schnitzerl vas in hell,
 For deachin' him dis ding.

Nun-goot ! At lasht he cot it,
 Und peautifool he goed,
 "Dis day," saidt he, "I'll 'stonish folk
 A ridin' in de road.
 Dis day, py shings ! I'll do it,
 Und knock dings oud of sight :"—
 Ach weh !—for Breitemann dat day
 Vas not be-markt mit white.

De noomers of de Deutsche volk,
 Dat coomed dis sightd to see,
 I dink, in soper earnst-hood,
 Mightd not ge-reckonet pe.
 For miles dey shtoodt along de road,
 Mein Gott !—boot dey wer'n dry ;
 Dey trinket den lager-bier shops out,
 Pefore der Hans coom py.

When all at vonce drementous gries
 De fery coondry shook,
 Und beople's shkreemt, "Da ist er !—Schau !
 Here cooms der Breitmann, look !"
 Mein Gott ! vas efer soosh a sightd !
 Vas efer soosh a gry !
 When like a brick-pat in a vightd,
 Der Breitemann roosh py ?

Oh mordal man ! Why ish idt, dou
 Hast passion to go vast ?
 Why ish id dat te tog und horse
 Likes shbeed too quick to lasht ?
 De pugs, de pirds, de pumple-pees,
 Und all dat ish, 'tvouldt seem
 Ish nefer hobby boot, exsepdt,
 Vhen pilin' on de shdeam.

Der Breitmann flew ! Von mighdy gry
 Ash he vent scootin' bast ;
 Von derriple, drementous yell ;—
 Dat day de virst—und lasht.
 Vot ha ! Vot ho ! Why ish it dus ?
 Vhot makes dem shdare aghasht ?
 Why cooms dat vail of vild deshbaar ?
 Ish somedings cot ge-shmasht ?

Yea, efen so. Yea, ferily,
 Shbeak, soul !—it ish dy biz !
 Der Breitmann shkeet so vast along
 Dey fairly heard him whizz.
 Vhen shoost oopon a hill-top point
 It caught a pranch ge-bent,
 Und like an apple from a shling,
 Afay Hans Breitmann vent.

Vent droo de air an hoondert feet
 Allowin' more or lees :—
 Denn, *pob—pob—pob*—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 bick him oop—dey pring him in,
 No wort der Breitmann shboke.
 Der doktor look—he shwear erstaunt
 Dat nodings ish peen proke.
 “He rollt de rocky road entlang,
 He pounce o’er shtock und shtone,
 You’d dink he’d knocked his outsites in,
 Yet nefer preak a pone !”

All shtill Hans lay, bevilderfied ;
 He seemt not mind de shaps,
 Nor mofed oontil der medicus
 Hafe dose him vell mit schnapps.
 De schmell-voke oop de boetry
 Of tays vhen he vas yoong,
 Und he murmulde de fragmends
 Of an sad romantish song :

“Ash sommer pring de roses
 Und roses pring de dew,
 So Deutschland gifes de maidens
 Who fetch de bier for you.
 Komm Maidelein ! rothe Waengelein !
 Mit wein-glass in your paw !
 Ve’ll get troonk among de roses,
 Und pe soper on de shtraw !

“Ash vinter pring de ice-wind
 Vitch plow o’er Burg und hill,
 Hard times pring in de landlord,
 Und de landlord pring the pill.
 Boot sing Maidelein—rothe Waengelein !
 Mit wein-glass in your paw !
 Ve’ll get troonk among de roses,
 Und pe soper on de shtraw !”

Dey dook der Breitmann homewarts,
 Boot efer on de vay
 He nefer shpeaket no man,
 Und nodings else couldt say,
 Boot, "Maidelein—rothe Waengelein!
 Mit wein-glass in her paw,
 Ve'll get troonk among de roses,
 Und pe soper on de shtraw!"

Dey laid der Hans im bette,
 Peneat' de eider doun,
 Und sembelet all de doktors
 Who doktor in de town,—
 Dat ish, de Deutsche Aertzte,—
 For Breitmann always says,
 De Deutschers ish de onlies
 Mit originell idées.



Der vas Doktor Moritz Schlinkenschlag,
 Dat vork ash Caféopath,
 Und de learned Cobus Schoepfskopf,
 Who use de milchy bath;
 Und Korschalitschky aus Boehmen,
 Vhat cure mit slibovitz,
 Und Wechselbalg, der Preusse,
 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 tiseases
 Mit a dose of Schlesier-wein.

So dey meet in consooldation,
 Mit Doktor Winkeleck,
 Who proctise "renovation"
 Mit sauer-kraut und speck.
 Und dat no man shouldt pe shlightet,
 Or dreatet ash a tunce,
 Dey 'greed to dry deir systems
 Opon Breitmann—all at vonce.

Dat ish, mit de excepdition
 Of gifin' Schlesier-wein:
 For de remedy vas dangerfull
 For von who trink from Rhein.
 Ash der Teufel vonce deklaret,
 Vhen he taste it on a shpree,
 Dat a man, to trink soosh liquor,
 Moost a porn Silesian pe.

So dey all vent los at Breitmann,
 Und woonderfool to dell,
 He coom to his Gesundheit,
 Und pooty soon cot vell.
 Some hinted at *Natura*,
 Mit her olt *vis sanatrix*,
 Boot eash doktor shvore he curet him,
 Und de rest vere taugenix.

I know not vot der Breitmann
 More newly has pegun;
 Boot dey say he talks day-dayly
 Mit Dana of de *Sun*.
 Dey talk in Deutsch togeder,
 Und volk say de end vill be,
 Philosopedal shanges
 In de Union Cavallrie.

Gott helf de howlin' safage !
Gott helf de Indi-án !
Shouldt Breitmann shoin his forces
Mit Sheneral Sheridan !
Und denn, to sing his braises,
I'll write anoder lied :
Hier hat dis dale an ende,
Of Breitmann's Philosopede !

*DIE SCHÖNE WITTWE.**

(DE POOTY VIDOW.)

I.

VOT DE YANKEE CHAP SUNG.

DAT pooty liddle vidow
 Vot ve dosh'nt vish to name,
 Ish still leben on dat liddle shtreet,
 A doin' shoost de same.
 De glerks aroundt de gorners
 Somedimes goes round to zee
 How die tarlin' liddle vitchy ees,
 Und ask 'er how she pe.
 Dey lofes her ver' goot liquær,
 Dey lofes her liddle shtore ;
 Dey lofes her little paby,
 But dey lofes die vidow more.
 To dalk mit dat shveet vidow,
 Ven she hands das lager round,

* The author does not know who wrote the first part of "Die Schöne Wittwe." It appeared about 1856, and "went the round of the papers," accumulating as it went several additions or rejoinders, one of which was that by Hans Breitmann.

Vill make der shap dat does id
 Pe happy, ve'll be pound.
 Dat ish if we can vell pelieve
 De glerks vat drinks das beer,
 Who goes in dere for noding elshe,
 Put simply for to zee her.

II.

HOW DER BREITMANN CUT HIM OUT.

Oh yes I know die wittwe,
 Mit eyes so prite und proun !
 She's de allerschœnste wittwe
 Vot live in dis here down.
 In her plack silk gown—mine grashious !—
 All puttuned to de neck—
 Und a pooty liddle collar,
 Mitout a shpot or sheck.
 Ho ! clear de drack you oder *fraus*—
 You can't pegin to shine
 Vhen de lofely vidder cooms along—
 Dis vidder ash ish mine !
 Ho ! clear de drack you Yankee chaps,
 You Englishers und sooch,
 You can't pegin to coot me out,
 Mitout you dalks in Dootch.
 Ich hab die schœne wittwe
 Schon lange nit gesehn,
 Ich sah sie gestern Abend
 Wohl bei dem Counter stehn.
 Die Wangen rein wie Milch and Blut,
 Die Augen hell und klar.

Ich hab sie sechsmal auch geküsst—
Potztausend ! das ist wahr. *

* I had not seen for many days
The handsome widow's face ;
I saw her last night standing
By her counter, full of grace.
With cheeks as pure as milk and blood,
With eyes so bright and blue,
I kissèd her full well six times,
Indeed, and that is true.

BREITMANN IN BATTLE.

“TUNC TAPFRE AUSFUHRERE STREITUM ET RITTRIS
DIGNUM POTUERE ERIAGERE LOBUM.”

“Hiltibraht enti Hadubrant.”

DER FADER UND DER SON.*

I DINKS I'll go a vightin'—outshpoke der Breitemann,

'It's eighdeen hoonderd fordy-eight since I kits swordt
in hand ;

Dese fourdeen years mit Hecker all roostin' I haf been,
Boot now I kicks der Teufel oop and goes for sailin' in.”

“If you go land out-ridin',” said Caspar Pickletongue,
“Foost ding you knows you cooms across some repels
prave and young,

Away down Sout' in Tixey, dey'll split you like a
clam”—

“For dat,” spoke out der Breitmann, “I doos not gare
one tam !

* This ballad is a parody of Das Hildebrandslied. Consult Wackernagel's Lesebuch, and Das kleine Heldenbuch.

“Ich vill zum Land ausreiten,
Sprach sich Maister Hilteprand.”

“Who der Teufel pe’s de repels, und vhere dey kits
deir sass ?

If dey make a run on Breitmann he’ll soon let out de
gas ;

I’ll shplit dem like kartoffels ; I’ll schlog em on de kop ;
I’ll set de plackguarts roonin’ so, dey don’t know vhere
to shtop.”

Und den outshpoke der Breitmann, mit his schlaeger
py his side :

“Forvarts, my pully landsmen ! it’s dime to run and
ride ;

Vill riden, vill vighten—der Copitain I’ll pe,
It’s sporn und horn und saddle now— all in de
Cavallrie !”

Und ash dey rode droo Vinchesder, so herrlich to be
seen,

Dere coomed some repel cavallrie a riden’ on de creen ;
Mit a sassy repel Dootchman—an colonel in gommand,
Says he, “Vot Teufel makes you here in dis mein
Faderland ?

“You’re dressed oop like a shentleman mit your
plackquart Yankee crew,

You mudsills and meganics ! Der Teufel put you droo !
Old Yank, you ought to shtay at home und dake your
liddle horn,

Mit some oldt voomans for a noorse”—der Breitmann
laugh mit shkorn.

“Und should I trink mein lager beer und roost mine
self to home ?

I’fe got too many dings like you to mash beneat’ my
thoom :

In many a fray und fierce foray dis Dootchman will be
feared
Pefore he stops dis vightin' trade—'twas dere he grayed
his peard."

"I pools dat peard out py de roots—I gifes him such
a dwist
Dill all de plood roons out, you tammed old Apolitionist!
Your creenpacks, mit your swordt und vatch, right ofer
you moost shell,
Und den you goes to Libby straight—und after dat to
h-ll!"

"Mein creenpacks and mein schlaeger, I kits 'em in
New York,
To gife dem up to creenorns, young man, is not de
talk ;"
De heroes shtopped deir sassin' here und grossed
deir sabres dwice,
Und de vay dese Deutschers vent to vork vos von pig
ding on ice.

Deryoungerfetch de older such a gottallmachtyshmack
Der Breitmann dinks he really hears his skool go shplit
and crack ;
Der repel shoomps dwelfe paces back, und so he safe
his life :
Der Breitmann says : "I guess dem shoomps, you
learns dem of your vife."

"If I should learn of vomans I dinks it vere a shame,
Bei Gott I am a shentleman, aristograt, and game.
My fader vos anoder—I lose him fery young—
Der Teufel take your soul ! Coom on ! I'll split your
vaggin' tongue !"

A Yankee drick der Breitmann dried—dat oldt gray-pearded man—
 For ash the repel raised his swordt, beneat' dat sword he ran.
 All roundt der shlim yoong repel's vaist his arms oldt Breitmann pound,
 Und shlinged him down oopon his pack and laidt him on der ground.

“Who rubs against olt kittle-pots may keep white—if he can,
 Say vot you dinks of vightin' now mit dis oldt shentleman?
 Your dime is oop; you got to die, und I your breest vill pe;
 Peliev'st dou in Morál Ideas? If so, I lets you free.”*

“I don't know nix apout ideas—no more dan 'pout Saint Paul,
 Since I'fe peen down in Tixey I kits no books at all;
 I'm greener ash de clofer-grass; I'm shtupid as a shpoon;
 I'm ignoranter ash de nigs—for dey takes de *Tribune*.

“Mein fader's name vas Breitmann, I heard mein mutter say,
 She read de bapers dat he died after she rooned afay;
 Dey say he leaf some broperty—berhaps 'tvas all a sell—
 If I could lay mein hands on it I likes it mighty vell.”

* The Republicans in America were for a long time ridiculed by their opponents as if professing to be guided by Moral Ideas, *i.e.*, Emancipation, Progress, Harmony of Interests, &c.

“Und vas dy fader Breitmann? *Bist du* his kit und kin?

Denn know dat *ich* der Breitmann dein lieber Vater bin?”

Der Breitmann pooled his hand-shoe off und shooked him py de hand ;

“Ve’ll hafe some trinks on strengt’ of dis—or else may I pe tam’d !”

“Oh ! fader, how I shlog your kop,” der younger Breitmann said ;

“I’d den dimes sooner had it coom right down on mein own headt !”

“Oh, never mind—dat soon dry oop—I shticks him mit a blaster ;

If I had shplit you like a fish, dat vere an vorse tis-asder.”

Dis fight did last all afternoon—*wohl* to de fesper tide, Und droo de streets of Vinchesder, der Breitmann he did ride.

Vot vears der Breitmann on his hat? De ploom of fictory !

Who’s dat a ridin’ py his side? “Dis here’s mein son,” says he.

How stately rode der Breitmann oop !—how lordly he kit down !

How glorious from de great *pokal* he drink de beer so prawn !

But der Yunger bick der parrel oop und schwig him all at one.

“Bei Gott ! dat settles all dis dings—I *know* dou art mein son !”

Der one has got a fader ; de oder found a child.
Bofe ride oopon one war-path now in pattle fierce und
vild.

It makes so glad our hearts to hear dat dey did so
succeed—

Und damit hat sein Ende DES JUNGEN BREITMANN'S
LIED.

BREITMANN IN MARYLAND.

DER BREITMANN mit his gompany
 Rode out in Marylandt.
 "Dere's nix to trink in dis countrie ;
 Mine droat's as dry as sand.
 It's light canteen und haversack,
 It's hoonger mixed mit doorst ;
 Und if ve had some lager beer
 I'd trink oontil I boorst.
 Gling, glang, gloria !
 Ve'd trink oontil ve boorst.*

"Herr Leut'nant, take a dozen men,
 Und ride dis land around !
 Herr Feldwebel, go foragin'
 Dill somedings goot is found.
 Gotts-donder ! men, go ploonder !
 Ve hafn't trinked a bit

* *Gling, glang, gloria*, was a common refrain in the 16th century, in German drinking songs.

"Gling, glang, glorian,
 Die Sau hat ein Panzer an."

—*Tractatus de Ebrietate Vitanda.*

Dis fourdeen hours ! If I had beer
 I'd sauf oontil I shplit !
 Gling, glang, gloria !
 Ve'd sauf oontil ve shplit !”

At mitternacht a horse's hoofs
 Coom rattlin' droo de camp ;
 “ Rouse dere !—coom rouse der house dere !
 Herr Copitain—ve moost tromp !
 De scouds have found a repel town,
 Mit repel davern near,
 A repel keller in de cround,
 Mit repel lager beer ! !
 Gling, glang, gloria !
 All fool of lager beer !”

Gottsdonnerkreuzschockschwerenoth !
 How Breitmann broked de bush !
 “ O let me see dat lager beer !
 O let me at him rush !
 Und is mein sabre sharp und true,
 Und is mein var-horse goot ?
 To get one quart of lager beer
 I'd shpill a sea of plood.
 Gling, glang, gloria !
 I'd shpill a sea of plood.

“ Fuenf hoonderd repels hold de down,
 One hoonderd strong are ve ;
 Who gares a tam for all de odds
 Vhen men so dirsty pe.”
 And in dey smashed and down dey crashed,
 Like donder-polts dey fly,

Rash fort as der vild yæger cooms
Mit blitzen droo de shky.
Gling, glang, gloria !
Like blitzen droo de shky.

How flewed to rite, how flewed to left
De moundains, drees, und hedge ;
How left und rite de yæger corps
Vent donderin' droo de pridge.
Und splash und splosh dey ford de shtream
Where not some pridges pe :
All drippin' in de moonlight peam
Stracks vent de cavallrie.
Gling, glang, gloria !
Der Breitmann's cavallrie.

Und hoory, hoory, on dey rote,
Oonheedin' vet or try ;
Und horse und rider shnort and blowed,
Und shparklin' bepples fly.
Ropp ! Ropp ! I shmell de parley-prew !
Dere's somedings goot ish near.
Ropp ! Ropp !—I scent de kneiperei ;
Ve've got to lager beer !
Gling, glang, gloria !
Ve've got to lager beer !

Hei ! dow de carpine pullets klined
Oopon de helmets hart !
Oh, Breitmann—how dy sabre ringed ;
Du alter Knasterbart !
De contrapands dey sing for shoy
To see de rebs go down,

Und hear der Breitmann grimly gry :
 Hoorah !—ve've dook de down.
 Gling, glang, gloria !
 Victoria, victoria !
 De Dootch have dook de down.

Mid shout and crash and sabre flash,
 And vild husaren shout
 De Dootchmen boorst de keller in,
 Und rolled de lager out ;
 Und in the coorlin' powder shmoke,
 Vhile shtill de pullets sung,
Dere shtood der Breitmann, axe in hand,
 A knockin' out de boong.
 Gling, glang, gloria !
 Victoria ! Encoria !
 De shpicket beats de boong.

Gotts ! vot a shpree der Breitmann had
 Vhile yet his hand was red,
 A trinkin' lager from his poots
 Among de repel tead.*

* The boot was a favourite drinking cup during the Middle Ages. The writer has seen a boot-shaped mug, bearing the inscription,

“ Wer . sein . Stiefel . nit . trinken . kan .
 Der . ist . fürwahr . kein . Teutscher . man .”

There is an allusion to this boot-cup in Longfellow's “Golden Legend,” where mention is made of a jolly companion

——“ who could pull
 At once a postilion's jack-boot full,
 And ask with a laugh, when that was done,
 If they could not give him the other one.”

'Tvas dus dey vent at mitternight
Along der moundain side ;
'Tvas dus dey help make history !
Dis vas der Breitmann's ride.
Gling, glang, gloria !
Victoria ! Victoria !
Cer'visia, encoria !
De treadful mitnight ride
Of Breitmann's vild Freischarlinger,
All famous, broad, und vide.

BREITMANN AS A BUMMER.

DER SHENERAL SHERMAN holts oop on his coorse,
 He shtops at de gross-road und reins in his
 horse.

“Dere’s a ford on de rifer dis day we moost dake,
 Or elshe de grand army in bieces shall preak !”
 Vhen shoost ash dis vord from his lips had gone bast,
 There coomed a young orterly gallopin’ fast,
 Who gry mit amazement : “Herr Shen’ral ! Goot
 Lord !

Dat Bummer der Breitmann ish holdin’ der ford !”

Der Shen’ral he ootered no hymn und no psalm,
 But opened his lips und he priefly say “D——n !
 Dere moost hafe been viskey on dat side der rifer ;
 To get it dose shaps vould set hell in a shiver ;
 But now dat dey hold it, ride quick to deir aid :
 Ho, Sickles ! move promp’ly, send down a prigade !
 Dat Dootchman moost vork mighty hard mit his sword
 If againsd a whole army he holds to de ford.”

Dey spooed on, dey hoory’d on, gallopin’ shtraight,
 But for Breitmann help coomed shoost a liddle too
 late,
 For as de Lauwiné goes smash mit her pound,
 So on to de Bummers de repels coom down :

Heinrich von Schinkenstein's tead in de road,
 Dieterich Hinkelbein's flat as a toad ;
 Und Sepperl—Tyroler—shpoke nefer a vord,
 But shoost "*Mutter Gottes!*" und died in de ford.

Itsch'l of Innspruck ish drilled droo de hair,
 Einer aus Böblingen *—he too vash dere—
 Karli of Karlisruh's shot near de fence
 (His horse vash o'erloadet mit toorkies und hens),
 Und dough he like a ravin' mad cannibal fought
 Yet der Breitmann — der capt'n — der hero vash
 caught ;
 Und de last dings ve saw, he vas tied mit a cord,
 For de repels had goppled him oop at de ford.

Dey shtripped off his goat und skyugled his poots,
 Dey dressed him mit rags of a repel recruits ;
 But von gray-haared oldt veller shmiled crimly und bet
 Dat Breitmann vouldt pe a pad egg for dem yet.
 " He has more on his pipe † as dem vellers allows,
 He has cardts yet in hand und *das Spiel ist nicht aus*,
 Dey'll find dat dey took in der Teufel to board,
 De day dey pooled Breitmann vell ofer de ford."

In de Bowery each beer-haus mit crape vas oopdone,
 Vhen dey read in de papers dat Breitmann vas gone ;

* The German equivalent for a native of Little Pedlington. It is a Suabian joke, commemorated in a popular song, to inquire in foreign and remote regions, "Is there any good fellow from Böblingen here?"

† "Sonst etwas auf dem Rohr haben"—something else on the pipe or tube—meaning a plan or idea, kept to one's self, is a German proverbial expression, which occurs in one of Langbein's humorous lyrics.

Und de Dootch all cot troonk oopon lager und wein,
At the great Trauer-fest of de Turner Verein.
Dere vas wein-en mit weinen ven beoplesh did dink
Dat Sherman's great Sharman cood nefer more trink.
Und in Villiam Shtreet veepin' und vailen' vas hoor'd,
Pecause der Hans Breitmann vas lost at de ford.

SECOND PART.

*I*N *dulce júbilo* now ve all sings,
 A-vaifin' de panners like efery dings.
 De preeze droo de bine-trees ish cooler und salt,
 Und der Shen'ral is merry venefer ve halt ;
 Loosty und merry he schmells at de preeze,
Lustig und heiter he looks droo de drees,
Lustig und heiter ash vell he may pe,
 For Sherman, at last, has marched down to the sea.

Dere's a gry from de quart—dere's a clotter und dramp,
 Vhen dat fery same orterly rides droo de camp
 Who report on de ford. Dere ish drooles and awe
 In de face of de youf' apout somedings he saw ;
 Und he shpeak me in Fræntsch, like he always do :
 “ Look !

Sagre pleu ! fentre Tieu !—dere ish Breitmann—his
 spook !

He ish goming dis vay ! *Nom de garce !* * can it pe
 Dat de spooks of de tead men coom down to de sea !”

Und ve looks, und ve sees, und ve trembles mit tread,
 For risin' all swart on de efenin' red

* “ *Nom de garce*,” as an anagram of *nom de grace*, occurs in Rabelais.

Vas Johannes—der Breitmann—der war es, bei Gott !
 Coom ridin' to oos-ward, right shtraight to de shpot !
 All mouse-still ve shtood, yet mit oop-shoompin' hearts,
 For he look shoost so pig as de shiant of de
 Hartz ;
 Und I heard de Sout Deutschers say “ Ave Morie !
 Braise Gott all goot shpirids py land und py sea ! ”

Boot Itzig of Frankfort he lift oop his nose,
 Und be-mark dat de shpook hat peen changin' his
 clothes,
 For he seemed like an Generalissimus drest
 In a vlamint' new coat und magnificent vest.
 Six bistols beschlagen mit silber he vore,
 Und a cold mounded swordt like a Kaiser he bore,
 Und ve dinks dat de ghosdt—or votever he pe—
 Moost hafe proken some pankts on his vay to de sea.

“ Id is he ! ” “ *Und er lebt noch !* ” he lifes, ve all say :
 “ Der Breitmann—Oldt Breitmann !—Hans Breit-
 mann ! *Herr Je !* ”

Und ve roosh to emprace him, und shtill more ve find
 Dat vherefer he'd peen, he'd left noding pehind.
 In bofe of his poots dere vas porte-moneys crammed,
 Mit creen-packs stoof full all his haversack jammed,
 In his bockets cold dollars vere shinglin' deir doons
 Mit dwo doozen votches und four doozen shpoons,
 Und dwo silber tea-pods for makin' his dea,
 Der ghosdt hafe pring mit him, *en route* to de sea.

Mit goot sweed-botatoes, und doorkies, und rice,
 Ve makes him a sooper of efery dings nice.
 Und de bummers hoont roundt apout, *alle wie ein*,
 Dill dey findt a plantaschion mit parrels of wein.

Den t'vas "Here's to you, Breitmann! Alt Schwed" *
—*bist zurück?*

Vot teufels you makes since dis fourteen nights
veek?"

Und ve holds von shtupendous and derriple shpree
For shoy dat der Breitmann has got to de sea.

But in fain tid we ashk vhere der Breitmann hat peen,
Vot he tid; vot he pass droo—or vot he might seen?
Vhere he kits his vine horse, or who gafe him dem
woons,

Und how Brovidence plessed him mit tea-pods und
shpoons?

For to all of dem queerries he only rebliies,

"If you dells me no quesdions, I ashks you no lies!"

So 'twas glear dat some derriple mysh'dry moost pe

Vhere he kits all dat ploonder he prings to de sea.

Dere ish bapers in Richmond dells derriple lies

How Sherman's grand armee hafe raise deir soopies:

For ve readt *in brindt* dat der Sheneral Grant

Say de bummers hafe only shoost take vat dey vant.

But 'tis vhispered dat vwhile a refolfer'll go round

Der BREITMANN vill nefer a peggin' be found;

Or shtarvin' ash brisner—by doonder!—not he,

Vwhile der Teufel could help him to ged to de sea.

* An expression only used in reference to seeing again some jolly old friend after long absence—"Uns kommt der alte Schwed."

BREITMANN'S GOING TO CHURCH.

“Vides igitur, Collega carissime, visitationem canonicam esse rem haud ita periculosam, sed valde amoenam, si modo vinum, groggio et cibi praesto sunt.”

—*Novissimae Epistolae Obscurorum Virorum, Berolini F. Berggold, 1869. Epistola xxiii., p. 63.*

D'VAS near de state of Nashfille,
 In de town of Tennessee,
 Der Breitmann vonce vas quarderd
 Mit all his cavallrie.
 Der Sheneral kept him glose in gamp,
 He vouldn't let dem go ;
 Dey couldn't shdeal de first plack hen,
 Or make de red cock crow.

Und virst der Breitmann vildly shmiled,
 Und denn he madly shvore ;
 “Crate h—l, mit shpoons und shinsherbread,
 Can *dis* pe makin war ?
 Verdammt pe all der discipline !
 Verdammt der Shenerál !
 Vere I vonce on de road, his will,
 Vere wurst mir und egál.*

* *Wurst*, literally sausage, is used by German students to signify indifference. When a sausage is on the table, and one

"Oh where ish all de plazin roofs
 Dat claddened vonce mine eyes?
 Und where de crand plantaschions
 Where ve gaddered many a brize?
 Und where de plasted shpies ve hung
 A howlin loud mit fear?
 Und where de rascal push-whackers
 Ve shashed like vritened deer?

"De roofs are shtandin fast and firm
 Mit repels blottin oonder;
 De crand blantaschions lie round loose
 For Morgan's men to plounder!
 De shpies go valkin out und in,
 Ash sassy ash can pe;
 Und in de voods de push-whackers
 Are makin foon of me!

"Oh vere I on my schimmel grey
 Mein sabre in mein hand,
 Dey should drack me py de ruins
 Of de houses troo de land.

is asked with mock courtesy which part he prefers, he naturally replies—"Why, it is all sausage to me." I have heard an elderly man in New England reply to the query whether he would have "black meat or breast"—"Any part, thank 'ee—I guess it's *all turkey*." There are, of course, divers ancient and quaint puns in Pennsylvania, on such a word as *wurst*. Thus it is said that a northern pedlar, in being served with some sausage of an inferior quality, was asked again if he would have some of the *wurst*. Not understanding the word, and construing it as a slight, he replied to his hostess—"No, thank you, marm, this is quite bad enough." The literal meaning of this line, which is borrowed from Scheffel's poem of Perkéo, is "in-different, and equal, to me."

Dey should drack me py de puzzards
 High sailen ofer head,
 A vollowin der Breitmann's trail
 To claw de repel dead."

Outspoke der bold Von Stossenheim,
 Who had théories of Gott :
 "O Breitmann, dis ish shoodgement on
 De vays dat you hafe trot.
 You only lifes to joy yourself,
 Yet you, yourself moost say,
 Dat self-defelopment requires
 De réligiös Idée."

Dey sat dem down und argued id,
 Like Deutschers vree from fear,
 Dill dey schmoke ten pfounds of knaster,
 Und drinked drei fass of bier.
 Der Breitmann go py Schopenhauer,
 Boot Veit he had him denn ;
 For he dook him on de angles
 Of de moral oxygen.

Der Breitmann 'low, dat 'pentence,
 Ish known in efery glime,
 Und dat to grin und bear it
 Vas healty und sooplime.
 "For mine Sout German Catolicks,
 Id vas pe goot, I know ;
 Likewise dem Nordland Luterans,
 If vonce to shoorsch dey go.

"Boot how vas id mit oders,
 Who dinks philosophie ?

I don't begreif de matter,"
Said Stossenheim : "Denn see.
De more dat shoorsh disgoostet you,
Und make despise und bain,
De crater merid ish to go,
Und de crater ish your gain.

"I know a liddle shoorsh mineself,
Oopon de Bole Jack road :
(De rebs vonce shot dree Federals dere,
Ash into shoorsh dey goed.)
Dere you might make a bilcrimage,
Und do id in a tay :
Gott only knows vot dings you mightd
Bick oop, oopon de vay."

Denn oop dere shpoke a contrapand,
Vas at de tent id's toor—
"Dere's twenty bar'ls of whiskey, hid,
In dat tabernacle, shore.
A rebel he done gone and put
It in de cellar, true,
No libin man dat secret knows,
'Cept only me an' you."

Der Stossenheim, he grossed himself,
Und knelt peside de fence,
Und gried : "O Coptain Breitmann, see,
Die finger Providence."
Der Breitmann droed his hat afay,
Says he, "Pe't hit or miss,
I'fe heard of miragles pefore,
Boot none so hunk ash dis."

"Wohlauf mine pully cafaliers,
 Ve'll ride to shoorsch to-day,
 Each man ash hasn't cot a horse
 Moost shtéal von, rite afay.
 Dere's a raw, green corps from Michigan,
 Mit horses on de loose,
 You men ash vants some hoof-irons,
 Look out und crip deir shoes."

All brooshed und fixed, de cavallrie
 Rode out py moonen shine,
 De cotton fields in shimmerin light,
 Lay white as elfenbein.
 Dey heard a shot close py Lavergne,
 Und men who rode afay,
 In de road a-velterin in his ploom,
 A Federal picket lay.

Und all dat he hafe dimes to say,
 "Vhile shtandin at my post,
 De guerillas got first shot at me,"
 Und so gafe oop de ghost.
 Denn a contrapand, who helt his head,
 Said : "Sah—dose grillers all
 Is only half a mile from hy'ar,
 A dancin at a ball."

Der Breitmann shpoke and brummed it out
 Ash if his heart tid schvell :
 "I'll gife dem music at dat pall
 Vill tantz dem indo hell."
 Hei !—arrow-fast—a teufel's ride !
 De plack man led de vay,
 Dey reach de house—dey see de lights—
 Dey heard de fiddle blay.

Dey nefer vaited for a word
Boot galloped from de gloom,
Und, bang!—a hoonderd carpine shots
Dey fired indo de room.
Oop vent de groans of wounded men,
De fittlin died away :
Boot some of dem vere tead pefore
De music ceased to blay.

Denn crack und smack coom scotterin shots
Troo vindow und troo door,
Boot bang and clang de Germans gife
Anoder volley more.
“Dere—let 'em shlide. Right file to shoorsch!”
Aloudt de orders ran.
“I kess I paid dem for dat shot,”
Shpeak grim der Breitemann.

All rosen red de mornin fair
Shone gaily o'er de hill,
All violet plue de shky crew teep
In rifer, pond, und rill ;
All cloudy grey de limeshtone rocks
Coom oop troo dimmerin wood ;
All shnowy vite in mornin light
De shoorsch pefore dem shtood.

“Now loudet vell de organ, oop,
To drill mit solemn fear ;
Und ring also dat Lumpenglock
To pring de beoples here.
Und if it prings guerillas down,
Ve'll gife dem, py de Lord,

De low-mass of de sabre, and
De high-mass of de cord.*

“ Du, Eberlé aus Freiburg,
Du bist ein Musikant,
Top-sawyer on de counterpoint
Und buster in discánt,
To dee de soul of musik
All innerly ish known,
Du canst mit might fullenden
De art of orgel-ton.

“ Derefore, a Miserére
Vilt dou, be-ghostet, spiel,
Und vake be-raiséd yearnin,
Also a holy feel :—
Pe referent, men—rememper
Dis ish a Gotteshaus—
Du Conrad—go along de aisles
Und schenk de whiskey aus !”

Dey blay crate dings from Mozart,
Beethoven, und Méhul,
Mit chorals of Sebastian Bach
Sooplime and peaudiful.
Der Breitmann feel like holy saints,
De tears roon down his fuss ;
Und he sopped out, “Gott verdammich—dis
Ist wahres Kunstgenuss !” †

* It was, I believe, Ragnar Lodbrog who, in his Death Song, spoke, about as intelligently and clearly as Herr Breitmann, of a mass of weapons.

† Is true art-enjoyment.

Der Eberlé blayed oop so high,
He maket de rafters ring ;
Der Eberlé blayed lower, und
Ve heardt der Breitmann sing
Like a dronin wind in piney woods,
Like a nightly moanin sea :
Ash de dinked on Sonntags long agone
Vhen a poy in Germany.

Und louder und mit louder tone
High oop de orgel blowed,
Und plentifuller efer yet
Around de whiskey goed.
Dey singed ash if mit singin, dey
Might indo Himmel win :—
I dink in all dis land soosh shprees
Ash yet hafe nefer peen.

Vhen in de Abendsonnenschein,
Mit doost-clouds troo de door,
All plack ash night in golden lighdt
Dere shtood ein schwartzer Mohr,
Dat contrapand so wild und weh,
Mit eye-palls glaring roun,
Who cried " For Gott's sake, hoory oop !
De reps ish gomin down ! "

Und while he yet was shpeakin,
A far-off soundt pegan,
Down rollin from de moundain
Of many a ridersmann.
Und vwhile de waves of musik
Vere rollin o'er deir heads,
Dey heard a foice a schkreemin,
" Pile out of thar, you Feds !

"For we uns ar' a comin
 For to guv to you uns fits,
 And knock you into brimstun
 And blast you all to bits"—
 Boot ere it done ids shpeakin,
 Der vas order in de band,
 Ash Breitmann, mit an awfool stim
 Out-dondered his gommand.

Und ash fisch-hawk at a mackarel
 Doth make a splurgin flung,
 Und ash eagles dab de fish-hawks
 Ash if de gods vere young,
 So from all de doors and vindows,
 Like shpiders down deir webs
 De Dootch went at deir horses,
 Und de horses at de rebs.

Crate shplendors of de treadful
 Vere in dat pattle rush,
 Crate vights mit swords und carpine,
 Py efery fence and bush.
 Ash panthers vight mit crislies
 In famished morder fits—
 For de rebs vere mad ash boison,
 Und de Dootch vere droonk ash blitz.

Yet vild ash vas dis pattle,
 So quickly vas it o'er,
 O, vhy moost I forefer
 Pestain mine page mit gore?
 Py liddle und py liddle
 Dey drawed demselfs afay,
 Oft toornin' round to vighten
 Like boofaloes at bay.

De scatterin shots grew fewer,
 De scatterin gries more shlow,
 Und furder troo de forest
 Ve heard dem vainter grow.
 Ve gife von shout—"Victoria!"
 Und denn der Breitmann said,
 Ash he wiped his ploody sabre :
 "Now, poys, count oop your dead !"



Oh small had been our shoutin
 For shoy, if ve had known
 Dat der Stossenheim im oaken wald,
 Lay dyin all alone.
 Vhile his oldt vwhite horse mit droopin het
 Look dumbly on him down,
 Ash if he dinked, "Vy lyst dou here
 Vhile fightin's goin on?"

Und dreams coom o'er de soldier
 Slow dyin on de eart ;
 Of a schloss afar in Baden,
 Of his mutter, und nople birt !
 Of poverty and sorrow,
 Vhich drofe him like de wind,
 Und he sighed, "Ach weh for de lofed ones,
 Who wait so far pehind !

"Wohl auf, my soul o'er de moundains !
 Wohl auf—well ofer de sea !
 Dere's a frau dat sits in de Odenwald
 Und shpins, und dinks of me.
 Dere's a shild ash blays in de greenin grass,
 Und sings a liddle hymn,
 Und learns to shpeak a fader's name
 Dat she nefer will shpeak to him.

"But mordial life ends shortly
 Und Heafen's life is long :—
 Wo bist du Breitmann?—glaub'es— *
 Gott suffers noding wrong.
 Now I die like a Christian soldier,
 My head oopon my sword :—
In nomine Domini!"—
 Vas Stossenheim his word.

O, dere vas bitter wailen
 Vhen Stossenheim vas found.
 Efen from dose dere lyin
 Fast dyin on de ground.
 Boot time vas short for vaiten,
 De shades vere gadderin dim :
 Und I nefer shall forget it,
 De hour ve puried him.

De tramp of horse und soldiers
 Vas all de funeral knell ;
 De ring of sporn und carpine
 Vas all de sacrin bell.
 Mit hoontin knife und sabre
 Dey digged de grave a span,
 From German eyes blue gleamin
 De holy water ran.

Mit moss-grown shticks und bark-thong
 De plessed cross ve made,
 Und put it vhere de soldier's head
 Towards Germany vas laid.

* Where art thou Breitmann?—Believe it.

Dat grave is lost mid dead leafs,
 De cross is goned afay :
 Boot Gott will find der reiter
 Oopon de Youngest Day.

Und dinkin of de fightin,
 Und dinkin of de dead,
 Und dinkin of de organ,
 To Nashville, Breitmann led.
 Boot long dat rough oldt Hanserl
 Vas earnsthaft, grim und kalt,
 Shtill dinkin o'er de heart's friend,
 He'd left im gruenen wald.*

De verses of dis boem
 In Heidelberg I write ;
 De night is dark around me,
 De shtars apove are bright.
 Studenten in den Gassen †
 Make singen many a song ;
 Ach Faderland !—wie bist du weit !
 Ach Zeit !—wie bist du lang ! ‡

* In the green wood.

† Students in the streets.

‡ Oh Fatherland !—how art thou far !
 Oh Time !—how art thou long !

BREITMANN IN KANSAS.*

VONCE oopon a dimes, goot while afder der var
 vas ofer, der Herr Breitmann vent oud Vest,
 drafellin' apout like efery dings—" *circuivit terram et
 perambulavit eam,*" ash der Teufel said ven dey ask
 him: "How vash you und how you has peen?"

Von efenings he vas drafel mit some ladies und
 shendlemans, und he shtaid *incognitus*. Und dey
 singed songs, dill py und py one of de ladies say:
 "Ish any podies here ash know de crate pallad of
 Hans Breitmann's Barty?" Den Hans say: "*Ecce
 Gallus!* I am dat rooster!" Den der Hans dook a
 trink und a let-bencil und a biece of baper, und goes
 indo himself a little dimes und den coomes out again
 mit dis boem:

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas ;
 He drafel fast und far ;
 He rided shoost drei dousand miles
 All in von rail-roat car.

* Full details of this excursion were published in a pamphlet,
 entitled "Three Thousand Miles in a Railroad Car," and also in
 letters written by Mr. J. G. Hazzard for the *New York Tribune*.

He knowed foost rate how far he goed—
He gounted all de vile,
Dere vash shoost one bottle of champagne,
Dat bopped at efery mile.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas ;
I dell you vot, my poy,
You bet dey hat a pully dimes
In crossin' Illinoy.
Dey speaked deir speaks to all de folk
A shtandin' in de car ;
Den ask dem in to dake a trink,
Und corned em *ganz und gar*.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas ;
By shings ! dey did it prown.
When he got into Leafenvort,
He found himself in town.
Dey dined him at de Blanter's House,
More goot as man could dink ;
Mit efery dings on eart' to eat,
Und twice as mooch to trink.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas ;
He vent it on de loud.
At Ellsvort, in de prairie land,
He foundt a pully crowd.
He looked for bleedin' Kansas,
But dat's "blayed out," dey say ;
De whiskey keg's de only ding
Dat's bleedin' dere to-day.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas,
To see vot he could hear.
He foundt soom Deutschers dat existd
Py makin' lager beer.

Says he : “ *Wie gehts du Alt Gesell?* ”
 But nodings could be heard ;
 Dey'd growed so fat in Kansas
 Dat dey couldn't speak a vord.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas ;
 Py shings ! I dell you vot,
 Von day he met a crisly bear
 Dat rooshed him down, *bei Gott !*
 Boot der Breitmann took und bind der bear
 Und bleased him fery much—
 For efery vordt der crisly growled
 Vas goot Bavarian Dutch!

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas !
 By donder dat is so !
 He ridet oout upon de blains
 To shase de boofalo.
 He fired his rifle at de bools,
 Und gallop droo de shmoke,
 Und shoomp de canyons shoost as if
 Der teufel vas a choke !

It's hey de trail to Santa Fé ;
 It's ho ! agross de plain ;
 It's lope along de Denver road,
 Until ve toorn again.
 Und de railroad drafel after us
 Apout as quick as ve ;
 Dis Kansas ish de fastest land
 Ash efer I did see.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas ;
 He have a pully dime ;
 But 'twas in old Missouri
 Dat dey rooshed him up sublime.

Dey took him to der Bilot Nob,
Und all der nob's around ;
Dey shpreed him und dey tea'd him
Dill dey roon him to de ground.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas,
Und made his carpine pop !
Ven he shooted at a drifer man
To make de wagon shdop.
A noble *Tribune* shendleman
Shoost dodged dat pullet's bore,
Und de driver shwore dat soosh a crowd
He nefer druv pefore.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas ;
Droo all dis earthly land,
A vorkin' out life's mission here
Soobyectify und grand.
Some beoblesh runs de beautiful,
Some vorks philosophie ;
Der Breitmann solfe de infinide
Ash von eternal shpree !

HANS BREITMANN'S CHRISTMAS.

“ Hæc est illa bona dies
 Et vocata læta quies
 Vina sitientibus.

“ Nullus metus, nec labores,
 Nulla cura, nec dolores,
 Sint in hoc symposio.”

[*De Generibus Ebriosorum, Francoforti
 ad Mænum, A.D. 1585.*]

I D vas on Weihnachtsabend—vot Ghristmas Efe dey
 call—
 Der Breitmann mit his Breitmen tid rent de Musik
 Hall ;
 Ash de Breitmen und die vomen who vere in de Lieder-
 kranz
 Vouldt blend deir souls in harmonie to have a bleasin
 tantz.

Dey reefed de Hall 'mid pushes so nople to pe seen,
 Aroundt Beethoven's buster dey on-did a garlandt
 creen :
 De laties vork like teufels dwo tays to scroob de
 vloor,
 Und hanged a crate serenity mit WILLKOMM ! oop de
 toor !

Und while dere vas a Schwein-blatt whose redakteur
 tid say,
 Dat Breitmann he vas *liederlich* : ve ant-worded dis-a
 way,
 Ve maked anoder serenity mid ledders plue und red :
 "Our *Leader lick* de repels ! N.G." (enof gesaid.)

Und anoder serene dransbarency ve make de veller
 baint,
 Boot de vay he potch und vertyfeled id, vas enof to
 shvear a saint,
 For ve vanted LA GERMANIA ;—boot der ardist mit a
 bloonder,
 Vent und vlorished LAGER agross id—und denn poot
 MANIA oonder !

"Now ve moost pe guest-friendlich," said Breitemann,
 said he ;
 "Und shoot te toor vide oben, for beople all to see.
 Four elemends indernally unided make a punsch ;
 Boot id *dakes* a tausend fellers when you gifes dem
 freie lunsch."

Und as Ghristmas Efe vas gekommen, de beoplesh
 weren im Hall ;
 I shvears you id vas Gott-full—dat shplendit, peglory'd
 ball ;
 Ve hat foon *wie der Teufel in Frankreich*—ve coot oop
 like der teufel in France,
 Und valk pair-wise in, while de musik blayed loudt de
 Fackel-Tanz.

Boot when de valtz shtrike oopwart ve most went out
 of fits,
 Ash der Breitmann led off on a dwister mit de lofely
 Helmine Schmitz.

He valtz yoost like he vas shtandin' shtill mit a
peaudiful solemn shmile,
Und Helmine say he nefer shtop *poussiren* alla weil.

“*Es töent, es rauschet Saitenklang*—I hear de musik
call
Den kerzenhellen Saal entlang—all droo de gleamin'
Hall.
O mächt ich schweben stolz und froh—O mighdt I efer
pe
Mit dir durchs ganze Leben so!—mine *Lebenlang* by
dee!”

Und vaster blay de musik de *Wellen und Wogen* von
Strauss ;
Und soom drop indo de tantzen, und soom of dem drop
aus ;
Und soon like a shtorm in de Meere I veel de reelin'
vloor,
So de shpinner shtop mit de shpinsters, for dey
couldn't shpin no more.

Now weren ve all frolic, *und lauter guter ding*,
Und dirsty ash a broosh-pinder—vhen ve hear some
glasses ring ;
Foor mild und sonft in de distants—like de song of
a nightingall,
Denn a ringin' und rottlin' und clotterin'—ash de Glück
of Edenhall ?

Hei ! how ve roosh on de liquor !—hei : how de kellners
coom :
Hei ! how ve busted de bier-kegs und poonished de
Punsch a la Rhum.

Like lonely wafes at mitternight oopon some shiant
shore—

Like an awful shtorm in de Wælder—vas de dirsty
Deuschers' roar !

I pyed some carts for a dime abiece—I pyed shoost
fifty-dwo,

Dey vere goot for bier, or schnapps, or wein—by
doonder how dey flew !

I ring de deck on de waiters for liquor hot und cool,
Und efery dime I blays a cart, py shings, I rake de
pool !*

Und ash ve trinked so comforble, like boogs in any
roog,

De trompets blowed *tan da ra dei*, und dere come in
a *Maskenzug*,

A peaudiful brocession, soul-raisin' and sooplime,
De marmorbilds of de heroes of de early Sharman
dime.

Dere vent der gros Arminius, mit his frau Thusnelda,
doo,

De vellers ash lam de Romans dill dey roon mit noses
plue ;

Denn vollowed Quinctilius Varus who carry a Roman
yoke,

Und arm in arm mit Gambrinus coom der Allemane
Chroc.

* In American-German festivals, cards are sometimes sold by the quantity, which are "good" for refreshments. This is done to avoid trouble in making change.

Der alte Friedrich Rothbart, und Kaiser Karl der
 crate,
 Mit Roland und Uliverus vent shveepin' on in shtate ;
 Und Conradin, whose sad-full deat' shtill makes our
 heartsen plead,
 Und all ov dem oldt vellers aus dem Nibelungen Lied.

Und as dey mofed on, der Breitmann maked a tyfeled
 shplendid witz
 In anti-word to dis quesion from de lofely Mina
 Schmitz :

“Vhy ish id dey always makes in shtone dem vellers
 so andiquadet ?”

“Vhy—dey set in de laps of Ages dill dey got lapi-
dated!”

Und shoost as de last of dis hisdory hat fanished droo
 de door,
 Ve heardt a ge-screech, and Pelz Nickel coom howlin'
 on de vloor ;
 Denn de laties yell like der teufel, und vly like gulls
 mit wings,
 Und der Pelz Nickel lick em mit svitches, und ve
 laughet like eferydings.

I nefer hafe sooch laughen before dat I vas geborn ;
 Und Pelz Nickel, vhen 'tvas ober, he plow on a yæger
 horn,
 Und denounce do all de beople gesembled in de hall :
 “Dat a Ghristmas dree vas vaiten', mit bresents for
 oos all !”

So ve vollowed him into de *zimmer* so quick ash dese
 vords he said,
 To kit dem peaudiful bresents, all gratis und on de
 dead ;

Und in facdt a shplendid Weihnachtsbaum mit lighds
 ve druly vound,
 Und liddel kifts dat ge-kostet a benny abiece all round !

Dere vas Rika Stange die Dessauerinn—a maedchen
 shtraigdt und tall,
 She cot a bicture of Cupid—boot she tidn't *see* it ad all,
 Dill der Breitmann say, mit his shplendid shtyle dat
 all de laties dake :

“Dat pend of de bow ish de Crecian pend dat you so
 ofden make !”

Anoder scharmante laity, Maria Top, did cot,
 A schwingin' mit a ribbon, a liddle benny pot ;
 Boot Breitmann hafe id de roughest of any oder mans,
 For he kit a yellow grate mit a liddle vooden Hans.

Denn next Beethoven's Sinfonie, die orkester tid blay ;
Adagio—allegro—andante cantabile.

Ve sat in shtill commotion so dat a bin mightdt drops,
 Und de deers roon town der Breitmann's sheeks,
 mitwhiles he vas trinkin' schnapps.

Next dings ve had de *Weinnachtstraum* ge-sung by
 de Liederkranz,

Denn I trinked dwelf schoppens of glee-wine to sed
 me oop for a tantz ;

Dis dimes I tanz wie der Teufel—we shriek de volk
 on de vloer ;

Und boost right indo de sooper room—for ve tanzt a
 hole droo de door !

Denn 'twas rowdy tow und hop-sassa, ve hollered,
 Mann und Weib ;

“Rip Sam und sed her oop acain !—ve're all of de
 Shackdaw tribe !”

When Pelz Nickel plow his tromp vonce more, und
 peg oos to shtop our din,
 Und droo de oben door dere coomed nine den-pins
 marchin' in.

Nine vellers tressed like den-pins—dey goed to de
 end' der hall,
 Und dwo Hans Wurst, shack-puddin' glowns—dey
 rolled at em mit a ball.
 De balls vas paintet peaudiful ; dey was vifdeen feet
 aroundt ;
 Und de rule ov de came : “whoefer cot hidt, moost
 doomple on de croundt.”

Sometimes dey hit de den-pins—sometimes de oder
 volk—
 Und pooty soon de gompany vas all laid out in shoke ;
 Boot I dells you vot, it maked oos laugh dill we by-
 nearly shplits,
 Vhen der Breitmann he roll ofer, und drip oop de
 Mina Schmitz.

Dis lets itself in Sharman pe foost-rade word-blayed
 on,
 Und 'mongst oos be-gifted vellers you pet dat id vas
 tone !
 How der Breitmann mighdt drafel ash bride-man on
 de roadt dat ish *breit* und *krumm*.*
 Here de drumpets soundt, and pair-wise ve goed for
 de sooper-room.

* Breitmann and bride-man, breit and krumm (bride and groom), or broad and crooked, &c.

Ve goed for ge-roasted Welsh-hens, ve goed for ge-
spickter hare,
Ve goed for kartoffel salade mit butter brod,—kaviar :
Ve roosh at de lordtly sauer-kraut und de wurst which
lofely shine,
Und oh, mein Gott im Kimmel ! *how* we goed for de
Mosel-wein !

Und troonker more, und troonker yet, und troonker
shtill cot ve,
In rosy lighdt shtill drivin on agross a fairy sea ;
Denn madder, vilder, frantic-er, I proked a salat dish !
Und shoost like roarin' elefants ve tantzed aroundt de
tish.

I'fe shvimmed in heafenly droonks pefore—boot nefer
von like dis ;
De morgen-het-ache only seemt a bortion of de pliss.
De vhile in trilling peauty roundt like heafenly vind-
harps rang
A goosh of goldnen melodie—de Rheinweinbechers'
Klang.

De meltin' minnesingers' song—a droonk of honey'd
rhyme—
De b'wildrin-dipsy Bardic shants of Teutoburgic dime ;
Back to de runic dim Valhall und Balder's foamin'
mead :—
Here ents in heller glorie schein des Breitmann's
Weihnachtslied !

BREITMANN ABOUT TOWN.

DER SCHWACKENHAMMER coom to down,
 Pefore de Fall vas past,
 Und by der Breitmann drawed he in
 Ash dreimals honored gast.
 "Led's see de sighdts! In self und worldt,—
 Dere's 'sighdts' for him, to see,
 Who Selbstanschauungsvermögen 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 like sooch *brooks* ash dese ;"
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to de Bibliothek,
 Vhich Mishder Astor bilt :
 Some pooks vere only *en broschure*,
 Und some vere pound und gilt.
 "Dat makes de gold—dat makes de *sinn*,
 Mit pooks, ash men, ve see,

De pest tressed vellers guilt de most :”—
Said Breitemann, said he.

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

Dey vented by a panker's hause,
Und Schwackenhammer shvore,
He only vant a pig red shield
Hoong oop pefore de toor ;
One side of red, one side of gold,
Like de knighds 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 broperty of a shendleman,
Who oonto Europe vent.
“Don't 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 auctdion rite afay,
Berembdory und sure.

“He geeeps six houses all at vonce,
 Each veek a sale dere pe,
 Gotts ! vot a dime his vife moost hafe !”—
 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 Ridualisds,
 Who vorship Gott mit 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 teufel weep
To see his “awful shmile.”
“Vot bities dat der Fechter ne’er
Vas in Théologie,
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 meedins 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 clairfoyand witch,
A plack-eyed handsome maid,
She wahrsagt all deir 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 poulderie,
 He vas copitain oonder Turchin vonce,”
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to de Voman’s Righds,
 Where laties all agrees,
 De gals should all pe voters,
 Und deir beaux all de votees.
 “For efery man dat nefer vorks,
 Von frau should vranched pe :
 Dat ish de vay I solfe dis ding,”
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented oop, dey vented down,
 ’Tvas like a roarin’ rifer,
 De sighds vere here—de sighds vere 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.

BREITMANN IN POLITICS.

I.

I.—THE NOMINATION.

WHEN ash de var vas ober, und Beace her shnow-
 wice vings
 Vas vafin' o'er de coondry (in shpodts) like efery
 dings ;
 Und heroes vere revardtet, de beople all pegan
 To say 'tvas shame dat nodings vas done for Breite-
 mann.

No man wised how id vas shtartet, or vhere der fore
 shlog came,
 Boot dey shveared it vas a cinder, dereto a purnin'
 shame :
 "Dere is Schnitzerl in de Gustom-House—potzblitz !
 can dis dings be !—
 Und Breitmann he hafe nodings : vot sighds 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 vhat's more I deglares
 id's drue,
 He vonce gleaned oudt a down in half an our, und
 shtripped id strumpf und shoe.

“When dey ploondered de down of Huntsville, I dells
 you vot, py tam !
 He burned oop four bianco-fords and a harp to roast a
 ham ;
 When he found de *rouge* und *émail de Paris*, which de
 laties hafe hid in a shpot,
 He whited his horse all ofer—und denn pinked his
 ears, bei Gott !

“When he found dat a blace was ploonder-fool, he
 always tell dem, sure :
 ‘Men, sack und pack ! I shoots mine eyes for only
 shoost an uhr.’
 Boot if de blace vas fery rich, he vouldt say mit a
 solemn mien :
 ‘Men—I only shleep for von half uhr more—ve *moost*
 hafe tiscipline.’

“He was shoost like Kœnig Etzel, of whom de shdory
 dell,
 Der Hun who go for de Romans und gife dem shinin
 hell ;
 Only dis dat dey say no grass vouldt crow vhere
 Etzel's horse had trot,
 Und I really peliefe vhere Breitmann go, de hops
 shpring oop, bei Gott !”

If once you tie a dog loose, dere ish more soon geds
 aroundt,
 Und vhen dis vas shtartedt on Breitmann id was
 rings aroom be-foundt ;

Dough *why* he *moost* hafe somedings vas nod by no
means glear,
Nor tid id, like Paulus' confersion, on de snap to all
abbear!

Und, in facdt, Balthazar Bumchen saidt he couldtent
nicht blainly see
Why a feller for gadderin' riches shood dus revartedt
pe :
Der Breitmann own drei Houser, mit a weinhandle in
a stohr,
Dazu ein Lager-Wirthschaft, und sonst was—some-
dings 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.

2.—THE COMMITTEE OF INSTRUCTION.

Denn for our Insdructions Comedy de ding vas proto-
collirt,
By Docktor Emsig Grubler, who in Jena vonce
studiret ;
Und for Breitmann his insdrugtions de comedy tid
say
Dat de All out-going from de Ones vash die first
Morál Idée.

Und de segondt crate Morál Idée dat into him ve
rings,
Vas dat government for every man moost alfays do
efery dings ;
Und die next Idée do vitch his mindt especially ve
gall,
Is to do mitout a Bresident und no government ad all.

Und die fourt' Idée ve vish der Hans vouldt alfays
keeb in fiew,
Ish to cooldifate die Peaudifool, likewise de Goot und
Drue ;
Und de form of dis oopright-hood in proctise to
present,
He must get our liddle pills all bassed, mitout id's
gostin' a cent.*

* This refers to the passage of bills in the Legislature of a state by means of bribery. In Pennsylvania, as in many other states, bills which have "nothing in them"—*i. e.*, no money—are rarely allowed to pass.

Und die fift' Idée—ash learnin' ish de cratest ding on
 eart',
 Und ash Shoopider der Vater to Minerfa gife ge-
 birt'—
 Ve peg dat Breitmann oonto oos all pooplic tocu-
 ments
 Which he can grap or shtéal vill sendt—franked—mit
 his gompliments.

Die sechste crate Morál Idée—since id fery vell ish
 known
 Dat mind is 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 lagerbier.

Now ash all dese insdrugdions vere showed to Mishder
 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 liddle trawpacks, und in fagdt
 weren't worth a dern.

Boot yet, mit our bermission, if de shentlemans
 allow—
 Here all der Sharmans in de room dake off deir hats
 und pow—
 He vouldt gife our honored gandidate some nodions
 of his own,
 Hafng managed some elegdions 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 oud of der liddle endt
 der horn,
 Mit his goot *proad* Sharman shoulders—dis maket
 oos laugh, py shink !
 So de comedy shtart for Breitmann's—*Nota bene*—
 after a trink !

3.—MR. TWINE EXPLAINS BEING “SOUND UPON
 THE GOOSE.”

Dere in his crate corved oaken shtuhl der Breitemann
 sot he :
 He lookt shoost like de shiant in de Kinder hish-
 dorie ;
 Und pefore him, on de tische, was—vhere man alfays
 foundt it—
 Dwelf inches of good lager, mit a Bœemisch glass
 around it.

De foorst vordt dat der Breitmann spoke he maked
 no sbeeche or sign !
 De nexd remark vas, “*Zapfet aus!*”—de dird vas,
 “*Schenket ein!*”
 Vhen in coomed liddle Gottlieb und Trina mit a
 shtock
 Of allerbest Markgraefler wein—dazu dwelf glaeser
 Bock.

Denn Mishder Twine deglare dat he vas happy to
 denounce
 Dat as Coptain Breitmann suited oos egsockdly do an
 ounce,

He vas ged de nomination, and need nod more ecksh-
blain :
Der Breitmann dink in silence, and denn roar aloudt,
CHAMPAGNE !

Denn Mishder Twine, while drinkin' wein, mitwhiles
vent on do say,
Dat long instruckdions 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 efery man he's *soundt oopon der
coose.*

Und ash dis liddle frase berhops vas nod do oos
bekannt,
He dakes de liberdy do make dat ve shall oonder-
shtand,
And vouldt dell 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 Bennsylvanien'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 cooses, und vere
 poor,
 All shvear de law forbid dis crime, py shings und
 cerdain sure ;
 But de coose-holders teklare a coose greadt liberdy
 tid need,
 And to pen dem oop vas gruel, und a mosdt oon-
 Christian teed.

“Und denn anoder barty idself tid soon refeal,
 Of arisdograts who kept no coose, pecause 'twas nod
 shendeel :
 Tey tid not vish de splodderin' keese 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 floods high
 inteed ;
 Boot das bier ish in de mittle, says an goot old Shar-
 man lied.*

“Und shoost apout elegdion-dimes de scoom und
 drecks, ve see,
 Have a pully Wahl-verwandtschaft, or election-sym-
 pathie.”
 “Dis is very vine,” says Mishder Twine, “vot here
 you indrotuce :
 Mit your bermission I'll grack on mit my shdory of de
 coose.

* “Die Welt gleicht einer Bierbouteille.”

“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 Coose-man anoder veller rose,
 Who keepedt himself ungommon shtill vhen oders
 came to plows ;
 Und if any ask how ’twas he shtoodt, his friendts
 wouldt vink so loose,
 Und vhisper 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 question he indends to coot it fat.’
 So de veller cot elegded pefore de beople foundt
 On *whitch* site of der coose it vas he shtick so awful
 soundt.

“Und efer in America, hencevorwart from dat day,
 Ash mit de Native Mericans, de fashion vas to
 say—

* Harrisburg is the capital of the state of Pennsylvania.

† In a certain edition of the Breitmann Ballads, this phrase is said to have originated in 1845. In 1835, I heard it said that General Jackson in a letter spelt all correct “*oll korrekt*,” and this I believe to be the *real* origin of the expression.—C. G. L.

Likes well in de Kansas droples—de shap who tid not
refuse
To go mit de beoples ash wanted him, vas soundt
oopen der coose.

“Dis shdory’s all I hafe to dell,” says Mishder Hiram
Twine ;
“Und I advise Herr Breitmann shoost to vight id on
dis line.”
De volk who of dese boledics would oder shapers
read,
Moost waiten for de segondt pardt of dis here Breit-
mann’s Lied.

II.

4.—HOW BREITMANN AND SMITH WERE REPORTED
TO BE LOG-ROLLING.

I D hoppenet in de yar of crace, vhen all dese dings
 pegan,
 Dat Mishder Schmit, de shap who rooned acainsd der
 Breitemann,
 Vas 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—vhitch look shoost
 like a bruder—
 Dat vhen Twine vas vork on any side der Schmit vas
 on der oder :
 A fery gommon dodge ish dis mit de arisdocracie ;
 So dat votefer cardt doorns op, id's game for de
 familie !

Nun, goot ! Howefer dis might pe, 'tvas cerdain on
 dis hit
 Der Twine vas do his tyfelest to euchre Mishder
 Schmit ;

Und Schmit, I criefto say, exclaimed : “Gaul 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,
Whitch 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
ascertained,
Dat Breitmann hafe lossed money py a valse und
schwindlin’ friendt—
So dey roon it droo de newsbapers, und shbeeck to
make pegan,
Dat *Breitmann* shtole de gelt himself und rop de oder
man.*

Boot de ding that jam de hardest on de men dat bull
de vires,
Und showed that Copitain Breitmann shtood pedween
dwo heafy vires,
Vas, pecause he vas a soldier—von could see id at a
clanse—
Dey had pud him in a tisdriht vhere he hadn’t half a
shanse.

* This incident, and the one narrated in the preceding verse,
are literally true.

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
shtrict,
Dey honor dem py puttin' em vhere dey're cerdain to
be licked.

Boot dis dimes it shlopped over. 'Tvas de dird or
secondt heat,
Dat a soldier in dis tisdright had been poot oop und
beat ;
So de Plue Goats dink it over und go quietly to
vork :
De bow vhen too moosh aufgespannt vlies packward
mit a yerck.

Now Mishder Twine deglaret dat de ding seemed
doubtenful,
Boot mitout delay he dook de horns so poldly py de
bull,
Und shpread de shdory eferyvhere, dill folk to pliefe
pecan,
Dat Mishder Schmit had *sold de vight* unto der Breite-
mann !

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 de war, in de
ploonder-und-morder line,
Boot vas hoockleperry-persimmoned mit dese boledics
of Twine.

Howefer, dis ledder vorket foorst-rate — mit de
Mericans 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.

5.—HOW THEY HELD THE MASS MEETING.

Dere's nodings in dis vorldt so pad, ash all oov us may
learn,
Boot may shange from dark to lighthood, if loock
should dake a doorn ;
So it hoppenet mit Breitmann, who in spite of sin und
Schmit,
Gontrifed ad shoost dis yooncture do make a glucky
hit.

Dey hat sendet out some plackarts to de Deutsche
burgers all
(N.B.—Dish ish not mean *blackguards*, boot de pills
dey shtick on de vall),

To say dat a Massenversammlung—or a meeding of
all dem asses—
Vouldt be held in de Arbeiter-Halle, to consisd of de
Sharman classes.

Now dey gife de brinting of de pills to a new gekom-
mene man,
Who dinked dat Demokratisch vas de same ash
Repooblican :
Gott im Himmel weiss vhere he'd hid himself on dis
free Coloompian shore
Dat he scaped de naturalizationids, und hadn't found
out pefore.

Boot to dis Deutsche brinter, de only tifference he
Petween Repooplicanish and Demokratisch tid see,
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 shmall grubs grows oop
to vings !
How often shoost from moostard seet a virst-glass
pusiness shprings !
Van't klein komt men tot't groote, ash de Hollanders
hafe said :
Mit dese dwo ledders Breitemann caved in der
Schmitsy's head.

6.—BREITMANN'S GREAT SPEECH.

Dis tale dat Schmit hafe *sell de vight* cot so mooch
 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 efery
 dodge.

When de meeding vas gesepled, und dey found no
 Schmit vas dere,
 Dey looket at von anoder mit a *ganz* erstaunished
 air ;
 But dey *saw it* glear as taylighd, und around a vink
 dere ran,
 When pefore dem rose de shiant form of Copitain
 Breitemann !

Denn Breitemann vent los at dem : “ He could nichts
 vell exbress
 De rapdure dat besqueezed his hearts—de wonnevol
 hoppiness—
 To meed in friendtlich 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 und denn—
 Soosh shpecdagles couldt nod pe seen of soosh im-
 bardial men,

So tefoid of base sospicion, so apofe all betty dricks,
Ash to gome und lisdén 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 exbress dem in manners oppor-
tunes ”—

Here a veller in de gallery gry oud, oonkindly,
“Shpoons !”

Und dere der Breitmann goppled him : “If *shpoons*
our modifies pe,

Dere’s nod 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 ged a ladle for mein friendt, der Mishder
Schmit.*”

Dis fetch das Haus like doonder—it raise der tyfel’s
dust,

Und for sefen-lefen minudes dey ooplouded on a
bust ;

Und de chaps dat dinked of hedgin’ saw a ring as
round as O ;

So dey boked each oder in de ribs 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
 vere ready cut ;
 Only Breitmann hafe de liddle end, und Schmitsy
 dake de butt !

Denn Breitmann he crack onward : " If any 'lightened
 man
 Vill seeken in his Bibel, he'll find dat a publican
 Is a barty ash sells lager ; und de ding is fery blain,
 Dat a *re*-publican ish von who sells id 'gain und
 'gain.

" Now since dat I sells lager, I gant agreën mit
 De demprance brinciples I hear dishtriputet 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 Sharman liperal friendts 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 brayer-book—
 for salfadion :
 I would not for die welt say dings to hoort his repuda-
 dion.

" Und noding is more likely dat it all a shlander pe,
 So also de rumor dat vhen young he shtoody divinidy :
 I myself, ash a publican, moost pe a sinner py fate,
 Und in dis sense I denounce mineself ash Republi-
 can-didate !

" Ash Deutschers say—und Yankees doo—vhen der
 wein ish in der man,
 So ish oopon de oder part, de wise-hood in de can,

Whitch brofes dat wein und wise-hood ish all de same,
 py shinks !
 Und de only real can-didate ish der veller ash coes
 for trinks :

“Und dat ve may meed in gommon, I deglare here in
 dis hall—
 Und I shvears mineself to holt to it, votefer may
 pefall—
 Dat any man who gifes me his fote—votefer his bole-
 dics 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 brinciples I holts, and dose in vitch I
 run :
 Dey ish fixed firm und immutaple ash de course of de
 ’ternal sun :
 Boot if you ton’t approve of dem—blease nodice vot I
 say—
 I shall only pe too happy to alder dem right afay.

“Und undo my Demogratic friendts I vould fery
 glearly shtate—
 Since dis useless mit oop-geclearéd minds to hold a
 long depate—

Dat dere's no man in de cidy who sells besser liquor
 ash I,
 Und I shtand de treadts *free-gradis* vhenefer mine
 friendts 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, bot 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 svored dat der Copitain Breitmann vas a
 brickpat, und no sardine ;*
 Und dey trinked demselfs besoffen, sayin', “Hobe you
 wird sookceed !”—
 De nexter theil will pe de ent of dis historisch lied.

* “No more interlect than a half-grown shad,” is a phrase which occurs, if the author remembers aright, in the Charcoal Sketches, by J. C. Neal. The Western people have carried this idea a step further, and applied it to sardines, as “small fishes,” all of an average size, packed closely together in tin cans and excluded from the light of day. A man who has never travelled, and has during all his life been packed tightly among those who were his equals in ignorance and inexperience, is therefore a “sardine.”

III.

PARDT DE VIRST.

THE AUTHOR ASSERTS THE VAST INTELLECTUAL
SUPERIORITY OF GERMANS TO AMERICANS.

DERE'S a liddle fact in hishdory vitch few hafe
oondershtand,
Deutschers are, *de jure*, de owners of dis land,
Und I brides mineself oonshpeak-barly dat I foorst
make be-knownn,
De primordial cause dat Columbus vas derivet from
Cologne.

For ash his name vas Colon, it fisiply does shine,
Dat his Eldern are geboren been in Cologne on der
Rhein,
Und Colonia peing a colony, it sehr bemerkbar ist,
Dat Columbus in America was der firster colonist.

Und ash Columbus ish a tove, id ish wort' de drople
to mark,
Dat an bidgeon foorst tiscofer 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 mein goot oldt teacher der Kreutzer to me tid
 ofden shbeak,
 De mythus of name rebeats itself—vhitch see in his
 "Symbolik,"
 So also de name America, if we a liddle look,
 Vas coom from der oldt king Emerich in de Deutsche
 Heldenbuch.

Und id vas from dat fery Heldenbuch—how voonderful
 it ron,
 Dat I shdole de Song of Hildebrand, or der Vater und
 der Sohn,
 Und dishtripude it to Breitemann for a reason vhitch
 now ish plain,
 Dat dis Sagen Cyclus full-endet, pring me round to
 der Hans again.

Dese laws of un-endly un-windoong ish so teep and
 broad and tall,
 Dat nopody boot a Deutscher hafe a het to versteh
 dem at all,
 Und should I write mine dinks all out, I tont peliefe
 inteed,
 Dat I mineself vould versteh de half of dis here Breit-
 mann's Lied.

Ash der Hegel say of his system—dat only von mans
 knew,
 Vot der tyfel id meant—und *he* couldn't tell—und der
 Jean Paul Richter, too,

Who saidt : "Gott knows I meant somedings vhen
foorst dis buch I writ,
Boot Gott only wise vot das buch means now—for I
hafe fergotten it!"

Und 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, as I really
do soospect,
Ish dat oder volk hafe more *soopose*—und lesser
intellect.

Yet oop-righty I confess it—mitout ashkin' vhy or
vhence,
Dere ish also dimes vhen Amerigans hafe shown
sharp-pointet sense,
Und a fery outsigned exemple of genius in dis line,
Vas dishblayed in dis elegdion py Mishder Hiram
Twine.

PARDT DE SECONDT.

SHOWING HOW MR. HIRAM TWINE "PLAYED OFF"
ON SMITH.*

Vide licet. Dere vas a fillage whose vote alone vouldt
pe
Apout enof to elegdt a man und give a mayority,
So de von who couldt "scoop" dis seddlement vouldt
make a lucky hit,
But dough dey vere Deutchers, von und all, dey all
go von on Schmit.

Now id hoppenet to gome to bass, dat in dis little
town,
De Deutsch vas all exshpegdin' dat Mishder Schmit
coom down,
His brinciples to foresetzen und his idées to deach—
(*Id est*, fix oop de brifate pargains)—und telifer a
pooplic shbeeche.

Now Twine vas a gyrotwistive cuss ash blainly ish
peen shown,
Und vas always an out-findin' votefer might pe
known,
Und mit some of his circumswindles he fix de matter so,
Dat he'd pe himself at dis meeding, und see how
dings vas go.

* The incident narrated in this part, is told in Pennsylvania as having occurred to a well-known politician, who bore the sobriquet of "With all due deference," from his habit of beginning all his speeches with these words.



Oh shdrangely in dis leben de dings kits vorked
apout,
Oh voonderly Fortuna makes doorn us inside out.
Oh sinkular de loock-vheel rolls—dis liddle meeding
dere,
Fixt Twine *ad perpendiculum* :—shoosh suit him to a
hair.

Now it hopponet on dis efenin', de Deutschers von
und all,
Vere erwaitin' mit oonpatience de onfang of de Ball,
Und de shates of nighdt vere fallin' und de shdars
pegin to plink,
Und dey vish dat Schmit vouldt hoory, for 'twas dime
to dake a trink.

Dey hear some hoofs a dramplin'—und dey saw und
dinked dey know'd,
De bretty greature coomin' on his horse entlang de
road,
Und ash he ride town-invard de likeness vas so
blain,
Dey donnered out "Hoorra for Schmit!" enof to make
it rain.

Der Twine vas shdart like plazes—boot oop shdardet,
too his vit,
Und he dinks, "Great turnips!—vhot if I couldt bass
for Colonel Schmit!
Gaul darn my heels I'll do it—and go the total swine,
Oh soap balls!—*what* a chance!" said dis dissem-
bulatin' Twine.

Denn'twas "Willkomm! willkomm! Mishder Schmit!"
 rings aroom on efery site,
 Und "First-rate—how dy do, yourself?" der Hiram
 Twine replied,
 Dey ashk him "Coom und dake a trink"—boot dey
 find id mighdy gueer,
 Vhen Twine informed em none boot hogs vould
 trink dat shtinkin' bier.

Dat lager vas nodings boot boison, und as for
 Sharman wein,
 He dinks it vas erfunden exbressly for Sharman
 schwein,
 Dat he himself was a demperanceler, dat he gloria in
 de name,
 Und adfised dem all for tecence's sake to go und do
 de same.

Dese remarks, among de Deutschers, vere apout as
 vell receive,
 Ash cats in a game of den-pins—ash you may of coorse
 peliefe,
 De heats of de recebtion vent down a dootzen de-
 grees,
 Und in blace of hurraws was only heardt de roostlin'
 of de drees.

Und so in solemn stille dey scorched him to de hall,
 Vhere he maket de crate oradion vhitvhich vas so moosh
 to blease dem all,
 Und dis vay he pegin it: "Perfore I furder go,
 I vish dat my obinions, you puddin-het Dutch, shouldt
 know.

“Und eher I norate funder, I dink it only fair,
 Ve shouldt oonderstand each oder, prezackly, chunk
 and square ;
 Dere are points on vitch ve tisagree, und I vill plank
 de facts—
 I tont go round slanganderin’ my friendts pehind deir
 packs.

“So I beg you dake it easy, if on de raw I touch,
 When I say I can’t apide de sound of your groonting
shishing Dootch,
 Should I in de Legislatudure as your slumgullion
 stand,
 I’ll have a bill forbidding Dutch, droo 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 atvocate id’s use in
 pooplic schools,
 Oonless dey’re peastly, nashdy, prutal, saur-kraut
 eadin’ fools.”

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 saidt : “Ish id shleeps I’m treamin’—
 Gottstausend !—vhot ish dis ?”

Twine keptet von eye on de vindow,—boot boldly
 vent ahet,
 “Of your oder shtinkin’ hobits no vordt needt here pe
 set ;
 Shdop goozlin’ bier—shdop shmokin’ bipes—shdop
 rootin’ in de mire,
 Und shoost un-Dutchify yourselves !—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 oopkicket
 pefore,—
 Some roosh to on-climb de blatform,—some hoory to
 festen de 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 vas it for Hiram Twine dat nimply he couldt
 shoomp !
 Und vell dat he light on a mist-hauf und nefer feel de
 boomp !
 Und vell for him dat his coot cray horse shtood sottelet
 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 ear,
 Boot he tortled oop de barrick road like any moundain
 deer,
 Dey trowed der Hiram Twine mit shteins—boot dey
 only could be-mark
 Von climpse of his vHITE ober-coat—und a clotterin'
 droo de dark.

So dey gesempeled togeder, ein ander to sprechen
 mit,
 Und allow dat soosh a Rede dey nefer exshpegt from
 Schmit!
 Dat he vas a foorst-glass plackguard, und so pig a
 lump ash ran,
 So—*nemine contradicente*—dey vented for Breite-
 mann.

Und 'twas annerthalb yar dere after before der Schmit
 vas know,
 Vhat maket dis rural fillage go pack oopon him so,
 Und he schwored at de Dutch more schlimmer ash
 Hiram Twine had done,—
Nota bene: he tid it in earnest, while der Hiram's vas
 pusiness-fun.

Boot vhen Breitmann heardt de shtory how de fillage
 hat peen dricked,
 He schwore bei Leib und Leben, dat he'd rader hafe
 peen licked,
 Dan be helpet droo sooch slumgoozlin',—und 'twas
 petter to pe a schwein,
 Dan a schvindlin', honeyfooglin' shnake, like dat linyin'
 Yankee Twine.

Und pegot so heavy disgootet mit de boledics of dis
land,
Dat his friendts could barely keep him from trowin'
oop his hand,
Vhen he held shtraight-flush mit an ace in his poot—
vitch phrase ish all de same,
In de science of pokerology, ash if he got de game.

So Breitmann cot elegdet, py vollowin' de vay,
Ve manage our elegdions oonto dis fery day.
Dis shows de Deutsch Dummehrichkeit—also de
Yankee "wit :"—
Das ist das abenteuer how Breitmann lick der
Schmit.

BREITMANN AS AN UHLAN.

“ Bjór foeri ek thér,
 Brynthings apaldr !
 Magni blandinn
 Ok magentíri,
 Fullr er hann ljoda.”

—*Sigrdrífurnál.*

“ Beer I bear to thee,
 Battle's great apple-tree !
 Mingled with might
 And with bright glory,
 All full of song.”

—*The Edda.*

I.

THE VISION.

“ Dere vas vonce oopon a dimes a Frantchman who asket if a Sherman could hafe *ésprit*. Allowin for his pad shbellin, de reater will find dat der Herr Breitmann was hafe a *spre* goot many dimes. You gant ged rount de Dootch.”—FRITZ SCHWACKENHAMMER.

GOTTS blitz ! blau Feuer, potz bomben Tod !
 Vot shimmers in de mitnacht roth ?
 Like hell-shtrom boorst o'er heafen's plain,
 Trowin dead light on eart acain :—
 Ja !—wide im nord om Odin shtone
 Lies a shiant form im glare alone,

Troonk py de eis-kalt roarin shdream
Der Hans ish hafe ein wunder tream.

Troonk om haunted Odinstein
Im Hexenlicht und Elfenschein
Vhere bloody Druids omens trew
From grin und screech of shaps dey slew ;
Or vhere der Norseman long of yore
Vas carven eagles on de shore,
As o'er him yell de Valkyr broot
Und crows valk round knee teep im ploom,
While rabens schkreem o'er ruddy bay ;
Dere—ten pottles troonk—Hans Breitmann lay.

Fast und rof der war-man shnore
Like de hammer-shlog of Thor,
Schnell ash Mjöllner's bang und beat
Heaved de form from het to veet,
Vhile apofe him in de shkies
Dere he saw a glorie rise,
Und im mittle von it all
De iron lords of crate Valhall.

Long he gaze mit wölfen glare
At de Aesir in de air,
Long mit schneerin bären grin
He toorn his nase auf und hin
(For ne'er a Sherman—tam de otts—
Vas efer yet gife in to Gotts),
Dill avery Aes owned oop dat he
A gott-like man of brass moost pe.

Shtern der Breitmann raise his het,
To his fader Gotts he set :

“ Let your worts of wisehood shlip ;
 Rush your runes, und let 'em rip !
 For you de gotts hafe efer pe
 Of dose who vere ash gotts to me :—
 Alt Thor der Thören here pelow—
 Vot hell you vants,* I'd like to know ?”

Antworded ash de donner clangs,
 Der fader of de iron bangs :
 “ De gotts will let de hell-dogs go,
 Und raise damnation here pelow ;
 Until de sassy Frenchmen schmell
 De rifers ten dat roon troo hell.
 To telle dis I comme dence,
 Dou lord of lion impudence.

“ Drafeller ! I know dee vell !
 Breitmann improturbable !
 Vhen on eart I hat my shy,
 Breitmann of dat age vas I.
 I schwear py Thor ! so crate und gay,
 I smashed de Jötuns in my tay,
 Und dou shall pe ge-writ sooplime
 Ash de crate Thor of deiner time.

“ Now ve lets de eagles vly
 Skreemin troo de vlamín shky,
Our own specials :—dare nod laugh ;
 For in de London *Telegraph*,

* “ Dese outpressions ish not to pe angeseen py anypodies ash *schvearin*, boot ash inderesdin Norse or Sherman idioms. Goot many refiewers vot refiewsed to admire soosh derms in de earlier editions ish politelich requestet to braise dem in future nodices from a transcendental philological standpoint.”—FRITZ SCHWACKENHAMMER.

A voondrous poy vot make oos shdare,
 For hop vhat may; he's *always dere!*
 Vill dell de wort, troo blut and flame,
Hans Breitmann ist der Uhlan's name.

“Und all dou e'er on eart has done,
 From oop gang oontil settin sun,
 Vill pe ash nix—I schvear py Thor!
 To vat dou'lt do in dieser war;
 Plazin roofs und mordered men,
 Hell set loose on eart again;
 Rush und ride in shtorm und float,
 Cannon roarin, pools of bloot;
 Deutschland mad in fool career,
 Led py dy Uhlanen spear.
 Hell's harfest—sheafs of fictorie,
 Reaped mit deat's sword und reapt by dee!

“Ja! On many a dorf und disch,
 Dou shalt pring a requisish;*
 Dwendy dimes de Fräntscher men
 Hafe sporned dy land in blut acain—

* *Requisish*. An abbreviation of the word *requisition*, which Breitmann had heard during the War of Emancipation. I once heard this cant term used in a droll manner, about the end of the war, by a little girl, six years old, the daughter of a quartermaster. She had “confiscated,” or “foraged,” or “skirmished,” as it was indifferently called, a toy whip belonging to her little brother of four years, who was clamorously demanding its return. “I cannot let you have the whip,” said she gravely, “as I need it for military purposes; but I can give you a requisish for it on my papa, who will give you an order on the United States Government.”—C. G. L.

All dose dwenty dimes in von,
 Py Deutschland shall to France pe done,
 Und dwenty dimes in blut and wein
 Shalst dou refenge de Palatine.

“Go!—mit shpeer und fiery muth!
 Go!—mit durst for bier und blut!
 Go!—mit lofe for Vaterland,
 Into burning fury fanned:
 Towns und hen-roosts shall hafe shown
 Where der Uhlán ist peen gone,
 Und cocks vill roon und men crow tame
 To hear of der Uhlánen name.”

Der fision fadet in de shky,
 Und hours vent on und time goed py.
 Vot heardest dou, Napolium?
 De rumpitty, rumpitty, rumpitty poom!
 Ven you hear de sound of de droom,
 Oh denn you know dat de Dootch hafe coom,
 De treadful roarin Dootch, mit de droom
 Und de roompitty, pumpitty, poompity pum!
 De wild ferocious Dootch on a bum,
 Mit cannon roar und pattle hum,
 Mit fee und faw on de foe und fum!
 Led py de awful Breitemum!
 Bitty boom!! BOOM!!

II.

BREITMANN IN A BALLOON.

WHO vas efer hear soosh voonders,
 Holy breest or virshin nonn?
 As pefelled de Coptain Breitmann,
 When he hoont an air-ballon.
 Der Bizzy * und der Dizzy, †
 Mit Lothairingen und Lothair,
 Vas nodings to dis Deutscher,
 Who vent kitin troo de air.

Id was in yar Nofember,
 In eighdeen sefendee,
 Der Breitmann vent a prowlin,
 By monden light vent he.
 In fillages deserted
 He hear de Uhu moan ;
 For you always hear der Uhu ‡
 Where der Uhu-lan ish gone.

* Bismarck.

† Disraeli.

‡ *Uhu*. An owl—the bird of kn-owl-edge.

Alone *allonsed** der Uhlan,
 Boot nodings could he find
 Safe whitey clouds a drivin
 In moonshine fore de wind.
 Boot ash he see dese cloudins
 He remark dat *von* vas round,
 Und inshtead of goin oopwärts
 It kep risin towards de ground.

“Oh, vot ish dis a gomin?
 Some planet, py de Lord!
 Too boor to life in heafen,
 Coom down on eart to poard;
 Und pelow it schwing tree engels—
 Two he-vons mit a wench.
 Boot, mein Gott! vot sort of engels
 Can dose pe, dalkin Fræntsch!

“I hafe read in Eckhartshausen
 Dat oop in heafen—py tam!
 De engels dalk in Sherman,
 Und sing Mardin Luther’s psalm.
 O nein—es sind kein engeln
 Vot sail so smoo-fly on,
 Das sind verfluchte Franzosen
 In einem luft-ballon!” †

* *Allons*. Uhlan slang for *go* or *went*, as in America, they use the Spanish word *vamos* to express every person in every sense of the verb *to go*. Pronounce *allon'd*.

† “O no, those are no engels
 Which sail so smoothly on.
 O no—they’re cursèd Frenchmen,
 All in an air-balloon.”

Hei ! how der Breitmann streak it
 Ven vonce he kess de trut' !
 He spurred id like de wild fire
 Of hope in early yout'.
 Troo de weingarts like der teufel
 When he shase a lawyer's soul ;
 Down der moundain mit his lanze
 Und his wafin banderol.

Down de moundain, o'er de valley,
 Troo de village he ish gone ;
 Dog-barks die out pehind him,
 Oders bark ash he come on.
 Liddle heedet he deir bellin,
 Liddle mind der Hahnen crow ;
 Liddle hear der Bauern yellin,
 Clotter, clodder, on he go.

“ Oh, vot ish hoontin foxen,
 Und vot ish yäger pliss,
 Und vot ish shasin bison
 On de blains, to soosh ash dis ?
 I hafe dinked dat roonin rebels
 Vas de pest of eartly fun ;
 Boot id isn't half so sholly
 Ash to go a luft-ballon.”

Und ash id shdill vent onwart,
 Shdill onwarts mit der wind,
 Der coom a real madness
 To catch id, o'er his mind.
 Und had'st dou seen him vylin,
 Dat wild onfuriate brick,
 Dou'st hafe schworn dat Coptain Breitmann
 Was pecome balloonatic.

In fain dey trow deir sand-bags,
 In fain all dings let fall,
 De ballon shdill kep a sinkin,
 Und id vouldn't rise at all.
 Yet de wild wind trife id onwarts,
 Onwarts shdill der Breitmann go,
 Dill he cotch id py a rope-ent
 Vot vas hangin town pelow.

Boot vhen it risen oopwarts,
 Ash he gling to id, of corse,
 Mit de lefter hand he holtet
 To de pridle of his horse.
 Der horse valk on his hind-legs :
 Too schwer to rise vas he ;
 Mein Gott ! vot fix for Breitmann
 Of de Uhlan cavallrie !

So he go for seferal stunden
 Petween himmel und eart pelow,
 Boot der teufel und die engels
 Couldn't make der Hans let go.
 Dill all at vonce an idée
 Coom from his loocky shtar—
 He led co his horse's pridle
 Und glimb oop indo de car.

Und vot you dinks he foundet
 Vhen in dat air-ballon ?
 A nople Englisch vicomte,
 Milord de Robinson ;
 Und mit him vas a laity,
 Mit whom he'd rooned afay,
 Whom he indroduce to Breitmann
 Ash die Jungfer Salomé.

Und der dritte was a barson,
 Whom Milord, mit prudent view,
 Hat took als secretaire,
 Likevise for pallast doo.
 Dey should hafe bitched him ofer
 Vhen de gas was out, dey say ;
 Boot de damé vould not 'low it :—
 She'd an arrière pensée.

Sait Milord : “ Afar we've wandered,
 We are done completely brown ;
 And I'll give a thousand shiners
 If you'll take me to a town
 Where no one will molest us
 Till we find our way to Lon——”
 Here der Breitmann ent de sentence
 Ash he gry out, shortly, “ *done.*”

“ And as for this fair lady
 To whom I would be bound,”
 Sait Milord, “ we'll have a wedding
 Before we reach the ground.
 To escape her father's anger
 We fled to live in peace,
 But she's relatives in London,
 And *they* have—the police.”

O vas not dis a voonders
 To make de Captain shdare ?—
 A tausend pounds in bocket
 Und a veddin in de air ?
 He gafe away de laity,
 Und als sie wieder kam

Zur festen Erde wieder,
Ward sie Robinson Madame.*

“O go mit me,” said Breitmann,
“O go in mein Quartier !
Don’t mind dem gommon soldiers,
For I’m an officier.”
He guide dem troo de coountry
Till dey reach de ocean strand ;
Now dey sit und pless Hans Breitmann,
In de far-off English land.

Dis ish Breitmann’s last adfenture
How troo Himmel air flew he :
Und it’s dime, oh nople reader !
For a dime to part from dee.
Dou may’st dake it all in earnest
Or pelieve id’s only fon ;
Boot dere’s woonder dings has hoppent
Fery oft in Luft-ballon.

* “And when she came adown
Unto the earth’s firm surface,
She was Mrs. Robinson.”

III.

BREITMANN AND BOUILLI.

“Très estimé ami,—Ick seyn nock nit verdorb,
 Vielleicht Sie denck wohl kar, das ick sey tod gestorb,
 Ock ne Kott loben Danck, ick leb nock kanss wohl auf.

Natürlich wie Kespenst die off die Kasse keh.”

—*Deutsch-Franzos, Leipzig, 1736.*

VOT roombles down de Bergstrass?
 Vot a grash ish in de air!
 Mit a desberate gonfusion,
 Und a gry of wild tespair,
 Das sind gethräsht Franzosen,*
 Und dose who after flee
 Are de terror of Champagner,
 Die Uhlan cavallrie.

So liddle say die hoonted,
 De hoonters lesser shdill;
 Der Frank is ride for's leben,
 Der Deutscher rides to kill.

* Those are thrashed Frenchmen.

Ofer dickly-doosty faces
 Deir eyes like wild-katzs glare ;
 De blut und iron ridin
 Of furie und despair.

Boot of all de wild Uhlanan,
 Der Breitmann ride de pest ;
 For he mark de Fräntsch gommanter
 Ish most elegandtly tresst.
 Und ash he coom down on him,
 Dere's a deat' look in his eye :
 "Gotts ! if I carfe dat toorkey,
 How I'll make de stoofin vly !"

Mit a clotter und a flotter,
 Like a hell-sturm dey are on :
 Mit a rottle to de pattle
 Coom de Deutschers, knockin' down,
 Down de moundain to a brucké—
 Vhy die Fräntschmen toorn ad bay ?
 Oder Deutsch were dere pefore dem,
 Und die pridge ish coot away !

Von second der Franzose
 Look down mit blitzen eye ;
 Von second at de brucké,
 Den toorn him round to die.
 While mit out-ge-poke-te lanze,
 Like ter teufel shot from hell,
 Rode der ploonder-shtarvin Breitmann
 On der grau-bart Colonel.

Vot for der Coptain Breitmann
 Ish shdop in his career ?

Vot for he pool his pridle?
 Vot for let down his speer?
 Vot for his eyes like saucers
 Grow pigger, rimmed mit staub?
 Vot for his hair, a pristlin,
 Lift oop his pickel-haub? *

So awfool—so oneart'ly,
 So treadful was his glare,
 So unbeschreiblich gastly,
 Dat der Colonel self was shkare.
 Oop come der Breitmann ridin,
 Und mit gratin foice he said:
 "Bist—du—wirkelich—lebendig? †
 Can de grafe gife oop its tead?"

"Dou livest yet—dou breaft yet,
 Dough oldter now you pe
 Since I mordered you in Strasburg,
 Mein freund—mon Jean Bouilli.
 We lofed de selfe maiden
 Wohl forty years agone:—
 She died to hear I kilt you:—
 Jean—how weiss your beard ish grown!"

"I would gife my Hab' und Güter, ‡
 Dereto mein bit of life,
 Couldt I pring dat shild to leben,
 Und make her, Jean, dy wife!"

* "Der Uhlán was not shenerally wear pickelhäube, but dis tay der Herr Breitmann gehappenet to hafe von on."—FRITZ SCHWACKENHAMMER.

† "And art thou truly living?"

‡ "All my property."

Here der Breitmann boorst out gryin,
 Like a liddle prook vept he ;
 Und dey hugged and gissed einander,
 Der Breitmann und Bouilli.

“ Ach, de efls dat from efil
 Troo a life ish efer grow !
 Had I nefer dink I killed you,
 Many a man were livin now—
 Many a man dat shleeps in cane-brakes,
 Many a man py pillow-shore ;
 For dy morder mate me reckelos,
 Und *von* tead man gries for more !

“ O Mädchen ! schön im Himmel ! *
 (Warst schon on eart' difine)—
 Can'st dink among de Engeln
 Of soosh as me und mine ?
 Den look on soosh a Reue,
 Ash eart' has nefer known :—
 Whereto hast dou a sabre ?
 Wherefore not kill me, Jean ? ”

“ O, ne pleurez pas, mon Breitmann !
 Je trouve cela trop fort,”
 Gry der Colonel sehr politely ;
 “ *How!*—you crois dat I was *mort!*
 Mon Dieu ! 'Tis but one minute,
 As we galloped to this plain,
 I thought your spear, mon gaillard,
 Would kill me o'er again.

* “ O maiden fair in Heaven ! ”

“Je vous fais mon compliment,
Your tendresse becomes you well ;
Et ne pleurez pas, mon brave,
Pour la petite demoiselle.
I have had a thousand since ;
One can always find such game ;
Et pour dire la vérité,
I have quite forgot her name.”

Der Breitmann look so earnest,
Long and earnest at his foe,
Ash if seein troo his augen
To de forty years ago.
Mit *vot* a shmile der Breitmann
Toorned roundt und rode away :
Dat was all his parting greetin
To der Cólónél Français.

IV.

BREITMANN TAKES THE TOWN OF
NANCY.

O HEAR a wondrous shdory
 Vot soundet like romance,
 How Breitmann mit four Uhlans
 Vas dake de town of Nantz.
 De Fräntschmen call it Nancy,*
 Und dey say its fery hard
 Dat Nancy mit her soldiers
 Vas getook py gorpral's guard.

Dey dink id vas King Wilhelm
 Ash Hans ride in de down,
 Und like Odin in his glorie
 Gazed derryple aroun'.
 Denn mit awfool condesenchen
 He at de Fräntschmen shtare,
 Und say, "Ye wretsched shildren?
Abortez mir vodre mère!"

Hans mean de city Syndic,
 Whom *maire* de Fräntschmen call;

* Nancy, the "light of love" of Lorraine.—*London Times*,
 Dec. 6, 1870.

So mit a tousand soldiers
 Dey 'scort him to de Hall ;
 In de shair of shtade dey sot him,
 Der maire coom to pe heard,
 Und Hans glare at him fife minutes
 Pefore he shbeak a word.

Den in iron dones he ooterred :
 " Ich temand que rentez fous :
 Shai dreisig mille soldaten
 Bas loin l'ici, barploo !
 Aber tonnez-moi Champagner ;
 Shai an soif exdrortinaire—
 Apout one douzaine cart-loads ;
 Und dann je fous laisse faire." *

Denn he say to Schwackenhammer,
 His segretairé—" Read
 A liddle exdra listé
 Of dings de army need,
 Und dell dem in Französisch
 Dey moost shell de neetfool down
 In less dan dwendy minudes,
 Or, py Gott, I'll purn de town."

"*Item*— one tousand vatches
 Of purest gold so fair ;

* " I require you to surrender :
 I have thirty thousand men
 Not far from here, parbleu !
 But give me first champagne ;
 I've a wondrous thirst, you know—
 About a dozen cart-loads ;
 And then I'll let you go."

Dazu fünf tousand silbern,
 For de gommon soldiers' wear ;
 Und tree dousand diamant ringé
 Dey moost make tirectly come,
 We need dem for our schweethearts
 Ven we write to em at home !

“ Von million cigarren
 Ve'll accept ash extra boons
 For not squeezin dem seferely,
 Dazu dwelf tousand shboons.”
 Here der maire fell down in schwoonin,
 Denn all dat he could say
 Vas, “ O mon dieu, de dieu, dieu !
 Nous voilà ruinées ! ” *

No wort der Breitmann ootered,
 He only make a sgratch,
 Calm and silend, on de daple,
 Mit a liddle friction match.
 De maire versteh de motion,
 So went him to de task
 Of raisin mong de peoples
 Vot it vas der Breitmann ask.

So kam he mit de ringé,
 Dey vind dem pooty soon ;
 So kam he mit de vatches,
 Und avery silber spoon.
 Boot ash for de champagner,
 He wept and loudly call
 Dat *par dieu !* he hadn't any,
 For de Deutsch hafe troonk it all.

* “ O Lord, Lord, Lord !
 We are ruined ! ”

Ja !—de gorporal's guart have trinket
 Efery pottle in de down,
 While dese negotiations
 Oop-stairs vere written down.
 Boot der Breitmann sooplively,
 Like von who nodings felt,
 Said, "Instet of le champagner
 Nous brentirons du gelt." *

Ja wohl ! Donnes cent mille franken,
 C'est mir égal, you know ; †
 Pid dem pring id in a horry,
 For 'tis dime for oos to go."
 Der maire he pring de money,
 Und der Breitmann squeeze his hand,—
 "Leb wohl, dou nople brickbat,
 Herzbruder in Frankenland !

"Boot it griefes my soul to larmen,
 Und I sympatize mit dein,
 To *pense* of you, mon ami,
 Sans le champagner wein.
 Dere will oder Deutsch pe gomin,
 Und it preak mine heart to dink
 De vay dey'll bang and slang you
 If dere's no champagne to trink !

"Cela fous fera miseré
 Que she ne feux bas see ;
 So, vollow mes gonseillés,
 Et brenez mon afis.

* "We will take the ready *gelt*."

† "Yes, give a hundred thousand francs
 'Tis all one to me, you know."

Shai, moi, deux mille bouteles,
De meilleur dat man can ashk,*
Vich I will gladly sell—
Sheap as dirt—ten franks a flask.”

De maire look oop to heafen,
Wohl nodings could he say,
Vhile oud indo de mitnight
Der Breitmann rode afay.
Away—atown de falley,
Till noding more abbears
Boot de glitter of de moonlight,
De moonlight on deir spears.

* “ Ah, that will make you trouble,
Which I would not gladly see ;
So, follow all my counsels,
And take advice from me.
I have two thousand bottles,
The best ”—

V.

BREITMANN IN BIVOUAC.

HE sits in bivouacke,
 By fire, peneat' de drees ;
 A pottle of champagner
 Held shently on his knees ;
 His lange Uhlan lanze
 Stuck py him in de sand ;
 While a goot peas-poodin' sausage
 Adorn his oder hand.

Und jungere Uhlanen
 Sit round mit oben mout'
 To hear der Breitmann's shdories
 Of fitin in de Sout'.
 Und he gife dem moral lessons,
 How pefore de battle pops :
 "Take a liddle brayer to Himmel,
 Und a goot long trink of schnapps."

Denn his leutenant bemerket :
 "How voonder shdrange it peen
 Dat so very many wild pigs
 Ish dis year in de Ardennes.

Ash I scout dere—donner'r 'wetter!—
 I sah dem coom heraus,
 Shoost here und dere an Eber
 Mit a hoondert tousand sows.

“Shoost dink of all dese she-picks
 Vot flet to neutral land!”
 Said Breitmann: “Fery easy
 Ish dis to oonderstand:
 Dese schwein-picks mit de sauen
 Vot you saw a-roonin rond,
 Ish a crate medempsygosis
 Of the Fräntsché demi-monde.

“I hafe readet in de Bible
 How soosh a coterie
 Vas ge-toornet indo swine-picks,
 Und roon down indo de see;
 Boot since de see aint handy,
 Or de picks vere all too dumm,
 Dey hafe coot agross de porder
 Und vly to Belgium.”

Now ash dey boorst oud laughin,
 Und got more liquor out,
 Dey hearden from de sendry
 A shot und denn a shout.
 Und Breitmann crasp his sabre
 Quick ash de bullet hiss,
 Und leapin out, demantet,
 “Herr'r'r Gott! vat row ish dis?”

Und bold der Schwabian answert:
 “Dis minute on de ground
 Dere comed a Fräntschman greepin,
 On all-fours a-prowlin round.

I ask him vat he wanted ;
Werda! I gry ; boot he
 Say nodings to my shallenge,
 Und only answer '*Oui.*'

“ So I shoot him like der teufels,
 Und I rader dink our friend,
 Dis sneakin Frank-tiroir,
 Ish a-drawin to his end.”
 So dey hoonted in de pushes,
 Und in avery gorner dig,
 Boot, mein Gott ! how dey vas laughin,
 Ven dey found a—mordered pig.

Next week dey hear from Paris,
 Und reat in de *Gaulois*
 Of de most adrocious action
 De vorlt vas efer saw.
 How de Uhlan cannibalen,
 Dis vile und awful prood,
 Hafe killt a nople Fräntschman,
 Und cut him oop for food.

“ Ja—shop him indo sausage,
 Und coot him indo ham ;
 Und swear dey'll serfe all oders
 Exacdly so—py tam !
 Sons of France, awake to glory,
 Let your anciend valor shine !
 Und shweep dis Prussian vermin
 Het und dails indo de Rhine !”

VI.

BREITMANN'S LAST PARTY.

For fear of some missed onder standings, I vould shtate, dat dis is only mean de last Barty dat der Herr Coptain Breitmann has ge given—*as yed*. Pimepy I kess he gife anoder von, und if I kits an in-leading, or indrotuckshun, I kess I'll go. I am von of de vellers dat vas ad de virst Barty, vhere mine swister-in-law de Madilda Yane vas tantz mit Herr Breitmann.

FRITZ SCHWACKENHAMMER,
Olim Studiosus Theologiæ, now Uhlán free-lancer,
und Segretarius of Coptain Breitmann.

VOT gollops at mitnight,
Mit *h'roolah* and yell,
Like der teufel's wild yäger
Boorst loose out of hell?
Vot cleams in the sonrise
Bright vlashin in gold?
Das sind die Uhlancers
Of Breitmann der bold.

Dey frighten de coountry,
Dey ploonder de town ;
And when dey are oop
Die Franzosen co down :

For pefore de wild Norsemen
 De Southron must flee ;
 Ab ira Normannorum
 Libera nos Domine !*

How dey sweep de chateaux !
 How dey grab oop de hens !
 Und gobble de toorkeys
 Shoot oop in de pens
 Like de Angel of Deat'
 Dey are ragin abroad :
 You may track dem py fedders
 Knee-deep in de road.

O der Breitmann ish on,
 Und der Breitmann is on,
 Und mit him de Uhlans
 Are ploonderin gone.
 De demon of fengeance
 His wings o'er em vave,
 Mit deir fingers like hooks,
 Und mit maws like de grafe.

Dey coom to a castel,
 So shplendid, of bricks ;
 Französen defend it,
 Das help em gar nichts.
 For de Uhlans hafe take it,
 Dey smash in de gate,
 Und inshpired by Gott's fury,
 Dey shdole all de plate.

* "From the wrath of the Northmen, deliver us, Lord !"

From shamber to shamber
 Dey fighted deir way,
 Till dead in de hall
 De Franzosen all lay ;
 Und dere shtood a mädchen,
 So lieblich und hold,
 Who laugh at de dead
 Troo her ringlocks of gold.

Denn der Breitmann, all plooty,
 To'm mädel so lind,
 Spoke courtly und tender :
 "Vy laughst dou, mein kind ?"
 Denn de plue-eyed young peaudy,
 Mit lippe so red,
 Said, "Vy *not* shall I laughen ?
 Vhen Frenchmen are dead.

"I coom here from Deutschland,
 De shildren to teach ;
 Dey mock me for Deutsch,
 Und dey sneer at mein sbeeck ;
 Und since de war komm,
 I vas nearly gone mad,
 You wouldn't peliefe
 How dey dreet me so pad."

Mit a tear Breitmann bend
 To de peaudifool miss ;
 "Crate Gott ! cans't dou suffer
 Soosh horrors ash dis ?"
 His arm round de maiden
 Der hero has bound,
 Und it shtaid dere goot vhile,
 Fore dey got it unwound.



“Ho ! fetch me de diamonds !
 Ho ! shell out de rings !
 Mit all in de castle
 Of dat sort of dings.”
 Twas brought to de Captain—
 A donderin load :
 At de veet of de mädchen
 Dat ploonder he trowed.

“Ho ! pring oos champagner !
 Und light oop de hall !
 Dis night der Herr Breitmann
 Will gife you a ball.
 Dat pile of dead vellers,
 Vot died for La France,
 May see, if dey like,
 How de Shermans can tance.”

Dey find laties' garments,
 Und—troot to confess—
 Likewise som Fräntsch maidens,
 Who help dem to tress.
 De rest of de Uhlans
 Who hadn't soosh loves,
 Fixed oop in black clothes
 Mit white chokers und gloves.

Now hei ! for de fittles !
 Und hei ! for clavier !
 For de tanz of de Uhlans—
 De men of de speer !
 How de shendlemen ashk
 If dey'd blease introduce ;
 How de ladies mit beards
 Were called Espionnes Prusses !

Hei, ho ! how dey tanzét !
Hei, ho ! how dey sang !
How mit klingen of glasses
De braun arches rang.
How dey trill from deir hearts
Ash dey pour out der wein,
De songs of de Oberland,—
Songs of der Rhein.

Und madder und wilder,
All whirlin around,
Vent Hans mit de maiden
In Bacchanal bound.
She helt to his peard,
Und dey gissed as if mad ;
I tont dink dat efer
Vas dimes like dey had.

Boot calm in de hall,
Ever calm on de floor,
Was a row of still guests
Dat wouldt tantz nefermore.
Mit plood shtreams black winding,
Der lord mit his men,
When der Youngest Day cooms
Hans may meet dem acain.

Hoorah for der Uhlan,
So rash und so wild !
Hoorah for der Uhlan,
Der teufel's own child !—
Dis ish "Breitmann's Last Barty,"
Dey'll sing it for years ;
De lords of de lanzes,
De sons of de speers.

For dey frighten de country,
Dey ploonder de town ;
Und when dey are oop
De Franzosen go down ;
For pefore de wild Norsemen
Weak Southrons moost flee,
Ab ira Normannorum
Libera nos Domine !

Europe.



BREITMANN IN PARIS.

(1869.)

“ Recessit in Franciam.”

“ Et affectu pectoris,
Et toto gestu corporis,
Et scholares maxime,
Qui festa colunt optime.”

—*Carmina Burana*, 13th century.

DER teufel's los in Bal Mabelle,
Dere's hell-fire in de air,
De fiddlers can't blay noding else
Boot Orphée aux Enfers :
Vot makes de beoples howl mit shoy ?
Da capo—bravo !—bis !!
It's a Deutscher aus Amerikà :
Hans Breitmann in Paris.

Dere's silber thoughts vot might hafe peen,
Dere's golden deeds vot *must* :
Der Hans ish come to Frankenland
On one eternal bust.

Der same old rowdy Argonaut
 Vot hoont de same oldt vleece,
 A hafin all de foon dere ish—
 Der Breitmann in Paris.

Mit a gal on eider shoulder
 A holdin py his beard,
 He tantz de Cancan, sacrament !
 Dill all das Volk vas skeered.
 Like a roarin hippopotamos,
 Mit a kangarunic shoomp,
 Dey feared he'd smash de Catacombs,
 Each dime der Breitmann bump.

De pretty liddle cocodettes
 Lofe efery dings ish new,
 "D'ou vient il donc ce grand M'sieu ?
 O sacré nom de Dieu !"
 In fain dey kicks deir veet on high,
 And sky like vlyin geese,
 Dey can not kick de hat afay
 From Breitmann in Paris.

O vhere vas id der Breitmann life ?
 Oopon de Rond Point gay,
 Vot shdreet lie shoost pehind his house ?
 La rue de Rabelais.
 Aroundt de corner Harper's shtands
 Vhere Yankee drinks dey mill,
 While shdraight aheth, agross de shdrect,
 Dere lies de Bal Mabilie.

Id's all along de Elysées,
 Id's oop de Boulevarce,
 He's sampled all de weinshops,
 Und he's vinked at efery garçe.

Dou schveet plack-silken Gabrielle,
 O let me learn from dee,
 If 'tis in lofe—or absinthe drunks,
 Dat dis wild ghost may pe?

Und dou may'st kneel in Notre Dame,
 Und veep away dy sin,
 Vhile I go vight at Barriere balls,
 Oontil mine poots cave in ;
 Boot if ve pray, or if ve sin—
 Vhile nodings ish refuse,
 'Tis all de same in Paris here,
 So long ash *l'on s'amuse*.

O life, mein dear, at pest or vorst,
 Ish boot a vancy ball,
 Its cratest shoy a vild *gallop*,
 Vhere madness goferns all.
 Und should dey toorn ids gas-light off,
 Und nefer leafe a shbark,
 Sdill I'd find my vay to Heafen—or—
 Dy lips, lofe, in de dark.

O crown your het mit roses, lofe !
 O keep a liddel sprung !
 Oonendless wisdom ish but dis :
 To go it vwhile you're yung !
 Und Age vas nefer coom to him,
 To him Spring plooms afresh,
 Who finds a livin' spirit in
 Der Teufel und der Flesh.

BREITMANN IN LA SORBONNE.

DER Breitmann sits in La Sorbonne,
 A note-pook in his hand,
 'Tvas dere he vent to lectures,
 Und in oldt Louis le Grand.
 Id's more ash two und dwendy years
 Since here I used mein pen ;
 Oh, where ish all de characders,
 Dat I hafe known since denn ?

Der cratest boet efer vas,
 Der pest I efer known,
 Vent lecdures here, too, shoost like me,
 Le Sieur François Villon.
 He raise de teufel all arount,
 He hear de Sorbonne chime ;
 Crate shpirid ender in mein heart,
 Und mofe mein soul to rhyme.

BALADE.

Dictes moy—in what shpirit land
 Ish Clara Lafontaine ?
 Or Pomaré, or La Frisette,
 Who blazed on soosh a train ?

Shveet Echo flings de quesdion pack,
O'er lake or shdreamlet lone ;
All eartly peauty fades afay,
Where ish dem lofed ones gone ?

Oh, where ish Lola Montez now,
So loved in efery land ?
How oft I shmoked dose cigarettes
She rollt mit vairy hand !
Dat mighdy soul, dat shplendit brick,
A saint's pecome to be,
For mit soosh saints der Breitmann make
His Hagiologie.

Und where ish La Pochardinette ?
Ish she too mit de dead ?
She loafed de Latin Quarter mit
A hat und fedder on her het.
Lebe wohl petite Pochardinette !
Qui ne safait refuser,
Ni la ponche à la bleine ferre,
Ni sa pouche à un paizer.

O Prince ! dese quesdions all are nix,
I sit here all alone,
Mit von refrain to end de shdrain,
Where ish mein lofed vons gone ?
Vhen Marcovitch has cut und run,
Und Schneider's off de ving,
Some cray old reprobate like me
Vill of dese lofed vons sing.

BREITMANN IN FORTY-EIGHT.

DERE woned once a studente,
 All in der Stadt Paris,*
 Whom jeder der ihn kennte,
 Der rowdy Breitmann hiess.
 He roosted in de rue La Harpe,
 Im Luxembourg Hotel,
 'Twas shoost in anno '48,
 Dat all dese dings pefel.

Boot he who vouldt go hoontin now
 To find dat rue La Harpe,
 Moost hafe oongommon shpecdagles,
 Und look darnation sharp.
 For der Kaiser und his Hausmann
 Mit houses made so vree,
 Dere roon shoost now a Bouleverse
 Where dis shdreet used to pe.

In dis Hotel de Luxembourg,
 A vild oldt shdory say,
 A shtudent vonce pring home a dame,
 Und on de nexter day,

* There is a German student's song which begins with this couplet.

He pooled a ribbon from her neck—
Off fell de lady's het ;
She'd trafelled from de guillotine,
Und valked de city—deadt.

Boot Breitmann nefer cared himself
If dis vas falsch or drue,
I kess he hat mit lifin gals
Pout quite enough to do.
Und Februar vas gomin,
Ganz revolutionnaire,
Und vhere der Teufel had vork on hand,
Der Hans vas always dere.

Und darker grew de beople's brows,
No Banquet could dey raise,
So dey shtood und shvore at gorners,
Or dey singed de Marseillaise.
Und here und dere a crashin sound
Like forcin shutters ran,
Und boorstin gun-schmidts' vindows in
Hard vorked der Breitemann.

He helped to howl Les Girondins,
To cheer de beople's hearts ;
He maket dem bild parricades
Mit garriages und garts.
Vhen a bretty maiden sendinel
Vonce ask de countersign,
He gafe das kind a rousin giss,
Gott hute dir und dein !

Und wilder vent de pattle,
France spread her oriflamme,
Und deeper roared de sturm bell,
De bell of Notre Dame ;

Und he who nefer heard it,
 O'er shots und cries of fear,
 Loud booming like a dragon's roar,
 Has someding yet to hear.

Und in de Faubourg Sainte Antoine
 Dere comed a fusillade,
 Und dyin groans und fallin dead
 Vere roundt dat parricade.
 But der song of Revolution
 From a tousand voices round,
 Made a fearful opera gorus
 To de deat' gries on de ground.

Und all around dose parricades
 Dey raise der teufel dere ;
 Somedimes dey vork mit pig-axes,
 Und somedimes mit gewehr.
 Dey maket prifate houses
 Gife all deir arms afay,
 Und denn oopon de panels
 Dey writet *Armes données*.

Und ve saw mid roarin vollies,
 Shtreaked like banded settin suns,
 Two regiments coome ofer,
 Und telifer oop deir guns.
 Hei !—how de deers vere roonin :
 Hei !—how dey gryed hurrahs !
 For dey saw de vight vas ofer,
 Und dey know dey gained deir cause.

Dus spoke deir hearts outboorstin,
 In battle by de blade,
 From sun to sun mit roarin gun
 Und donnerin parricade.

In vain pefore de depudies
 De princes tremblin stood,
 'Vot cooms in France too late a day
 Cooms shoost in dime for blood.

Vhen de Tuileries vas daken,
 Amid de scotterin shot,
 Und vlyin stones, und howlin,
 Und curses vild und hot,
 'Tvas dere Hans clobbered his musket,
 Und dere de man vas first
 To roosh into de palace,
 Ven de toors vere in-geburst.

Some vellers burn de quart-haus,
 Some trink des Königs wein ;
 Some fill deir hats mit rasbry sham,
 Und prandy beeches fein.
 Hans Breitmann in de gitchen
 Vas shdare like avery ding,
 To see vot lots of victual-de-dees
 Id dakes to feed a king.

Und oder volk, like plackguarts,
 Vent dook de goaches out ;
 Und burnin dem, dey rolled dem
 Afay mit yell und shout.
 Der Breitmann in der barlor,
 Help writen rapidly,
La liberté pour la Pologne !
 Likevise—*pour l'Italie !*

Den in der Tuileries courtyard
 Ten tousand volk come on ;
 Dey vas gissin und hurrahin
 For to dink der king vas gone.

Some vas hollerin und tantzin
 Round de blazin oldt caboose ;
 Vhen Fräntschmen kits a goin,
 Den dey lets der teufel loose.

Boot von veller set me laughin,
 Who roosh madly roun de field ;
 He hat rop de Cluny Museum,
 Und gestohlen speer und schild.
 Mit a sblentit royal charger,
 Vitch he hat somevhere found,
 Like a trunken wild Don Quixote,
 He vent tearin oop und round.

Doun vent de line of Bourbons,
 Doun vent de vork of years,
 Ash de pillars of deir temple
 Ge-crashed like splintered speers ;
 Und o'er dem rosed a phantom,
 Wild, beautiful, und weak,
 Vhile millions gry arount her—
 Vive ! vive la Republique !

Tree days mid shdiflin powder shmoke,
 Tree days mid cheers und groans,
 Ve fought to guard de parricades,
 Or pile dem oop mit shtones.
 De hand vitch held de bistol denn,
 Or made de crowbar bite,
 Das war de same Hans Breitmann's hand
 Vitch now dese verses write.

Breitmann in Belgium.



“Vlaenderen, dag en nacht
Denk ik aen u.
Waer ik ook ben en vaer,
Gy zyt my altyd naer.
Vlaenderen, dag en nacht
Denk ik aen u.

Overall vrolykheid,
Overall lust.
Maegden van fier gelaet,
Knapen zoo vroom en draet.
Overall vrolykheid,
Overall lust.”

—*Hoffmann von Fallersleben.*

SPA.

WHEN sommer drees shake fort deir leafs,
Ash maids shake out deir locks,
Und singen mit de rifulets,
Vitch ripplen round de rocks,
Und beople swarm land-outwards,
Und cities weary men,
Hans Breitmann rode de Belgier mark
For Spa in Les Ardennes.

Und when he came to Spadenland,
He found it fein und fair,

For dey pour him out de péké schnapps,
 Dazu elixir rare ;
 Und mit a soldier's inshdink
 To find a shanse to shoot,
 Mitout delay he fire afay
 Right in de Grande Redoute.*

De virst shot dat der Breitmann fired
 He pring de peaches down,
 For he hit de double zéro mit
 A gold Napoleon.
 Und ash he raked de shiners in,
 He hummed a liddle doon :
 "I kess I tont try dat again,"
 Said he, dis afdernoon.

Boot vhen he coom to *rouge et noir*,
 A tear fell trippin denn,
 Id look so moosh like goot old dimes,
 To come dose games again.
 Yet vhen he lossed a hundred francs,
 He sadly toorned afay,
 "I'd rader *keep* de tiger here,
 Dan vight him, any day."

Und shtanding py de daple,
 He saw a French lorette
 Vat porrowed shpecie all around,
 Und lossed at efery bet.
 "Id's all de same mit dis or dat,
 Or any kind of sin,
 De lorette or de rolette—bot'
 Will make de money shpin."

* La Redoute—the gambling-room at Spa.

He trinket of Le Pouhon well,
 Und from La Sauveniére ;
 He tried it ad de Barisart,
 Und auch de Géronstére.
 "Dey say dat Troot' lie in a well,
 So trink from all we can,
 Und here we'll prove dat Troot is Health,"
 Dat's so, says Breitemann.

So long in ruined Franchimont
 He sat on hollowed ground,
 Und dinked of Wilhelm de la Marck,
 Who'd raked dat coountry round.
 "Mein Gott ! how id vas mofe mine heart
 To read in hishdory,
 Und find de scattered shinin lights
 Of vellers shoost like *me* !

"Dis nople boar-pig of Ardennes,
 Dis shtately Wallowin lord,
 Vas make him vamous py de pen,
 Und glorious py de swordt.
 Und showed his hero-scholarship,
 When he wrote to de pishop, 'Satis,
 Brulabo monasterium
 Vestrum, si non payatis.'

"Dey say dat in de keller here
 Dere lifes a coblin briest,
 Dereto a teufelsjägersmann
 Vot guard a specie chest.
 O if I vonce could find de vay,
 Und spot dat box of checks,
 I voonder shoost how long 'twould pe
 Pefore I'd twis deir necks."



Und in de Walk of Meyerbeer,
 Where plashin brooklets ring,
 He see where in de water wild
 De wood-birds flip deir wing.
 "Ash de prooklet's lost in de rifer,
 Und de rifer's lost in de sea,
 Mine soul kits lost on water 'plain,'"
 Says Breitmann, says he.

Und ash he walked de Meyerbeer
 He marcked, peside de way,
 A rock shoost like a wild boar's head,
 Vraie tête du sanglier.
 Der Breitmann heafe a shiant sigh,
 Und say mit 'motion grand :
 Von crate idée ish über all
 In dis der Schweinpig's land.

He drafel troo de Val d'Ambléve,
 He lounge de schweet Sept Heures,
 He shdare indo de window-shops,
 Und see de painted ware.*
 He looket at de fans und dings,
 Denn said, "To tell de trut',
 Dere's painted vares more dear ash dis
 Oop shdairs in La Redoute."

Und sittin in de Champignon,
 Vitch rose 'neat Lofe's schweet hand,
 He read in books of Marmontel,
 Of Jeannette et Lubin.

* Spa is famous for painted ornamental wooden ware, such as fans and boxes.

Id's nice to see Simplicitas
 Rococoed oop mit vlowers,
 Und dink *soosh* virtue shdill may life
 In dis base vorldt of ours.

'Tvas here, oopon de Spadoumont
 Deir gottashe used to set ;
 'Tvas here they kepted von simple cow
 Likevise an lettuce-bett.
 Berhaps I hafe crown vorldly since,
 Yet shdill may druly say,
 Dat in mine poyhood's tays I vas
 Apout so good ash dey.

But he vot vant to see dis land,
 Und has nod time for all :
 Eash woodland nook und shady brook ;
 On Herr Marcette shouldt call.
 For he has baintet all to live
 Vhen de drees demsels are gone ;
 Und shoost so goot as artist, auch,
 Ish he bon compagnon.

Farevell, schveet Spa—dou home of vlowers,
 Of ruin and of rock,
 Where vild pirds sing und de band ish blay
 Eash tay at sefen o'clock.
 If all de shbrees dat Spa has seen
 Vere melted into von,
 De soul vouldt reach Nirwana—lost
 In transcendental fun.

OSTENDE.

“ Hupsa ! jonker Jan,
Die wel ruiter worden kan.”

BOON tidings to der Breitmann came
Ash he sat at table end,
Dere's right goot fisch at Blankenberghe,
Und oysters in Ostend.
Denn to Ostland ve will reiten gaen,
To Ostland o'er de sand,
Dou und I mit pride drawn
For dere ish de oyster land.

Und when dey shtood bei Ostersee,
Where de waters roar like sin,
Dere coom five hundred fischer volk
To dake der Breitmann in.
“Gotts doonder ! Should ve doomple down
Amoong de waters plue,
I kess you'd vant more help from me
Dan I should vant from you !

“ If you hat peen where I hafe peen
Und see vot I hafe see,
Where de surf rise oop nine tausend feet,
In de land of Nieuw Jarsie •

Und schwimmed dat surf ash I hafe schwimmed,
Peside de Jersey stran'—
From dat day fort' de Ostland men
Shdeered glear of der Breitemann.

Boot von ding set him shvearin so,
I dinked he'd nefer cease,
De Ostend oysters kostet more
In Ostend als Paris.
Hans asked an anciendt fisherman,
To 'splain dis if he may,
Und says he, "Mijn Heer—dey're beter hier
Als ein hundert leagues afay.

"Und as de oysters beter hier
Of course dey kostet more"—
Der Breitmann dook his bilcrim shdaff,
Und toorned him to de toor.
Says Hans, "De Vlaemsche fischermen
Can sheat de vorldt I pet,
Dey sheaten von anoder too,
All's fisch to a Dutchman's net.

"Der king peginned a palace hier,
De palace hat to shtop,
He foundt de beoples sheaten so
He gife de bildin oop.
Although das Leben hier ish goot,
Ad least Ostend-sibly"—
So shpoke der Breitemann und cut
Dat city py de sea.

GENT.

“Wie kennt die stad waer alles nog
 Van Vlaenderens grootheid spreekt?
 Waer ontrouw, valsheid en bedrog
 Van schæmte nog verbleekt?”

—*Ledeganck.*

I F I hat gold, as I hafe time,
 I tells you how 'tvere shpent,
 On efery year I'd shtay a week
 In Vlanderen's hoofstad, Gent.
 For, oh! de sveet wild veelins,
 In dat stad do mofe me so,
 When I'd dink of all de clorious men
 Vot life dere long aco.

If efer man hat manly heart,
 He'd veel dat heart to beat,
 When mit de oldten dime of Ghent
 He valks troo efery shdreet.
 Und ach! de volk are yet so goot,
 It gave me soosh a pliss,
 When I hear a bier-hous spielman sing
 A melodie like dis:—

“Het was op eenen Monday,
 All on a Monday free,
 Dat mijnheere Jacob Van Artevelde
 Unto his men said he:

He seide—‘ Mijn lief gesellen,
Ve all moost ride out land,
And trive our way to Bruges town,
Or Brussel in Braband.’

“ Und as he oonto Brussel cam,
De meisjes sprong from bed,
Und found Mynheere Van Artevelde
Mit a cross-bolt troo his head.”
Und shoost pecause dis bier-hous song
Recht troo my heartsen vent,
I feel dat I could life und die
All in de down of Gent.

Breitmann in Holland.

*'S GRAVENHAGE—THE HAGUE.*

I N dis boem, mein freund der Herr Breitmann hafe his fiews on art pefore-geset mit a deepness und shorthood vich is brovably oonliked in Aesthetik. Ve hafe here, within de circumcomprehensifeness of dirty-two lines, a th  orie vitch—shortsomely exbressed—sends to der teufel efery dings ash vas efer gescribed pefore on kunst or art, und maket efery podies from Baumgartner doun to Fischer und Taine, look shoost like puddin-headet old gasbalgs. Boot to de boem. For de informadion of dem ash ish not gestudied art, I vould shtate dat Adriaan Brauwer (who ish as regards an unvollkomene technik de first of all Holland malers), vas nefer paint nodings boot droonken plackguards und liederlich dings, und Van Ostade und Jan Steen vas in most deir bilds a goot deal like him.

—FRITZ SCHWACKENHAMMER.

Hans reitet troo de Nederland,
From Rotterdam below,
To Gravenhaag und Leyden
Und Haarlem—all a row ;

He shtoodit in de galleries
 A tausend works of art ;
 Boot ach—der Adriaan Brauwer,
 Vent most teepest to his heart.

Und dus exclaim der Breitmann
 In woonder-solemn shdrain,
 “ De cratest men vere Brauwer,
 Van Ostadé, und Jan Steen.
 Der Raffael vas vel enof ;
 Dat ish in his shmall vay ;
 Boot—Gott im Himmel !—vot vas he
 Coompared mit soosh as dey ?

“ Shoost see dat vight of troonken boors—
 Von tears de oder’s goat :
 Vhile de oder mit a pointet knife
 Ish goin for his troat.
 Und a mädchen mit a tree-leg shtuhl
 Ish clip him on de het,
 In dese higher human passion valks,
 Der Raffael’s coldt und deadt.

“ De more ve digs into de eart’—
 Or less ve seeks a star,—
 De nearer ve to *Natur* coom,
 More panthéistisch far ;
 To him who reads dis myst’ry right,
 Mit inspiration gifen,
 Der Raffael’s rollen in de dirt,
 Vhile Brauwer soars to Heafen.”

LEYDEN.

TIS shveet to valk in Holland towns
 Apout de twilight tide,
 When all ish shdill on proad canals,
 Safe vhere a poat may clide.
 Shdrange light on darkenin vater falls,
 In long soft lines afar,
 Der abenddroth on dunkelheit,
 Vitch shows—or hides—a star.

De pridges risen all aroundt
 So quaindly, left und right,
 Pedween each pridge und shattow, lies,
 A lemon of yellow light,
 Und das volk a-goin ober,
 So darklin onwarts pass,
 Dey look like Chinese shattows—shown
 Apofe a lookin-glass.

All shdiller grows, und shdiller,
 Sogar die efenin preeze,
 Ish only heardt far ober het
 In dese long lines of drees ;
 A real oldt Holland feelin
 Cooms gadderin ober all,
 You'd nefer dink a sturm hat peen
 Oopon dis Grand Canawl.

De nople houses !—how dey'd mofe
An old New Yorker's heart,
Time vas—twix dese und dose at home
You couldn't tell 'em part,
Mit crate brass knockers on de toors,
Und parlors town so low
You see de crates a glowin prite
O'er carbets ash you go.

Dere's comfort-full of avery dings,
You veel it ash you look,
You knows de volks ish opulend,
Und keep a bully cook ;
Und oopon de high camine,
Or here und dere on shelf,
Dere's Japanesisch dings in rows,
Pe mingled oop mit delf.

Dere's noding in dis Holland life,
Vitch seems of present day,
De fery shildren in de shdreeds
Look quaintlich as dey blay ;
De liddle rosy housemaids,
In bictures vell I know,
De dames und heers hafe all an air
Of sixty years ago.

They may dalk of anciendt hishdory
Und for romantisch seek,
De ding dat mofes most teeply ish
Old-vashioned—not antique.
O if you live in Leyden town
You'll meet, if troot' pe told,
De forms of all de freunds who tied
Vhen du werst six years old.

SCHEVENINGEN,

OR DE MAIDEN'S COORSE.

Oldt Flämisch.

HET vas Mijn Heer van Torenborg,
 Ride oud oopon de sand,
 Und vait to hear a paardeken ;
 Coom tromplin from de land.
 He vaited vhen de boeren volk
 Vent oud oopon de plain,
 He vaited dill de veary crows
 Flew nestwarts home acain.

He vaited ash de wild fox vaites
 In long-some hoonger noth,
 He vaited dill de flitterin bats
 Vere plack on Abendroth.
 Id's woe to watch for taily bread
 Or bide forgotten call,
 Boot oh, to vait for heartsen lofe
 Ish veariest of dem all.

“O dat ish not mine laity's prooch
 Shoost now so star-like shined,
 O dat ish not mine laity's haar
 Soft floatin on de wind.

Her goot crayhound mit soosh a step
Vas nefer vont to go,
Und dat is niet her paardeken
Whose shtep so vell I know.

“Dat light ish speer light from a lanz
Vitch’ll part mine pody und soul,
De floatin haar is a pennon gay
Or wafin banderol.
De crayhound ish a plood-hound wild
Vitch long has dracked me here,
Und het paardeken ish a var-horse
Vot has hoonted me like deer.”

Well shpoke Mijn Heer van Torenborg
All drue vas afery wordt,
For dey bored him troo mit lanzen,
Und dey hewed him mit de swordt.
Dey killt him armloss, harmlos ;
De plooty reiver band ;
Und puried him so careloosly
Dat his vace shtick out de sand.

Boot e’er night’s plack hat toorned to red
Or e’er de stars vere gone,
Dere came de shtep of a paardeken
Soft tromplin, tromplin on.
A laity fair climped off on him
Und trip mit dainty toes :—
Boot oh, mijn Gott !—how she vas shkreem
Ven she trot on her drue lofe’s nose !

“Oh vot ish dis I trots opon ?
Id’s shape fool well I know,
Dere nefer yet vas flower like dis,
Dat in de garten crow.

Dere nefer yet vas fruit like dis
 Ash ripen on a dree ;
 Het is Mijn Heer van Torenborg
 Dat kan ik blainly see.

“Dat heerlijk nose, van Torenborg,
 Ish known of anciend dime,
 ’Tis writ in olten chronikel
 Und sung in minsdrel rhyme.
 Und dis, de noblest of de race
 Since hishdory pegans,
 Ish shtickin here—shdraighdt out de dirt,
 Shoost like some boer manns.

“Oh cuss de man dat mordered him !
 Ach, cuss him oop and down,
 Ja—cuss him troo de forest roads,
 Und tamn him in de toun !
 Und burn his vater und moder,
 Where’er deir vootshteps vall,
 Mit his schwesters und his broders,
 De teufel rake dem all !

“May afery cuss dat e’er vas cusst,
 Since cussin foorst pegan ;
 Pe hoorled in von drementous cuss,
 Acainsdt dat nasdy man !
 From de foorst crate cuss on Adam,
 To de smalles’ of de crop”—
 Here de tead man gafe a shifer,
 Und gry oud—“For Gott’s sake—*shdop!*”

“Dere’s a cerdain lot of shwearin,
 Vitch anger always crafes ;
 Boot spite like dat’s enof to pring
 De tead men from deir craves.

I can't lie here no longer,
 Und hear soosh pizen pain ;
 Und since you've shtirred me out, I kess
 I'll coom to life acain."

Mit von drementous shkreem of pliss,
 His drue lofe shtood de shock,
 Den catcht him wildly py de nose,
 "Ach Torenborg—lev'st du nock !
 Ach ja—du aint'st nod tead yet !
 Dere's life shdill lef' pehind,
 Gott pless de chance dat lef' dy nose,
 Shdill wafin in de wind."

Mit hands all ofer diamonds,
 She loosed de sand apout,
 Mit an oyster-shell so wildly
 She digged her lofer out.
 "Und now dou'rt in free air, lofe !
 Who warst shoost now in sand !
 Dere vasn't ish a nicer man,
 In all de Nederland !"

Where vas dit liedeken written,
 Where vas dit liedeken sing,
 Dat had gedone Hans Breitmann,
 In de town of Schevening !
 'Tvas written ober Rheinwein,
 'Tvas written ober bier—
 Und wer das lied gesungen hat,
 Gott geb ihm ein glucklich's jahr.*

* " And to him who sung this song,
 God give a happy year !"

AMSTERDAM.

TO Amsterd—m came Breitmann
 All in de Kermes tide ;
 Yonge Maegden allegader
 Filled de straat on afery side.
 De meisjes in de straaten
 Vere tantzin alle nacht long ;
 Dere vas kissen, dere vas trinken,
 Mit a roar of Holland song.

Who went into de straaten
 Ven de sonn had gone his day,
 De Dootch gals quickly grapped him
 Und tantzed him wild away.
 Dere was der Prinz von Capua,
 Who fell among dese wags ;
 Dey tantzed him off in a carmagnole,
 Und sent him home in rags.

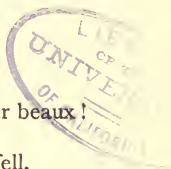
Und den at afery gorner,
 So peaudifool to see,
 De volk was bilin dough-nuts,
 Or else was fryin tea.
 Und Kermes cakes mit boetry,
 Vitch land-volk dinks a dreat,
 Mit all of Barnum's blayed out shows
 In dents along de shdreet.

Id bring de tears to Breitmann's eyes,
 To find in many a shtand
 Vot oft he'd baid a quarder for
 To see in a distand land.
 De Aztec dwins und de Siamese
 (Dough soom vere a wachsen sham);
 Mit de Beardet Frau und de Bear Woman—
 All here in Amsterdam

De fashion here in Nederland
 Ish not vot you'd soopose,
 Mit oos, men bays de vomens,
 Boot de Dootch gals hires deir beaux!
 Dey hire dem for de season,
 Und pecause moosh rain ish fell,
 Dey always bays a higher brice,
 For a man mit an umberell.

Und dere was Nord Hollander maids,
 So woonderfool to see,
 Mit caps of gold und goldne pins,
 Und quaint orféverie.
 Likewise de Zeeland boersmen,
 Mit silber bootons gay ;
 Und silber belts, und silber knives,
 Mijn Gott !—how sdrange vere dey !

But dough de men wore silber gear,
 Und de vrouws in gold were tall,
 De gals vere gabblin all de dimes,
 Und de men said noding at all.
 “Dey say dat sbeech is silbern,
 Boot silence golden pe,
 Dat aint de vay dey vork id here,”
 Said Breitemann, said he.



Goot Gott ! how Breitmann vent it,
 In moonlighdt or in rain ;
 Den vakened to Schied—m it,
 Ven de mornin peamed again.
 For to solfe von awfool broplem,
 He vas efer shdill incline ;
 If—den wijn is beter als de min,*
 Or—de min doet veel meer als de wijn.

Dwo weeks der Breitmann studiet,
 Vile he vent it on de howl.
 He shpree so moosh to find de troot,
 Dat he lookt like a bi-led owl.
 Den he say, “ Ik wil honor Bacchus,
 So long as ik leven shall ;
 Boot not so moosh verciereren
 As to blace him ofer all.

De rose of lofe is lofely
 In zomer ven it plow ;
 De bush shdill gifes a bromise,
 In winter mid de shnow ;
 Ja, als de bloeme is geplukt,
 En van den steel genomen,†
 Ve know de peautiful vill life,
 Till zomer is gekomen.

Boot oh dose vas arch-heafenly dimes,
 Ven by mine lofe I sat ;
 Und see de maedchen pring de grapes,
 Und crash dem in a vat.

* “ If wine is better than loving,
 Or if love doth much more than wine.”

† “ Yes, when the flower is plucked,
 And taken from the stem.”

Und ven her glances unto mine
 In plessfool ropture toorn ;
 I dink dere ne'er vas no dwo crapes
 Like dem plue eyes of hern.

Wat is soeter als de trinken,*
 Ja—niet kan beter zyn.
 Niet is soeter as de minne,
 It smackt nog beter als wijn.
 Es giebt nichts wie die Mädchen,
 Es gibt nichts wie das Bier,
 Wer liebt nicht alle beide,
 Wird gar kein Cavalier.

O vot ve vant to quickest come,
 Ish dat vot's soonest gone.
 Dis life ish boot a passin from
 De efer-gomin-on.
 De gloser dat ve looks ad id,
 De shmaller it ish grow ;
 Who goats und spurs mit lofe und wein,
 He makes it fastest go.

* " What is sweeter than this drinking ?
 Yes—naught can better be.
 Naught is sweeter, though, than loving ;
 It tastes better than wine to me.
 There's nothing like the maidens,
 There's nothing like good beer,
 And he who does not love them both
 Can be no cavalier."

Germany.

*BREITMANN AM RHEIN—COLOGNE.*

HOW wunderschön das Vaterland
 In audumn-life abbears ;
 Vot rainpows gild ids vallies crand,
 Ven seen troo vallin tears.
 Und VON I'll creet mit sang und klang,
 Und drown in goldnen wein ;
 Old Deutschland's cot her sohn again :
 Hans Breitmann's on der Rhein.

Und doughts ish schwell dat mighty heart,
 Too awfool for make known ;
 Ven dey shunt him from de railroat car
 Und tropped him in Cologne.
 De holy towers of de dome
 Clean, twilight-veiled, afar ;
 Und like some lonely bilgrim's pipe,
 Dim shines de efenin star.

Hans look to find his baggage check,
 Und see dat all ish shdraighdts,
 Denn toorn him to de city toors,
 "Mein nadife land—wie gehts?"

Boot *dat's* vot all who read may run—
 Fool blainly armies write ;
 Id's ofer all half Shermany,
 Set down in Black and White.

Oh, Black and White ! O Weiss and Schwarz !
 Vot dings ish dis to see ?
 I vonder vot in future years
 Your mission ish to pe ?
 Also in crate America
 We had soosh colors too !
 Die Färb' sind mir nicht unbekannt *—
 Id's shoost *tout comme chez nous*.

Next tay to de Cathedral
 He vent de dings to view,
 Und found it shoost drei thaler cost
 To see de sighds all troo.
 "Id's tear," said Hans ; "boot go aheth,
 I'fe cot de cash all right ;
 Boot id's queer dat's only Protestands
 Vot mosdly see de sighdt !

"Im Mittelalter I hafe read
 De shoorsh vas always sure—
 An open biculture gallerie,
 Und book for all de poor.
 Boot now de dings is so arrange
 No poor volk can get in ;
 We Yankees und de Englisch are
 Pout all ash shbends de tin.

* "The colours are not unknown to me."

" I shmiles like Mephistopheles
 In shoorshes ven I see
 Poor Catholics vollerin round apout
 To shdeal a sighdt—troo ME !
 Dey peep und creep roundt chapel gates,
 Boot soon kits trofe afay,
 Dey gross demselves, und make a brayer—
 Boot den dey cannot bay !

" Dese Deutsche sacrisdans might learn
 More goot in Italy,
 Where beoples bays shoost half de brice,
 For ten dimes more to see,
 De volk vot dink I shbeak sefere
 Apout dese Küster vays,
 May read vot Mr. Bädeker
 In his Belgine Hand Buch says."

Und valkin oop und town de down
 Von ding vas shdill de same :
 Shoost ash of oldt he saw de shpread
 Of Jean Farina's name.
 He find it nort', he find it sout',
 He find it eferywhere ;
 Dere vas no house in all Cologne
 Boot J. M. F. vas dere.*

De best Cologne in all Cologne
 I'll shwear for cerdain sure,

* " Ils etaient deux alors ; ils sont mille aujourd'hui.
 Sur ces temps primitifs le doux progrès a lui,
 Et chaque jour le Rhin vers Cologne charrie
 De nombreux Farinas, tous 'seul,' tous 'Jean Marie.'"

—Le Maout, "*Le Parfumeur*," cited by Eugene Rimmel
 in *Le Livre des Parfums*, Paris, 1870.

Ish maket in de Jülichplatz
 Und dat at Numero Four.
 Boot of dis Cologne in Jülichplatz
 Let dis pe undershtood,
 Dat some of id ish foorst-rate pad,
 While some is foorst-rate good.

Boot von ding drafellers moost opserve,
 Dis treadful trut I dells,
 Fast ash dis Farinaceous crowd
 So vast hafe grown the schmells—
 Dose awfool schmells in gass' und strass'
 Vitch mofe crate Coleridge squalm :
 If *so* he wrote, vot vouldt he write
 Apout dem now, py tam ?

Of all de schmells I efer schmelt,
 Py gutter, sink, or well,
 At efery gorner of Cologne
 Dere's von can peat dat schmell.
 Vhen dere you go you'll find it so,
 Don't dake de ding on troost ;
 De meanest skunk in Yankee land
 Vould die dere of disgoost.

Boot noding dinked der Breitmann
 Of schmutz or idle schein,
 Vhen he sat in Abendämmerung
 Und looket owd on der Rhein
 Im goldnen gleam—vhile pealin far
 Rang shlow, shveet kloster bells,
 Und in de dim, plue peaudiful,
 Rose distant Drachenfels.

Dey trinket lieb Liebfrauenmilch
So pure ash voman's trut' ;
De singed de songs of Shermany,
De songs of Breitmann's yout'.
De songs mit tears of vanished years,
Made peaudiful in wein.
Dus endet out de firster tay
Of Breitmann on der Rhein.

AM RHEIN.—NO. II.

IM KAHN.

“ Were diu werlt alle min,
 Von deme mere unze an den Rin,
 Des wolt ih mih darben,
 Daz diu dame von Engellant
 Lege an minen armen.”

—*Carmina Burana.*

AM Rhein ! Acain am Rheine !
 In boat oopon der Rhein !
 De castle-bergs soft goldnen
 Im Abendsonnenschein,
 Mit lots of Rudesheimer,
 Und saitenklang und sang,
 Und laties singin lieder,
 Ash ve go sailin 'long.

Und von fair Englisch dame
 Vas dere, so wunderscheen ;
 Vene'er der Breitmann saw her,
 Id made his heartsen pain.
 Oh, dose long-tailed veilchen Augen,
 Vitch voke soosh hopes und fears,
 Deir shape vas nod like almonds,
 Boot more like fallin tears.

Und shpecdagles were o'er dem,
 De glass of pince-nez kind,
 In mercy to de beoples,
 Less dey pe shdrucken blind.
 Und gazin in dem glasses,
 Reflected he pehold
 De Rhine, mit all de shdeam-poats,
 Und crags in Sonnengold.

De signs upon de bier-haus ;
 De gals a-washin close ;
 De wein-garts on de moundain,
 Like heafenly shdairs in rows :
 De banks, basaltic-paven,
 Like bee-hife cells to view ;
 A donkey shtandin on dem,
 Likewise her lofer too.

All dis oopon dos glasses
 Vas blainly to pe seen ;
 One saw whate'er vas noticed,
 Py de schöne Engländerinn.
 Boot oh ! de fery lofe-most
 Of all dat lofe-most pe
 Her own plue veilchen Augen—
 Herself she couldt not see.

So ist es in dis Leben ;
 For beaudy oft we spied,
 Nor know de cratest peaudy
 Ish in our soul inside.
 Mein Gott ! Vot himmlisch shplendor
 Vas seen mitout an toubt,
 If some crate bower supernal
 Vas toorn oos insite out !

Und gazin long on Natur,
Und gazin long on Man,
Shdill all dings glite vorüber,
Ash since de vorldt pegan :
Ash in dat laity's glasses,
Ve see dem bassin py ;
Yet veel a soul beneat' dem,
A schweet eternal eye.

O schöne Englisch maiden
Mit honey-colored hair,
Dat flows ash if a bienen korb
Had got oopsettet dere—
Und all de schweetness of your soul
Vas dripplin from your brain !
Oh shall I efer meet mit dir
Oopon dis eart' acain ?

O Englisch engel maiden !
O schweet betaubend dofe !
O Rheinwein und cigarren !
O luncheon, mixed mit lofe !
O Drachenfels und Nonnenwerth !
O Liebeslust und pein !
Dus ents de second chapterlet
Of Breitmann on der Rhein.

AM RHEIN.—No. III.

NONNENWERTH.

(Alt Deutsch.)

HE shtood peside de Kloster-place,
 Oopon de Rheinisch shore,
 Und dere he saw a lofely face,
 He'd seen in treams pefore.

“Feinslieb, und will'st dou go mit me ?
 Feinslieb, make no delay ;
 For rocks ish shdeep und vales ish teep,
 Und dings ish in de way.”

“Und oh ! how can I go mit dir,
 Or flyen out of land ?
 Der bischof holts me py de law,
 Der Rheingraf by der hand.

“Liebsherz, if dou could'st landwarts gehn,
 I'd follow willingly ;
 Boot we are leafs, und shdrong's de shdem
 Vitch pinds oos to de dree.”

“Der briest who helt dee py de law
 Ish now a broken man ;
 Der Rheingraf who vouldt marry dee
 Ish in der Kaiser's ban.

“Und if de Kloster-beoples here
Vill shdop your goin to town,
Bei Gott ! I’ll burn von half of dem,
De oder half I’ll trown !

“Denn linger not to back dy drunk,
Boot led our lofe hafe vings ;
Dere’s milliners in fair Cologne,
Vill make you avery dings.”

She toorn her eyes im mondenschein,
She schmile so heafenly :
“Dear lofe, so shendle und so goot !
I’ll cut away mit dee.

“Und do not kill de Kloster-volk,
'Tvouldt only bring tiscrace !
Dough if I had de abbess here,
Lort ! how I’d slap her vace !”

De moonlightd blayed oopon de drees,
It shined oopon de blain,
Two forms rode in de mitnight woods,
Und nefer coomed again.

MUNICH.

GAMBRINUS.

“Vot ish Art? Id ish *somedings to drink*, objectively fore-ge-brought in de Beaudiful. Doubtest dou?—denn read, ash *I* hafe read, de Dyonisiacs of Nonnus, und learn dat de oop-boorstin of infinite worlds into edernal Light und mad goldnen Lofeliness—yea of *dein own soul*—is typifide only py de CUP. Vot!—shdill skebdigal? Tell me denn, O dou of liddle fait, vere on eart ish de kunst obtain ids highest form if not in a BIERSTADT?* Ha! ha! I poke you *dere!*”

—*Caupo Recauponatus*, MS. by Fritz Schwackenhammer, *olim candidatus theologiæ* at Tübingen, shoost now lagerbierwirth in St. Louis. (Dec. 1869.)

“Cerevisia bibunt homines
Animalia ceteræ fontes.”

I.

IN a field of goldnen parley
Goot King Gambrinus shlept,
Und treamin' pout de dursty volk,
Dey say he gried und vept.

* *Bierstadt*—Herr Schwackenhammer had evidently here in view, not only the American artist BIERSTADT, but also the great city of Munich, specially famous for its manufacture of beer.

“ In all mine land of Nederland,
 Dere crows no mead or wein,
 Und wasser I couldt nefer get
 Indo dis troat of mein.

“ Now hear me on, ye headen gotts !
 Und all de Christian too ;
 Der Bacchus und der Shoopider,
 Und Marie tressed in plue !
 Und mighdy Thor, der donner gott,
 Und any else dat be !
 Der von as helps me in dis Noth,
 His serfant I will pe.”

Und ash dis sinfull headen
 All in de parley lay,
 Dere coom in tream an angel
 Who soft dese worts tid say :
 “ Stay oop, dou boor Gambrinus !
 For efen all aroundt
 Im parley vhere dou shleepest,
 Some dings goot to trink ish found.

“ Im parley vhere dou shleepest
 Dere hïdes a trink so clear,
 Dat men will know zukunftig—
 Ash porter—ale—or bier.”
 Und denn in Nederlandisch
 He put de könig troo,
 Und gafe him—allwhile treaming—
 De recipé to prew.

Oop rose der goot Gambrinus,
 Und shook him in de sun :

"Go vay, ye sinfool headen gotts !
 Mit you its out und done !
 Ye 'fe left me mit mine beoples
 In error und in durst,
 Till in our treadful tryness,
 Ve tont know vitch is wurst."

Dat vas der goot Gambrinus
 Oonto his palac 't vent,
 Und loafers troo de Nederland
 To all his lordts he sent.
 "Leave Odin—or you lose your hets !"
 De order vas sefere,
 Yet tinged mit mildness, for he sent
 De recipé for bier.

O den a merry sound vas heardt
 Of bildin troo de land,
 Und de kirchen und de braweries
 Vent oop on efery hand ;
 For de masons dey vere hart at vork,
 Und trinkin hart at dat,
 Und some hat bricks mitin de hods,
 Und some mitin deir hat.

Dey prew it in de Nederland,
 Dey prew it on de Rhine ;
 Boot in de oldt Bavarian land,
 Dey make it shdrong und fein.
 Und he dat trinks in Munich,
 Ash all goot vellers know,
 Has got somedings to dink apout,
 Wherefer he may go.

II.

Hafe you heardt of Kōng Gambrinus?
If you hafent id vas gueer,
For he vas de first erfinder
Und de holy saint of bier.
Und his bortrait, mit a sceptre,
Fery peaudifool to see,
Hangs on afery lager-bier house,
In de land of Germanie.

Efery vhere de whole world ofer,
Deuschers paint him on de sign,
As a broof dat dey are dealin
In de Bok und Lager line.
Crown und bier-mug, robe und ermine ;
German signs of empire, dese,
Mit a long white beard a fallin'
Fery nearly to his knees.

Vonce dis bier-saint, pright und early,
Rose from bett und vent his vay,
To a dark mysderious gastle,
Vhere his lager-donjon lay.
Vhile de lark's first song vas ringin',
Und die roses shone in dew,
Den his soul vas shoost in order
To enshoy de early brew.

Deeply, awfooly he schwilled it,
Till de vaults seem toornin round ;
Und vwhile tipsy—*over* tips he—
In he falls—und dere is trowned.

Yet vwhile goorglin in de bier-fass,
 Biously he gafe his soul :
“Gott verdammich ! Donnerwetter !
 Himmels sacrament-a-mol !”

Dere dey found der köng “departed,”
 Not mitout his stir-up cup :
Moosh dey woonderd dat he berishet
 When he might hafe troonk it oop ;
Or dat his long peard vitch floatet
 Fool a yard on efery side,
Hadn’t buoyed him from destrugdion :—
 Dus der beer-dead monarch died.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN.

‘Sankt Martin war ein frommer Mann
 Trank gerne *Cerevisiam*,
 Und hatt er kein *Pecuniam*
 So liess er seinen *Tunicam*.’

(COMMENT BY HERR SCHWACKENHAMMER.)

VONCE oopon a dimes in Frankfort der Herr Breitemann exsberientcet an interfal pedween de periot ven he hat gespent de last remiddance he hat become from home, und de arrifal of de succeedin wechsel, or bill of exghange—und, in blain derms, was hard up. Derefore he vent to dat goot relation who may pe foundt at den or fifdeen per cent. all de worlt ofer,—“mine Onkel,”—und poot his tress-goat oop de shpout for den florins. No sooner vas dis done, dan dere coomed an infitation from de English laity in whom he vas so moosh mit lofe in betaken, to geh mit her to a ball-barty. Awful bad vas he veel, und sot apout tree hours mitout sayin nodings, und denn wafin his hand, boorst out mit de vollowin version of dat peaudiful lied by Wilhelm Caspary :—

“*Mein Frack ist im Pfand-haus.*”

Mine tress-goat is shpouted, mine tress-goat aint hier,
 While you in your ball-ropes go splurgin, mein tear !

To barties mit you I'm infitet you know,
 Boot my pest coat ish shpouted—mine poots are no
 go.

To hell mit mine Onkel—dat rasgally knafe !
 Dis pledgin und pawnin has mate me his slafe !
 Ven I dink of his sign-bost, den dree dimes I bawl,
 While mine plack pants hang lonely und dark on de
 wall.

Goot night to dee fine lofe—so lofely und rich,
 Mein tress-goat ish shpouted—gon-fount efery stitch !
 I dinks dat olt Satan troo all mine affairs,
 Lofe, business, und fun, has been sewin his tares.
 My tress-goat ish shpouted—mine tress-goat aint
 here,

While you in your glorie go shinin, mein tear,
 Und de luck of der teufel ish loose ofer all,
 While my black pants hang lonely und dark on de
 wall.

Dis *four-goin* song vas over-set by der Hans Breitmann from de German of Wilhelm Caspary, whose lyric vas a barody on a dranslation made indo Deutsch by Freiligrath from anoder boem py Sir Waldherr Scott, vitch Sir Waldherr vas kit de idée of from an oldt Scottish ballad vitch pegin mit de vorts—

“ My hearts in de Hielands, mein hearts ish nae hier,
 Mein hearts in de Hielands, in wilden revier ;
 It hoonts for de shtag, und id hunts for de reh,
 Mein hearts ist im Hochland wo immer ich geh.”

Dis is de original Scotch, as goot as I can mineself rememper it. Ven I vas dell der Herr Karl Blind pout dis intercommixture of perplexified dransitions

from Scotch to English, and dence into German, and dereafter into a barody, vitch vas be done ofer again indo Herr Breitmann's own slanguage, he sait it vas a Rattenkönig—a phrase too familiar to mine readers to require any wider complication.*

* Rattenkönig, or Rat-king, is a term applied in German to a droll mixture of incidents or details. It is derived from an extraordinary story of twelve rats, with one (their king) in the centre, which were found in a nest with their tails grown together, firmly as the ligament which connects the Siamese Twins.

Italy.



BREITMANN IN ROME.

DERE'S lighds oopon de Appian,
 Dey shine de road entlang ;
 Und from ein hundert tombs dere brumms
 A wild Lateinisch song ;
 It rings from Nero's goldnen haus ;
 Evoe !—here he coom !
 Fly oud, ye mœnads, from your craves !—
 Hans Breitmann's got to Rome !

For vwhile de lamp holts oud to purn,
 Or von goot shpark ish dere,
 Dere's hope for all of dem whose lives
 Ish doun in Lemprière.
 Von real, *shenuine* heathen
 Is coom at last to home ;
 Ye shleepin gotts, lift oop your hets—
 Hans Breitmann lifes in Rome !

Silenus mit der Hercules,
 Dere-to der Maia's sohn,
 Ish all unite in Breitmann
 To make a stunnin one.

Frau Venus mit de Bacchanals
 Ist shmile to see him come ;
 De Vesta only toorn her pack
 Vhen Breitmann kit to Rome.

He vented to de Vacuum,
 Where de Bope ish keep his bulls ;
 Boot couldn't vind dem, dough he heardt
 Dat all de blace vas fools.
 Dere ish here and dere some *ochsen*,
 Right manivest I see ;
 Boot de bools all comes from Irish priests,
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Und goin' py de Vacuum,
 Und passin' troo de yard ;
 Mein Gott ! how vas he stoomple, vhen
 He see de Schweitzer guard,
 Mit efery kinds of colors tresst,
 Like shtreamers in de van.
 "Hans Wurst ist stets ein Deutscher g'west,"
 Das marked der Breitemann.

Und dus replied an guartsmann :—
 "I shoys to see you here :
 Ich bin dem Bapst sei Laibgaertner.
 Dazu a halberthier.
 Dis purpur kleid of yellow-plue
 Vas made, ash I hafe heard,
 Py von Hans Michel Angelo,
 Der tailor of our guard.

"Ve're shoost von hoondert dirty strong,
 Ve list for twenty year ;
 De serfice ist not pad, boot dis—
 Verdamm das Römisch bier !

For ven mit *birra gazzosa*
 A maiden fills my glass,
 She might ash vell gife gift ash say—
 ‘Feinslieb, ich schenk dir dass!’”

Und dus rebly der Breitmann :—
 “Un Tedesco Italianazato,
 Ein Deutscher toorned Italian, ish
 Il diavolo in carnato.
 Your clothes are like infernal flames,
 Dey burn my fery soul ;
 Boot to-night we’ll trink togedder—nun
 Lieb’ landsmann lebe wohl !”

At de Sherman artids’ festa,
 Where all vas pright und fair,
 ’Tvas fairer und more prighterfull
 When Breitmann enter dere.
 Und der waiters in de Greco
 (So long he trinked und sot)
 Vas called him L’Ubbriacone—
 ’Tvas de name der Breitmann got.

He saw a veller in de shtreet,
 Vot sell some friction-matches ;
 De kind dey call Infallible,
 For dey *blazes* ven you *scratches*.
 Dey dragged him off to brison,
 Und tied him mit a rope ;
 For in Rome dere’s nix Infallible,
 Dey said, excebt de Bope.

Hans see de crate Prometheus,
 In Corsini’s gallery hang ;
 He tought apout de matches,
 Und it made his heart go bang.

It's risk to carry light apout,
 Too cheap for efery man ;
 How de Lucifers is fallen !*
Ita dixit Breitemann.

He got among de Bope's Zouaves,
 Dey trinked from morn to night ;
 Den frolicked *colle belle*
 Ontil de shky crew pright.
 It blease der Breitmann vonderfool,
 And dus he often say :
 "Zouaviter in modo ish
 Der real Roman way."

Boot oh, his heart burned vild mit fire,
 His eyes gefilled mit tears,
 At de gotts in efery bilder saal,
 Mit goats' legs, tails, und ears.
 Und he sopped—"Ach liebes Deutschland,
 Bist here on every hand ?
 Was machst du Mephistophelés
 So weit im Wälschen Land ?"

Boot de wood-nymphs boorst out laughin,
 Der Garten-gott dere to,
 Und sait—"Oldt Hans ! vile you're apout
 Ve nefer can look blue."
 Den Pan blay on his Syrinx,
 To de tune of Mary Blane,
 "Don't gry pecause ve're out of town,
 Ve're coming pack again.

* "Lucifers." The first name applied in America to friction matches, and one still used by many people.

"Von day you got de yolk und white,
 De next day only shells ;
 Von day dey holts a council,
 Und de next day—'someding else !'
 Id's bopes und kings, und gotts and dings,
 Oopon dis eartly ball ;
 Boot for *me* id's all von frolic,
 Und a high oldt carnival !

"Rise oop, dou Odin-trafeler,
 Und toorn dee to de Nort,
 Wherefrom, as Bible dells dee,
 Crate efil shall come fort.
 Dere is mutterins in Ravenna,
 Und ere long dere'll come a turn,
 A real hell-bender from de land
 Of Dieterich von Bern.

"Und ven der Breitmann's prototype,
 Der Fictoor Manuel,
 Cooms tromplin, tromplin troo de fern,
 To give dis coountry hell.
 Und ven in La Comarca,
 Der is shtorm in all de air,
 Dy Gotts vill gife dee vork, mein Sohn,
 Hans Breitmann shall be dere !"

For a yar will nod be ofer
 Pefore de Fräntsch will run,
 Und de game at last be ented,
 Und Italy pe *won*.
 Und denn in roarin battle,
 For hishtory so grand,

Dy banner'll lead de Uhlan spears,
All in de Frankenland.

Nota bene.—Dis boem was all written in 1869, pefore de wars ; und all de dings prophezeit in it coomed to bass. Herein der Herr Breitmann abbears ash a Seher or Prophet so crate as de cratest ash nefer vas. Der crate ardist, Mishter W. W. Story, for whom dis lied vas written, can proof all dis.

FRITZ SCHWACKENHAMMER.
[Redaktör.]

LA SCALA SANTA.

“Robusti sono i fatti.”
 —*Discorso del Terremoto*, del S. Alessandro
 Sardo. Venetia, A.D. 1586.

I N San Gianni Lateran,
 Dey've cot a flight of shdairs,
 More woonderful ash nefer vas,
 As Latin pooks declares.
 For you kits your sins forgifen,
 If you glimes dem knee py knee ;
 It's such a gitten up a stairs,
 I nefer yet did see.

Now as Breitmann vas a vaitin
 Among some demi reps,
Ascensionem expectans,
 To see dem glime de steps,
 Dere came a sinful scoffer,
 Who his mind had firmly set
 To go dem holy sdairs afoot,
 Und do it on a bet !

Boot shoost as he vas startet,
 To make dis sassy go,
 Der Breitmann caught him py de neck,
 Und tripped him off his toe !

Und den dere come de skience,
A la prenez gardez vous;
For he bung his eye and bust his shell,
Und shplit his noshe in dwo.

De briests vere so astonish,
To see him lam de man,
Dat dey shvore a holy miracle
Was vork by Breitemann.
Says Breitemann, "I'm a heretic,
But dis you may pe bound,
No chap shall mock relishious dings
While I'm a bummin round.

"Und you owes me really noding,
For as I'll plainly show,
At last I've found out someding
Vot I alfays vant to know.
Und now dat I have found it,
In de newspapers I'll brag :
Evviva! Ho trovato,
Vot means a Scala-Wag."*

* *Scalawag*—an American word, of very doubtful origin, signifying a low, worthless fellow.

BREITMANN INTERVIEWS THE POPE.

“Altri beva il Falerno, altri la Tolfa.

Toscana re, dite
Pria ch'io parli dite.”

—*Bacco in Toscano*, di Francesco Redi.

“Si regressum feci metro
Retro ante, ante retro—
Quid si graves sunt acuti?
Si accentus fiant muti?
Quid si placide, plene, plane
Fregi frontem Prisciani?—
Sat est Verbum declinavi
Titubo-titubas-titubavi.”

—*Barnabæ Itinerarium*. London, 1716.

VON efenin ash der Breitmann vent from his wein-
haus vinkin,
So peepy mit Falernian vitch he vas starkly trinkin,
He found his hut and goat was gone,—dey'd dook em
oud for dryin,—
Und in deir blace a priester hut und priester mantel
lyin.

Der Breitmann poot de triangel oopon his het, and
whistled,
Den rop de cloak around his form, and down de Corso
mizzled.

De beoples gazed mit staunischment as bey dem he
go vheelin,
He look ganz *oltra tramontane*, so twisty vas his
reelin.

Next tay *in Vaticano*, while he shtared at frescoes
o'er him,
Hans toorned und mit amazemend saw der Pabst vas
shoost pefore him !
Down on his knees der Breitmann vent—for so de law
it teaches ;
He proke two holes in de bavement—und likewise
shblit his preeches.

“Ego video,” says de Bope—“tu es antistes ex
Almania,
Est una mala gente et corrupta con insania,
Un fons hereticorum et malorum tut terribile,
Perche non vultis che ego—il Papa—sei infallibile.”

“Sit verbo venia,” said Hans, “permitte, Sancte
Pater,
Num verum est ut noster *rum* gemixta est mit water?
In cœlis wo die götter live, non semper est sereno,
Nor de wein ash goot ash decet in each *spaccio di
vino*.

“Sunt mihi multi fratres qui si denkunt ut dicisti,
Ego kickerem illos, validê, per sanguine de Christi !
In nostro monasterio si habemus nostrum rentum
Contra infallibilità non curamus rubrum centum.*

* “If we can in our monastery collect our rents, we do not
care a red cent for infallibility.”

“Viginti nostrorum nuper convenere,
 In quodam capitulo, simul et dixere ;
 Papa vult Concilium in Romam tenere,
 Quid debemus super hoc ipsi respondere ?” *

Et dixit noster presul, “Es ist mir omnis unus,
 Si Papa est infallibilis, tanquam non sum jejunus,
 Si Nonus est Pius aut Pius est Nonus—
 Diabolus curat. Non accipio dieser onus.

“Si possum me jacere circum vitrum Rhenovini †
 Es ist mir wurst si Papa est originis divini :
 Deus se fecit olim homo, et nahm das irds'che
 Leben, ‡
 Et nunc Papa noster will sich selbst zum Gott
 erheben.

* This verse is parodied from the lines of a ribald old Latin song, “Viginti Jesuiti nuper convenere.”

† “If I could throw myself outside of, or around, a glass of Rhenish wine.” “If I could see a glass of whisky,” said an American, “I'd throw myself outside of it mighty quick.” Since writing the above, I have seen the expression thus given in a copy of *La Belle Sauvage*.—*Bill of the Play, London, June 27, 1870.*

“Nay these natives—simple creatures—
 Had resolved that for the future
 Each his own canoe would paddle,
 Each his own hoe-cake would gobble,
 And get outside his own whisky.”

‡ “Deus se fecit olim homo,” &c. A very curious epigram to this effect was placed upon “Pasquin” while the writer was in Rome, during a past winter. It was as follows:—

“Perchè Eva mangio il pomo
 Iddio per riscattarci si fece uomo,
 Ed ora il Nono Pio
 Per mantenerci schiavi, si fa Dio.”

“Ita dixit Breitmann et sanctus Pater respondit :
 Me piace semper intendere tutto cio che l'on dit,
 Sed tu dic mihi la sua ragione :
 Tu non homo natus es, solus mangiar maccheroni.

“Tonitrus et cespes !” dixit Johanes Breitmann.
 “Si veritatem cupies, tunc ego sum der right man ;
 Percute semper ferrum dum caldum est et *malle-*
able,
 Nunc est tuum tempus te facere *infallible.*

“In nostra America quum Præses decet abire,
 Die ultimo fecit omne quod posset imaginire.
 Appointet ambasciatores et post-magistros,
 Consules et alios, per dextros et sinistros.

“Quum Rex Bomba ista Neapolit—anus,
 Compulsus fuit to shin it—ut dixit Africanus—
 Fecit ultimo die ducos et countos, vanus.
 (Inter alios M'Closkey, tuus Hibernicus chamber-
 lanus.)*

“Et quia tu es ; ut credo ; ultimus Poporum,
 Facis bene devenire, quod dicitur High Cocka-
 lorum—
 Sei magnissimus *toad in the puddle,* ite caput, magna-
 mente ;
 Et ERITIS SICUT DEUS, nemine contradicente !

“Unus error solus, Sancte Pater commisisti.
 Quia primus *infallible* non te proclamavisti,

* M'Closky. An Irish adventurer, admirably depicted by Mr. Charles Lever.

Nam nemo audet dicere : Papa fecit quod non est
bonus.

Decet semper jactare super *alios* probandi onus.

‘Conceptio Immaculata, hoc modo fixisti,
Et nemo audet dicere unum verbum, de isti :
Non vides si infallibilis es, et vultis es exdare,*
Non alius sed *tu* solus hanc debet proclamare.’

“Figlio mio,” dixit Papa ; “Tu es homo mirabilis,
Tua verba sunt mi dulcior quam ostriche cum Chablis
In tutta Roma, de Alemania gente,
Non ho visto uno con si grande mente.

“Vero benedetto es—eris benedictus,
Tibi mitterem photographiam in quo sum depictus.
Tu comprendes situatio—il punto et gravamen.
Sunt pauci clerici ut te. Nunc dico tibi.—Amen !”

* “Do you not see that if you are infallible, and wish to give it out.”

THE FIRST EDITION OF BREITMANN.

SHOWING HOW AND WHY IT WAS THAT
IT NEVER APPEARED.

“ Uns ist in alten Maeren
wunders viel geseit
Von Helden lobebaeren,
von grosser Arebeit.
Von Festen und Hochzeiten,
von Weinen und Klagen,
Von kuehnen Recken Streiten,
möht Ihr nun Wunder hören sagen.”

—*Der Nibelungen Lied.*

D^O oos, in anciend shdory,
Crate voonders ish peen told
Of lapors fool of glory,
Of heroes bluff und bold ;
Of high oldt times a-kitin,
Of howlin und of tears,
Of kissin and of vightin,
All dis we likes to hears.

Dere growed once dimes in Schwaben,
Since fifty years pegan,
An shild of decend elders,
His name Hans Breitemann.

De gross adventures dat he had,
 If you will only look,
 Ish all bescribed so truly
 In dis fore-lyin book.

Und allaweil dese lieder
 Vere goin troo his het,
 De writer lay von Sonntay
 A-shleepin in his bett ;
 Vhen, lo ! a yellow bigeon
 Coom to him in a dream,
 De same dat Mr. Barnum
 Vonce had in his Muséum.

Und dus out-shprach de bigeon :
 “ If you should brint de songs
 Or oder dings of Breitmann
 Which to dem on-belongs,
 Dey will tread de road of Sturm and Drang,
 Die wile es möhte leben,*
 Und be mis-geborn in pattle—
 To dis fate ish it ergeben.”

Und dus rebly de dreamer :
 “ If on de ice it shlip,
 Denn led id dake ids shanses,
 Rip Sam, und let 'er rip !
 Dou say'st id vill pe sturmy :
 Vot sturmy ish, ish crand,
 Crates heroes ish de beoples
 In Uncle Samuel's land.

* “ During its life.”

" Du bist ein rechter Gelbschnabel,*
 O golden bigeon mine,
 Und I'll fighdt id on dis summer,
 If id dakes me all dis line.
 Full liddle ish de discount,
 Oopon de Yankee peeps."
 "Go to hell !" exclaim de bigeon ;
 Foreby vas all mine shleeps.

Dere vent to Sout Carolina
 A shentleman who dinked, †
 Dat te pallads of der Breitmann
 Should papered pe und inked.
 Und dat he vouldt fixed de brintin
 Before de writer know :
 Dis make to many a brinter,
 Fool many a bitter woe.

All in de down of Charleston,
 A druckerei he found,
 Where dey cut de copy into *takes*
 Und sorted it around.
 Und all vas goot peginnen,
 For no man heeded mooch.
 Dat half de jours vas Mericans
 Und half of dem vas Dutch.

Und vorser shtill, anoder half
 Had vorn de Federal plue,

* "Thou art a very puppy."

† This was the late Charles Astor Bristed of New York, to whom many of these ballads were addressed in letters.

While de anti-half in Davis grey
 Had peen Confederates true.
 Great Himmel ! vot a shindy
 Vas shdarterd in de crowd,
 When some von read Hans Breitmann,
 His Barty all aloud !

Und von goot-nadured Yankee,
 He swear id vos a shame,
 To dell soosh lies on Dutchmen,
 Und make of dem a game.
 Boot dis make mad Fritz Luder,
 Und he swear dis treat of Hans,
 Vos shoost so goot a barty
 Ash any oder man's.

Und dat nodings vas so looscius
 In all dis eartly shpeer,
 Ash a quart mug fool of sauer-kraut,
 Mit a plate of lager-bier.
 Dat de Yankee might pe tam mit himself,
 For he, der Fritz, hafe peen,
 In many soosh a barty
 Und all dose dings hafe seen.

All mad oopsproong de Yankee,
 Mit all his passion ripe ;
 Und vired at Fritz mit de shootin-shtick,
 Vheremit he vas fixin type.
 It hit him on de occiput,
 Und laid him on de floor ;
 For many a long day afder
 I ween his het was sore.

Dis roused Piet Weiser der Pfaelzer,
Who vas quick to act und dink ;
He helt in hand a roller
Vheremit he vas rollin ink.
Und he dake his broof py shtrikin
Der Merican top of his het,
Und make soosh a vine impression,
Dat he left de veller for deat.

Allaweil dese dings oonfolded,
Dere vas rows of anoder kind,
Und drople in de wigwam
Enough to trife dem plind.
Und a crate six-vooted Soudern man
Vot hafe vorked on a Refiew,
Shvear he hope to Gott he mighd pie de forms
If de Breitmann's book warn't true.

For de Sout' vas plounded derriple,
Und in dat darksome hour
He hafe lossed a yallow-pine maiden,
Of all de land de vlower.
Bright gold doublones a hoondered
For her he'd gladly bay
Ash soon ash a thrip for a ginger-cake,
Und deem it cheap dat day.

To him antworded a Yorker
Who shoomp den dimes de *boun-ti-ee* :
(De only dings *he* lossed in de war
Was a sense of broperty.)
Says he, "Votefer you hafe dropped
Some oder shap hafe get,
Und de yallow-pine liked him petter ash you,
On dat it is safe to bet !"

Dead pale pecame dat Soudern brave,
 He tidn't so moosh as yell,
 Boot he drop right on to de Yorker,
 Und mit von lick bust his shell.
 Denn out he flashed his pig-sticker,
 Und mit looks of drementous gloom,
 Rooshed vildly in de pattle
 Dat vas ragin round de room.

Boot *in angulo*, in de corner—
 Anoder quarrel vas grow
 'Twix a Boston shap mit a Londoner ;
 Und de row ish gekommen so :
 De Yankee say dat de H-*u*-mor
 Of soosh writin vas less dan small,
 Dough it maket de beoples laughen,
 Boot dat vas only all.

Denn a Deutscher say, by Donner !
 Dat soosh a baradox
 Vould leafe no hope for writers
 In all Pandora's bænder box.
 'Twas like de sayin dat Heine
 Hafe no witz in him goot or bad,
 Boot he only *kept sayin* witty dings
 To make beoples pelieve he had.

Denn de oder veller be-headed
 Dat dere vas not a shbark of foon
 In de pad spelt lieds when you lead dem
 Into Englisch correctly done :—
 Den a Proof Sheet veller respondered,
 For he dink de dings vas hard,
 "Dat ish shoost like de goot oldt lady
 Ash vent to hear Artemus Ward.

“Und say it vas shames de beoples
 Vas laugh demselfs most tead
 At de boor young veller lecturin,
 When he tidn’t know vot he said.”
 Hereauf de Yankee answered,
 “Gaul dern it :—Shtop your fuss !”
 And all de crowd togeder
 Go slap in a grand plug-muss.

De Yankee shlog de Proof Sheet
 Soosh an awfool smock on de face,
 Dat he shvell rite oop like a poonkin
 Mit a sense of his tisgrace ;
 Boot der Deutscher boosted an ink-keg
 On dop of de oder’s hair :
 It vly troo de air like a boomshell—denn—
 Mine Gotts !—Vot a sighdt vas dere !

Denn ofer all de shapel
 Vierce war vas ragin loose ;
 Fool many a vighthen brinter
 Got well ge-gooked his goose.
 Fool many a nose mit fisten,
 I ween was padly scrouged ;
 Fool many an eye pright gleamin
 Vas ploody out-gegouged.

*Dô wart âfgehouden,**
 Dere vas hewin off of pones ;
*Dô hôte man darinne**
 Man heardt soosh treadful croans.

* Lines from Gudrun, each of which is freely translated by the line following it.

*Jach waren dâ die Geste,**
 De row vas rough and tough,
*Genuoge sluogen wunden—**
 Dere vas plooty wounds enough.

De souls of anciend brinters
 From Himmel look down oopon,
 Und allowed dat in a *chapel*
 Dere was nefer soosh carryins on.
 Dere was Lorenz Coster mit Gutemberg,
 Und Scheffer mit der Fust,
 Und Sweynheim mit Pannartz trop deers,
 Oopon dis teufel's dust.

Dere vas Yankee jours extincted
 Who lay upon de vloor,
 Dere vas Soudern rebs destructed,
 Who vouldt nefer Jeff no more.
 Ash deir souls rise oop to Heafen,
 Dey heardt de oldt brinters' calls,
 Und Gutemberg gifed dem all a kick
 Ash he histed dem ofer de walls.

Dat ish de vay dese Ballads
 Foorst vere crooshed in plood and shdorm,
 Fool many a day moost bass afay
 Pefore dey dook dis form.
 De copy flootered o'er de preasts
 Of heroes lyn todt,
 Dis vas de dire peginnin—
 Das war des Breitmann's Noth.

* Lines from Gudrun, each of which is freely translated by the line following it.

Dis song in Philadelphia
 Long dimes ago pegun,
 In Paris vas gondinued, und
 In Dresden ist full-done.
 If any toubt apout de *facts*,
 In nople minds ish grew,
 Let dem ashk Carl Benson Bristed,
He knows id all ish drue.

Und now, dese Breitmann shdories
 Is gebrindt in many a lant,
 Sogar in far Australia
 Dey're gestohlen und bekannt :—
 “*Geh hin mein Puch in alle VVelt*
Steh auss was dir kompt zu !
Man beysse Dich, man reysse Dich
*Nur dass man mir nichts thu !” **

* “ Go forth, my book, through all the world,
 Bear what thy fate may be !
 They may bite thee, they may tear thee,
 So they do no harm to me !”

BREITMANN'S LAST BALLADS.

BREITMANN IN TURKEY.

DER BREITMANN hear im Turkenreich
Vas fighten high und low,
"Steh auf, oh Schwackenhammer mein !
It's dime for us to go.
Zieh dein Kanonenstiefel an,
Und schleife Dir das Schwert,
Schon lang her han mer nichts gethan,
Der Weg ist reitenswerth." *

"Oopon vitch side? I hartly know
Boot von side in dis war :
Dere ist de holy Russ-land
All mit a holy Tsar ;
But I pe not a holy-er,
Nor you von Saint, I fear ;
Our line is holy ploonder,
Mit sacred Lager-bier.

"Dere's von Constantinoble-man
Vot write to me, und say

* " Pull on your boots so rough and tough,
And whet your sword beside,
We have been lazy long enough,
The road is worth the ride."

He kits me an commission
 To make me Breitmann Bey,
 Und if I mounts de turpan
 Und keeps de Muslin law,
 Und bribes ein wenig, den I rise
 To Breitemann Pasha.

“Dis much is drue, dat Toorkey is
 A real Powder land,
 Und if dey’re goin’ to touch it off,
 Vy, ve moost pe on hand.
 Und if ve shpring into de airs
 While meddlin’ in de fuss,
 I rader dink some Russian bears
 Vill shpring along mit us.”

Und ven he kit to Turkreich
 Der Breitmann work like mad,
 Und kit ein corps togeder,—
 Mein Gott ! vat men he had !
 Mit Polers und mit Shipsisies,
 Ungaren, Turks, und such,
 Und allerlei Gesindel. “Hei !”
 Says Hans : “dis beats de Dutch !”

Den onwards to his Schicksal*
 Und forvarts troo de night,
 Und oopwards to his mission,
 Und downvarts in de vight.
 Until in de Bulgáren
 Von night his horse he strode,
 Und meet a tausand Kossacks
 Pefore him on de road.

* Schicksal, Destiny.

Slap forward rode der Breitmann
Right on de Kossack spears,
But forvarts coom deir leader
And halted his careers,
Und gry, "O Turkisch Ritter,
I am de Capitán,
And if you want a shindy,
Step up, and I'm your man."

Dey fightet like der teufel,
Dey fightet mit deir swords,
Und Breitmann vould hafe kilt him,
But 'twas not on de cards,
For de Kossack fire a bistol
As his retreadt pegan,—
Down from his horse all senseless
Flop! went der Breitemann.

When he hafe kit his senses,
Der Breitmann find he lay
Insite a nople castell,
Upon a canapé ;
Und py his side a lady
So wunderschön to see,
Vas shlisin oop a lemon
Indo a cop of thée.

Den to himself say Breitmann,
Aldough he hold his jaw,
"Dis is de vinest womans,
Py Gott! I efer saw.
Vot lofeliness! vot muscle!
Mit efery himmlisch charm!
She measures twenty inches,
Bei Donner! roundt de arm."



De lady see his glances
 So noble und so game,
 Und yust as *he* reflected
 She dink of him de same,
 Und she say, "Wie gehts?" in English,
 "Du galiant cavalier,
 Who art pecome de captive
 All of my bow und spear.

"I am a gal dis mornin',
 Yestreen I vas a knight,
 Old hoss—you nearly smashed me,
 I guess, in that small fight ;
 And if I hadn't shot you
 I think I should have ran."
 "Gottshimmel mit Potzbomben !
 Egsclaim der Breitemann.

"But say, O nople lady,
 Vot got you in dot set
 Of plackgards—vilt dou dell me?"
 De dame rebly : "You bet !
 My father came from Boston,
 And when this war began
 He got a splendid contract,
 All with the Russi-án,

"To sell the army shoe-strings ;
 But I have read of fights,
 And I dream of war and glory,
 For I go for women's rights ;
 Then I read a book of poems
 Which fairly turned my head,
 The ballads of Hans Breitmann"—
 "Oh—ho!" Hans Breitmann said.

“And as I think the Breitmann
 Must be the greatest man
 Who ever went a-fighting
 Since History began,
 I dressed me like a soldier,
 For I am stark of limb ;
 With Breitmann for a model,
 And try to act like him.

“Oh, tell me, noble captive,
 While rolling in this storm
 Which men call life, hast ever
 Beheld Hans Breitmann’s form?
 Oh, could I once embrace him,
 And gaze into his eye,
 And feel his arms around me,
 Then I would gladly die.

“He is the man of mortals,
 The Odin of them all,
 A higher Incarnation,
 The ‘*Menschheitsidéal*,’*
 A being made to worship,
 To me an earthly Gott”——
 “Py shings!” exclaim Hans Breitmann,
 “Dis ding is gettin hot !

“O laity !—noble gountess !
 Dis man of whom you dink
 Ish lyin’ here pefore you,
 Half tead for want of trink,

* *Menschheitsidéal*, Human Ideal.

Likewise for lofe of you, too,
 Done up mit lofe and durst,
 Und mit de two togeder,
 I don't know vitch is vorst.

“And dou canst safe dy hero
 From bitter Todespein,
 If dou hast in de Keller
 Only one *Fass* of wein.
 Nay, doubt not—in my pocket
 Is dot vitch brofes de man,
 My bassport, und drei tavern bills
 Against der Breitemann.”

De laity she emprace him
 Oontil he nearly bust.
 “Potz-blitz !” gasp out der Breitemann,
 “She *is* a squeezer—*yust !*”
 De damé she vas vealty,
 Likewise an orphan too,
 Mit a castel und a titel,
 So Breitemann put it troo.

So soon the paar vere marrit,—
 Hei ! vot a dimes dey had !
 Hei ! how dey life togeder
 So clorious und clad !
 Now he has cot a titel
 Dot was a Capitán ;
 Hier hat de tale ein Ende
 Of Herr Count Breitemann.

COBUS HAGELSTEIN.

I CH bin ein Deutscher, und mein name is Cobus
 Hagelstein,*
 I coom from Cincinnàti, and I life peyond der Rhein ;
 Und I dells you all a shdory dot makes me mad ash
 blitz,
 Pout how a Yankee gompany vas shvindle me to fits.

I heardt apout dis gompany, und vished to see dot
 same,
 Das Lebensfeuerversicherungsgesellschaft vos ids
 name ;
 Dot is de name in Sherman—in English it will
 say
 Dot it insures your life mit fire, ven you de money
 pay.

Now, I hod a liddle house-line vhere I life so shtill
 ash mice,
 Und yoost drei tausand dollar vos dot little pilding's
 brice ;

* A little stream in Cincinnati, beyond which lies the German quarter, is known as the Rhine.

I vos always yoost so happy ash ein Kaisar in de
land
Dill at last I kit in drople, for mein haus vos
abgebrannt.

Den I goes undo dot gompany und dells em right
afay
(Das Lebensfeuerversicherungsgesellschaft), und I
say,
"At last de youngest day ist coom for you to plank de
cash,
And you moost bay me monies, for mine haus is
purned to ash."

Den de segredary answered, "All dis is fery drue,
Boot you know ve have de option to pild your house
anew ;
Dere ist a lot of beoples vot burns deir hauser doun,
Den coom to kit de money pack all over in de
toun."

I look indo de bapers und I find it ash he say,
Das Lebensfeuerversicherungsgesellschaft need not
bay ;
So I dells em all to go aheth und pild anoder shdore,
Und dey make me von in Yankee shdyle more petter
ash pefore.

Den I met der segredary dereafter on a day,
Of Das Lebensfeuerversicherungsgesellschaft, und he
say,
"You've found oos vellers honoraple und honest in
our line,
Vy tont you go insure de life of Madame Hagel-
stein?"

I poots mine dum oopon mine nose, and vinks him
mit mine eye,
Und says I cooms to do it ven de océan runs dry,
Ven geoses turn to ganders, und de bigs kits shanged
to shvine ;
Oh, den I makes insure de life of Madame Hagel-
stein.

“I haf dried you on insurance, ash you know, yust
vonce pefore,
Und ven mein haus vas abgebrannt you pild anoder
shdore ;
Id’s drue you pild it goot enough, boot I dell you
allaweil,
I vas liket id moosh petter if it vas in Sharman
shdyle.

“Now, if I goes insure my wife anoder dime mit you
Das Lebensfeuersversicherung, I knows vot it would
do,—
If from dis vorldt Frau Hagelstein should rise to
Himmel life,
Inshtead of paying gelt you’d kit for me a Yankee
wife !”

I poots mine dum pelow mine eye, und vinks him
merrily,
Und say, “Go find soom Deutscherman dot is more
creen ash me.
Dere’s blendy of dem creen enough, I know, peyond
der Rhein,
But none among dem wears de name of Cobus
Hagelstein.”

FRITZERL SCHNALL.

A BALLAD.

ASH on de Alapama biz,
 Deep sinnin long I sat,
 I dinks von ding for dinkin
 Py afery Diplomat ;
 Und dat ist : dat voll many a ding
 Vot ist *de facto* done,
 May pe *de jure* unbossible,
 Und *officiél* unknown.

Von dimes in San Franciscus,
 Im Californian land,
 Among de Californaments
 Dere woned a Deutscher band ;
 Und shief among dese heroes
 Dere shone Herr Fritzerl Schnall,
 Who nefer vouldt pelief in nichts
 Dat vos not lōgicál.

Vell den : von tay, as Fritzerl
 Vas valk Dolores Shtreet,
 Mein Gott ! how he vas over-rush
 Ein gut oldt friendt to meet ;

Hans Liederschnitz aus Augsburg,
 Vot professed in Bayrisch bier—
 "Gottskreuz ! du alter Schlingel !"
 Cried Fritz : "Was mochst du hier?"

Now in des dimes I scribe of,
 Dree ways der vere bakannt,
Und only dree, to get to
 Das Californigen Landt.
 De virst de Plains coom ofer ;
 De next, de Istmoos troo ;
 De dird aroundt Cape Horné,
 All ofer de ocean plue.

But de first lot of surveyors
 For de railroad overland,
 Vas seek a new vay northwards,
 All for de Eisenbahn,
 Und mit dem, der professor
 Of Lager vent along ;
 So he kommed to San Franciscus,
 Und den into dis song.

But ash unto Herr Fritzerl
 Dis news vas unerheard,
 He couldt not know de tidings
 Wherevon he had no vord ;
 Und derefore dis here questdion
 He makes to Hans : "Old hoss,
 I kess de vay you kit hier,
 You kommed de Blains agross?"

"Nein, nein," sayt Liederschnitzerl ;
 "I komm not ash you say."
 "Vell, den," antworded Fritzerl,
 "It pe's anoder vay.

If you komm de Blains not über,
 I see vot you hafe do :
 You make an longer um-way
 Und gross de Istmoos troo."

"Nein, nein," acain saidt Schnitzerl,
 "Dat road I nefer know,
 Und vas not ride de Istmoose !"
 Cried Fritz, erstaunished, "SO
 You komm de Blains not über,
 Nor gross de Istmoose troo ?
 Vell, den—to make de Horn aroundt
 Vas all dat you could do !"

"I shvears py Gott !" says Schnitzerl,
 "So sure as you vas porn,
 Exshept oopon some ochsen
 I nefer saw a horn.
 Dat ish—mitwiles, too—while-en—
 I hafe von in mine hand,
 Und trink to dy Gesundheit,
 Im lieben Vaterland."

Erstaunished stoot der Fritzerl :
 No wort herout brought he :
 Und sinned, und sinned—den sighftserd.
 "Pots blitz ! how vash dis pe ?"
 Ontill a light from Himmel
 Vlash down into him shtraight,
 Ash Heafen in Yacob Böhme
 Vlash from a bewter blate.

Den laut he cry, eye-shbarklin,
 Ash droonk mit Truth tifine,

Like der Wahrheitseher Novalis :
“ Herr Gott ! es leuch't mir ein !
If you komm de Blains not over,
Nor py Horn, nor py canál,
Den I shwears you dis, Hans Schnitzerl,
Du bist not here at all !”

MORAL. Go in for Wahrheit,
Und for Pure Reason seek ;
If it land you in a pog-hole,
Den die dere —like a brick !
Gott brosher all logikers,
Und pless deir nople breed ;
Und so ist komm zu ende
Dis Breitmanns letzte Lied.

THE GYPSY LOVER.

DOT vos a schwartz Zigeuner *
 Dot on a viddle played,
 Und oonderneat' a fenster
 He mak't a serenade.

Dot vos a lofely gountess
 Who heardt de gypsy blay'n.
 Said she, "Who make dot musik
 Vot sound so wunderscheen?"

Dot vos de schwartz Zigainer
 Who vos fery quick to twig ;
 Und he song a mournvoll pallad
 How his hearts vos proken—big !

Dot vos de lofely gountess
 Said, "Dell me who you are?"
 He saidt, "Mein name is Janosch,
 De Lord of Temesvar."

Dot vos de lofely gountess
 Said, "Come more near to me,
 I wants to dalk on piz'ness :
 I'll trow you down de key."

* That was a dark young gypsy.

Dot vos de moon kept lightin'
De gountess in her room,
Boot somedings moost have vrighten
De minstrel tid not coom.

Dot vos a treadfool oudgry
Ven early in de morn
Dey foundt de hens vos missin,
Und all de wash vos gone !

Dot vos a schwartz Zigeuner
Vot sot oopon de dirt
A-eatin roasted schickens
All in a new glean shirt.

DORNENLIEDER.

I.

FOR efery Rose dot ploome in spring,
 Dey say an maid is porn ;
 For efery pain dot Rose vill make
 Dey say dere comes a dorn.
 Boot let dem say yoost vot dey will,
 Dis ding I will soopose,
 I'll immer prick mein finger still,
 If I may pfluck die Ros'.
 Ach, Rosalein, du schöne mein,*
 Dot man vas nefer born
 Vot did deserfe to win de Rose,
 Vot couldt not stand de Dorn.

Blutfärbig ist die schöne Ros',†
 Und dot ist yoost a sign
 Dot I moost lose a liddle Blut
 To make de Rosé mein.
 Wer Rosen bricht die Finger sticht ;
 Das ist mir ganz égal,
 Der bricht sie auch in Winter nicht,
 Und kits no Rose at all.

* Ah, Rosalie, my lovely one !

† Blood-coloured is the lovely rose.

Was wir hier treiben und kosen, love,
 De joy or misery,
 Soll bleiben unter der Rosen, love !
 Und our own secret pe ! *

II.

Von Dorn ride out in hoonting gear,
 Mit his horse und his Hundé too,
 Und his mutter she say,
 "Bring home a deer,
 Mein Sohn, votefer you do !"
 "You know, gewiss, dot I nefer miss,
 Und ven you hear mine horn,
 Pe sure dot a deer is comin' here,"
 Said der Ritter Veit von Dorn,
 Mit his deer so fein, tra la la la !
 Mit his deer so fine, tra lé !
 Tra la la—tra la la la !
 Tra la la—la la lé !

Von Dorn he ridet im greenen wood
 Till dere, peneat' a dree,
 He sah a maid wie Milch und Blut,
 As fair ash a maid could pe.
 Und der Ritter he spies her great plack eyes,
 "Id's petter, I'll pe shwore,

* Who roses picks his finger pricks
 No matter what befall ;
 In winter-time he finds them gone
 And gets no rose at all.
 Our petting and caressing here,
 Our joy or misery
 It all shall rest *sub rosa*, love,
 And our own secret be !

To hafe a dear oopon two feet
 Dan von dot roons on four.
 Mit a dear so fein, tra la la la !
 Mit a dear so fein, tra lé !
 Tra la la—tra la la la !
 Tra la la—la de lé !”

Der Ritter ridet pack to home :
 “ Ach, mutter—all ist goot ;
 I prings you here de finest dear
 In all de greené woot.”
 De mutter she looks, mit joy surprise,
 “ Hast Recht, mein lieber Sohn ; *
 Dere vas nefer a deer vot hafe soosh eyes
 Ash de dear vot you hafe won !”
 Mit her eyes so plack, tra la, la la !
 Mit her eyes so plack, tra lé !
 Tra, la, la—tra la, la, la !
 Tra la la—la de lé !

Nota bene.—Dis song moost pe sung mit exbression.

—FRITZ SCHWACKENHAMMER
 [Redaktör].

* “ Thou’rt right, my darling son.”

BREITMANN'S SLEIGH-RIDE.

VEN de winter make oos shifer
 Und de bonds is froze mit ice,
 To shlide und shkate on de rifer,
 Mit de poys und gals is nice.
 Ven de horses hafe deir bits on,
 Und de roats pe vite mit shnow,
 To vly in a sleigh like blitzen
 Is de yolliest dings I know.

“Und its high, hooray!” saidt Breitmann,
 “For de gals on de Dutchtown-side ;
 Und it's *lebe hoch!* fer de junglins,
 Vot'll go mit de gals to ride ;
 Und it's hip, herjé ! for de drifers
 Vot nefer dake no odds !
 Und it's *vivat!* for de vellers,
 Vot'll shtand de apple-tods !”

Der Breitmann pooled his mits on,
 Der Breitmann crocked his vip,
 “Now its fly like dunner blitzen,
 Mein shildren, let 'er rip !
 Like de eagles on de shtorm-cloudt
 A-vlyin' to deir nest ;

Dere is opple-yack a-vaitin
 For de von dot times de rest.

“Oh mein Rapp, du bist de pestest
 Of horses in de land !
 Dou canst trafel on de grafel,
 Und canst shell it on de sand !
 Oh Rapp !—dere’s money on id,
 Ton’t let de Gelt go blue !
 I wants you show de beoples
 Dis tay vot you can do !”

Der Breitmann mit his mädchen
 Vas in a shblentit shleigh,
 Fritz Laufer mit his Mina,
 Vas yoosht agross de vay ;
 Mit pop-slets und mit yoompers,
 Mit horses and mit mules,
 Dere vas more ash vifty fellers
 Come mit deir ve-hi-cules.

Id’s “*Ein—Zwei—Drei!*” togedder,
 Dey hollered klein und gross,
 Like de wind in shtormy wetter,
 Stracks vent de Deutschers los !
 Dey crock de vips like mooskets,
 Dey ring from berg to berg,
 “Hooray !” exsglaim Hans Breitmann :
 “Dot sounds like Gettysburg !”

Der Breitmann und der Laufer
 Vere half a mile aheth,
 For ven id coom to driven,
 De oder Dootch vere deadt.

Dey vly like teufel's arrows,
Mit imps oopon em gay,
Dey killt five hoondred shbarrows
Vot kit indo de vay.

Dey vly like rats und blitzen,
De fery gals vos doomb,
Und Breitmann kept his wits on,
To see vot shanse vouldt coom ;
He know'd de pace dey clipped it
Moost enden in a shquall
By de vay der Laufer ripped it,
Und de shteeds vere ganz egál.

Der Laufer he vos leadin'
Hans Breitmann ash he goed,
Boot he tidn't see a soplin'
Dot vos lyin' in de road.
Id yank dem out like marples,
Mitout a will or shall ;
Hets downvarts in a shnow-pank,
Vent Laufer mit his gal.

Und ash Breitmann comed oonto it
Id kit indo his vay,
Und tossed him mit his mädchen
Right indo Laufer's shleigh ;
Hans crab de reins like blitze',
Und go aheth like sin :
"Adjé, mein lieber Fritze ! *
Dis dimes I scoop you in !"

* " Good-bye, my friend, my Frederick ! "

He vly away like shvallows
To vhere a davern lay,
Vhere de opple-tod vos ploomin'
Among de Deutschers gay.
Der Breitmann as he vonisht
Yoost cast von look pehind,
At de lecks of Fritz—und Mina—
A-vafin in de wind.

*Homburg vor der Höhe, Hesse-Nassau,
September 1, 1888.*

THE MAGIC SHOES.

IT was stiller, dimmer twilight—amber toornin' into
gold,
Like young maidens' hairs get yellow und more dark
as dey crow old ;
Und dere shtood a high ruine vhere de Donau rooshed
along,
All lofely, yet neclected—like an oldt und silent song.

Out shpoke der Ritter Breitmann, “Ven I hafe not
forgot,
Ich kenn an anciendt shtory of dis inderesdin shpot,
Of the Deutscher Middleolter vot de Minnesingers
sung,
Ven dot olt ruine oben vas a-bloomin, fair, und yung.

“Vonce dere lifed a noble fraülein—fery peautiful vas
she,
More ash twenty dimes goot lookin—it is in de
historie ;
Und mit more ash forty quarters on her woppenshield,*
dot men
Might beholdt mitout a discount she vas of de upper
ten.

* Woppenshield, coat-of-arms.

“But dough lofely as an angel, mit eyes of turkos
 plue,
 She vas cruel ash a teufel, und de vorst man efer
 knew.
 Vonce ven a nople young one kneeled down to her
 mit lofe,
 She kicket him mit her slipper und oopset him on de
 shtove.

“Und said, ‘I do refuse you, as you may plainly
 see ;
 Und from dis day henseforvart mine *refuse* you
 shall pe,
 Und when I do run afder you like dogs run afder
 men,
 Den I vil pe your vife, yung man—boot keep away
 dill denn !’

“He lishten to her crimly, and no single vort he
 said,
 Boot de bitter dings she spoken poot der teufel in his
 head ;
 For she hafe not learned de visdom, vich is always
 safe and sound,
 ‘Don’t go to pourin’ water on a mouse ven id ist
 trowned.’

“Vonce, at de end of autoom, ven de vind vos bitter
 cold,
 Dis maiden out a-ridin’ met a voman poor and old ;
 Her feets vere bare and pleedin’, and she said, ‘Ah !
 ton’t refuse
 To gife me, nople lady, yoosht de vorst of your oldt
 shoes !’

“De lady boorst out laughin’, ‘Fool here, or fool me dere,
You give to me a couple, I gives to you a pair.’
Denn she rode away a-laughin’; de old voman says
‘I wete,
I’ll give you shoes, my lady, dot vill fit your soul and feet!’

“Dis voman vas a vitchè, an bitter one dere to,
All dot vot she had shpoken she light enough could do;
De Ritter did not know it, but he told her of his love,
And how dot shkornful lady hat oopset him mit de shtove.

“Out spoke de grimme witchè, ‘She shall pay dee well to boot,
If you bring to me de measure of dat lady’s liddle foot.’
He got it from her shoemaker, and gafe id to de vitch,
Denn she gafe it to de damsel pooty soon as hot as pitch.

“Von morn de lofely lady, on openin’ her toor,
Found de nicest pair of gaiter boots she efer saw pefore;
Dey vitted her exoctly—mitouten any doubt—
Boot, mein Gott! how she vas schrocken *ven dey ’gun to valk apout!*

“Und ash de poots go valkin’, like de buds go mit de stem,
It vollowed dot de lady had to valk apout in dem.

Dey took her out into de street—dey run her on de
road,
Bym-by she saw a man ahead vot led her vhere she
goed.

“ Vhen she vent valkin’ longsome denn longsome vas
her pace,
Vhen he roon like a greyhound she skompered in
a race ;
He led her o’er de moundains und cross de lonely
plain,
Until de evenin’ shadows, ven he took her home
again.

“ Denn she dink mit hate and fury of dis man she
used to skoff,
Und den go at de gaiters—boot she couldn’t pull
dem off,
She vork mit all de servants, boot ’tvasent any use,
Und so she hafe to go to bett—a-shleepin’ in her
shoes.

“ Next mornin’ off dey shtarted, apout de broke of
day,
Den he led her to a castle in de woods and far
away,
And shpeak to her, ‘ My lady—I dink at last you
see
Dat de dime has come in earnesdt vhen you’ve cot to
vollow me !’

“ Oh vat ish female nature ? oh vat ish mortal pride ?
How all dot shtands de firmest most quickly shlips
aside.

De cloudts dot o'er de moundains look shkornful
at de plain,
Ere long mit shtormy wetter come toomble down in
rain.

“So de storm-cloud of Superbia vlich shweep her
soul above,
Vas meltet mit his shternness und be-turnèd into
love,
As his words like donner wetter crosched ven de
lightnin' flies,
So downward coom de torrents of dear tropes from
her eyes.

“Und she gry, ‘Mit shame I own it, to say de fery
least,
I gonfess dat in dis matter I hafe acted like a peast ;
Ven I made of you my refuse, I dinked it no account,
But now de pack is on my back it seems a big
amount.

“‘But if you vish to ved me, I vill do vat you
require.
He answered, ‘*Now* you're talkin'—dot is yoost vot
I tesire,
For I am very willin', and you do not refuse,
Boot remember vot you bromised—send de vitch a
pair of shoes !’

“She answered, ‘I vill follow verever you may go,
All ofer hills and falleys, in sunshine, rain, or schnow,
All over in der Welt, dear, I'll vander on vith thee,
I do not care how rough de road or dark de path
may be !’

“Or in de bloomin’ meadows, vhere de grass is soft
and sweet,
Or in de rocky passes, vhere de stones are under
veet,
Or if I veer de shoes, love, vitch you hafe given me,
Or if I moost go barefoot, is all de same to me.’

“He drew away de gaiters. She said, ‘As I’m
rich
I vill fill dem both mit money, and take dem to de
vitch.’
Ja wohl, she saw *die Hexe*, and takin’ her aside,
She danked her for de lesson vot hat dook away her
pride.

“On de vay vhen dey vere married, how vere dey
all *erstaun*
To see a lofely lady come in mit golden crown,
All in a rosy-silken dress vot shined as pright as
glass,
Said, ‘My dears, I am de vitch dot fetch dis ding
to pass.

“‘You know I look so ogly vonce, und now am
peautiful,
Dot ist de vay dot all dings vork ven folks pe
dutiful.
Ash de lily toorns to whitey vot once vas dirty
green,
So all ist fair ven virdue ist runnin’ de machine.’”

Dis is de vondrous shtory vot de Ritter Breitmann
told
Besides the rooshin’ Danube of de schloss so grey
und old,

While a shmokin' of his meerschaum ; und till all time
pe gone
The rustlin' of de vasser tells de tale for ever on.

Dat is an alt legende, und yet 'tis efer new,
Und to efery von dot hears it it fits yoost like a
shoe.
Und dis de shinin' moral dot in de oyster lies—
Some day you may roon after de dings you vonce
despise !

Vienna, 1888.

GLOSSARY.

THIS Glossary was prepared entirely by Mr. NICHOLAS TRÜBNER. I am not aware that he had any assistance in writing it. I mention this because I have never met with any person who was so equally familiar with obscure and obsolete old German facetious literature (as the text indicates), and at the same time with Americanisms. I should add that in all of the later ballads, or at least in fully one half of all in the book, the author was indebted to him for ideas, suggestions, and emendations, and that the work would never have been what it is—*sit verbo venia*—but for him. Mr. Trübner was a poet, even in English, as his translation from Scheffel's poems indicates. A very few words have been added to explain the poems in the ballads which appear for the first time in this edition.

CHARLES G. LELAND.



GLOSSARY.



- Abenddämmerung*, (Ger.)—Evening dim light ; twilight.
Abendgold, (Ger.)—Evening gold.
Abendroth, (Ger.)—Evening red.
Abendsonnenschein, (Ger.)—Evening sunshine.
Abbordez-moi votre mère, (German-French)—Bring me your mayor.
Ach weh, (Ger.)—Oh, woe.
Allatag, (Ger. dial.)—Every day.
Alla weil—All the while ; always.
Allegader—All together.
Alles wird ewig zu eins, (Ger.)—And all for ever becomes one.
Alter Schwed', (old Swede)—A familiar phrase like "old fellow."
Anamile, (Amer.)—Animal.
Annerthalb Jar, *Anderthalb Jahr*, (Ger.)—Year and a half.
Anti Word: *Antwort*—Answer.
Antworted, (Ger.)—Answered.
Apple-tod, (Amer.)—Apple-toddy. Spirit distilled from cider.
Arbeiterhalle—Working-man's hall.
Arminius, (Herman.)—The Duke of the Cheruskans, and destroyer of the Roman legions under Varus, in the Teutoburg Forest.
Armlos—Unarmed.
Aroom, *Herum*—Around.
Arrière pensée, (Fr.)—A reserved thought or intention.
Aufgespannt, (Ger.)—Stretched, bent.
Augen, (Ger.)—Eyes.
Augenblick, (Ger.)—Twinkling of an eye.
Aus, (Ger.)—Out.

Bach, (Ger.)—Brook.
Baender-box—Band-box.

- Baldface corn*, (Amer.)—Plain maize whisky.
- Barell-hell pars*—Parallel-bars ; a part of the gymnastic apparatus.
- Barrick*, (Pennsylvania Ger. for *Berg*)—Mountain.
- Bauern*, (Ger.)—Peasants.
- Be-ghostet*, (Ger. *Begeistert*)—Inspired.
- Begifted*,—Beschenkt—Gifted.
- Begreifen*, (Ger.)—Understand.
- Beheaded*, *Behauptet*, (Ger.)—Asserted.
- Bei Leib und Leben*, (Ger.)—By my body and soul.
- Bekannt*, *Beknown*—Known.
- Bellin*, (Ger. *Bellen*)—To bark.
- Bemarket*, (Ger.-Eng.)—Remarked.
- Be-mark*, (Ger. *Bemarken*)—Observe.
- Bemarks*, (Ger. *Bemerkungen*)—Remarks.
- Bemerkbär*, (Ger.)—Observable. Should be noticed.
- Bemoost*, (Ger.)—Mossgrown, in student's language, *ein bemoostes Haupt*, an old student.
- Bender*, (Amer.)—A spree ; a frolic. To "go on a *bender*"—to go on a spree.
- Be-raised*—Raised, with the augment, literal for Ger. *erhoben*.
- Berauscht*, (Ger.)—Intoxicated.
- Besoffen*, (Ger.)—Drunk.
- Bestimmung des Menschen*—Vocation of Man, title of one of Fichte's works.
- Betaubend*, (Ger.)—Enchanting.
- Bewises*, (Ger. *Beweist*, from *Beweisen*)—Proves.
- Bibliothek*—Library.
- Bienenkorb*, (Ger.)—Beehive.
- Birra gazzosa*, (Italian)—Aerated, gaseous beer.
- Bischof*, (Ger.)—Bishop.
- Bix Büchse*, (box)—Rifle. Bess in Brown Bess is the equivalent of the German *Büchse*, (Brown being merely an alliterative epithet ; French, *buse tube* ; Flemish, *buis*. (Still found in blunderbuss, arquebuss.) See Blackley's "Word Gossip."
- Blaetter*, (Ger.)—Leaves.
- Blei*—Lead.
- Blitz*, (Ger.)—Lightning.
- Blitzen*, (Ger.)—Lightning.
- Blokes*, (English)—Men.
- Bock*—A strong kind of German beer.
- Boemisch*—Bohemian.
- Boerenvolk*, (Flem.)—Peasants.
- Bole Jack road*—Near Murfreesboro, Tennessee.
- Bool*—Bull.

Bornirtheit—Limitedness of capacity.

Bouleverse—Boulevard.

Bountee, (Amer.)—Bounty-money paid during the war as a premium to soldiers. To jump the bounty, was to secure the premium and then run away.

“ This is the song of Billy Jones,
Who jumped the boun-ti-ee.”

—*American Ballad of 1846.*

Bowery—A street at New York, inhabited principally by Germans.

Branntewein, (Ger.)—Spirits.

Brandy smash, (Amer.)—A plain half-glass mint julep of only sugar, ice, spirits, and mint. A regular julep is larger, and contains more ingredients.

Brav, (Ger.)—Good.

Breit, (Ger.)—Broad.

Bring it down to dots—Reduce it to figures.

Brisner—Prisoner.

Broosh-pinder—Brushbinder, (Ger. *Buerstenbinder*.)—Brushmaker.

The brushmakers are supposed, probably on account of their throat-parching business, to be always thirsty.

Brummed—growled—(Ger. *Brummen*).

Brücke, (Ger.)—Bridge.

Bugs—In America all insects, especially Coleoptera.

Bummer, (Amer.)—A fellow haunting low taverns; applied during the late civil war in the United States to hangers-on of the army. Probably a corruption of the German *bummler* (loafer).

Bunning—From Bummer.

Bushwhackers—Guerillas.

Bust his shell—Broke his head.

Butterbrod, (Ger.)—Buttered bread.

By—nearly; *Beinahe*—Almost, nearly.

Came—Game.

Camine—Chimney-piece.

Canyon, (Span. *Cañon*)—A narrow passage between high and precipitous banks, formed by mountains or tablelands, often with a river running beneath. These occur in the great Western prairies, New Mexico, and California.

Carmagnole—A wild street dance.

Carmosine, (Ger.)—Crimson. French, *cramoisi*.

Carnadine—Incarnadine.

Change their lodge—Shift from one “society” to another.

Chroc, *Chrocus*, *Crocus*—An Alemannic leader, who overran Gaul, according to Gregory of Tours.

- Chunk*—A short thick piece of wood, or of anything else; a chump. The word is provincial in England, and colloquial in the United States.
- Cinder*—Suende; sin.
- Clam*—The popular name of a bivalvular shell-fish, the *Venus*.
- Clavier*, (Ger.)—Piano.
- Colle belle*, (Ital.)—With the beauties.
- Comedy*—Committee.
- Conradin*—The last of the imperial house of the Hohenstaufen—beheaded at Naples in 1268.
- Coot*—(To cut) a dash, (to come out a “swell,”) to dress extravagantly.
- Corned*, (Amer.)—Made drunk.
- Coster*—The inventor of the art of printing, according to the Dutch.
- Crate*—Great.
- Crecian pend*—When Breitmann says “Dat pend of the bow ish the Crecian pend,” it is a rather equivocal compliment. “Grecian bend” has lately become a common newspaper expression. Smuggling done by women is called a “Case of Grecian bend.” The present style of skirt, full at the back, is favourable to it.
- Crislies*—Grisly, (bear.)
- Da ist er! Schau!*—There he is! look!
- Damit*, (Ger.)—Therewith.
- Dampfschiff*—Steamboat.
- Deck*—A pack of cards, piled one upon another.
- Demperanceler, Temperenzler*—Temperance man.
- Dessauerinn*—A woman from Dessau.
- Deutschland*—Germany.
- Die Hexe*—The witch.
- Die wile es möhte leben*—During all its life.
- Daz wolde er immer dienen
Die wile es möhte leben.
—*Kutrun. XV. Aventure, 756th verse.*
- Dink*—he, they think; *my dinks*—my thoughts.
- Dinked*—he, they thought.
- Dishtriputet*—Instead of *attributed*.
- Dissembulatin'*—Dissembling.
- Dissolfed*—Instead of *resolved*.
- D'lusion*—Instead of *allusion*.
- Donnered*, (Ger.)—Thundered.
- Donnerwetter*, (Ger.)—Thunder and lightning.
- Dooks*—Ducks.
- Doon*—Tune.

- Doonderblix*—Thunder and lightning.
- Dorn*—A thorn. *Dorn lieder*—Thorn-songs.
- Drawed he in*—(literal rendering of the German *Zog er ein*,) *Einziehen*, to take up one's abode with.
- Dreimal*, (Ger.)—Three times
- Drocks*—Drakes, dragons; (Ger. *Drachen*.)
- Druckerei*—Printing-office.
- Dummehrlichkeit*, (Ger.)—Honest simplicity.
- Dunkelheit*—Darkness.
- Dursty*, (Ger. *Durstig*)—Thirsty.
- Earnsthaf*, *ernsthaf*—Serious.
- Eber*, (Ger.)—Wild boar.
- Eberschwein*, (Ger.)—Wild boar.
- Eckhartshausen*—A German supernaturalist.
- Eher*, (Ger.)—Sooner. In the dialect it has the meaning of "before."
- Einander to sprechen mit*, (Ger.)—To speak together.
- Eins, zwei, drei*—One, two, three.
- Eldern*, (Ger. *Eltern*)—Parents.
- Elfenbein*, (Ger.)—Ivory.
- Emerich*—King Emerich, hero of a German legend.
- Emsig Gruebler*, (Ger.)—Assiduous inquirer.
- Engel*, (Ger.)—Angel.
- Engländerinn*, (Ger.)—English woman.
- Entlang*, (Ger.)—Along.
- Erfinder*, (Ger.)—Inventor.
- Erfounden*, (Ger. *Erfunden*)—Invented.
- Ergeben*, (Ger.)—Resigned.
- Error-dom, Irrthum*—Error.
- Erstaun, Erstaunished, erstaunt*—Astonished.
- Erstarrt*, (Ger.)—Aghast.
- Erwaitin'*, (Ger. *Erwartend*)—Awaiting, expecting.
- Euchre, Eucre*—Sort of game played with cards, very much in vogue in the West.
- Euchred*—From Euchre, the game of cards.
- Fackeltantz*, (Ger.)—Torch dance.
- Fancy craps or crabs*—Fast horses.
- Fanes, Wetterfahnen*—Weathercocks.
- Fass*, (Ger.)—Barrel.
- Fat*—Printer's term.
- Feldwebel*, (Ger.)—A sergeant.
- Feinslieb*, (Ger.)—Fair or fine love.

- Fenster*—A window.
- Fichte*—A German philosopher.
- Finster*, (Ger.)—Dark, dismal.
- Foal*—Full.
- Foll*—To fall.
- Foon*—Fun.
- Foors*—First.
- Fore-by*—Literal translation of the German *Vorbei*.
- Fore-lying*—Literal translation of *Vorliegend*.
- Foreschlag*, (Ger. *Vorschlag*)—Proposal.
- Foresetzen*—To set, put (lay) before an audience.
- Foxen*, (Ger. *Fuchsen*)—Foxes.
- Frank-tiroir*—Franc-tireur.
- François Villon*—An old French humorous poet, whom Boileau speaks of as the first who began to write truly modern French.
- Frau*, (Ger.)—Woman.
- Freie*, (Ger.)—Free.
- Freischarlinger*, (Ger. *Freischaerler*)—A member of a Free Corps; especially applied to those who belonged to the Free Corps formed in Southern Germany during the Revolution in 1848.
- Freischuetz*, (Ger.)—Free shot, one who shoots with charmed bullets, the name of Karl Maria Von Weber's celebrated opera.
- Friederich Rothbart*—Frederic Barbarossa, the great Emperor of Germany, and one of the German legendary heroes. He is supposed to sleep in the Kyffhauser in Thuringia, and to awaken one day, when he will bring great glory over Germany.
- Frolic*—Frohlich, merry.
- Froze to de ready*—Held fast to the money.
- Fullenden*—Vollenden—To complete, perfect.
- Fuss*, (Ger.)—Foot.
- Fust* or *Faust*—The partner of Gutemberg, the inventor of the art of printing.
- Gambrinus*—A mythical King of Brabant, supposed to have been the inventor of beer.
- Gandertate*—Candidate.
- Ganz*, (Ger.)—Ganz.
- Ganz egál*—Quite the same.
- Ganz und gar*, (Ger.)—Altogether, all over.
- Garce*, (French)—Wench.
- Gass und Strass*, (Ger.)—Lane and street.
- Gast*, (Ger.)—Guest.
- Gasbalgs*—Bladder of gas.
- Gauer*—Valleys.

- Gaul darn*—G———n.
Gaul dern—A Yankee oath.
Gauner-sprache, (Ger.)—Thieves' language.
Ge-bildet—Built, with the German augment.
Ge-birt', (Ger. *Geburt*)—Birth.
Geborn—Born, with the augment.
Ge-brudert, (formed like *ge-schwister*),—Brothers.
Geh hin mein Puch, (German of 16th century).
Gehst nit mit rechten Dingen zu—Dost not do it by any natural means ;
 there is witchcraft in it.
Gekommene—Arrived (newly arrived).
Gekommen so, (Ger.)—Come thus.
Ge-kostet—Cost, with the German augment.
Gelt, (Ger. *Geld*)—Money.
Gemüthlichkeit, (Ger.)—Kindly disposition, good nature.
Gensy broost, (Ger. *Gänsebrust*)—Goose-breast.
Ge-roasted—Roasted, (with German augment.)
Gesangverein, (Ger.)—Singing-society.
Ge-screech, *Geschrei*—Bawling, clamour.
Gesembled—Assembled, with the augment of the German preterite.
Geshmasht—Smashed, with German augment.
Gespickt, (Ger.)—Larded.
Gestohlen—Stolen.
Gestohlen und bekannt, (Ger.)—Stolen, and known.
Gesundheit, (Ger.)—Health.
Gewehr, (Ger.)—Musket.
Gewiss—Certainly.
Gift, (Ger.)—Poison.
Gilt—In the ordinary sense, and also in the same verse, "*gilt*," implying the meaning of the German verb "*gelten*," to be worth something, and also *guilt*.
Glamour—Ocular deception by magic.
Glee-wine, *Glueh-wein*—Hot-spiced wine.
Glucky, (Ger. *Gluecklich*)—Lucky.
Glueck, (Ger.)—Luck.
Goblum—For goblin.
Gool—Cool.
Gottallmachty, (Ger. *Gottallmächtig*)—God Almighty.
Gottashe—Cottage.
Gotteshaus, (Ger.)—House of God.
Gott-full, *gottvoll*—Glorious, divine.
Gottsdonnerkreuzschockschwerenoth, (Ger.)—Another variety of big swearing.
Gott's-doonder, (Ger. *Gott's donner*)—God's thunder. See also *Gott's*

tausend, a thundering sort of oath, but never preceded by lightning, for it is only used as a kind of expletive to express great surprise, or to give great emphasis to words which, without it, would seem to be capable of none.

Gottstausend, (Ger.)—An abbreviation of *Gott's tausend donnerwetter* (God's thousand thunders), and therefore the comparative of *Gott's doonder*; with most of those who use it a meaningless phrase.

Gott weiss, (Ger.)—God knows!

Go von—Go one, bet on him.

Grillers—Guerillas.

Grod, gerad—Straight.

Gros, (Ger.)—Great.

Guestfreundlich, gastfreundlich—Hospitable.

Gummi lasticum—Indiarubber.

Gutenberg—The inventor of the art of printing.

Guve—Southern slang for give. *Guv*, for give, is also English slang as well as American.

Gyrotwistive—Snaky.

Hab' und Güter, (Ger.)—Property.

Hagel! Blitz! Kreuz Sakrament! (Ger.)—Another variety of swearing.

Halberthier, for *Halberdier*—Halberthier means half an animal.

Hand-shoe, (Ger. *Handschuh*)—Glove.

Hans Michel—A popular but not complimentary name for Germany.

Hans Wurst—Merry Andrew; Zani; Jack Pudding—the latter word being a literal translation of the German Hans Wurst; the pudding in either case referring to the sausages, or the pretended sausages, which the Merry Andrew always appeared to be swallowing by the yard or fathom. See Blackley's "Word Gossip."

Harmlos, (Ger.)—Harmless.

Haul de pot—Take the stakes.

Hause—House.

Hegel—Name of the German philosopher.

Heine, Heinrich—German poet.

Heini von Steier—Heinrich von Ofterdingen.

Heldenbuch—Is the title of a collection of epic poems, belonging to the cycle of the German Saga.

Heller Glorie schein—Bright gloriole.

Hereauf, hierauf—Thereupon.

Herout, (Ger. *Heraus*)—Out.

Herr Je, (Ger.)—An abbreviation of *Herr Jesus* (O Lord!); generally only used by those who are fond of meaningless exclamations.

Her-re-liche, herrliche—Superb, grand, noble.

Hertsen—Herzen; hearts.

- Hertzhog, Herzog*, (Ger.)—Duke.
Herzlich, (Ger.)—Hearty.
Herzbruder, (Ger.)—Heart's brother.
Hexerei—Witchery, sorcery.
Himmel, (Ger.)—Heaven.
Himmels-Potz-Pumpen-Herrgott—A mild sort of a German imprecation, untranslatable.
Himmlisch' hoellisch' qual, (Ger.)—Heavenly-hellish pain.
Hip Herjé!—A common interjection.
Hobbiness—Happiness.
Hoellisch, (Ger.)—Hellish.
Honey fooglin', Honeyfuggle—Is believed to be English slang. In America it means blarneying, deceiving.
Hooekle perry, persimmoned—"A huckle-berry over my persimmon."
 Surpassed, out-done.
Hoof-irons, (*Huf-eisen* in Ger.)—Horse-shoe.
Hoofstad, (Flem.)—Capital.
Hop-sosa, (Ger.) int.—Hop; heyday!
Hundé—Dog.
Hundsfoet, (Ger. *Vulg.*)—Mean scoundrel, hound.
Hunk, (Amer.)—Stout, solid, profitable. "To be all hunk" means to come out of a speculation with advantage. To be well off.
Hut, (Ger.)—Hat.
- I Gili romaneskro*—This song is written in the German gipsy dialect. *Eh!* in third line of second verse, is the German word *ehe*, "ere," or before. *Kuribente* ("in war,") is in the Slavonic and gipsy *local* case, or as Pott calls it (*Die Zigeuner in Europa und Asien*) the Second Dative.
- Ik leven*, (Flem.)—I live.
Il diavolo in carnato, (Ital.)—The devil incarnate, or in carnation.
Immer—Ever.
In geburst—Burst.
In Sang und Klang dein Leben lang, (Ger.)—In music and song all thy life long.
Ita dixit, (Latin)—So said.
- Jeff*—A game played by throwing up types, generally for "refreshments."
Joss-stick—A name given to small reeds, covered with the dust of odoriferous woods, which the Chinese burn before their idols.
Jungfernkranz, (Ger.)—Bridal garland.
- Kaiser Karl*—Charlemagne.
Kalt, (Ger.)—Cold.

- Kanaster*, (Ger.)—Canaster tobacco.
- Kan ik. Ik kan*, (Flem.)—I can.
- Karfunkelstein*, (Ger.)—Carbuncle.
- Kartoffel*, (Ger.)—Potato.
- Kauder-Waelsch*, (Ger.)—Gibberish.
- Kellner*, (Ger.)—Waiter.
- Kermes*—Annual Fair.
- Kinder*, (Ger.)—Children.
- Kitin, a kitin*—Flying or running rapidly.
- Klein und gross*—Small and great.
- Kloster*, (Ger.)—Cloister.
- Knasterbart*, (Ger.)—Literally, tobacco-beard ; perhaps denoting a good old fellow, fond of his pipe.
- Kneiperei*, (Ger.)—Revel.
- Knock dem out de shpots*—Knock the spots out of them ; astonish them.
- König Etzel*—King Attila.
- Komm maidelein! Rothe waengelein*, (Ger.)—Come maiden, red cheeks.
- Köng*, (Ger. *König*)—Old Norse for king.
- Kooken*—Cake.
- Kop*, (Ger. *Kopf*)—Head.
- Kopf*, (Ger.)—Head.
- Kreutzer*—Frederick Creutzer, distinguished professor in the University of Heidelberg, author of a great work on "Symbolik."
- Krumm*, (Ger.)—Crooked.
- Kümmel*, (Ger.)—Cumin brandy.
- Kummel, kimmel*, (Ger.)—Schnapps, dram. Hans, in his tipsy enthusiasm, ejaculates, "Oh, mein Gott in *Kimmel!*" instead of "im Himmel" (heaven), becoming guilty of an unconscious alliteration, and confessing, according to the proverb *in vino veritas*, where his God really abides ; "whose God is their belly."
- Küster*, (Ger.)—Sacristan.
- Lanze*, (Ger.)—Lance.
- Lager, Lagerbeer*, (Ger. *Lagerbier*, i.e., *Stockbeer*)—Sometimes in these poems abbreviated into *Lager*. A kind of beer introduced into the American cities by the Germans, and now much in vogue among all classes.
- Lager Wirthschaft*, (Ger.)—Beerhouse.
- Laibgartner*, (Ger.)—Leibgard ; bodyguard. The Swiss in blundering makes it "body-gardener."
- Lam*—To drub, beat soundly.
- Larmen*—The French word *larmes*, tears, made into a German verb.

Lateinisch—Latin.

Laughen, lachen—Laughing.

Lavergne—A place between Nashville and Murfreesboro', in the state of Tennessee.

Lebe hoch!—Hurrah!

Leben—Life; living.

Lebendig, (Ger.)—Living.

Lebenslang, (Ger.)—Life-long.

Lev'st du nock?—Liv'st thou yet?

Libby—The notorious Confederate prison at Richmond, Va.

Little Pills—Little bills, Legislative enactments.

Lieulich, (Ger.)—Charming.

Liedeken, (Flem.)—Song.

Lieder, Lieds, (Ger.)—Songs.

Liederkrantz, (Ger.)—Glee-union.

Liederlich, (Ger.)—Loose, reckless, dissolute.

Lighthood, (Ger. *Lichtheit*)—Light.

Like spiders down their webs—Breitmann's soldiers are supposed to have been expert turners or gymnasts.

Loafer, (Amer.)—A term which, considered as the German pronunciation of *lover*, is a close translation of *rom*, since this latter means both a gipsy and a husband.

Los, los gehen, (Ger.)—To go at a thing, at somebody.

Loosty, (Ger. *Lustig*)—Jolly, merry.

Loudet, (*Lauten* in Ger.)—To make sound.

L'Ubbriacone, (Ital.)—Drunkard.

Luftballon, (Ger.)—Air-balloon.

Lump, (Ger.)—Ragamuffin.

Lumpenglocke—An abusive term applied to bells, especially to those which are rung to give notice that the beer-houses must close.

Madel, (Ger.)—Girl.

Maedchen, (Ger.)—Girl, maiden.

Markgraefer—A pleasant light wine grown in the Grand Duchy of Baden.

Marmorbild—Marble statue.

Maskenzug, (Ger.)—Procession of masked persons.

Massenversammlung, (Ger.)—Mass meeting.

Mein Freund—My friend.

Mein Sohn—My son.

Meine Seel, (Ger.)—By my soul.

Meisjes, (Flem.)—Girls.

Middleolter (Mittelælter)—The Middle Ages.

Mijn lief gesellen, (Flem.)—My dear comrades.

Mineted—Minded.

Minnesinger—Poet of love. A name given to German lyric poets, who flourished from the twelfth to the fourteenth centuries.

Mist-hauf, (Ger.)—Dung-hill.

Mit hoontin knife, &c. :—

“With her white hands so lovely,
She dug the Count his grave.
From her dark eyes sad weeping,
The holy water she gave.”

—*Old German Ballad.*

Mitout—Without.

Mitternight, *Mitternacht*—Midnight.

Mitternocht, *Mitternacht*—Midnight.

Mohr, *ein schwarzer*, (Ger.)—A blackamoor.

Moleschott—Author of a celebrated work on physiology.

Mondenlight—Moonlight.

Mondenschein, (Ger.)—Moonlight.

Morgan—John Morgan, a notorious Confederate guerilla during the late war in America.

Morgen-het-ache—Morning headache.

Moskopolite, (Amer.)—Cosmopolite. Mossyhead is the German student phrase for an old student.

Mud-sill—The longitudinal timber laid upon the ground to form the foundation for a railway. Hence figuratively applied by the labour-despising Southern gentry to the labouring classes as the substratum of society.

Murmulte—Murmured.

Mutter, (Ger.)—Mother.

Naturalizationists—The officers, &c., who give the rights of native citizens to foreigners.

Nibelungen Lied—The lay of the Nibelungen; the great German national epos.

Nieuw Jarsie—New Jersey, in America, famous *inter alia* for its sandy beaches and high surf.

Nig—Nigger.

Nirwana—The Brahminical absorption into God.

Nix, (Ger. *Nichts*)—Nothing.

Nix cum raus—That I had not come out.

No sardine—Not a narrow-minded, small-hearted fellow.

Norate—To speak in an oration.

Noth, (Ger.)—Need, dire extremity. Das war des Breitmann's Noth, —That was Breitmann's sore trial. Imitated from the last line of the *Nibelungen Lied*.

Nun—Now.

Nun endlich, (Ger.)—Now at last.

O' Brady—An Irish giant.

Ochsen, (Ger.)—Oxen; stupid fellows. As a verb it also is used familiarly to mean hard study.

Odenwald—A thickly-wooded district in South Germany.

Oder—Other. See Preface.

Oltra tramontane; ultra tramontane—Applied to the non-Italian Catholic party.

On-belongs—Literal translation of *Zugehört*.

On de snap—All at once.

On-did to on-do—Literal translation of the German *anthun*; *to donn*, to put on.

Onfang, (Ger. *Anfang*)—Beginning.

Oonendly—Unendlich.

Oonshpeakbarly, (Ger. *unaussprechbarlich*)—Inexpressibly.

Oop-geclearéd, (Ger. *Aufgeklaert*)—Enlightened.

Ooprighty, (Ger. *Aufrichtig*)—Upright.

Oopright-hood, (Ger. *Aufrichtigkeit*)—Uprightness.

Oop-sproong—For *aufsprung*.

Oopple-yack—Apple-jack. Spirit distilled from cider.

Orgel-ton, (Ger.)—Organ sound.

Orkester—Orchestra.

Out-ge-poke-te—Out-poked.

Out-signed, (Ger. *ausgezeichnete*)—Distinguished, signal.

Out-sprach—Outspoke.

Over again—Uebrigen.

Paardeken, (Flemish)—Palfrey.

Pabst, Der Pabst lebt, &c.—"The Pope he leads a happy life," &c., beginning of a popular German song.

Palact, (Ger. *Pallast*)—Palace.

Péké—Belgian rye whisky.

Peeps—People. "Hard on the American peeps"—a phrase for anything exacting or severely pressing.

Pelznickel, Nick, Nickel—St. Nicolas, muffled in fur, is one of the few riders in the army of the saints, but, unlike St. George and St. Martin, he oftener rides a donkey than a horse, more especially in that part of the German land which can boast of having given birth to the illustrious Hans. St. Nicolas is supposed, on the night preceding his name-day, the sixth of December, to pass over the house-tops on his long-eared steed, and having baskets suspended on either side filled with sweets and playthings, and to drop down

through the chimneys presents for those children who have been good during the year, but birch-rods for those who have been naughty, would not go to bed early, or objected to being washed, &c. In the expectation of his coming, the children put, on the eve of St. Nicolas' day, either a shoe, or a stocking, or a little basket, into the chimney-piece of their parents' bedroom. We may remark, by the way, that St. Nicolas is the Christian successor of the heathen Nikudr, of ancient German mythology.

Pesser, besser, (Ger.)—Better.

Pestain—Stain, with the augment.

Pfaelzer—A man from the Rhenish Palatinate.

Pfeil, (Ger.)—Arrow.

Philosopedé—Velocipede.

Pickel-haube, (Ger.)—The spiked helmet worn by Prussian soldiers.

Pie the forms—Break and scatter the forms of types—the greatest disaster conceivable to a true typo.

Pig-sticker—Bowie-knife.

Pile-out, (Amer.)—Hurry out.

Pimeby—By and by.

"*Plain*"—Water plain, *i.e.*, unmixed.

Plue goats—Blue coats, soldiers.

Plug-muss—Fight for a fire-plug. American fireman's language.

Pokal, (Poculum)—Goblet.

Poker—A favourite game of cards among Western gamblers.

Poonkin—Pumpkin.

Pop-slets—Bob-sleds. A very rough kind of sledge.

Potzblitz, (Ger.)—int., The deuce.

Potztausend! Was ist das?—Zounds! What is that?

Poulderie—Poultry.

Poussiren—To court.

Pretzel, (Ger.)—A kind of fancy bread, twist or the like.

Prezackly—Pre (cisely), exactly.

Protocollirt, protocolliren—To register, record.

Pully, *i.e.*, *Bully*—An Americanism, adjective. Fine, capital. A slang word, used in the same manner as the English used the word *crack*; as, "a *bully* horse," "a *bully* picture."

Pumpernickel—A heavy, hard sort of rye-bread, made in Westphalia.

Put der Konig troo—To put through, (Amer.), to qualify, to imitate.

Pye—To buy.

Rapp (Rappe)—A black horse.

Raushlin', rauschend—Rustling.

Reb—An abbreviation of rebel.

Redakteur—Editor.

- Red cock*—Or *make de red cock crow*. Einem den rothen Hahn aufs Dach setzen. A German proverb signifying to set fire to a house.
- Rede*, (Ger.)—Speech.
- Red-Waelsch, Roth-Waelsch*, (Ger.)—Thieves' language.
- Reiten gaen*, (Flemish)—Go riding.
- Reiter*, (Ger.)—Rider.
- Reiver*—Robber.
- Reue*, (Ger.)—Repentance.
- Rheingraf*, (Ger.)—Count of the Rhine districts.
- Rheinweinbechers Klang*—The Rhine wine goblet's sound.
- Richter*, (Jean Paul Fr.)—A distinguished German author.
- Ridersmann, (Reitersmann in Ger.)*—Rider.
- Ring*—A political clique or cabal.
- Ringe*, (Ger.)—Rings.
- Ritter*, (Ger.)—Knight.
- Roland*—One of the paladins of Charlemagne.
- Rolette*—Roulette.
- Rollin' locks*—Rolling logs, mutually aiding (used only in politics).
- Rosen*, (Ger.)—Roses.
- Rouse*, (Ger. *Heraus*)—Out ; come out.
- Sachsen*—Saxonia, Saxony.
- Sacrin*—Consecrating.
- Sagen Cyclus*—Cycle of legends.
- Sass, Sassy, Sassin'*—Sauce, saucy, &c.
- Sauerkraut*, (Ger.)—Pickled cabbage.
- Saw it*—Understood it.
- Scatterin, Scotterin*—Scattering.
- Schatz*—Sweetheart.
- Schauer*, (Ger.)—Awe.
- Schenk aus*, (Ger.)—Pour out.
- Schenket ein*, (Ger.)—Pour in (fill the glasses).
- Schimmel*, (Ger.)—Grey horse.
- Schimpft und flucht gar laesterlich*, (Ger.)—Swears and blasphemes abominably.
- Schinken*, (Ger.)—Ham.
- Schläger*, (Ger.)—A kind of sword or broadsword ; a rapier used by students for duelling or fighting matches.
- Schlesierwein*, (Ger.)—Wine grown in Silesia, proverbially sour.
- Schlimmer*, (Ger.)—Worse.
- Schlog him ober de kop*—Knocked him on the head.
- Schloss*, (Ger.)—Castle.
- Schmutz*, (Ger.)—Dirt.
- Schnapps*, (Ger.)—Dram.

- Schnitz*—Pennsylvania German word for cut and dried fruit.
Schnitz, schnitzen, (Ger.)—To chop, chip, snip.
Schönheitsideal, (Ger.)—The ideal of beauty.
Schopenhauer—A celebrated German “philosophical physiologist.”
Schoppen, (Ger.)—A liquid measure, chopin, pint.
Schrocken (Erschrocken)—Frightened.
Schwaben—Suabia.
Schwan, (Ger.)—Swan.
Schweinblatt—(Swine) Dirty paper.
Schweitzer kase, (Ger.)—Swiss cheese.
Schwer, (Ger.)—Heavy.
Schwig, Swig, verb.—To drink by large draughts.
Schwigs, Swig, n.—A large draught.
Schweinpig, (Ger.)—Swinepig.
Scoop—Take in, get.
Scorched—Escorted. A negro malapropism.
Scrouged, (Amer.)—Pressed, jammed.
Seelen-Ideal—Soul’s ideal.
Sefen-lefen—Seven or eleven (minutes).
Seins, (Ger.)—The Being.
Selbstanschauungsvermögen, (Ger.)—Capacity for self-inspection.
Selb, (Ger. *Selbe*)—Same.
Serenity—A transparency.
Shanty—A board cabin. Slang, for house.
Shapel—Chapel is an old word for a printing-office.
Sharman, Sherman—German.
Shings—Jingo; by jingo.
Shpicket—Spigot; a pin or peg to stop a small hole in a cask of liquor.
Shipsy—Gipsy.
Shlide—Slide. “Let it slide,” vulgar for “let it go.”
Shlide, (Amer.)—Depart.
Shlished, geschlitzt—Slit.
Shlop over—Go too far and upset or spill. Applied to men who venture too far in a success.
Shlopped—Slopped.
Shmynsed, (Ger. *Schmissen*, from *Schmeissen*)—Threw him out of doors.
Shnow-wice, (Ger. *Schnee-weis*)—Snow-white.
Shoopider—Jupiter.
Shooting-stick—A shooting-stick is used for closing up the form of types.
Show-spiel, Schauspiel—Play, piece.
Shpoons—Spoons, plunder.
Shtuhl, (Ger. *Stuhl*)—Stool, chair.
Silbern, (Ger.)—Silver.

- Sinn*, (Ger.)—Meaning.
- Six mals*—Six times.
- Skeeted*—Went fast, skated (?)
- Skool*—Skull.
- Skyugle*, (Amer.)—"Skyugle" is a word which had a short run during 1864. It meant many things, but chiefly to disappear or to make disappear. Thus, a deserter "skyugled," and sometimes he "skyugled" a coat or watch.
- Slanganderin'*—Foolishly slandering.
- Slasher gaffs*—Spurs for cocks, with cutting edges.
- Slibowitz*—A Bohemian schnapps.
- Slumgoozlin'*—Slum or sham guzzling, humbug.
- Slumgullion*—A Mississippi term for a legislator.
- So mit*, (Ger.)—Thus with.
- Solidaten*, (Ger. *Soldaten*)—Soldiers.
- Sonntag*, (Ger.)—Sunday.
- Soplin*—A sapling, young tree.
- Sottelet*, (Ger. *Gesattelt*)—Saddled.
- Sound upon the goose*—Bartlett, in his Dictionary of Americanisms, states that this phrase originated in the Kansas troubles, and signified true to the cause of slavery. But this is erroneous, as the phrase was common during the native American campaign, and originated at Harrisburg, as described by Mr. Leland.
- Souse und Brouse*, (Ger. *Saus und Braus*)—Revelry and rioting.
- Speck*, (Ger.)—Bacon.
- Spiel*, (Ger.)—Play.
- Spielman*, (Ger.)—Musician.
- Splodderin'*—Splattering.
- Spook*, (Ger. *Spuk*)—A ghost.
- Sporn*, (Ger.)—Spur.
- Sports*—Sporting men.
- Squander*, (Amer.)—Wander. Used in this sense in "The Big Bear of Arkansas."
- Staub*, (Ger.)—Dust.
- Stein*, (Ger.)—Stone.
- Stille*, (Ger.)—Stillness.
- Stim*, (Ger. *Stimme*)—Voice.
- Stohr*—Store.
- Stone fence*, (Amer.)—Rye whisky.

"I went in and got a horn
Of old stone fence."

—*Jim Crow*, 1832.

- Straaten*, (Flem.)—Streets.
- Stracks*—Straight ahead, or onwards.
- Straight flush*—In poker, all the cards of one suit.
- Strassen*, (Ger.)—Streets.
- Strauss*—Name of the celebrated Viennese valse player and composer.
- Strumpf*, (Ger.)—Stocking.
- Stunden*, (Ger.)—Leagues. About four and a half English miles.
- Sturm und Drang*, (Ger.)—Literally Storm and Violence. *Sturm und Drang periode*, signifying a particular period of German literature.
- Sweynheim and Pannartz*—The first printers at Rome.
- Takes*—Allotments of copy to each printer.
- Tantz*, (Ger.)—Dance.
- Tantzen*, (Ger.)—To dance.
- Tarnal*—Eternal.
- Taub, Taube*, (Ger.)—Dove.
- Taugenix, Taugenichts*—Good-for-nothing fellow.
- Teufelsjagersmann*—Devil's huntsman.
- Theil*, (Ger.)—Part.
- Thoom*—Thumb.
- Thrip*, (Southern Amer.)—Threepence.
- Thusnelda*—The wife of Arminius, (Hermann,) the Duke of the Cheruskans and conqueror of Varus.
- Tie a dog loose. *Losbinden*.
- Tiger*—An American term for a gambling table.
- Tixey*—"I wish I was in Dixie." The origin of this song is rather curious. Although now thoroughly adopted as a Southern song, and "Dixie's Land" understood to mean the Southern States of America, it was, about a century ago, the estate of one Dixie, on Manhattan Island, who treated his slaves well; and it was their lament, on being deported south, that is now known as "I wish I was in Dixie."
- Todt*, (Ger.)—Dead.
- Todtengrips, Todtengerippe*—Skeleton.
- Tofe*—Dove.
- To House*, (Ger. *zu Hause*)—At home.
- Tortled*—To turtle, to move off. From *turtle*.
- Touch the dirt*—Touch the road.
- Treppe*—Stairs.
- Treu*, (Ger.)—Faithful, true.
- Trow him with ecks*—Pelt him with eggs.
- Turchin*—Colonel Turchin's men ravaged the town of Huntsville (Ala.) during the civil war.
- Turkas*—Turquoise.

- Turner*, (Ger.)—Gymnast.
Turner Verein, (Ger. *Turnverein*)—Gymnastic Society.
Tyfel, *Teufel*—Devil.
Tyfeled, *Verteufelt*—Devilish.
Tyfelest—From *Teufel*, here in the sense of “best” or “worst.”
Tyfel-shnake, *Teufelsschnaken*—Devilries.
Tyfel-strikes, *Teufels-streiche*—Devil-strokes.
Tyfelwards—Devilwards.
- Ueber Stein and Schwein*, (Ger.)—Over stone and swine.
Ueberschwengliche, (Ger.)—Transcendental, elevated.
Uhr, (Ger.)—Clock, watch, hour, time. Used for “hour” in the ballad.
Uhu, (Ger.)—Owl.
Uliverus—Oliver, another of the twelve Paladins of Charlemagne, who fell at Roncesvalles (a Roland for an Oliver).
Und lauter guter Ding, (Ger.)—And of thoroughly good cheer.
Un-windoong, (Ger. *Entwicklung?*)—Unravelling.
Unvollkommene technik—Unfinished style or method.
Urbummeleid, (Ger. *vulg.*)—Arch-loafer’s song.
Urlied, (Ger.)—The song of yore.
- Van't klein komt men tot't groote*, (Dutch)—Great things have small beginnings. (Concordia res parvæ crescunt—Legend on the Dutch ducats; or “Magna molimur parvi.”)
Varus—The Roman commander in Germany, conquered by Arminius.
Veilchen, (Ger.)—Violets.
Vercieren, (Flem.)—Adorn; exalt.
Verdammt, (Ger.)—D—d.
Verfluchter, (Ger.)—Accursed.
Verloren, (Ger.)—Forlorn.
Verstay, *Verstehen*—Understand.
Versteh, *Verstehen*, (Ger.)—To understand.
Vertyfeln *Verteufeln*—To botch.
Villiam—William Street at New York, inhabited by many Germans.
Vivat!—The same as *vive!* in French. Hurrah!
Vlaemsche—Flemish.
Von—One. See Preface.
Voonderly, (Ger. *Wunderlich*)—Wondrous, curious.
Vorüber, (Ger.)—Past.
- Wachsen*, (Ger.)—Waxen.

Wachsen, (Ger.)—To grow.

“Komm' ich in's galante Sachsen
Wo die schöne Maedchen wachsen.”

—*Old German Song.*

Waechter, (Ger.)—Watchman.

Waelder, (Ger.)—Woods.

Wahlverwandschaft, (Ger.)—Elective affinity, sympathy of souls.

Wahrsagt, (Ger. *Wahrsagen*)—To foretell, soothsay.

Waidmannsheil, (Ger.)—Huntsman's weal.

Wald, (Ger.)—Wood.

Wallowin—Walloon.

Wälschen, (Ger.)—Of the Latin race.

Wappenschild (*Waffenschild*)—Coat of arms.

Ward all zu Steine, (Ger.)—Became all stone.

Ward zu Wind, (Ger.)—Became a wind.

Wechselbalg, (Ger.)—(formerly a popular superstitious belief), a changeling, brat, urchin.

Weihnachtsbaum, (Ger.)—Christmas tree.

Weihnachtslied, (Ger.)—Christmas song.

Weingarts, *weingärten*, (Ger.)—Vineyards.

Weingeist, (Ger.)—Vinous, ardent spirit.

Wein-handle, (Ger. *Weinhandel* or *Weinhandlung*)—Wine-trade, wine-shop.

Weinnachtstraum—lit., Winenight's dream, for “Weihnacht,” Christmas dream.

Wellen und Wogen, (Ger.)—Waves and billows.

Welshhen—Turkey hen.

Werda? (Ger.)—Who's there?

Werden, das Werden—The becoming to be.

Wete (*Wette*)—Bet.

We'uns, you'ns—We and you. A common vulgarism through the Southern States.

“'Tis sad that we'uns from you'ns parts
When you'ns hev stolen we'uns' hearts.

Wie gehts, (Ger.)—How goes it? how are you?

Wie Milch und Blut—Like milk and blood.

Wild und Weh, (Ger.)—Wild and woebegone.

Wilde Jagd—Wild hunt.

Willkomm, (Ger.)—Welcome.

Windsbraut, (Ger. poet)—Storm, hurricane, gust of wind.

Wird, (Ger.)—Becomes.

Wise-hood, (Ger. *Weisheit*)—Wisdom.

Wised, (Ger. *Wusste*, from *wissen*)—Knew.
Witz, (Ger.)—A sally.
Wo bist du? (Ger.)—Where art?
Woe-moody, (Ger. *Wehmütig*)—Moanful, doleful.
Wohl, (Ger.)—Well!
Wohlauf, (Ger.)—Well, come on, cheer up.
Wolfsschlucht, (Ger.)—Wolf's glen.
Wonnevol, (Ger. *Wonnevoll*)—Blissful.
Woon, (Ger. *Wunde*)—Wound.
Word-blay—Word-play, pun, quibble.
Wunderschéen (*Wunderschœn*)—Very beautiful.
Wurst—A German student word for indifference.
Wurst, (Ger.)—Sausage.

Yaeger, (Ger.)—Huntsman.
Yaegersmann, *Jaegersmann*—Huntsman.
Yager, (Jager, Ger.)—Hunter.
J'ar, (Ger. *Jahr*)—Year.
Yartausend, *Jahrtausend*—A thousand years.
Yellow pine—Mulatto.
Yonge maegden, (Flem.)—Young girls.

“I lost a maiden in that hour.”—*Byron*.

Yoompers—Jumpers. Rude sledges.
Yungling, *Jüngling*, (Ger.)—Youth.

Zapfet aus, (Ger.)—Tap the barrel.
Zigeuner—Gipsy.
Zimmer, (Ger.)—Room.
Zukunftig, (Ger.)—In future.



The Lotos Series.



Under this title MESSRS. TRÜBNER & CO. propose publishing a limited number of volumes per annum, which they believe will appeal to a wide class of readers.

Each volume will be, as far as possible, complete in itself, and will have some important feature to distinguish it from any other edition that may be extant.

It will be the aim of the Publishers to make this Series a Pantheon of Literature which shall contain nothing but gems of the finest quality, and it will contain copyright works, not hitherto accessible in cheap form, as well as reprints of older works of approved excellence, with such additions or improvements upon other editions as to make them original in many important features.

The Publishers limit themselves to no period of the world's literature, and to no special branch or country; but they will endeavour to select from all that is good the best.

In fixing the price at 3s. 6d. per volume, they will be enabled to create and keep up a high standard of excellence in the technical production of the series. Each volume will contain about 300 pages, and will be well printed on specially made paper, while, in some instances, illustrations by well-known artists will be added. The binding will be in two styles—(1) an artistically designed cloth cover in gold and colours, with gilt edges; and (2) half-parchment, cloth sides, with gilt top, uncut. In addition to this ordinary issue, MESSRS. TRÜBNER & CO. will print for book-lovers a limited number of large paper copies on Dutch hand-made paper, which will be numbered, and sold at an advanced price.

The Lotos Series.

VOLUME I.

**ORIGINAL TRAVELS
AND SURPRISING ADVENTURES OF
BARON MUNCHAUSEN.**

*With Original (Woodcut) Illustrations by
ALFRED CROWQUILL.*

VOLUME II.

THE BREITMANN BALLADS.

By CHARLES G. LELAND.

*Author's Copyright Edition, with a New Preface, and
additional Poems.*

VOLUME III.

**SELECT ESSAYS ON MEN AND BOOKS
FROM
LORD MACAULAY.**

VOL. I.—Introductory; Lord Clive; Milton; Earl Chatham;
Lord Byron.

With Portraits, and Critical Introduction and Notes

By ALEXANDER H. JAPP, LL.D., F.R.S.E.,

Author of "Life and Writings of Thomas De Quincey,"
"German Life and Literature," &c.

LONDON: TRÜBNER & CO.



THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE LAST DATE
STAMPED BELOW.

AN INITIAL FINE OF 25 CENTS
WILL BE ASSESSED FOR FAILURE TO RETURN
THIS BOOK ON THE DATE DUE. THE PENALTY
WILL INCREASE TO 50 CENTS ON THE FOURTH
DAY AND TO \$1.00 ON THE SEVENTH DAY
OVERDUE.

DEC 3 1937

6 Jul '64 LM

REC'D LD

JUL 2 '64-12 M

JUL 2 1991

RECEIVED

DEC 05 1995

CIRCULATION DEPT

JUL 19 1978

REC. CIR. DEC 13 1978

RECEIVED FEB 04 1996

OCT 12 1980

JAN 19 1996

RECEIVED BY CIRCULATION DEPT.

SEP 22 1980

CIRCULATION DEPT.

LS

U. C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES



C047821108

Leland

72764

