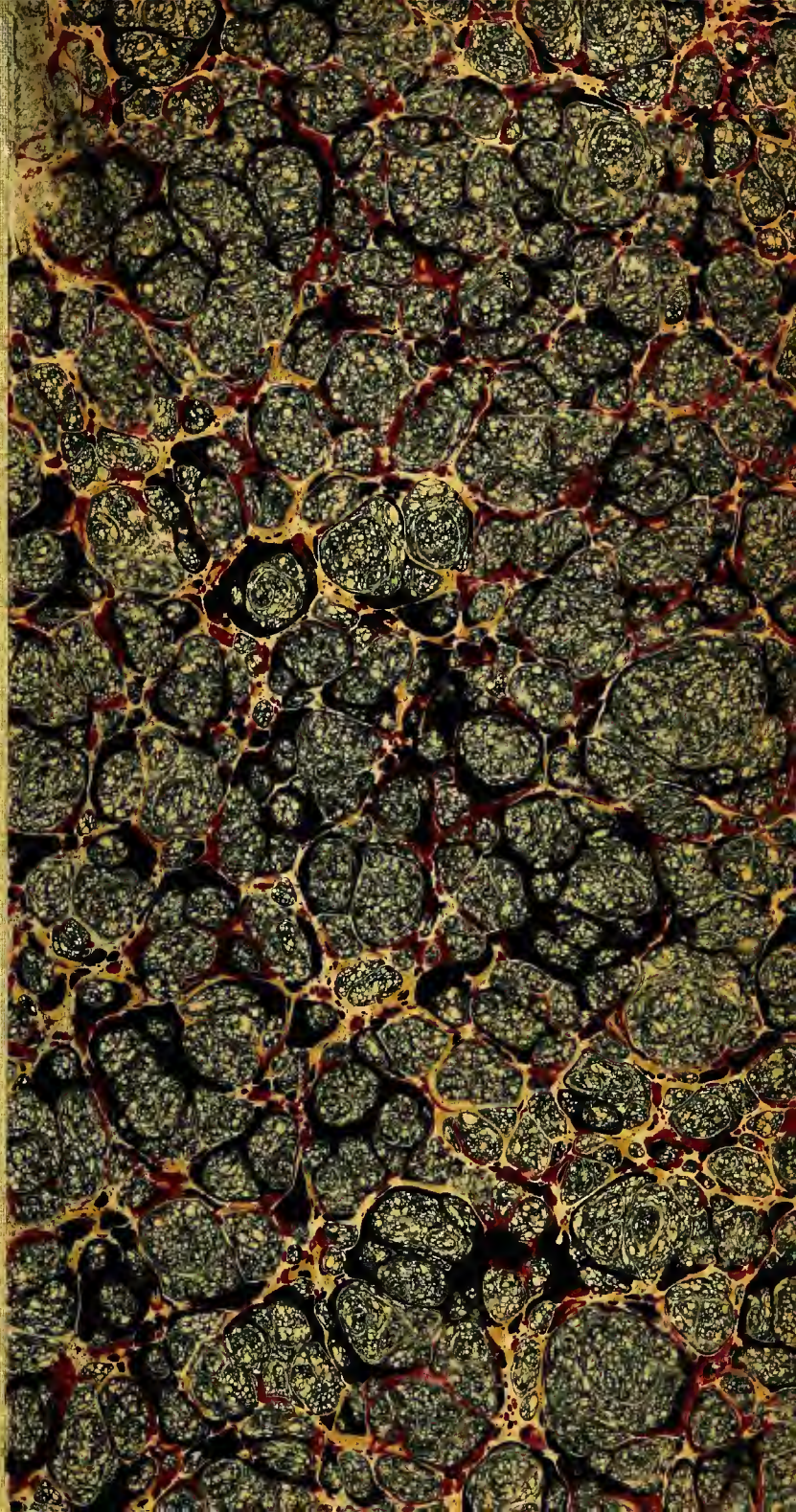


PS
2242
H15



Cornell University Library

THE GIFT OF

J. W. Koch

A. 108694

11/12/97

Fourth Series of the "Breitmann Ballads."

Hans Breitmann As
An Uhlán.



With Other New Ballads.

BY CHARLES G. LELAND.

AUTHOR OF "HANS BREITMANN'S PARTY," "HANS BREITMANN IN CHURCH,"
"HANS BREITMANN ABOUT TOWN," ETC., ETC.

PHILADELPHIA:
T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS.

PRICE SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS.

HANS BREITMANN'S BALLADS.

NEW, ENLARGED, AND COMPLETE EDITION.

By CHARLES G. LELAND.

BOUND IN CLOTH, GILT. PRICE \$3.00.

HANS BREITMANN'S BALLADS. *New, Complete, and Enlarged Edition.* By Charles G. Leland. This new edition of "Hans Breitmann's Ballads," contains everything that "Hans Breitmann" has ever written. The volume contains "Hans Breitmann's Party; with Other Ballads," "Hans Breitmann About Town; and Other Ballads," and "Hans Breitmann in Church; and Other New Ballads," being the "First," "Second," and "Third Series of the famous Breitmann Ballads," with a Complete Glossary to the whole. It is published in one large volume, on the finest tinted plate paper, by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, No. 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, and bound in Morocco Cloth, gilt top, gilt side, and gilt back, with beveled boards, and sold by all booksellers at Three Dollars a copy, or copies of it will be sent to any one, to any place, post paid, on receipt of the price of it by the publishers.

Please read the following Notices of the Press, from all sections of the world, about Hans Breitmann's Ballads.

"Mr. Leland, the author of the only translation of Heinrich Heine's songs into English, or rather American, which seems to give us the least glimpse of those pathetic gibes and scoffing bursts of woe in which we scarcely know whether there be most of infinite passion and melody or infinite hate or scorn, has recently published in the United States some remarkable ballads of his own, not without something in them akin to Heine's lighter moods of mischief. Mr. Leland's art consists in depicting in a racy German-Pennsylvania patois the large infinite appetite for earthly things of this thoroughly carnal German-Yuokee. There is a peculiar felicity in the adaptation of the dialect to the vein of character indicated. . . . In the Party, the goose and the sausage, and the beer and the fat maiden, prolong themselves in his memory in a sort of dreamy passion of regret, and he ends with a transcendental soul-yearning worthy of Werter or Thackeray's. James asking the abysses, 'Where the heavenly-beaming star, the star of the spirit's light,' and answering with the profound desolation of a Pennsylvania Childe Harold

" 'All goned away mit de Lager Bier,
A fuy in de ewigkeit.'

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

"Byron would have delighted in 'Hans Breitmann's Party.' He would have imitated it at once, just as he imitated Frere's Comic Epic. The book is full of exquisite fooling, and the comic element is sustained from the first to the last stanza. . . . The idea of making Don Quixote a German, placing him on American soil, and chronicling his exploits in the ludicrous dialect of the American-German, is irresistibly droll. . . . It would be impossible to conceive anything more genuinely humorous than some of these verses. We have laughed so heartily while reading them that we positively criticize with tears in our eyes. . . . The book has a kind of philological value apart from its merits as an intensely humorous production. . . . It is one of the richest specimens of Yankee humor since the Biglow Papers."—*London Leader.*

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

. Above book is for sale by all Booksellers, or copies of it will be sent, post-paid, to any one, to any place, on receipt of Three Dollars by the Publishers,

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS,
306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Cornell University Library
PS 2242.H15

Hans Breitmann as an Uhlan. With other ne



3 1924 022 194 926

oim

Hans Breitmann As An Uhlan.

With Other New Ballads.

BY CHARLES G. FELAND.

AUTHOR OF "HANS BREITMANN'S PARTY," "HANS BREITMANN ABOUT
TOWN," "HANS BREITMANN IN CHURCH," ETC.

Fourth Series of the Breitmann Ballads.

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

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS,

In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

Contents.

	PAGE
AUTHOR'S PREFACE,	5
EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OF THE SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE "LONDON DAILY TELEGRAPH,"	7
HANS BREITMANN'S VISION,	11
BREITMANN IN A BALLOON,	17
BREITMANN AND BOULLI,	24
BREITMANN TAKES THE TOWN OF NANCY,	29
BREITMANN IN BIVOUCAC,	35
BREITMANN'S LAST PARTY,	39
GLOSSARY,	47



Cornell University Library

The original of this book is in
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in
the United States on the use of the text.

Author's Preface.

THE readers of more than one 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 *London Daily Telegraph*, and others of literary fame, have familiarly referred to the Uhlan 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. It is, therefore, not remarkable that I should have written the following little

book, which I sincerely trust may find as favorable a reception as did its predecessors in the same *genre*.

It is needless, perhaps, to say, that I no more intend to ridicule or satirise the German cause, or the German method of making war, in these poems, than I did those of the American Union, when I first introduced Breitmann as a "bummer" plundering the South. Every army has its unscrupulous stragglers and marauding scouts, whose adventures form good subjects for story and song.

CHARLES G. LELAND.

Extract from a Letter

OF THE SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

OF THE

“LONDON DAILY TELEGRAPH.”

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 traveler. 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 Uhláns, who, he says, may be expected hourly. The Uhlán 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-leDuc 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 organization 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 Uhlán. 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 ballad, had a prototype in a regiment of Pennsylvania 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 bushwhackers and the gauntest guerillas in the Confederate host.

Breitmann as an Uhlan.

“Dere vas vonce oopen a dimes a Fräntschman, who asket if a Sherman could have *esprit*. Allowin for his pad shbellin, de reater vill find dat der Herr Breitmann was have a *spre* goot many dimes. You gant ged round de Dootch.

FRITZ SCHWACKENHAMMER.

HANS BREITMANN'S VISION.

GOTTES 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

(11)

Where bloody Druids omens trew
 From grin und screech of shaps dey slew,*
 Or where 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 plood,
 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,
 While 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.

* "From the palpitations of dying human victims, Druids and Druidesses were wont to draw their auguries."—*The Early Races of Scotland*, by Lieut. Col. Forbes Leslie. London, 1866.

† Mjöllner, The Hammer of Thor.

‡ Gods in the Norse religion.

Long mit shneerin 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 wants,* 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 ;

* Dese ontpressions ish not to pe angeseen py anypodies ash *schwearin*, boot ash inderesdin Norse or Sherman idioms. Goot many refewers vot refewsed to admire soosh derms in de earlier editions ish politelich requestet to braise dem in future nodices from a transeendental philological stand-point.

Fritz Schwackenhammer.

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 dow 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*,
 A voondrous poy vot make oos shdare,
 For hop vhat may, he’s *always dere!*
 Vill dell de worlt, 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 Uhlanan spear.
 Hell's harfest—sheafs of fictorie,
 Reaped mit deat's sword und reapt by dec !

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

* *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.

" 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 Uhlan ist peen gone,
 Und cocks vill cut und men crow tame
 To hear of der Uhlanen name."

Der fision fadet in de shky,
 Und hours vent on und time goed py,
 Vot heardest don 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, poompitty pum!
 De wild ferocious Dootch on a bum
 Mit sworts vot shblit de cranium,
 In cannon roar und pattle hum,
 Mit fee und faw on de foe und fum!
 Led py de awful Breitemum!
 Bitty boom! !
 Boom!

BREITMANN IN A BALLOON.

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

Id was im 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 oopwarts
 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.

* *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*.

† “Mine bread rises downwards dis dime, I dink.”

Tales, by J. K. PAULDING.

O nein—es sind kein engeln
 Vot sail so smoo-fly on,
 Das sind verfluchte Franzosen
 In einem luft-ballon !”*

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
 Vhen 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 dur Bauren yellin,
 Clotter, clodder, on he go.

* “O no, those are no angels
 Which sail so smoothly on.
 O no—they're curséd Frenchmen
 All in an air-balloon. ’

"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,
 Dere coom a real madness
 To catch id o'er his mind.
 Und had'st don seen him vlyin,
 Dat wild onfuriate brick,
 Dou'st hafe schworn dat Captain Breitmann
 Was pecome balloonic.

In fain dey trow deir sand-bags,
 In fain all dings let fall,
 De ballon shdill kep a sinkin,
 Und id wouldn'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 when it risen oopwarts,
 Ash he gling to id, of corse,
 Mit der 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
 When in dat air-ballón?
 A nople Englisch vicomte,
 Milord de Robinson ;
 Und mit him vas a laity
 Mit whom he'd rooned afay,
 Whom he introduce to Breitmann
 Ash die Jungfer Salomé.

Und der dritte was a barson,
 Whom Milord, mit prudent view,
 Hat took als secretairé,
 Likewise 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,"
 Said 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 weider
 Ward sie Robinson Madame.*

“O go mit me,” said Breitmann,
 “O go in mein Quartier!
 Don’t mind denm 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-ballón.

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

BREITMANN AND BOUILLI.

“Très estimé ami,—Ick seyn nock nit verdorb,
Vielleickt 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 gethräisht Franzosen,*
Und dose who after flee
Are de terror of Champagner,
Die Uhlan cavallrie.

So liddle say die hoonted,
De hoonsters 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-katz's glare ;
 De blut und iron ridin
 Of furie und despair.

Boot of all de wild Uhlanen,
 Der Breitmann ride de pest ;
 For he mark de Fränisch gommanter
 Ish most elegantly 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 Deuschers, 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 Colonél.

Vot for der Captain Breitmann
 Ish shdop in his career?
 Fot for he pool his pridle?
 Fot for let down his speer?
 Fot for his eyes like saucers
 Grow pigger, rimmed mit staub?
 Fot 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?”

* Der Uhlan vas nod shenerally wear pickel-häube, but dis tay der Herr Breitmann gebappant to bafe von on.

Fritz Schwackenhammer.

† “And art thou truly living?”

“ Dou livest yet—dou breaf ’st 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 !”
 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 canebrakes,
 Many a man py pillow-shore ;
 For dy morder mate me reekelos,
 Und *von* tead man gries for more !

* “ All my property.”

“ 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 :—
 Where to hast dou a sabre ?
 Wherefore not kill me, Jean ?”

“ O, ne pleurez pas, mon Breitmann !
 Je trouve cela trop fort,”
 Gry der Colonel sehr politelich ;
 “ *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.

“ Je vous fais mon compliment,
 Your tendreese 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.”

* “ O maiden fair in Heaven ! ”

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.

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 very hard
 Dat Nancy mit her soldiers
 Vas getook py gorpral's guard.

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

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

Hans mean de city Syndic,
 Vhom *maire* de Fräntschmen call;
 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 ootered:
 "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*—on tousand vatches
Of purest gold so fair ;
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 !

* “ 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 eart-loads ;
And then I’ll let you go.”

" Von million cigarren
 Ve'll accept ash extra boons
 For not squeezin dem seferely,
 Dazu dwelf tousend 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 duple,
 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 quart have trinket
 Efery pottle in de down,
 Vhile 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 sypatize 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

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

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

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 gconseillés,
Et brenez mon afis.
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——”

Breitmann in Bivouac.

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

Und jungere Uhlánen
Sit round wit 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."
(35)

Den his leutenant bemerket :

“How voonder shdrange it peen
 Dat so very many wild pigs
 Ish dis year in de Ardenes.
 Ash I scout dere—donner'r 'wetter!—
 I sah dem coom heraus,
 Shoost here und dere an Eber
 Mit a hoondert tousand saus.

“Shost dink of all dese she-picks
 Vor flet to neutral land!”
 Said Breitmann: “Fery easy
 Ish dis to oonderstand:
 Dese schwein-picks mit de saucn
 Vot you saw a-roonin rond,
 Ish a crate medempsygnosis
 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 and denn a shout.
 Und Breitmann crasp his sabre
 Quich ash de bullet hiss,
 Und leapin out, demantet,
 "Her'r'r'r Gott! vat row ish dish?"

Und bold der Schwabian answert:
 "Dis minute on de ground
 Dere coomed 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 laughen,
 Ven dey found a—mordered pig.

Next week dey hear from Paris,
 Und reat in de *Gaulois*
 Of de most adrocious action
 Der vorlt vas efer saw.
 How de Uhlán 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 schweep dis Prussian vermin
 Het und dails indo de Rhine!

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 indrotuekshun, I kess I'll go. I am von of de vellers dat vos ad de virst Barty, vhere mine cousine de Madilda Yane vas tantz mit Herr Breitmann.

FRITZ SCHWACKENHAMMER,
Olim Studiosus Theologiae, now Uhlan free-lancer,
and Segretarius of Coptain Breitmann

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

Dey frighten de coountry,
 Dey ploonder de toun;
 And when dey are oop
 Die Franzosen eo doun;
 For pefore de wild Norsemen
 De Southron must flee:
 Ab ira Normannorum
 Libera nos Domine!*

How dey sweep de chateux!
 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 de breat' of de grafe.

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

Dey coom to a castel,
 So shplendid, of bricks
 Franzosen 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 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.

Den 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?
 Dose Frenchmen are dead.

" I coom hear from Deutschland,
 De shildren to teach ;
 Dey mock me for Deutsch,
 Und dey sneer at mine sbeeck ;
 Und since de war komm,
 Dey 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! bring 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 tantz 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 coontry,
 Dey ploonder de toun ;
 Und when dey are oop
 De Franzosen go doun ;
 For pefore de wild Norsemen
 Weak Southrons moost flee :
Ab ira Normannorum
Libera nos Domine!



GLOSSARY.

- Abbordez moi votre mère*, (*German-French*)—Bring me your mayor.
- Arrière pensée*, (*Fr.*)—A reserved thought or intention.
- Angen*, (*Ger.*)—Eyes.
- Bauern*, (*Ger.*)—Peasants.
- Bellin*, (*Ger. Bellen*)—To bark.
- Brücke*, (*Ger.*)—Bridge.
- Eckhartshausen*—A German supernaturalist.
- Engel*, (*Ger.*)—Angel.
- Foxen*, (*Ger. Füchsen*)—Foxes.
- Gar nichts*, (*Ger.*)—Not at all.
- Hab' und Güter*, (*Ger.*)—Property.
- Herzbruder*, (*Ger.*)—Heart's brother.
- Kitin-kiting*, (*Amer.*)—Sailing.
- Lanze*, (*Ger.*)—Lance,
- Larmen*—The French word *larmes*, tears, made into a German verb.
- Lebendig*, (*Ger.*)—Living.
- Luftballon*, (*Ger.*)—Air-balloon.
- Mondenlight*—Moonlight.
- Out-ge-poke-te*—Out-poked.
- Pickel-haube*, (*Ger.*)—The spiked helmet worn by Prussian soldiers.
- Reue*, (*Ger.*)—Repentance.
- Ringe*, (*Ger.*)—Rings.
- Schwer*, (*Ger.*)—Heavy.
- Selbe*, (*Gr. Selbe*)—Same.
- Stunden*, (*Ger.*)—Leagues. About $4\frac{1}{2}$ English miles.
- Yar*, (*Ger. Jahr*)—Year.
- Uhn*, (*Ger.*)—Owl.

HANS BREITMANN'S BALLADS.

NEW, ENLARGED, AND COMPLETE EDITION.

HANS BREITMANN'S BALLADS. *With a Complete Glossary. New, Enlarged, and Complete Edition.* By CHARLES G. LELAND. This edition is published in one large volume, being printed on the finest tinted plate paper, and bound in Morocco Cloth, with gilt top, gilt side, and gilt back, with beveled boards. Price Three Dollars. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Please read the following Notices of the Press, from all sections of the world, about Hans Breitmann's Ballads.

"America has been busy of late years in seeding us humorists and *prime donne*; and among the former Mr. C. G. Leland certainly claims a well-merited place. The odd, quaint ballads collected in this volume are really very amusing; and although it is obvious that much of their fun consists in the jumbled English-German of the writing, there are still to be found bits of humor as sly and as apparently unconscious as those of Mr. James Russell Lowell; while the grave burlesque of certain other passages is quite as good as much of the late Artemus Ward."—*London Review*.

"The absurdity and drollery of most of their contents are only surpassed by their cleverness."—*London Times*.

"Capital new poems."—*London Punch in the Essence of Parliament*.

"It has been our boast that we are so rich in humor in this country, that we need not import; yet since Hood we have had no comic poetry as good as what we have received from America. The Biglow Papers of Lowell had the individuality of genius, and it would be hard to deny similar praise to 'Hans Breitmann's Ballads,' by Mr. C. G. Leland, known to all men of letters, and a good portion of the public, as the translator of Heine. . . . The notion that to 'solve the infinite as one eternal spree' would be a subjective and grand process is false—but a farce of genius."—*London Echoes*.

"The poems are full of life, and *verve*, and local character, as well as a true drollery, which is alike all the world over."—*London Morning Star*.

"The result of 'Hans Breitmann's Ballads' has been to add another to the many books of humor of which America can boast. Mr. Leland by these poems has himself alongside of Mr. Lowell and 'Artemus Ward.' . . . These poems are certain to be admired by all who can appreciate their qualities, and cannot fail to evoke a laugh from every understanding reader."—*London Express*.

"In Hans Breitmann, the hero of the ballads, the picture is drawn with much satirical force and freshness. The purely German characteristics are sharply and clearly defined, the traces of dreamy sentimentalism that is quite compatible with the existence of a very coarse materialism in practice are excellently indicated. The typical German, as he is conceived by the Americans themselves, is sketched to the life by Mr. Leland with not a little droll humor, and that the ballads should have attained a wide popularity in America is easily intelligible. Even here they cannot fail to be widely appreciated. Mr. Leland is already favorably known in England for his translation of Heine's *Buch der Lieder*. As a writer of humorous poetry he may expect to meet with as much appreciation here as he has already gained on the other side of the Atlantic."—*The London Imperial Review*.

"Few American poems have been held in better or more constant remembrance than the ballad of 'Hans Breitmann's Party.' It is one of those perennials which, when not blossoming in the newspapers, are carefully preserved in many scrap books, and worn down to the quick with handling, and with only enough paper and print about them to protect the immortal germ, are carried round in infinite waist-coat pockets. . . . The reader laughs at the fantastic drollery of these ballads, and acknowledging the genuineness of the humor, cannot help wishing that it had a wider range and a securer means of expression."—*Atlantic Monthly*.

"Hans Breitmann as a captain is ever superior in humor and prowess to Hudibras. The ballads are admirably written. They show an intimate acquaintance not merely with the German idiom, but with the social and religious impressions of modern Europe. . . . The charge of Breitmann in Maryland is not surpassed by Tenneyson."—*De Bow's Review, (New Orleans)*

. Above Book is for sale by all Booksellers, or copies of it will be sent, post-paid, to any one, to any place, on receipt of Three Dollars by the Publishers,

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS,
306 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

HANS BREITMANN'S BALLADS.

COMPLETE IN FOUR VOLUMES, PAPER COVER,
PRICE 75 CENTS EACH.

HANS BREITMANN'S PARTY.

WITH OTHER BALLADS.
BY CHARLES G. LELAND.
Being the "First Series" of the "Breitmann Ballads."
One Volume, Tinted Paper.—Price 75 Cents.

HANS BREITMANN ABOUT TOWN.

AND OTHER NEW BALLADS.
BY CHARLES G. LELAND.
Being the "Second Series" of the "Breitmann Ballads."
One Volume, Tinted Paper.—Price 75 Cents.

HANS BREITMANN IN CHURCH.

WITH OTHER NEW BALLADS.
BY CHARLES G. LELAND.
Being the "Third Series" of the "Breitmann Ballads."
One Volume, Tinted Paper.—Price 75 Cents.

HANS BREITMANN AS AN UHLAN.

WITH OTHER NEW BALLADS.
BY CHARLES G. LELAND.
Being the "Fourth Series" of the "Breitmann Ballads."
One Volume, Tinted Paper.—Price 75 Cents.

The above volumes are creating a greater sensation in Europe and America than any Humorous Poems ever before published.

"Hans Breitmann's Party," with other Ballads; "Hans Breitmann about Town," and other new Ballads; and "Hans Breitmann in Church," with other new Ballads, are also published *complete and entire in one large volume, with a complete Glossary to the whole*. This volume is printed on the finest tinted plate paper, and bound in beveled boards, in Morocco Cloth, with gilt top, gilt side, and gilt back. Price Three Dollars.

Copies of either or all of the above books, will be sent by mail, to any one, to any place, post-paid, on receipt of price by the publishers,

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS,

No. 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.



