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HANS BREITMANN

UND

HIS PHILOSOPEDE.

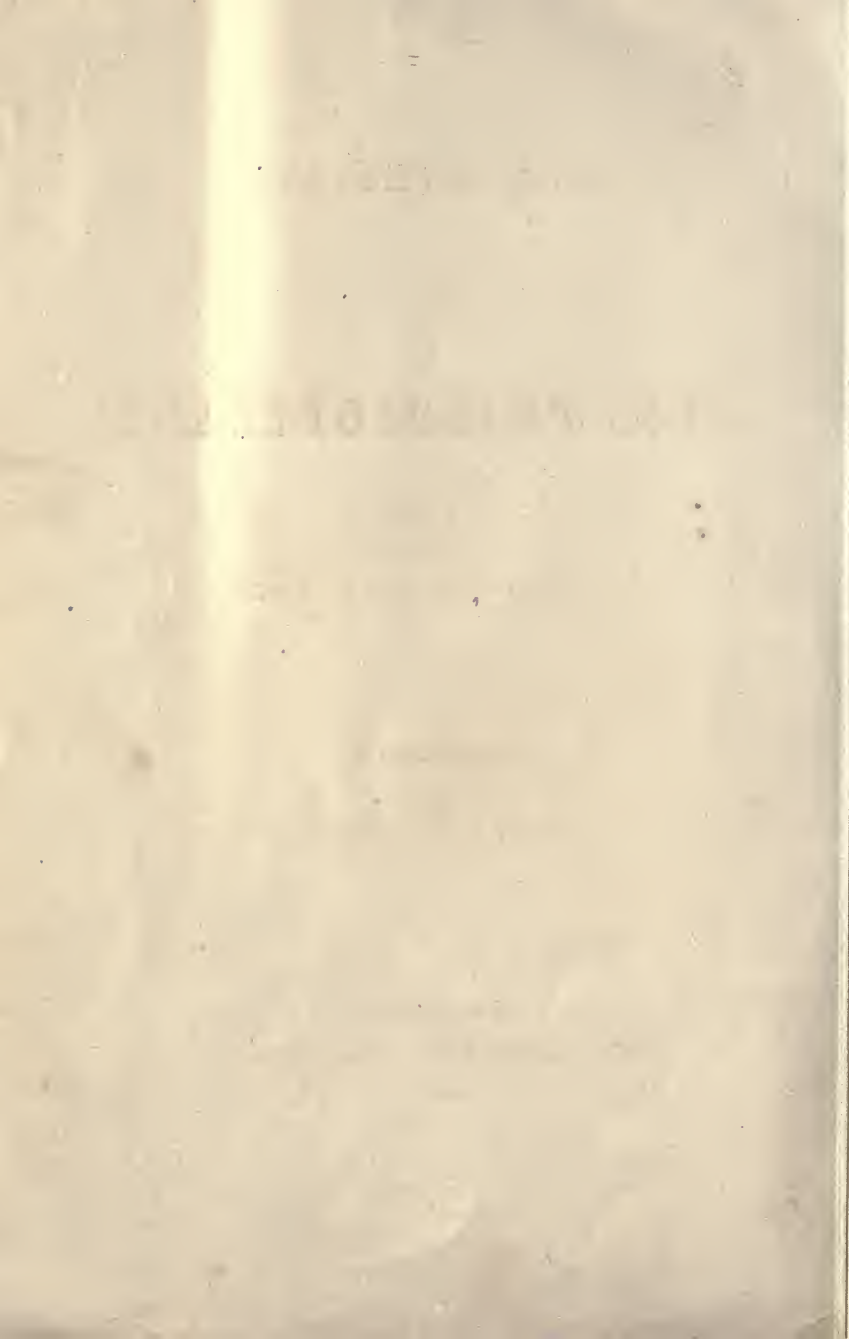


ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK BEARD.

New York :

JESSE HANEY & CO., PUBLISHERS.

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BY CHARLES G. LELAND.

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BROLOCK!

BY HANS BREITMANN.

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

Und ven he vent to shtart id off
He paddlet mit his veet,
Und soon he cot to go so vast
Dat avery dings he peat.
He run her out on Broader shtreed,
He shkeeted like der vind,
Hei! how be bassed de vancy craps,
Und lef dem all pehind!

De vellers mit de trottin nags
 Pooled oop to see him bass ;
 De Deutchers all erstaunished saidt :
"Potztausend! Was ist das?"
 Boot vashter shtill der Schnitzerl flewed
 On—mit a ghastly smile!
 He tidn't toooush de dirt, py shings!
 Not vonce in half a mile.

Oh, vot ish all dis eartly pliss?
 Oh, vot ish man's soocksess?
 Oh, vot is various kinds of dings?
 Und vot is hoppiness?
 We find a pank node in de shtreedt,
 Next dings der pank ish break!
 Ve folls and knocks our outsides in,
 Ven ve a ten-shtrike make.

So vas it mit der Schnitzerlein
 On his philosopede.
 His feet both shlipped outsidevard shoost,
 Vhen at his extra shpeed.
 He felled upon 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 teufelwards afay.
Boot vhere ish now der Schnitzerl's soul ?
Vhere dos his shpirit pide ?
In Himmel troo, de endless plue,
It takes a medeor ride.

HANS BREITMANN
UND
HIS PHILOSOPEDE.

When Breitmann hear dat Schnitzerl
Vas quardered into dwo,
Und how his crate philosopede
To 'm tuyfel had gone flew ;
He dinked und dinked so heafy
As only Deuschers can,
Denn saidt, " Who mightd beliefet
Dis ish de ent of man ?

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

“ De sbharrow falls ground-downwarts,
Or drafels to de West ;
De sbharrows dat coom afder
Bild shoost de same oldt nest.
Man hat not vings or fedders,
Und in oder dings, 'tis saidt,
He tont coom oop to shbarrows ;
Boot on nests he goes aheth.

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

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

Shoost ash dis vort vent outvarts
Hans dinked he see a vlash,
Und unterwards de dable
He doomple mit a crash,

Und to him, moong de glaesses,
 Und pottles ash vas proke,
 Mit his het in a cigar box,
 An foice from Himmel shpoke :



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

Denn Breitmann ansver Schnitzerl :
 ' *Coarctor nimis.—See !*
Siquidem Philistiim
Pugnant adversum me.

*Ergo vocavi te,
Ash Saul vocavit Sam-
uel, ut mi ostenderes
Quid teufel faciam?*

Denn der shpirit, in Lateinisch
Saidt 'Bene—dat's de dalk!
*Non habes in hoc shanty
A shingle et some chalk?
Non video inkum et calamos:*
(I shbose some bummer shdole 'em):
*Levate oculos tuos, son,
Et aspice ad linteolum!*



Den Breitmann see de chalk-piece
Vitch riset from de floor,
Und signet a philosopede
Alone oopon de toor,

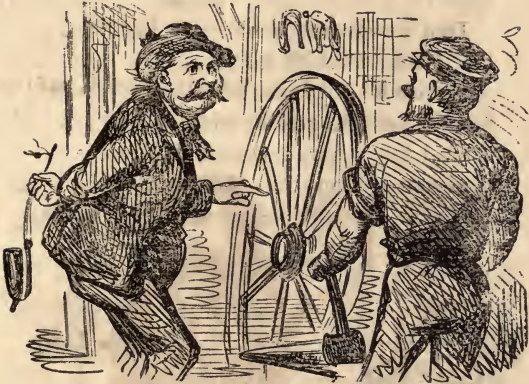
De von dat Schnitzerl fabricate,
 Und ooderneat he see :
Probate inter equites :
 'Try dis in de cavallrie.'

Den Breitmann shtoot oop rightly
 Und leanet on a bost,
 Und saidt : " If dis couldt, shouldt hafe peen
 It vouldt mightt peen a chost !



Boot if it pe nouomenon,
 Phenomenoned indeed,
 Or de soobjective objectified,
 I'fe cot de philosopede."

Denn out he seekt a plack schmidt
 Ash york in iron shteel ;
 To make him a philosopede
 Mit shoost an only vheel.

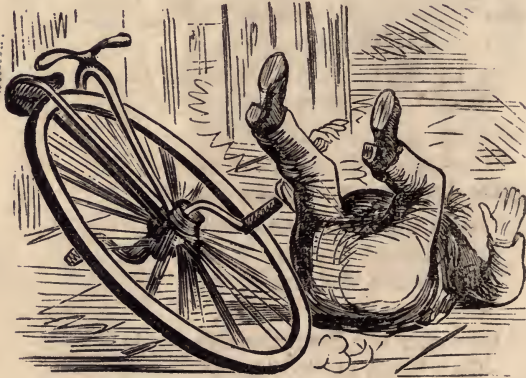


De dings vas maket simple,
 Ash all crate idées should pe ;
 For 'twas noding boot a gart vheel
 Mit a two veet achsel-dree.

De dimeş der Breitmann doomple
 In learnin for to ride,
 Vas ofdener ash de sand grains
 Dat rollen in de tide.

De dimes he cot oopsetted
 In shdeerin lefdt und righdt,
 Vas ofdener as de cleamin shdars
 Dat shtud de shky py nightd.

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



Soosh droples ash der Breitmann hafe
 To make dis 'vention go,
 Vas nefer seen py mordal man
 Oopon dis vorldt pelow.

He doompled righdt, he doompled lefdt,
 He hafe a tousand toomps,
 Dere nefer vas a gricket-ball
 Vot get soosh 'fernal boomps.

Boot ash he shvear't he'd do it,
 He shvore id should pe done,
 Dough he schimpft und fluchte lästerlich,
 He visht he'd ne'er pegun.

Mit *Hagel! Blitz! Kreuzsakrament!*
 He maket der houser ring,
 Und hoped de Schnitzerl pe verdamnt
 For deachin him dis ding.

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

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

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



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

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

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



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



Dey bick him oop—dey pring him in—
 No wort der Breitmann sphoke.
 Der doktor look—he shvear erstaunt
 Dat nodings ish peen proke!



He rollet de rocky road entlong,
 He pounce o'er shtock und shtone;
 You'd dink he'd knocked his outsides in,
 Yet nefer preak a pone!

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

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

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

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

Dey laid der Hans im Bette,
 Peneat de eider-doun,
 Und sempled all de doktors
 Vot doktored in de town.

Dat ish, de Deutsche Aertzte,
 For Breitmann alfays says,
 De Deutschers ish de onlies
 Mit originell idées.

Dere vas Doktor Moritz Schlinkenschlog,
 Dat vork ash caféopath,
 Und der learned Cobus Schoepfskopf,
 Dat use de milchy bath ;



Und Korschalschky aus Boehmen,
 Vot cure mit slibovitz,
 Und Wechselbalg from Berlin,
 Who only 'tend to fits.

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

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

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

So de all vent lös at Breitmann,
 Und woonderfool to dell,
 He coomed to his gesundheit,
 Und pooty soon cot vell.

Some hinted at *Natura*
 Mit de oldt *vis sanatrix*,
 Boot each dokter shvore *he* cured him,
 Und de rest vere taugenix.

I know not vot der Breitmann
 More newly has pegun,
 Boot dey say he dalks day-daily
 Mit Dana of de *Sun*.



Dey dalk in Deutsch togeder,
 Und volk say de ent vill pe
 Philosopedal changes
 In de Union cavallrie.

Gott help de howlin safage!
 Gott help de Indi-an!
 Shouldt Breitmann choin his forces
 Mit Sheneral Sheridan.



Und denn to sing his braises
Acain I'll gife a lied—
Hier hat dis dale an ende
Of Breitmann's philosopede.

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