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Hans Breitmann's Ballads.



BY CHARLES G. LELAND.

New, Enlarged and Complete Edition.

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Hans Breitmann's Party.

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 ven dey looket indo mine,
Dey shplit mine heart in two.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,
I vent dere you'll pe pound.
I valtzet mit Madilda 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 venefer dey knocks de shpicket in
De Deutschers gifes a cheer.
I dinks dat so vine a barty,
Nefer coom to a het dis year.

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

Hans Breitmann gife a barty
 We all cot troonk ash bigs.
 I poot mine mout to a parrel of bier
 Und emptied it oop mit a schwigs.
 Und denn I gissed Madilda Yane
 Und she shlog me on de kop,
 Und de gompany fited mit duple-lecks
 Dill de coonshtable made oos shtop.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty—
 Where ish dat barty now !
 Where ish de lofely golden cloud
 Dat 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 ewigkeit !

Breitmann in Battle.

*“Tunc tapfre anfuhrere Streitum et Rittris dignum
potuere erjagere lobum.”*

DER FADER UND DER SON.

I dinks I'll go a fitin—outspoke 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 Breitemann, “I doos not
gare one tam A’

Who der Teufel pe's de repels und where dey kits deir
sass,
If dey make a run on Breitemann he'll soon let out de
gas ;
I'll shplit dem like kartoffels : I'll slog em on de kop ;
I'll set de plackguarts roonin so dey don't know where
to shtop.”

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

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

Will riden, will fighten—der Copitain I’ll pe, [rie !”
It’s sporn und horn und saddle now—all in de Cavall-

Und ash dey rode troo Winchester, so herrlich to pe
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 plack-
guard Yankee crew,

You mudsills and meganics ! Der Teufel put you troo !
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-bier und roost mine
self to home ? [thoom :

Ife got too many dings like you to mash beneat’ my
In many a fray und fierce foray dis Deutschman will be
feared [his peard.”

Pefore he stops dis vightin trade—’twas dere he greyed

“ I pools dat peard out by de roots—I gifes him sooch
 a dwist [tionist !
 Dill all de plood roons out, you tammed old Apoli-
 Your creenpacks mit your swordt und watch right ofer
 you moost shell, [h-ll !”
 Und den you goes to Libby straight—und after dat to

“ Mein creenpacks und mein schlaeger, I kits 'em in
 New York, [talk ;”
 To gife dem up to creenhorns, young man, is not de
 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.

Der younger fetch de older such a gottallmachty smack
 Der Breitmann dinks he really hears his skool go shplit
 und crack ;
 Der repel choomps dwelfe paces back, und so he safe
 his life :
 Der Breitmann says : “ I guess dem choomps 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—
 Ter teufel take your soul ! Coom on ! I'll split your
 waggin' tongue !”

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

“ Who rubs against olt kittle-pots may keep vite—if he
 can, [man?
 Say vot you dinks of vightin now mit dis old shentle-
 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 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 mut-
 ter say,
 She read de bapers dat he died after she rooned afay;
 Dey say he leaf some broperty—berhaps 'twas all a
 sell—
 If I could lay mein hands on it I likes it mighty well.”

“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 mine
own headt!”

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

If I had shplit you like a fish, dat vere an vorse tisas-

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

Vot vears der Breitmann on his hat? De ploom of fie-
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? [prown!

How glorious from de great *pokal* he drink de bier so
But der Yunger bick der parrel oop und schwig him
all at one. [mein son!”

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

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

It makes so glad our hearts to hear dat dey did so suc-
 ceed—

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

Breitmann in Maryland.

DER Breitmann mit his gompany,
 Rode out in Marylandt.
 " Dere's nichts to trink in dis countrie ;
 Mine troat's as dry as sand.
 It's light canteen und haversack,
 It's hoonger mixed mit doorst ;
 Und if we had some lager-bier
 I'd trink oontil I boorst.
 Gling, glang, gloria !
 We'd trink oontil we boorst.

" Herr Leut'nant, take a dozen men,
 Und ride dis land around !
 Herr Feldwebel, go foragin'
 Dill somedings goot is found.
 Gotts-doonder ! men, go ploonder !
 We hafn't trinked a bit
 Dis fourdeen hours ! If I had bier
 I'd sauf oontil I shplit !
 Gling, glang, gloria !
 We'd sauf oontil we shplit !"

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

Gottsdonnerkreuzschockschwerenoth !
 How Breitmann broked de bush !
 " O let me see dat lager bier !
 O let me at him rush !
 Und is mein sabre sharp und true,
 Und is mein war-horse goot ?

To get one quart of lager bier
 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 we ;
 Who gares a tam for all de odds
 Wenn men so dirsty pe.”
 And in dey smashed and down dey crashed,
 Like donder-polts dey fly,
 Rush fort as der wild yæger cooms
 Mit blitzen troo de shky.
 Gling, glang, gloria!
 Like blitzen troo de shky.

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

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

Hei ! how de carpine pullets klined
 Oopon de helmets hart !
 Oh, Breitmann—how dy sabre ringed ;
 Du alter Knasterbart !
 De contrapands dey sing for choy
 To see de rebs go down,
 Und hear der Breitmann grimly gry :
 Hoorah !—we've dook de down.
 Gling, glang, gloria !
 Victoria, victoria !
 De Dootch have dook de down.

Mid shout and crash and sabre flash,
 And wild husaren shout
 De Dootchmen boorst de keller in,
 Unt rolled de lager out ;

And in the coorlin powder shmoke,
 While 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
 While yet his hand was red,
 A trinkin lager from his poots
 Among de repel tead.
 'Twas dus dey went at mitternight
 Along der moundain side;
 'Twas dus dey help make history!
 Dis was der Breitmann's ride.
 Gling, glang, gloria;
 Victoria! Victoria!
 Cer'visia, encoria?
 De treadful mitnight ride
 Of Breitmann's wild Freischarlinger,
 All famous, broad, und wide.

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 bieees shall preak!”
Ven shoost ash dis vord from his lips had gone bast,
There coomed a young orterly gallopin fast,
Who gry mit amazement: “Here 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 would 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 work mighty hard mit his sword
If againsd a whole army he holds to de ford.”

Dey spored on, dey hoory’d on, gallopin shtraight,
But for Breitmann help coomed shust a liddle too late,
For ash de Lauwiné goes smash mit her pound,
So on to de Bumpers de repels coom down:
Heinrich von Schinkenstein’s tead in de road,
Dieterich Hinkelbein’s flat ash a toad;
Und Sepperl—Tyroler—shpoke nefer a vord,
But shoost “*Mutter Gottes!*”—und died in de ford.

Itsch'l of Innspruck ish drilled troo de hair,
 Einer aus Bœblingen—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 was tied mit a cord,
 For de repels had goppeld 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 grey-haired oldt veller shmiled crimly und bet
 Dat Breitman 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 well ofer de ford."

In de Bowery each bier-haus mit crape vas oop-done,
 Ven dey read in de bapers dat Breitmann vas gone ;
 Und de Dootch all cot troonk oopon lager und wein,
 At the great Trauer-fest of de Toorner Verein
 Dere vas wein-en mit weinen ven beoples did dink
 Dat Sherman's great Sherman cood nefer more trink.
 Und in Villiam Shtreet veepin und vailen vas hoor'd,
 Pecause der Hans Breitmann vas lost at de ford.

SECONDT PARDT.

I *N dulce júbilo* now ve all sings,
A-waivin de panners like avery dings.
De preeze troo de binc-drees 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 troo 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,
Ven dat fery same orterly rides troo de camp,
Who report on de ford. Dere ish droples and awe
In de face of de youf' apout somedings he saw;
Und he shpeak me in Fræntsch, like he always do:
"Look! [his spook!
Sagre pleu! fentre Tieu!—dere ish Breitmann—
He ish goming dis way! *Nom de garce!* can it pe
Dat de spooks of te 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
Vas Johannes—der Breitmann—der war es, bei Gott!
Coom ridin' to oos-ward, right shtrait to de shpot!
All mouse-still ve shtood, yet mit oop-shoompin hearts,
For he look shoost so pig ash 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 vlam in new coat and magnificent vest.
 Six bistols beschlagen mit silber he wore,
 Und a gold mounted swordt like an Kaiser he bore,
 Und ve dinks dat de ghosdt—or votever he pe—
 Moost hafe proken some panks 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 embrace him, and shtill more ve find
 Dat vherefer he'd peen, he'd left noding pehind.
 In bote of his poots dere vas porte-moneys crammed,
 Mit creen-packs stoof full all his haversack jammed,
 In his bockets cold dollars were shinglin' deir doons
 Mit two doozen vatches 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 avery 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 zuruck?

Vot teufels you makes since dis fourteen nights
 week?"

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

But in fain tid ve ashk vhere der Breitmann hat peen,
 Vot he tid; vot he pass troo—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 queeries he only reblied

"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 dake 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.

Breitmann in Kansas.

VONCE oopon a dimes, goot vwhile afder der war vas ofer, der Herr Breitmann vent oud West, drafellin apout like afery dings—" *circuivit terram et perambulavit eam,*" ash der Tyfel said ven dey ask him: "how vash you and 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, and goes indo himself a little dimes und denn 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.

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 dere 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 prawn.
 Ven he cot into Leafenvort,
 He found himself in town.
 Dey dined him at de Blanter's House,
 More goot as man could dink ;
 Mit avery 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 whisky keg's de only dings
 Dat's bleedin' der to-day.

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

Says he: "*Wie gehts du Alt-Gesell?*"
 But no dings 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 out upon de plains
 To shase de boofalo.
 He fired his rifle at the bools,
 Und gallop troo de shmoke,
 Und shoomp de canyons shoost as if
 Der tyfel vas a choke!

It's hey de trail to Santa Fe;
 It's ho! agross de plain.
 It's lope along de Denver road,
 Until we toorn again.

Und de railroad dravel after us
 Apout as quick as we ;
 Dis Kansas ish de fastest land
 Ash efer I did see.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas ;
 He have a pully dime ;
 Bu 'tvas in oldt Missouri
 Dat dey rooshed him up sublime.
 Dey took him to der Bilot Nob,
 Und all der nob's around ;
 Dey spreed him und dey tea'd him
 Dill dey roon him to de ground.

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

Die Schoene Wittwe.

(DE POOTY VIDDER.)

Vot de Yankee Chap sung.

“**D** AT pooty liddle vidder
Vot we dosh'nt vish to name,
Ish still leben on dat liddle shtreet,
A-doin' shuss 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 liddle paby,
But dey lofes die vidder more.
To dalk mit dat shveet vidder,
Ven she hands das lager round,
Vill make der shap dat does id
Pe happy, ve'll be pound.
Dat ish if ve can vell pelieve
De glerks vat drinks das peer,
Who goes in dere for noding elshe,
Put simply for to zee her.”

How der Breitmann cut him out.

O H yes I know die wittwe,
 Mit eyes so prite und proun!
 She's de allerschœnste wittwe
 Vot live in dis here town.
 In her plack silk gown—mine grashious!—
 All puttoned to de neck—
 Und a pooty liddle collar,
 Mitout a shpot or shpeck.
 Ho! clear de drack you oder *fraus*—
 You cant pegin to shine
 Ven de lofely vidder cooms along—
 Dis vidder ash ish mine!
 Ho! clear de drack you Yankee chaps,
 You Englishers und sooch.
 You cant pegin to coot me out,
 Mit out 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 und Blut,
 Die Augen hell und klar.
 Ich hab sie sechsmal auch gekusst—
 Potztausend! das ist wahr.

Breitmann and the Turners.

HANS BREITMANN choined de Turners
Novemper in de fall,
Und dey gifed a boostin' bender
All in de Toorner 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 choined de Toorners,
Dey all set oop some shouts,
Dey took'd him into deir Toorner Hall,
Und poots him a course of shprouts,
Dey poots him on de barrell-hell pars
Und shtands him oop on his head,
Und dey poomps de beer mit an enchine hose
In his mout' dill he's 'pout half-tead!

Hans Breitmann choined de Toorners;—
Dey make shimnastig dricks
He stoot on de middle of de floor,
Und put oop a fify-six.
Und den he trows it to de roof,
Und schwig off a treadful trink:
De veight coom toomple pack on his headt,
Und py shinks! he didn't vink!

Hans Breitmann choined de Toorners:—

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 choined de Toorners,

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

Hans Breitmann choined de Toorners;

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?"
 And dey dremple mit awe and fear
 Ven dey see him schwingen py de toes,
 A trinken lager bier.

Hans Breitmann choined de Toorners :—

I dells you vot py tam !

Dey sings de great Urbummellied :

De holy Sharman psalm.

Und ven dey kits to de gorus

You ought to hear dem dramp !

It scared der Teufel down below

To hear de Dootchmen stamp.

Hans Breitmann choined de Toorners :—

By Donner ! it vas grand,

Vhen de whole of dem goes a valkin'

Und dancin' on dere hand,

Mit de veet all wavin' in de air,

Gottstausend ! vot a dricks !

Dill der Breitmann fall und dey all go down

Shoost like a row of bricks.

Hans Breitmann choined de Toorners,

Dey lay dere in a heap,

And slept dill de early sonnen shine

Come in at de window creep ;

And de preeze it vakè dem from deir dream,

And dey go to kit deir feed :

Here hat' dis song an Ende—

Das ist DES BREITMANNSLIED.

Ballad.

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

Und oop dere rose a meer maid,
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 ðemselfs alone.

"You'd petter coom down in de wasser,
Vere deres 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 one :”—
 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 und full your bockets,
 Und I'll giss you like avery 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 onder der wasser,
 De maidens mit nodings on.

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 Mœnum, A. D. 1565.*]

ID 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 were in de Lie-
derkranz

Vouldt plend deir souls in harmonie to have a bleasin
tantz.

Dey reefed de Hall 'mid pushes so nople to be seen,
Aroundt Beethoven's buster dey on-did a garlandt creen ;
De latices vork like tyfels two days to scroob de vloer,
Und hanged a crate serenity mit Willkomm ! oop de toor !

Und vwhile dere vas a Schwein-blatt whose redakteur tid
say :

Dat Breitmann he vas liederlich vet antworded dis-away,
Ve maked anoder serenity mid ledders plue und red :
“ Our Leader lick de repels ! N. G.” (enof gesaid.)

Und anoder serene dransparency ve make de veller
baint,

Boot de vay he potch und vertyfeled it vas enof to
shvear a saint,

For ve wanted La Germania—boot der ardist mit a
bloonder
Vent und vlorished Lager agross id—und denn poot
Mania oonder !

Und as Ghristmas Efe was gekommen de beoples weren
im Hall,
I shvears you id vas Gott-full—dat shplendit, pe-glo-
ried ball?
Ve hat foon wie der Teufel in Frankreich—we coot oop
like ter tyfel in France,
Und valk pair-wise in, while de musik blayed loudt de
Fackel-Tanz.

But ven de valtz shtrike oopwart we most went out of fits,
Ash der Breitmann led off on a dwister mid de lofely
Helmina Schmitz.
He valtz shoost like he vas shtandin shtill, mit a peau-
diful solemn shmile,
Und 'Mina say he nafer shtop poussiren allaweil.

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

Und faster play de musik de Wellen und Wogen von
Strauss ;

Und some drop into de tantzen und some of dem drop
aus ;

Und soon like a shtorm in de Meere I feel 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—ven ve hear some
glæssés ring ;

Foorst mild und sonft in de distants—like de song of a
nightingoll,

Den a ringin und rottlin und clotterin—ash de Gluck
of Edenhall ?

Hei ! how we roosh on de liquor !—hei ! how de kell-
ners coom !

Hei ! how we 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—was de dirsty
Deutschers' roar !

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

Dey were goot for bier, or schnapps, or wein—py don-
der how dey flew !

I ring de deck on de waiters for liquor hot und cool,
 Und avery 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 coom in a
 Maskenzug,
 A peaudiful brocession, soul-raisin und sooplime,
 De marmorbilds of de heroes of de early Sherman dime.

Dere vent der gross Arminius, mit his frau Thusnelda,
 too,
 De vellers ash lam de Romans dill dey roon mit noses
 plue,
 Den vollowed Quinetilius Varus, who carry a Roman
 yoke,
 Und arm-in-arm mit Gambrinus come der Allemane
 Chroc.

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

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

“Vy ish id dey always makes in shtone dem vellers so
andiquatet?”

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

Und shoost ash de last of dis hisdory hat fonished troo
de toor,

Ve heardt a ge-screech, und Pelz Nickel coom howlin
on de vloor ;

Den de laties yell like der tyfel, und vly like gulls mit
vings,

Und der Peltz Nickel lick em mit svitches und ve
laughed like averydings.

I nefer hafe sooch laughen before dat I was geborn,
Und Pelz Nickel ven 'twas ober he blow 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 mid lighds
ve druly found,

Und liddel kifts dat ge-kostet a benny abiece all round!

Dere vas Rika Stange die Dessauerinn—a maedchen
shtraightd und tall,

She got a bicture of Cupid—boot she didn't see it at all

Dill der Breitmann say mit his shplendid shtyle dat all
de laties dake :

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

Anoder scharmante laty, Maria Top, did got
A schwingin mid 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 wooden Hans.

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

We sat in shtill commotion so dat a bin mighdt drops,
Und de deers roon town der Breitmann's sheeks mit-
whiles he was trinkin schnapps.

Next dings ve had de Weinnachtstraum gesung by de
Liederkranz.

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

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

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

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

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

Venn Pelz Nickel blow his trump once more, und peg
 peg oos to shtop our din,
 Und troo de open toor dere comed nine denpins
 marchin in.

Nine vellers tressed like denpins—dey goed to der end'
 der hall,
 Und dwo Hans Wurst, shack-puddin glowns—dey rolled
 at em mit a pall.
 De palls vas painted peaudiful; dey vas vifdeen feet
 aroundt;
 Und de rule of de came : whoefer cot hidt moest doom-
 ple on de croundt.

Somedimes dey hit de denpins—somedimes de oder
 volk—
 Und pooty soon de gompany was all laid out in shoke ;
 Boot I tells you vot it makes oos laugh dill ve py nearly
 shplits,
 Ven der Breitmann he roll ofer and drip up de Mina
 Schmitz.

Dis lets itself in Sherman pe foost-rade word-blayed on,
 Und mongst oos be giftet vellers you pet dat it vas tone!
 How der Breitmann mightd drafel as brideman on de
 roadt dat ish *breit* and *krumm* ;
 Here de drumpets soundt, and pair-wise ve goed for de
 sooper room.

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 vich
lofely shine,

Und oh mein Gott in Kimmel ! how we goed for de
Mosel-wein !

Und troonker more, und troonker yet, und troonker shtill
got ve,

In rosy lighdt shtill drivin on agross a fairy see ;

Den madder, wilder, frantic-er I proked a salat dish !

Und shoost like roarin elefants ve tanzt aroundt de tish.

I'fe shvimmid in heafenly troonks pefore—boot nefer
von like dis,

De morgen-het-ache only seemt a bortion of de bliss.

De while in trilling peauty roundt like heafenly vind-
harps rang

A goosh of golden melodie — de Rhineweinbechers
Klang.

De meltin minnesingers song—a droonk of honeyd
rhyme—

De b'wildrin-dipsy Bardic shants of Teutoburgie dime,
Back to de runic dim Valhall und Balder's foamin
mead ;

—Here ents in heller glorie schein des Breitmann's
Weihnachtslied !

Der Freischuetz.

WIE geht's my friends—if you'll allow,
I sings you rite away shoost now
Some dretful shdories vitch dey calls
DER FREYSCHUETZ ; or, de Magic Balls.

Wohl in Bohemian land it cooms,
Where folks trinks prandy mate of plums ;
Dere lifed ein Yager—Maxerl Schmit,
Who shot mit goons and nefer hit.

Und dere vas one old Yager, who
Says, “ Maxerl, dis vill nefer do ;
If you should miss on trial day,
Dere'l pe de tyfel den to pay.

“ If you do miss, you shtupid goose,
Dere'l pe de donnerwetter loose ;
For you shant have mine taughter's hand,
Nor pe de Hertshog's yagersmann.”

It coomed pefore de day was set,
Dat all de chaps togeder met,
Und Maxerl fired his bix and missed,
Und all de gals cot round and hissed.

Dey laughed pefore, and hissed pehind ;
 Put one chap, Kaspar, set : " tont mind !
 I dells you what, you stuns 'em alls,
 If yoost you shoot mit magic palls."

" De magic palls—oh vot is dat !"
 " I got dem in mine hoontin hat ;
 De're plack as kohl und shoot so true,
 Oh dems de sort of palls for you."

" You see dat eagle flyin high,
 Ein hoondred miles up in de sky ?
 Shoot at dat eagle mit your bix,
 You kills him dead as doonderblix."

" I tont pelieve de dings you say."
 " You fool," says Kass, " den plaze away !"
 He plazed away, ven sure as blood,
 Down coomed de eagle in de mud."

" *O was ist das ?*" said Maxerl Schmit,
 " Vy—dat's de eagle vat you hit.
 You kills um vhen you plaze away ;
 But dat's a ting you nix ferstay."

" Und you moost go to make dem balls
 To de Wolf's Glen ven mitnight falls ;
 Dow knowst de shpot?—alone and late"—
 " O ja—I knows him ganz foost-rate."

“ But denn I does not likes to go
 Among dem dings.” Says Kass, “Ach sho!
 I’ll help you fix dem tyfel chaps;
 Like a goot fellow—take some schnapps!

“(Hilf Zamiel! hilf!)—Here, trink some more!”
 Den Kass vent shtomping roundt de floor,
 Und coomed his hoomboogs ofer Schmit,
 Till Max said “Nun—*ich gehe mit!*”

All in de finster mitternockt,
 When oder folks in shleep vas locked,
 Down in de *Wolfsschlucht* Kass did try
 His tyfel-strikes und *hexerei*.

Mit skools and pones he made a ring,
 De howls and spooks pegin to sing;
 Und all de tyfels oonter ground
 Coome breaking loose and rushin round.

Den Maxerl cooms along; says he,
 “Mein Gott! what dings is dis I see!
 I dinks de fery tyfel und all
 Moost help to make dem magic pall.

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

Den up dere coomed a tredful shtorm,
 De todtengrips aroundt did schwarm ;
 De howl joomped oop und flapt his vings,
 Und turned his het like averydings.

Up troo de groundt here coomed a pot,
 Mit leadt und dings to make de shot ;
 Und hœllisch fire in crimson plaze,
 Und awful schmells like Schweitzer kæs'.

Across de scene a pine shtick flew,
 Mit seferal jail-pirds fastent to,
 Six treadful jail-birds, mit deir vings
 Tied to de shticks mit magic shtrings.

All troo de air, all in a row,
Die wilde Jygd was seen to go ;
 De hounts und deer all made of pone,
 Und hoonted by a skilleton.

Dere coomed de dretful shpectre pig
 Who shpitten fire, away did dig ;
 Und fiery drocks und tyfel-snake
 A scootin troo de air tid break.

But Kass he tidn't mind dem alls,
 But casted out de pullet palls ;
 Six was to go as dey wouldt like,
 De sevent moost for de tyfel strike.

At last oopon de trial day
 De gals coomed round so nice and gay ;
 Und denn dey goes and makes a tanz
 Und stinged apout de *Jungfernkranz*.

Und denn der Hertshog—dat's de Duke—
 Cooms down und dinks he'll take a look ;
 "Young mans," to Maxerl denn says he,
 "Shoost shoot dem dove upon 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 rolled over in de *Staub*.

De pride she falled too in de dust,
 De gals dey cried—de men dey cussed :
 De Hertshog says, "It's fery clear
 Dat dere has been some tyfels here ;

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

But den a hermits coomed in late,
 Says he, "I'll fix dese dings foost-rate."
 Und teild de Hertshog dat young men
 Will raise der tyfel now and denn,

De Duke forgifed de Kaspar dann
 Und made of him ein Yagersmann,
 What shoots mit bixen gun and pfeil,
 Und talks apout de *Waidmannsheil*.

Und denn de pride she coomed to life,
 Und cot to pe de Maxerl's wife ;
 Den all de beoples cried 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.

Breitmann about Town.

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

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

Dey vented to de Bibliothek,
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 gilt de most :"—
Said Breitemann, said he.

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

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

Dey vent oonto a bicture sale,
 Of frames wort' many a cent,
 De broberety of a shendleman,
 Who oonto Europe vent.
 "Dont gry—he'll soon pe paek 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 aucion rite afay,
 Berembdory und sure.
 "He geepe six houses all at vonce
 Each veek a sale dere pe,
 Gotts ! vat 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 Ridualids,
 Who vorship Gott mitt vlowers,
 In hobes he'll lofe dem pack again,
 In winter among de showers.
 "Vhen de Pacific railroat's done
 Dis dings imbrofed vill pe,
 De joss-sticks vill pe santal vood,"—
 Said Breitemann, said he.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Schnitzerl's Philosopede.

PARDT FIRSDT.

HERR SCHNITZERL make a philosopede,
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 as eeks,
For he shtraddled on de axle dree
Mit de vheel petween his lecks.

Und ven he vant 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 he bassed de vancy crabs,

And 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 vaster shtill der Schnitzerl flewed

On—mit a gashtly smile;

He tidn't tooch 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 ish various kinds of dings ?
 Und vot ish hobbiness ?
 Ve find a pank-node in de shtreedt,
 Next dings der pank is preak ;
 Ve folls, und knocks our outsides in,
 Ven ve a ten shtrike make.

So vas it mit der Schnitzerlein
 On his philosopede.
 His feet both shlippid outsideward shoost
 Vhen at his extra shpeed.
 He felled oopon der vheel of course ;
 De vheel like blitzen flew :
 Und Schnitzerl he vas schnitz in vact
 For id 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 de Schnitzerl's soul ?
 Vhere dos his shbirit pide ?
 In Himmel troo de entless plue,
 It takes a medeor ride.

Schnitzerl's Philosopede.

PARDT SECONDT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Denn Breitmann ansver Schnitzerl :

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

Denn der shpirit, in Lateinisch

Saidt “ *Benc—dat’s de dalk !*
Non habes in hoc shanty
 A shingle *et some chalk ?*
Non video inkum et calamos :
 (I shbose some 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 onderneat he see :
Probate inter equites :
 "Try dis in de cavallrie."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

De noompers of de Deutsche folk
 Dat coom dis feat to see,
 I dink in soper earnest-hood,
 Mightd 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-bat in a vight,
 Der Breitemann 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—and last.
 Vot ha ! vot ho ! Vy ish id dus ?
 Vot makes dem shdare aghast ?
 Vy cooms dat vail of wild tespair ?
 Ish somedings got gesmasht ?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A Ballad apout de Rowdies.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Wein Geist.

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

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

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

Und denn mit an board und a shdore-box,
I blay de horse-viddle a bieece,
Dill de neighbours 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 oombrella,
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 ge-vanisht lofe
 Dat vent like de vind from me.
 Und I voonders in mine dipsy hood,
 If a damsel or dream vas she !

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

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

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

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

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

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

Breitmann in Politics.

I.—The Nomination.

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

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

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

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

“ He was shoost like 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
 Where Etzel's horse had trot,
 Und I really peliefe vere Breitmann go
 De hops shpring oop, bei Gott !”

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

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

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

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

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

II.—The Committee of Instruction.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

III.—Mr. Twine Explains Being “Scund
Upon the Goose.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Here Breitmann led his shdeam out :

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“ Dis shdory's all I hafe to dell,”
 Says Misdor Hiram Twine ;

“ Und I advise Herr Breitmann
 Shoost to vight id on dis line.”
 De volk who of dese boledics
 Would oder shapters read,
 Moost waiten for de segondt pardt
 Of dis here Breitmann's Lied.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

V.—How they held the Mass Meeting.

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

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

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

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

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

VI.—Breitmann's Great Speech.

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

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

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

" Berhaps o'er all dis shmilin eart'—
 He vould say it dere and den—
 Soosh shpeddagles couldt nod pe seen
 Of soosh imbartial men,
 So tefoid of pase sospicion,
 So apove all betty dricks,
 Ash to gome und lisdén vairyly
 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 opportunes—"
 Here a veller in de gallery
 Gry oud, oonkindly, " Shpoons !"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(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 and immutaple
 Ash te course of de ’ternal sun :
 Boot if you ton’t abbrove of dem—
 Blease nodice vot I say—
 I shall only pe too happy
 To alder dem right afay.

" Und unto my Demographic friends
 I vould very glearly shtate—
 Since dis useless mit oop-geclearéd minds
 To hold a long depate—
 Dat dere's no man in de cidy
 Dat sells besser liquor ash I,
 Und I shtand de treadts *free-gradis*
 Vhenefer mine 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,
 Boot we'll do mitout deir helfs ;
 Und I kess, on de whole, 'twill peshoost so goot,
 If ve trink it all ourselfs."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



Breitmann's Going to Church.

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

[*Novissimæ Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum. Berlini, F. Berggold, 1869. Epistola xxiii. p. 63.*]

D'VAS near de State of Nashille,
In de town of Tennessee,
Der Breitmann vonce vas quarderd
Mit all his cavallrie.
Der Sheneral kept him glose in camp,
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—I mit shpoons and shinsherbread !
Can dis pe makin war ?
Verdammt pe all der discipline ;
Verdammt der Shenerál ;
Vere I vonce on de road, his will
Were Wurst mir und egâl.

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

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

" O, vere I on my schimmel grey,
 Mein sabre in mein hand,
 Dey should drack me py de ruins
 Of de houses troo de land.
 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-development requires
 De réligiös Idée."

Dey set dem down und argued it,
 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 afery glime,
 Und dat to grin und bear it
 Vas healty und sooplime.
 "For mine Sout Sherman Catoliks
 Id vas pe goot I know,
 Likewise dem Nordland Luterans,
 If vonce to shoorsh dey go.

" Boot how vas id mit oders
 Who dinks filosofie?
 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 bilerimage,
 Und do it in a tay:—
 Gott only knows vot dings you might
 Bick oop, oopon de vay."

Den oop dere shpoke a contrapand,
 Vas at de tent id's toor:
 "Dere's twenty bar'ls of whisky 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.

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

All brooshed und fixed, de cavallrie
 Rode out py moonen-shine;
 De cotten fields in shimmerin light
 Lay white ash 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:
 “ While shtandin at my post,
 De guerillas got first shot at me;”
 Und so gafe oop de ghost.
 Den a contrapand, who helt his head,
 Said: “ Sah—dose grillers all,
 Is only half a mile from hyar,
 A dancin at a pall.”

Der Breitmann shpoke, und 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 into de room.
 Oop vent de groans of vountet men,
 De fittlin died away;
 Boot some of dem vere tead before
 De music ceased to blay.

Den crack und smack coom scatterin shots
 Troo vindow und troo door,
 Boot bang und clang de Germans gife
 Anoder volley more.
 " Dere—let 'em shlide. Right file, to shoorsh!"
 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 shoorsh pefore dem shtood.

" Now loudet vell de Organ oop,
 To drill mit solemn fear;
 Und ring alsò 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, und
 De high mass of de cord!

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

" Derefore a Miserére
 Vilt dou, be-ghostet, spiel;
 Und vake re-raiséed yearnin,
 Alsó a holy feel :—
 Pe referent, men—rememper
 Dis ish a Gotteshaus—
 Du, Conrad,—go along de aisles,
 Und schenk de whisky aus!"

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

Der Eberlé blayed oop so high
 He make 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 he 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 whisky 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-cloudts troo de door,
 All plack ash night in goldnen lightd
 Dere shtood ein schwartzer Mohr.
 Dat contrapand so wild und weh,
 Mit eye-palls glarin round,
 Und cried: "For Gott's sake, hoory oop!
 De reps ish gomin down!"

Und vwhile he yet vas 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
 Dere vas order in de band,
 Ash Breitmann, mit an awefool stim
 Out-dondered his gommand.

Und ash fisch-hawk at a mackarel
 Doth make a splurgin flung,
 Und ash eagles dab de fisch-hawks
 Ash if de gods were young;
 So from all de doors und 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 swordt und carpine
 Py efery fence and bush ;
 Ash panTERS vight mit crislies
 In famished morder fits—
 For de rebs vere mad ash boison,
 Und de Dootch ver droonk as 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 booffaloes at bay.

De scatterin shots grew fewer,
 De scatterin gries more shlow ;
 Und furder troo de forest
 Ve heard dem vainter crow.
 Ve gife von shout—“ *Victoria !*”
 Und den der Breitmann said,
 Ash he wiped his bloody sabre,
 “ Now, poys, count oop your dead !”

O small had peen our shoutin
 For shoy, if ve had known,
 Dat de Stossenheim im oaken Wald
 Lay dyin all alone ;
 While his oldt white horse mit droopin het
 Look dumbly on him down,
 Ash if he dinked, “ Vy lvest dou here
 While 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 und sorrow
 Which 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 no ding wrong.
 Now I die like a Christian soldier ;
 My head oopon my sword :—
In nomine Domine !"
 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
 Toward Germany vas laid.
 Dat grave is lost mid dead leafs,
 De cross is gone 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 ernsthaft, grim und kalt,
 Shtill dinkin of 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!

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 Wunderhören sagen.”*

DER NIBELUNGEN LIED.

FIRSDT PARDT.

Do oos, in anciend shdory,
Crate voonders ish peen told
Of lapors fool of glories,
Of heroes bluff und bold,
Of high oldt times a-kitin,
Of howlin und of tears,
Of kissin und of vightin :
All dis we likes to hears.

Dere growed once dimes in Schwaben
 Since fifty years pegan,
 An shild of decent elders,
 His name Hans Breitemann.
 De gross adventures dat he had,
 If you will only look,
 Ish all bescribed so truly
 In dis fore-lying book.

Und allaweil dese lieder
 Vere goin troo his het,
 De writer lay von Sonntay,
 A-shleepin in his bett ;
 Ven lo!—a yellow bigeon
 Coom to him in a dreám,
 De same dat Mr. Barnum
 Vonce had in his Muséum.

Und dus out-shpoke de bigeon :
 “ If you should brint de songs
 Or oder dings of Breitmänn
 Which to dem on belongs,
 Dey will tread de road of Sturm und Drang
 Die wile es möhte leben,
 Und pe mis-geborn in pattle
 To dis fate ish it ergeben.”

Und dus rebly de dreamer:
 "If on de ice it shlip,
 Den led it dake ids shanses;
 Rip Sam, und let 'er rip!
 Dou say'st id vill be sturmy.—
 Vot sturmy ish, ish crand.
 Crate heroes ish de beoples
 In Uncle Samuel's land.

Du bist ein rechter Gelbschnabel
 O golden bigeon mine:
 Und I'll fighdt id on dis summer
 If id dakes me all de line.
 Full liddle ish de discount
 Oopon de Yankee peeps."
 "Go to hell!" exclaim de bigeon:—
 Foreby vas all mine shleeps.

SECONDT PARDT.

DERE vent to Sout Carolina,
A shentleman who dinked,
Dat de pallads of der Breitmann
Should papered pe und inked.
Und dat he vouldt fixed de brintin
Pefore 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,
Vhile de anti-half in Davis grey
Had peen Confeterates true.
Great Himmel!—Vot a shindy
Vos shtarted in de crowd
Vhen some von read Hans Breitmann
His Barty all aloud!

Und von goot-nadured Yankee
 He schvear it vos a shame,
 To dell soosh lies on Dutchmen,
 Und make of dem a game.
 But dis make mad Fritz Luder,
 Und he schvear dis treat of Hans,
 Vos shoost so goot a barty
 Ash any oder man's.

Und dat nodings vos so looscious,
 In all dis eartly shpear,
 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,
 Mid all his passion ripe,
 Und vired at Fritz mit de shootin-shtick,
 Wheremit he vas settin type.
 It hit him on de occiput,
 Und laid him on de floor;
 For many a long day afder
 I ween his het vas sore.

Dis roused Piet Weiser der Pfaelzer,
 Who vas quick to act und dink;
 He held in hand a roller
 Where-mit 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 Soutern 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 ploondered derriple,
 Und in dat darksome hour
 He hafe lossed a yallow-pine maiden,
 Of all de land de vlower.
 Bright gold doblones a hoondered
 He willingly vouldt pay,
 Ash soon ash a thrip for a ginger-cake,
 Und deem it sheap dat day.

To him aut-worded 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 like 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 onto de Yorker,
 Und mit von lick bust his shell.
 Den out he flashed his pig-sticker,
 Und mit looks of drementous gloom,
 Rooshed vildly into 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 Breitmann vas less dan small ;
 Dough he maket de beoples laughen,
 Boot dat vas only all.

Den a Deutscher say by Donner!
 Dat soosh a baradox
 Would 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.

Den de oder veller be-headed
 Dat dere vas not a sbark of foon
 In de Breitmann lieds, when you lead dem
 Into English correctly done:
 Den a *Proof Sheet* veller res-pondered,
 For he dink de dings vas hard;
 "Dat ish shoost like de goot oldt lady
 Ash vent to hear Artemas 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!"
 Und all de crowd togeder
 Go slap in a grand plug-muss.

De Yankee shlog de Proof Sheet
 Soosch an awfool smack on de face,
 Dat he shvell rite oop like a poonkin
 Mit a sense of his tisgrace.
 Boot a Deutscher boosted an ink-keg
 On dop of de oders 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-cooked his goose;
 Fool many an nose mit fisten
 I ween vas padly serouged;
 Fool many an eye pright-gleamin
 Vas ploody out-gegouged.

Dô wart ûfgehauwen
 Dere vas hewin off of pones.
Dô hôrte man dar inne
 Man heardt soosh treadful croans.
Jach waren dâ die Geste
 De row vas rough und tough.
Genuoge sluogen wunden—
 Dere vas plooty wounds enough.

De shpirids of anciend brinters
 From Himmel look down oopon,
 Und allowed dat in a *chapel*
 Dere vas nefer soosh carryins-on.
 Dere vas Lorenz Coster mit Guttemberg,
 Und Scheffer mit der Fust,
 Und Sweynheim mit Pannartz trop deers
 Oopon dis teufel's dust.

Dere vas Yankee jours extincted
 Who lay oopon de vloor ;
 Dere vas Soutern rebs destructed
 Who nefer vouldt Jeff no more.
 Ash deir souls rise oop to Heafen,
 Dey heard de oldt brinters calls ;
 Und Guttemberg gifed dem all a kick
 Ash he histed dem ofer de walls.

Dat ish de vay dese Ballads
 Foorst vere crooshed in plood und shdorm.
 Fool many a day moost bass afay
 Pefore dey dook dis form.
 De copy flooted o'er de preasts
 Of heroes lyn todt.
 Dis vas de dire peginnin—
 Das war des BREITMANN'S NOTH.

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
 Ish geprindt in many a land,
 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.

Dranslation.

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!

I Gili Romaneskro.

A Gipsy Ballad.

WHEN der Herr Breitmann vas a jungling, he vas go, bummin aroundt, goot deal in de Wort, vestigatin human natur, *roulant de vergne en vergne*, ash de Fraentsch boet says: "goin from town to town,"—seein beobles in gemixed so-ciedy, und learnin dose languages vitch ornamentd a drue moskopolite, or von whose het ish bemost mit experience. Mong oder tongues ash it would appeared, he shpoke fluendly Red Welsh, Black Dootch, Kauder-Waelsch Gaunersprache und Ghipsy, und dis latter langwashe he pring so wide dat he write a pook of pallads in it—von of vitch pallads I have intuce him mit moush 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 get 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 drobles he hat for shdealin

some hens, und pefore I couldt consoolt mit him, he vas rooned afay. Den I fond an oldt vomans Shipsy who vas do nodins boot peg, und so wider mit pout five or four oders more. Derfore der erordoms moast pe excused py de enlightened pooplic who are fomiliar mit dis peautiful languashe, vitch is now so shenerally fashionábel in literary und shpordin circles.

I Gili Romaneskro.

SCHUNAVA, ke baschko dela godla
 Schunava Paschomàskro.
 Te del miro Dewel tumen
 Dschavena bachtallo.

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

A po je wa'wer divesseste
 Schunava pro gilaviben,
 Mákana me avava,
 Pro marzos, pro kuriben.

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

Dranslation. .

I hear de gock a growin!
 I hear de musikant!
 Gott gifé 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 on de rollin sea.

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

Steinli von Slang.

FIRSDT PARDT.

DER Watchman look out from his tower,
Ash de Abendgold glimmer grew dim,
Und saw on de road troo de Gader u
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 Dutchmann,
If he arn't like Goliath of Gath.
He ish pig 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 makes welcome her gast in,
 Ash he shtep to de dop of de shtairs;
 She look like an angel got lost in
 A forest of autumn-brown hair.
 Und a bower-maiden said as 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, und mine braises you sing;
 Boot I'm 'fraid dat de notion ain't in me."—
 De lady Plectruda von Sling.

"Boot brafe-hood tescerfes a reward, Sir:
 Dough you've hardly a chost of a shanse.
 Sankt Werolf!—medinks id ish hardt, Sir,
 I should allaweil lead you dis dance."
 Like a bees ven 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 :—
 Vhile ve shtand ourselfs round in a row,
 You moost roll from de dop of dis tower
 Down shtairs to de valley pelow.
 Id ish rough und ash shteepe ash my virtue :
 (Mit schwanen shweet accents she sang :)
 “ Tont dry if you dinks it vill hurt you,
 Mine goot liddle Ritter von Slang.”

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

SECONDT PARDT.

T WAS Audumn. De dry leafs vere bustlin
Und visperin deir elfin-wild talk,
Ven 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 aheat in his vay,
In sinkular manner a streakin,
An strange liddle pein, in cray,
Who toorned on him quick mit a holler,
Und cuttin a dwo-bigeon ving,
Gried: "Say—can you change me a thaler,
O, 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 bassed on der Ritter von Slang.

Oh reater!—soopose soosh a vlight in
 De vingers of me, or of you,
 How we'd toorned on our heels und gon kitin
 Dill no von vas left to pursue!
 Goot 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 Fraeulein von Sling.

Und dough no von vill gife any gredit
 To dis part of mine dale, shdill ids drue,
 He drafelled, ash if he would *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 de 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 und
 Peloved py 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
 Gried "Himmelspotzpumpenherr Gott!")
 Boot de oldt veller saidt: "I'll arrange it.
 Let your droples und sorrows co hang!
 Und no dings vill coom to derange it,
 Pet high on it, Ritter von Slang."

"So get oop dis small oonderstandin ;
 Dat to-morrow py ten—do you hear?—
 You'll pe mit your *trunk* on de landin ;
 I'll pe dere on hand, nefer fear.
 Und I dink ve shall make your young voman
 A new kind of meloty sing;—
 Dat vain, vicked, cruel, unhuman,
 Gott tamnaple Fraeulein 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 feller hat fanished
 In a harp-like melotious twang ;
 Und mit him all sorrow vas panished
 Afay from der Steinle von Slang.

THIRDT PARDT.

ID vas morn, und de vorldt hat assempled
Mit 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,
Alldough 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,
Ven he find on de dop of de dower
De gray man pesite him appear.
Den he find he no more could go valkin,
Und shtood shoost an potrifid ding,
While de gray man vent round apout talkin
Und chaffin Plectruda von Sling!

Den 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 into him.
 Und de eyes of de volk vas enchanted,
 Dere vas "glamour" oopon de whole gang,
 For dey dinked dat dis goblum vitch ranted
 So loose, vas der Ritter von Slang.

Und Lordt! *how* id dalked! Oonder heafens
 Der vas nefer soosh derriple witz,
 Knockin all dings to sechses und 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 Fraeulein Plectruda von Sling.

De lady grew angry und paler,
 De lady grew rat-full und red,
 She felt some Satanical jailer
 Hafe brisoned de tongue in her head.
 She moost laugh ven 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.

Den der goblum shoomp oop to der cieling,
 Und trow sommerseds round on de vloer,
 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 ven he cot down to de pottom,
 He laugh so to freeze your plood;
 Und swear dat de booms ash he cot em
 Hafe make him veel petter ash good.
 Boot—oh—how dey shook at his power,
 Ven he toorned himself roundt mit a bang,
 Und roll oop to de dop of de tower
 Where he change mit de oder von Slang!

Den 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 von Slang vas de person
 Who had bobbed oop und 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 peautiful poy.
 A dwenty gold biece on his bosom
 Ven geporn vas tiscofered to hang,
 Mit de inscript—"Dis dime don't refuse em."—
 So endet de tale of von Slang.

To a Friend Studying German.

*Si liceret te amare,
 Ad Suevorum magnum mare
 Spousam te perducerem.*

[*Tristitia Amorosa. Frau Aventure, von J. V. Scheffel.*]

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

Vill'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?
 Denn you allatag moost go
 To sinfonies, sonatas,
 Or an oratorio.
 Ven you dinks you knows 'pout musik,
 More ash any oder man,
 Pe sure de soul of Deutschland
 Indo your soul ish ran.

Vill'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?
 Dou moost eat apout a peck
 A week of stinging sauer-kraut,
 Und sefen pfounds of shpeck;
 Mit Gott knows vot in vinegar,
 Und Deuce knows vot in rum :
 Dis ish de only cerdain vay
 To make de accents coom.

Vill'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?
 Brepate dy soul to shtand
 Soosh sendences ash n'er vere heardt
 In any oder landt.
 Till dou canst bear parentheses
 Pe twisted ohne Zahl;
 Dann wirst du erst Deutschfertig seyn
 For a languashe ideál.

Vill'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?

Du moost, mitout an fear,
 Trink efery tay a gallon dry
 Of foamin Sherman bier.
 Und de more you trinks, pe cerdain,
 More Deutsch you'll surely pe,
 For Gambrinus ish de Emberor
 Of de whole of Germany.

Vill'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?

Pe sholly, brav und treu,
 For dat veller ish kein Deutscher
 Who ish not a sholly poy;
 Find out vot means Gemüthlichkeit,
 Und try it mitout fail,
 In Sang und Klang dein Lebenlang,
 A heart, ganz kreuzfidél.

Vill'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?

If a shendleman dou art,
 Denn shdrike right into Deutschland,
 Und get a shweetesheart
 From Schwabenland or Sachsen,
 Where now dis writer pees,
 Und de bretty girls all wachsen
 Shoost like aepples on de drees.

Boot if dou bee'st a lady,
 Denn on de oder hand,
 Take a blonde moustachioed lofer,
 In de vine-green Sherman land.
 Und if you shouldt kit married,
 Vood mit vood soon makes a vire :
 O denn you'll find de Dutch vill coom
 Ash fast as you desire.

Love Song.

OVERE mine lofe a sugar-powl,
 De fery shmallest loomp
 Vouldt shveet de seas from bole to bole,
 Und make de shildren shoomp.
 Und if she vere a clofer-fieldt,
 I'd bet mine only pence,
 It vould'nt pe no dime at all
 Pefore I'd shoomp de fence.

Her heafenly foice it drill me so,
 It really seems to hoort;
 She ish de holiest anamile
 Dat roons oopon de dirt.
 De re'nbow rises ven she sings,
 De sonn shine ven she dalk,
 De angels crow und flop deir wings
 Ven she goes out to valk.

So livin white—so carnadine—
 Mine lofe's gomblexion glow;
 It's shoost like abendcarmosine
 Rich gleamin on de shnow.
 Her soul makes plooshes in her sheek,
 As sommer reds de wein,
 Or sonlight sends a fire-life troo
 An blank karfunkelstein.

De ueberschwengliche idées
 Dis lofe put in my mind,
 Vould make a foostrate philosoph
 Of any human kind.
 'Tis shuderend sweet on eart' to meet
 An himmlisch-hoellisch qual,
 Und treat mit whiles to kümmel schnapps
 De Shænheitsideál.

GLOSSARY.

- Abendgold*, (German)—Evening gold.
Abendsonnenschein, (German)—Evening sunshine.
Ach Fuderland, &c., (German)—
“Oh Fatherland how far art thou!
Oh Time—how art thou long!”
Ach weh—An exclamation of pain.
Allatag, (German)—Every day.
Allweil, (German)—Always; also whilst.
Alles wird ewig zu eins, (German)—And all for ever becomes one.
Alter Schwed', (old Swede)—A familiar phrase, like old fellow.
Anamile, (American)—Animal.
Annerthalb Jar, *Anderthalb Gahr*, (German)—Year and a half.
Anti Word; *Antwort*—Answer.
Antworded, (German)—Answered.
Arbeiterhalle—Workingman's hall.
Arminius, (Herman.)—The Duke of the Cheruskans, and destroyer of the Roman legions under Varus, in Teutoburg Forest.
Aroom, *Herum*—Around.
Aufgespannt, (German)—Stretched, bent.
Augenblick, (German)—Twinkling of an eye.
Aus, (German)—Out.

- Bach*, (German)—Brook.
- Baender-box*—Band-box.
- Barrick*, (Pennsylvania German for *Berg*,)—Mountain.
- Barrel-hell pars*—Parallel bars; a part of the gymnastic apparatus.
- Be-ghostet*, (German, *Begeistert*)—Inspired.
- Begifted*—Beschenkt.
- Begreifen*, (German)—Understand.
- Behheaded*, (German, *Behauptet*)—Asserted.
- Bei Leib und Leben*, (German)—By my body and soul.
- Bekannt Beknown*—Known.
- Be-mark*, (German *Bemerken*)—Observe.
- Bemarks*, (German, *Bemerkungen*)—Remarks.
- Bemerkbar*, (German) Observable. (Should be noticed.)
- Bemoost*, (German)—Mossgrown; in student's language, *ein bemooste Haupt*, an old student.
- Bender*, (American)—A spree; a frolic. To "go on a bender"—to go on a spree.
- Be-raised*, Raised, with the augment, literal for German *erhoben*.
- Berauscht*, (German)—Intoxicated.
- Besoffen*, (German)—Drunk.
- Bestimmung des Menschen*—Vocation of Man. One of Fichte's works.
- Bewises*, (German *Beweist*, from *Beweisen*)—Proves.
- Bibliothek*—Library.
- 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*, (German)—Leaves.
- Blei*—Lead.
- Blitz*, (German)—Lightning.
- Blitzen*, German)—Lightning.
- Blokes*, (English)—Men.
- Bock*—A strong kind of German beer.
- Boemisch*—Bohemian.
- Bole Jack road*—Near Murfreesboro', Tennessee.

Bool—Bull.

Bornirtheit—Limitedness of capacity.

Bountiee, (American)—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 1864.

Bowery—A street in New York, inhabited principally by Germans.

Brav, (German)—Good.

Breit, (German)—Broad.

Bring it down to dots—Reduce it to figures.

Brisner—Prisoner.

Broosh-pinder—Brushbinder, (German, *Buerstenbinder*)—Brushmaker. The brushmakers are supposed, probably on account of their throat-parching business, to be always thirsty.

Brummed, (German, *Crummer*)—To make a growling, deep bass sound.

Bummer, (American)—A low fellow; applied, during the late civil war in the United States, to hangers-on of the army; probably a corruption of the German *bummler*, (loafer.)

Bumming—From Bummer.

Bushchackers—Guerillas.

Bust his shell, (American)—Broke his head.

Butterbrod, (German)—Buttered bread.

By—Nearly; *Beinahe*—Almost, nearly.

Came—Game.

Canyon, (Spanish, *Cañon*)—A narrow passage between high precipitous banks, formed by mountains or tablelands, often with a river running beneath. These occur in the great Western prairies, in New Mexico, and California.

Carmosine, (German)—Crimson. French—Cramoisie.

Carnadine—Incarnadine. Deep pink or blood red.

Change their lodge—Shift from one “society” to another.

- Chroc*—An Alemannic hero, who ravaged Gaul. Spoken of by Gregory, of Tours, as Chrocus.
- 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*—German for sins.
- 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.
- Coster*—The inventor of the art of printing, according to the Dutch.
- Crate*—Great.
- Crislies*—Grisly, (bear.)
- Da ist er! Schau!*—There he is! look!
- Damit*, (German)—By that.
- Das war des Breitmann's Noth*, (German)—That was Breitmann's need or fatal extremity. Imitated from the last line of *Der Nibelungen Lied*.
- Deck*—The cards used in a game.
- Demperanceler, Temperenzler*—Temperance man.
- De Schœnheitsidéal*, (German)—The ideal of beauty.
- Dessauerinn*—A woman from Dessau.
- Deutschfertig*, (German)—German-ready. A burlesque word. “Then you will be German-ready for an ideal perfect language.”
- Deutschland*—Germany.
- Die wile es möhte leben*, (Old German, or Middle High German of the 11th century)—During all its life:—
 “Daz wolde er immer dienen
 Die wile er möhte leben.”
 Kutrun, xv avent, 756 verse.
- Dink*—He, they think; *my dinks*—my thoughts.
- Dinked*—He, they thought.
- Dishtriputet*—Instead of *attributed*.
- Dissembulatin'*—Dissembling.
- Dissolved*—Instead of *resolved*.
- D'lusion*—Instead of *allusion*.

- Donnered*, (German)—Thundered.
Donnerwetter, (German)—Thunder and lightning.
Dooks—Ducks.
Doon—Tune.
Doonderblix—Thunder and lightning.
Drawed he in—(Literal rendering of the German *Zog er ein*)
 —*Einziehen*, to take up one's abode with.
Dreimal, (German)—Three times.
Drocks—Drakes, dragons; (German)—*Drachen*.
Druckerei, (German)—Printing office.
Du bist ein Musikant—Thou art a musician.
Dummehrllichkeit, (German)—Honest simplicity.
Eberschwein, (German)—Wild boar.
Einander to sprechen mit, (German)—To speak together.
Eldern, (German, *Eltern*)—Parents.
Elders, (German, *Eltern*)—Parents.
Elfenbein, (German)—Ivory.
Emerich—King Emerich, hero of a German legend.
Emsig gruebler, (German)—Assiduous inquirer; plodding
 old fogy.
Entlang, (German)—Along.
Erfunden, (German, *Erfunden*)—Invented.
Ergeben, (German)—Given over.
Ernsthaft, (German)—Earnest.
Error-dom, Irrthum—Error.
Erstarrt, (German)—Aghast.
Erstaunished, erstaunt—Astonished!
Erwaitin', (German, *Erwartend*)—Awaiting, expecting.
Euchred—From Euchre, a Western game of cards.
Fackel Tanz, (German)—Torch dance.
Fancy crabs—Fast horses.
Fanes, Wetterfahnen—Weathercocks, (double entente.)
Fass, (German)—Barrel.
Fat—Printer's term.
Feldwebel, (German)—A sergeant.
Fichte—German philosopher.
Finster, (German)—Dark, dismal.
Foll—To fall.
Fool—Full.

Foon—Fun.

Foors—First.

Fore-by—Literal translation of the German *Vorbei*.

Fore-lying—Literal translation of *Vorliegend*.

Foreschlag, (German, *Vorschlag*)—Proposal.

Foresetzen—To set, put (lay) before an audience.

Frau, (German)—Woman.

Freie, (German)—Free.

Freischarlinger, (German, *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, (German)—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 Kyffnauser in Thuringia, and to awaken one day, when he will bring great glory over Germany.

Frolic—Fröhlich, merry.

Froze to de ready—Held fast to the money.

Fullenden, (German, *Vollenden*)—To finish, perfect.

Fuss, (German)—Foot.

Fust—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, (German)—Entirely.

Ganz und gar, (German)—Altogether; all over.

Gast, (German)—Guest.

Gauer—Vallies.

Gaul dern—A Yankee oath.

Gauner-sprache, (German)—Thieves' language.

Ge-birt', (German, *Geburt*)—Birth.

Ge-bildet—Built, with the German augment.

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, (German)—Come thus.
Gelbschnabel, (German)—Yellow bill, (*i. e.* soft.) Meaning a “greenhorn.”
Gelt, (German, *Geld*)—Money.
Gemüthlichkeit, (German)—Good nature; a cheerful tone of mind.
Gensy broost, (German, *Gänsebrust*)—Goose-breast.
Ge-roasted—Roasted, with German augment.
Gesembled—Assembled, with the augment of the German preterite.
Geshmasht—Smashed, with German augment.
Gespicked, (German)—Larded.
Gestohlen und bekannt, (German)—Stolen, and known.
Gesundheit, (German)—Health.
Gesangverein, (German)—Singing-society.
Geskostet—Cost, with the German augment.
Gilt—In the ordinary sense, and also in the same verse, “gilt,” implying the meaning of the German verb “*getten*,” to be worth something and *guilt*.
Glaub'es, (German)—Believe it.
Glee-wine, *Gluhwein*—Hot spiced wine.
Glueck, (German)—Luck.
Glucky, (German, *Gluecklich*)—Lucky.
Goblum—For goblin.
Gool—Cool.
Go screech, *Geschrei*—Bawling, clamour.
Gott-full, *gottvoll*—Glorious, divine.
Gottallmachty, (German, *Gottallmächtig*)—God Almighty.
Gotteshaus, (German)—House of God.
Gott weiss, (German)—Heaven knows!
Gottsdonnerkreuzschockschwerenoth, (German)—Another variety of big swearing.
Gott's-doonder, (German, *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, (German)—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.

Go von—Go one; bet on him.

Grillers—Guerillas.

Grod, gerard—Straight.

Gross, (German)—Great.

Guestfreundlich, gastfreundlich—Hospitable.

Gummi lasticum—India Rubber.

Gutenberg—The inventor of the art of printing.

Guve—Southern slang for give. *Guve*, for give, is also English slang as well as American.

Gyrotwistive—Snaky.

Hand-shoe, (German, *Handschuh*)—Glove.

Hansrl, (German)—Jacky.

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*.

Hagel! Blütz! Kreuz Sakrament! (German)—Another variety of swearing.

Haul te pot—Take the stakes.

Hause—House.

Heavy—Hood.

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 gloriolate.

Heller, (German)—*Farthing*.

Hereauf, hierauf—Thereupon.

Herout, (German, *Heraus*)—Out.

- Herrlich*, (German)—Noble; lordly.
- Herr Je*, (German)—An abbreviation of *Herr Jesus* (O Lord!); generally used only by those who are fond of meaningless exclamations.
- Hexerei*—Witchery, sorcery.
- Hertzen*—Herzen; hearts.
- Hertzhog*, *Herzog*, (German)—Duke.
- Herzlich*, (German)—Heartily; cordially.
- Himmel*, (German)—Heaven.
- Himmels-Potz-Pumpen-Herrgott*—A mild sort of a German imprecation, untranslatable.
- Himmlisch-hoellisch qual*, (German)—Heavenly-hellish pain.
- Hobbiness*—Happiness.
- Hoellisch*, (German)—Hellish.
- Honey foolin'*, *Honeyfuggle*—Is believed to be English slang. In America it means blarneying, deceiving.
- Hoochle perry*, *Persimmoned*—"A huckleberry over my persimmon." Surpassed; outdone.
- Hoof-irons*, (*Huf-eisen* in German)—Horse-shoe.
- Hop-sossa*, (German) int.—Hop; heyday.
- Hundsfott*, (German *Vulg.*)—Mean scoundrel; hound.
- Hunk*, (American)—Stout, solid, profitable.
- I Gili romaneskro*. This song is written in the German-Gipsy dialect. *Eh'* in the third line of the 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 Zigenen in Europa und Asia*)—The second dative. Pasputi, following Puchmayer, calls it the first dative, as *e rakleste* "in the child."
- Im gruenen Wald*, (German)—In the green wood.
- Im Oaken Wald*, (German)—In the oak wood.
- In nomine Domine*, (Latin)—In the name of the Lord;
 "In nomine Domine!
 Was Hero Hagen's word."
- In Sang und Klang dein Lebenlang*. In song and music all thy life.
- Jeff*, (printer's phrase)—A game played by throwing up types and counting the nicks.

Joss-stick—A name given to small reeds, covered with the dust of odoriferous woods, which the Chinese burn before their idols.

Jours—Journeymen.

Jungfernkranz, (German)—Bridal garland.

König Etzel—King Attila.

Kaiser Karl—Charlemagne.

Kalt, (German)—Cold.

Kanaster, (German)—Canaster tobacco.

Karfunkelstein, (German)—Carbuncle.

Kartoffel, (German)—Potato.

Kauder-Waelsch, (German)—Gibberish.

Kellner, (German)—Waiter.

Kinder, (German)—Children.

Kitin, a *kitin*—Flying or running rapidly.

Knasterbart, (German)—Literally, tobacco-beard; a tough, old bearded, old-fashioned fellow.

Kneiperei, (German)—Revel.

Knock dem out de spots—Knock the spots out of them; astonish.

Komm maidelein! Rothe Waengelein, (German)—Come, maiden, red cheeks.

Kop, (German *Kopf*)—Head.

Kreutzer,—Fr. Creutzer, distinguished professor in the University of Heidelberg, author of a great work on "Symbolik."

Kreuzfidel, (German)—True-hearted; gallant in the highest degree.

Krumm, (German)—Crooked. *Breit und Krumm*—Broad and crooked. Here, a pun on bride and groom.

Kümmel, (German) Cumin brandy.

Kummel Kimmel, (German)—Schnapps; dram.

Lager, *Lagerbeer*, (German *Lagerbier*, i. e. *Stockbeer*.)

Lager Wirthschaft, (German)—Beerhouse.

Lam—To drub; to beat soundly.

Lateinisch—Latin.

Laughen, *lachen*—Laughing.

Lavergne—A place between Nashville and Murfreesboro', in the State of Tennessee.

- Lebenlang*, (German)—Lifelong.
Leider, Leids, (German)—Songs.
Libby—The notorious Confederate prison at Richmond, Va.
Liddle Pills—Legislative enactments.
Liederkrantz, (German)—Glee-union.
Liederlich, (German)—Loose, reckless, dissolute.
Lighthood, (German *Lichtheif*)—Licht.
Like spiders down their webs—Breitmann's soldiers are supposed to have been expert turners or gymnasts.
Loafer—A term which, considered as the German pronunciation of *lover*, is a close translation of *rom*, as this latter means both a Gipsy and a husband.
Loosty, (German *Lustig*)—Jolly: merry.
Los, los gehen, (German)—To go at a thing, at somebody.
Loudet, (*Lauten* in German)—To make sound.
Lump, (German)—Ragamuffin.
Lumpenglocke, (German)—An abusive term applied to bells, especially to those which give the signal that the beer houses must close.
Maedchen, (German)—Girl; maiden.
Mäkana, (Gipsy, *Ma akana*)—But now.
 “*Make de red cock crow*”—“To set the red cock on the roof,” signifies in German, to set a man's house on fire.
Marmorbild—Marble statue.
Markgraefer—A pleasant light wine grown in the Duchy of Baden.
Maskenzug, (German)—Procession of masked persons.
Massenversammlung, (German)—Mass meeting.
Mein Freund—My Friend.
Meine Seel', (German)—By my soul.
Mineted—Minded.
Minnesinger—Poet of love; a name given to German lyric poets, who flourished from the twelfth to the fourteenth centuries.
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
Mitternocht, Mitternacht—Midnight.
Mitternight, Mitternacht—Midnight.
Mitz hauf, (German)—Dung-hill.
Moleschott—Author of a celebrated work on Physiology.
Morgan—John Morgan, a notorious Confederate guerilla during the late war in America.
Morgen-het-ache—Morning headache.
Moskopolite—(American)—Cosmopolite.
Murmulte—Murmured.
Mutter, (German)—Mother.
Nieblungen Lied—The lay of the Nieblungen; the great German national epos.
Nix, (German, *Nichts*)—Nothing.
Nix cum raus—Had not come out.
Norate—To speak in an oration.
No sardine—Not a narrow-minded, small-hearted fellow.
Noth, (German)—Need, dire extremity. Das war des Breitmann's noth. That was Breitmann's sore trial. Imitated from the last line of the *Nieblungen Lied*.
Nun—Now.
Nun-endich, (German)—Well, at last.
O' Brady—An Irish giant commemorated in a once popular song.
Oder—Other.
Odenwald—A thickly-wooded district in South Germany.
Ohne Zahl, (German)—Without number.
On-belongs—Literal translation of *Zugehört*.
On-did, to *on-do*—Literal translation of the German an-them; to *dun*, to put on.
On de snap—All at once.
Onfang, (German, *Anfang*)—Beginning.
Oonshpeakbarly, (German, *unanssprechbarlich*)—Inexpressibly.
Oonendly—Udenlich.
Oop-geclearéd, (German, *Aufgeklaert*)—Enlightened.
Oopright-hood, (German, *Aufrichtigkeit*)—Uprightness.
Ooprighty, (German, *Aufrichtig*)—Upright.
Oopshardet, (German, *Aufgeschärft*)—Üpstarted.

- Oop-sproong*—For *aufsprung*.
- Orgel-ton*, (German)—Organ sound.
- Orkester*—Orchestra.
- Out-sprach*—Outspoke.
- Out-signed*, (German, *ausgezeichnete*)—Distinguished, signal.
- Over again*—*Uebringen*—The remainder ; a rest.
- Pabst, Der Pabst lebt, &c.*—"The Pope he leads a happy life," &c., beginning of a popular German song.
- Peeps*—People. "Hard on the American peeps"—a phrase for anything exacting or severely pressing.
- Pelznickel, Nick, Nickel!*—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, 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' bed-room. We may remark, by the way, that St. Nicolas is the Christian successor of the heathen Nikudr, of ancient German mythology. In America he has become confused with Christkinder and Christkinkel.
- Pesser, besser*, (German)—Better.
- Pestain*—Stain, with the augment.
- Pfaelzer*—A man from the Rhenish Palatinate.
- Pfeil*, (German)—Arrow.
- Philosopede*—Velocipede.
- Pie the forms*—Break up and scatter the forms of type.
- Pig-sticker*, (American)—Bowie-knife, or indeed, any other kind of knife.
- Pile out*, (American)—Hurry out.
- Blue goats*—Blue coats ; soldiers.
- Plug muss*, (American Fireman)—A fight around a fire-plug.

- Pokal*, (Poculum)—Goblet.
Poker—A favorite game of cards among Western gamblers.
Poonkin—Pumpkin.
Potzausend! *Was ist das?*—Zounds! What is that?
Potzblitz, (German)—int., The deuce.
Poullerie—Poultry.
Poussiren—To court.
Pretzel, (German)—A kind of fancy bread, twist or the like.
Prezackly—Pre(cisely,) exactly.
Protocollirt, *protocolliren*—To register, record.
Pumpernickel—A heavy, hard sort of rye-bread.
Pye—To buy.
Rausklin', *rauschend*—Rustling.
Reb—An abbreviation of rebel.
Redakteur—Editor.
Rede, (German)—Speech.
Rede, (German)—Speech.
Red-Waelsch, *Roth-Wae sch*, (German)—Thieves' language.
Reiter, (German)—Rider.
Rheinweinbechers Klang—The Rhine wine goblet's sound.
Richter, (Jean Paul, French)—Distinguished German author.
Ridersmann, (*Reitersmann* in German)—Rider.
Ring—A political clique or cabal.
Ritter, (German)—Knight.
Roland—One of the paladins of Charlemagne.
Rollin' logs—Rolling logs; mutually aiding.
Rosen, (German)—Roses.
Rouse, (German *Heraus*)—Out; come out.
Sachsen—Saxonia, Saxony.
Sacrin—Consecrating.
Sagen Cyclus—Cycle of legends.
Sass, *Sassy*, *Sassin'*—Sauce, saucy, &c.
Sauerkraut, (German)—Sour krout.
Sauerkraut, (German)—Pickled cabbage.
Saw it—Understood it.
Scatterin, *Scotterin*—Scattering.
Schauer, (German)—Shudder.
Schenk aus, (German) Pour out.

- Schenket ein*, (German)—Pour in, (fill the glasses.)
- Schimmel*, (German)—Grey horse.
- Schimpft und flucht gar laesterlich*, (German)—Swears and blasphemes abominally.
- Schinken*, (German)—Ham.
- Schläger*, (German)—A kind of sword or broadsword; a rapier used by students for duelling or fighting matches.
- Schlesierwein*, (German)—Wine grown in Silesia, proverbially sour.
- Schlimmer*, (German)—Worse.
- Schlüshed, geschlitzt*—Slit.
- Schlop him ober de kop*—Knocked him on the head.
- Schlopped*—Slopped.
- Schloss*, (German)—Castle.
- Schnapps*, (German)—Dram.
- Schnitz*—Pennsylvania German word for cut and dried fruit.
- Schnitz, schnitzen*, (German)—To chop, chip, snip. In Pennsylvania *Schnitz* or *Snits*, is applied to cut and dried fruit, apples, pears, or peaches. It was, I believe, Prof. Henry Coppée, who narrated, in Lippincott's Magazine, a story to the effect that a school teacher once asked his class if an apple were cut in two, what would the pieces be called? "Halves," replied the boys. "And if cut again?" "Quarters." "And then cut again?" "*Snitz*," was the unanimous answer.
- Schönheitsidéal*, (German)—The ideal of beauty.
- Schopenhauer*—A celebrated German "philosophical physiologist."
- Schoppen*, (German)—A liquid measure, chopin, pint.
- Schwaben*—Suabia.
- Schwanen*, (German)—Swans.
- Schwartzer Mohr*, (German)—A black negro. Mohr in German is applied very generally to both Moors and negroes.
- Schweinblatt*—(Swine) Dirty paper.
- Schweitzer kase*, (German)—Swiss cheese.
- Schwig, Swig*, verb—To drink by large draughts.
- Schwigs, Swig*, noun—A large draught.

Scmysed, (German *Schmyssen*, from *Schmeissen*)—Threw him out of doors.

Scoop—Take in ; get.

Scorched—Escorted ; a negro malapropism.

Scrouged, (American)—Pressed, jammed.

Seelen—*Ideal*. Soul's ideal.

Sefen-lefen—Seven or eleven.

Seifenblasen—Soap balls.

Seins, (German)—The Being.

Selbstanbauungsvermögen, (German)—Capacity for self-inspection.

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.

Shipsy—Gipsy.

Shlide—Slide. "Let it slide," vulgar for "let it go."

Shnow-wice, (German *Schnee-weis*)—Snow-white.

Shoopider—Jupiter.

Shootin-stick—Shooting stick. It is used for closing up the forms of types.

Show-spiel, *Schauspiel*—Play ; piece.

Shpeck—*Speck*, (German)—Bacon.

Shpicket—Spigot ; a pin or peg to stop a small hole in a cask of liquor.

Shpoons—Spoons ; plunder.

Shstuhl, (German *Stuhl*)—Stool ; chair.

Sinn, (German)—Meaning.

Six mals—Six times.

Skeeted—Went fast ; skated (?)

Skool—Skull.

Skyugle, (American)—"Skyugle" is a word which had a short run during 1864. It means 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 distilled from plums.
Slop over—Go too far and upset or spill. Applied to men who venture too far in a success.
Slumgoozlin'—Slum or slum-guzzling ; humbug.
Slumgullion—A Mississippi term for a legislator.
Solidaten, (German *Soldaten*)—Soldiers.
So mit, (German)—Thus with.
Sonntags, (German)—Sundays.
Sottelet, (German *Gesattel*)—Saddled.
Sound upon the goose—A phrase originating in the Kansas troubles, and signifying true to the cause of slavery.
Souse and Brouse, (German *Saus und Braus*)—Revelry and rioting.
Spiel, (German)—Play.
Splodderin'—Splattering.
Spook, (German *Spuk*)—A ghost.
Sporn, (German)—Spur.
Sports—Sporting men.
Staub, (German)—Dust.
Stein, (German)—Stone.
Stille, (German)—Stillness.
Stim, (German *Stimme*)—Voice.
Stohr—Store.
Straight flush—In poker, all the cards of one suit.
Strassen, (German)—Streets.
Strauss—Name of the celebrated Viennese composer.
Strumpf, (German)—Stocking.
Studenten in den Gassen, (German)—Students in the streets or lanes.
Sturm und Drang, (German)—Storm and pressure.
Sweynheim und Pannarts—The first printers at Rome.
Takes, (printer's phrase)—Allotments of copy, or strips, to each printer.
Tantzen, (German)—To dance.
Tantz, (German)—Dance.
Tarnal—Eternal.
Taub, *taube*, (German)—Dove.
Taugenix, *Taugenichts*—Good-for-nothing fellow.
Theil, (German)—Part.

- Thoom*—Thumb.
- Thrip*, (South American)—Three pence.
- Thusnelda*—The wife of Arminius, (Hermann.)
- Tod*, (German)—Dead.
- Todtengrips*, *Todtengerippe*—Skeleton.
- Tofe*—Dove.
- To House*, (German *zu Hause*)—At home.
- Tortled*—To turtle; to move off. From *turtle*.
- Touch the dirt*—Touch the road.
- Treppe*, (German)—Stairs.
- Treu*, (German)—Faithful, true.
- Trow him with ecks*—Pelt him with eggs.
- Turner*, (German)—Gymnast.
- Turner Verein*, (German *Turnverein*)—Gymnastic Society.
- Tyfel*, *Teufel*—Devil.
- Tyfeled*, *Verteufelt*—Devilish.
- Tyfel-schnake*, *Teufelschnaken* — Deviltries; also devil-snake.
- Tyful-strikes*, *Teufel-streiche*—Devilstrokes.
- Tyful-wards*—Devilwards.
- Tyfelest*—From *Teufel*: here in the sense of “best” or “worst.”
- Ueberschwengliche*, (German)—Transcendental; elevated.
- Ueber Stein and Schwein*, (German)—Over stone and swine.
- Uliverus*—Oliver, another of the twelve Paladins of Charlemagne who fell at Roncesvalles, (A Rowland for an Oliver.)
- Und lauter guter Ding*, (German)—And of thoroughly good cheer.
- Urbummellied*, (German *vulgar*)—Arch-loafer’s song; a student song.
- Urtied*, (German)—The song of yore.
- Van’t klein komt men tot’t groote*, (Dutch)—Great things may have small beginnings. (Concordia res parvæ cresunt)—Legend on the Dutch ducats.
- Varus*—The Roman Commander in Germany, conquered by Arminius.
- Verdammt*, (German)—D—d.

- Verflucht*, (German)—Accursed.
Verfluchter, (German)—Accursed.
Verstay, *Verstehen*—Understand.
Vertyfeln, *Verteufeln*—To botch.
Verloren, (German)—Forlorn.
Versteh, *verstehen* (German)—To understand.
Voonderly, (German) *Wunderlich*—Wondrous ; curious.
Von—One.
Wachsen, (German)—Grow :—
 " Komm'ich in's galante Sachsen,
 Wo di schœne Maedchen wachsen."
 Old German Song.
- Waechter*, (German)—Watchman.
Waelder, (German)—Woods.
Wahlverwandschaft, (German)—Elective affinity ; sympathy of souls.
Wahrsagt, (German *Wahrsagen*)—To foretell, soothsay.
Wahres Kunstgenuss, (German)—Truly artistic enjoyment.
Waidmannsheil, (German)—Huntsman's weal, or greeting.
Ward al zu Steine, (German)—Became all stone.
Ward zu Wind, (German)—Became a wind.
Wechsebalg, (German)—A changeling ; brat ; urchin.
Weihnachtsbaum, (German)—Christmas tree.
Weihnachtslied, (German)—Christmas song.
Weingeist, (German)—Vinous ; ardent spirit.
Wein-handle, (German *Weinhandlung*)—Wineshop.
Weinnachtstraum—lit., Winenight's dream ; for " Weien-acht," Christmas dream.
Wellen and Wogen, (German)—Waves and billows.
Welshhen—Turkey hen.
Werden das Werden—The becoming to be.
We'uns, you'uns—We and you. A common vulgarism through the Southern States.
 "'Tis sad that we,uns from you'uns parts,
 When you'uns have stolen we'uns hearts."
Wie gehts, (German)—How goes it ? how are you ?
Wild Jagd—Wild hunt.
Wild un weh, (German)—Wild and woe-begone.
Wilkomm, (German)—Welcome.

- Windsbraut*, (German poet)—Storm; hurricane; gust of wind.
- Wird*, (German)—Becomes.
- Wised*, (German *Wusste*, from *Wizzen*)—Knew.
- Witz*, (German)—A sally, or witty saying.
- Wo bist du?* (German)—Where art?
- Woe-moeady*, (German *Wemüthing*)—Moanful, doleful
- Wohl*, (German)—Well!
- Wohl auf!* (German)—Literally well up; but meaning "hey!" or "up there!"
- Wolfsschlucht*, (German)—Wolf's glen.
- Wonnevöl*, (German *Wonnevoll*)—Blissful.
- Woon*, (German *Wunde*)—Wound.
- Word-blay*—Word-play; pun; quibble.
- Wurst*, (German)—Sausage.
- Wurst mir und égal*,—All one to me. *Wurst* is a German student word for indifference.
- Yaeger*, (German)—Huntsmen.
- Yaegersmann*, *Faegersmann*—Huntsman.
- Yartausend*, *Jahrtausend*—A thousand years.
- Yartausend*, *Jahrtausend*, (German)—A thousand years.
- Yellow pine*, (American)—A mulatto.
- Youngest Day*, (German)—Juengste tag. The Day of Judgment.
- Yungling*, *Jüngling*, (German)—Youth.
- Zimmer*, (German)—Room.
- Zupfet aus*, (German)—Tap the barrel.

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