

UC-NRLF



⊕B 166 352

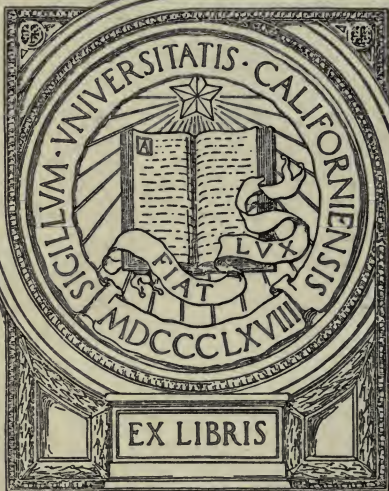
953

L537

hans

YC159499

GIFT OF
Harry East Miller



953
L537
hamp

Hans Breitmann
IN
Church.

With other Ballads.

BY CHARLES G. LUCAS.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

LONDON :

TRUBNER & CO., 56, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1870.

Price 1s.

HANS BREITMANN'S PARTY.

With other Ballads.

1. Hans Breitmann's Party.
2. Breitmann in Battle.
3. Breitmann in Maryland.
4. Breitmann as a Bummer.

Second Part.

5. Breitmann in Kansas.
6. Die Schöne Wittwe—
 - i. Vot de Yankee Chap sung.
 - ii. How Der Breitman cut him out.
7. Breitmann and the Turners.
8. Ballad.
9. Glossary.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
BREITMANN'S GOING TO CHURCH,	9
THE FIRST EDITION OF BREITMANN—	
SHOWING HOW AND WHY IT WAS THAT IT NEVER APPEARED,	31
I GILI ROMANESKRO,	47
STEINLI VON SLANG,	52
TO A FRIEND STUDYING GERMAN,	66
LOVE SONG,	71
GLOSSARY,	75

Hans Breitmann in Church.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND COMPANY
EDINBURGH AND LONDON

Gift of
Henry East Miller



EDITOR'S PREFACE.

THE Editor has pleasure in being at length enabled to publish a new series of "Breitmann Ballads," and does so, in the hope that these latest poems will sustain the high reputation gained for the author by his previous labours in the same field of poetry.

As regards some of the points and incidents of the poems contained in this volume, the following remarks may not be inappropriate.

The ballad, "Breitmann's Going to Church," is based on a real occurrence. A certain colonel, with his men, did really, during the war, go to a church in or near Nashville, and, as the saying is, "kicked up the devil, and broke things," to such

an extent, that a serious reprimand from the colonel's superior officer was the result. The fact is guaranteed by Mr Leland, who heard the offender complain of the "cruel and heartless stretch of military authority." As regards the firing into the guerilla ball-room, it took place near Murfreesboro', on the night of Feb. 10 or 11, 1865; and on the next day, Mr Leland was at a house where one of the wounded lay. On the same night a Federal picket was shot dead near Lavergne; and the next night a detachment of cavalry was sent off from General Van Cleve's quarters, the officer in command coming in while the author was talking with the general, for final orders. They rode twenty miles that night, attacked a body of guerillas, captured a number, and brought back prisoners early next day. The same day Mr Leland, with a small cavalry escort, and a few friends, went out into the country, during which ride one or two curious incidents occurred, illustrating the extraordinary fidelity of the blacks to Federal soldiers.

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

"I Gili Romaneskro," a gipsy ballad, was written both in the original and translation—that is to say, in the German gipsy and German English

dialects—to cast a new light on the many-sided Bohemianism of Herr Breitmann. “Steinli von Slang” is simply a lay or a ballad amplified to a romance. The lines “To a Friend Studying German,” may be, we believe, appropriately enough addressed to any lady or gentleman employed in mastering the mighty and mysterious head of the Teutonic branches. For the author having been assured that great numbers of this book were bought to present, in the way of a jest, to friends devoted to the study of German, it occurred to him that a poem devoted to this subject would not be unacceptable.

With the exception of a few verses in one poem all the ballads contained in this volume were written in Europe.

LONDON, *January 20, 1870.*



BREITMANN'S GOING TO CHURCH.

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

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



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

Und virst der Breitmann vildly shmiled,

Und denn he madly shvore ;

“Crate h—l, mit shpoons und shinsherbread

Can *dis* pe makin war?

Verdamnt pe all der discipline !

Verdamnt der Shenerál !

Vere I vonce on de road, his will,

Vere wurst mir und egâl.

“ Oh where ish all de plazin roofs

Dat claddened vonce mine eyes ?

Und where de crand plantaschions

Where ve gaddered many a brize ?

Und where de plasted shpies ve hung

A howlin loud mit fear ?

Und where de rascal push-whackers

Ve shashed like vritened deer ?

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

“ Oh vere I on my schimmel grey
 Mein sabre in mein hand,
 Dey should drack me py de ruins
 Of de houses troo de land.
 Dey should drack me py de puzzards
 High sailen ofer head,
 A vollowin der Breitmann’s trail
 To claw de repel dead.”

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

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

Der Breitmann 'low, dat 'pentence,
 Ish known in efery glime,
 Und dat to grin und bear it
 Vas healty und sooplime.

“ For mine Sout German Catolicks,
 Id vas pe goot, I know ;
 Likewise dem Nordland Luterans,
 If vonce to shoorsh dey go.

“ Boot how vas id mit oders,
 Who dinks philosophie?
 I don't begreif de matter,”
 Said Stossenheim : “ Denn see.
 De more dat shoorsh disgoostet you,
 Und make despise und bain,
 De crater merid ish to go,
 Und de crater ish your gain.”

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

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

Der Stossenheim, he grossed himself,
 Und knelt peside de fence,
 Und gried : " O Coptain Breitmann, see,
 Die finger Providence."

Der Breitmann doed his hat afay,
 Says he, " Pe 't hit or miss,
 I 'fe heard of miragles pefore,
 Boot none so hunk ash dis."

" Wohlauf mine pully cafaliers,
 Ve 'll ride to 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-irons,
 Look out und crip deir shoes."

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

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

Der Breitmann shpoke and brummed it out

Ash if his heart tid schvell :

“ I ’ll gife dem music at dat pall

Vill tantz dem indo hell.”

Hei !—arrow-fast—a teufel’s ride !

De plack man led de vay,

Dey reach de house—dey see de lights—

Dey heard de fiddle blay.

Dey nefer vaited for a word

Boot galloped from de gloom,

Und, bang !—a hoonderd carpine shots

Dey fired indo de room.

Oop vent de groans of vounded men,

De fittlin died away :

Boot some of dem vere tead pefore

De music ceased to blay.

Denn crack und smack coom scotterin shots

Troo vindow und troo door,

Boot bang and clang de Germans gife

Anoder volley more.

“Dere—let ’em shlide. Right file to shoorsch!”

Aloudt de orders ran.

“I kess I paid dem for dat shot,”

Shpeak grim der Breitemann.

All rosen red de mornin fair

Shone gaily o’er de hill,

All violet plue de shky crew teep

In rifer, pond, und rill ;

All cloudy grey de limeshtone rocks

Coom oop troo dimmerin wood ;

All shnowy vite in mornin light

De shoorsch pefore dem shtood.

" Now loudet vell de organ, oop,
 To drill mit solemn fear ;
 Und ring also dat Lumpenglock
 To pring de beoples here.
 Und if it prings guerillas down,
 Ve 'll gife dem, py de Lord,
 De low-mass of de sabre, and
 De high-mass of de cord.

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

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

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

* Is true art-enjoyment.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

De scatterin shots grew fewer,

De scatterin gries more shlow,

Und furder troo de forest

Ve heard dem vainter grow.

Ve gife von shout—"Victoria!"

Und denn der Breitmann said,

Ash he wiped his bloody sabre :

"Now, poys, count oop your dead!"

Oh small had been our shoutin

For shoy, if ve had known

Dat der Stossenheim im oaken wald,

Lay dyin all alone.

While his oldt white horse mit droopin het

Look dumbly on him doun,

Ash if he dinked, "Vy lyeest 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 and 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 mordal life ends shortly

Und Heafen's life is long :—

Wo bist du Breitmann ?—glaub'es—*

Gott suffers noding wrong.

Now I die like a Christian soldier,

My head oopon my sword :—

In nomine Domini !”—

Vas Stossenheim his word.

O, dere vas bitter wailen

Vhen Stossenheim vas found.

Efen from dose dere lyin

Fast dyin on de ground.

Boot time vas short for vaiten,

De shades vere gadderin dim :

Und I nefer shall forget it

De hour ve puried him.

* Where are thou Breitmann ?—Believe it.

De tramp of horse und soldiers

Vas all de funeral knell ;

De ring of sporn und carpine

Vas all de sacrin bell.

Mit hoontin knife und sabre

Dey digged de grave a span

From German eyes blue gleamin

De holy water ran.

Mit moss-grown shticks und bark-thong

De plessed cross ve made,

Und put it vhere de soldier's head

Towards Germany vas laid.

Dat grave is lost mid dead leafs

De cross is goned afay :

Boot Gott will find der reiter

Oopon de Youngest Day.

Und dinkin of de fightin,

Und dinkin of de dead,

Und dinkin of de organ,

To Nashville, Breitmann led.

Boot long dat rough oldt Hanserl

Vas earnsthaft, grim und kalt,

Shtill dinkin o'er de hearts 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 ;

* In the green wood.

† Students in the streets.

Ach Faderland !—wie bist du weit !

Ach Zeit !—wie bist du lang !*

* Oh Fatherland !—how art thou far.

Oh Time ! —how art thou long.

THE FIRST EDITION OF BREITMANN.

SHOWING HOW AND WHY IT WAS THAT IT NEVER
APPEARED.

“ Uns ist in alten Maeren
wunders viel geseit
Von Helden lobebaeren,
von grosser Arebeit.
Von Festen und Hochzeiten,
von Weinen und Klagen,
Von kuehnen Recken Streiten,
möht Ihr nun Wunder hören sagen.”

—*Der Nibelungen Lied.*



O oos, in anciend shdory,
Crate voonders ish peen told
Of lapors fool of glory,
Of heroes bluff und bold ;

Of high oldt times a-kitin,
 Of howlin und of tears,
 Of kissin and of vightin,
 All dis we likes to hears.

Dere growed once dimes in Schwaben,
 Since fifty years pegan,
 An shild of decend elders,
 His name Hans Breitemann.
 De gross adfentures 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 ;

When, lo ! a yellow bigeon
 Coom to him in a dream,
 De same dat Mr Barnum
 Vonce had in his Muséum.

Und dus out-shprach de bigeon :
 “ If you should brint de songs
 Or oder dings of Breitmann
 Vhich to dem on-belongs,
 Dey will tread de road of Sturm and Drang,
 Die wile es möhte leben,*
 Und be mis-geborn in pattle—
 To dis fate ish it ergeben.”

Und dus rebly de dreamer :
 “ If on de ice it shlip,
 Denn led id dake ids shanses,
 Rip Sam, und let 'er rip !

* During its life.

Dou say'st id vill pe sturmy :
 Vot sturmy ish, ish crand,
 Crates 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 dis line.
 Full liddle ish de discount,
 Oopon de Yankee peeps.”
 “ Go to hell ! ” exclaim de bigeon ;
 Foreby vas all mine shleeps.

Dere vent to Sout Carolina
 A shentleman who dinked,
 Dat te pallads of der Breitmann
 Should papered pe und inked.

* Thou art a very puppy.

Und dat he wouldt fixed de brintin
 Before de writer know :
 Dis make to many a brinter,
 Fool many a bitter woe.

All in de down of Charleston,
 A druckerei he found,
 Where dey cut de copy into *takes*
 Und sorted it around. †
 Und all vas goot peginnen,
 For no man heeded mooch,
 Dat half de jours vas Mericans
 Und half of dem vas Dutch.

Und vorser shtill, anoder half
 Had vorn de Federal plue,
 While de anti-half in Davis grey
 Had peen Confeterates true.

Great Himmel ! vot a shindy
 Was shdarterd in de crowd,
 When some von read Hans Breitmann,
 His Barty all aloud !

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

Und dat nodings vas so looscious
 In all dis earthly 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,
 Mit all his passion ripe ;
 Und vired at Fritz mit de shootin shtick,
 Vheremit he vas fixin tye.
 It hit him on de occiput,
 Und laid him on de floor ;
 For many a long day afder
 I ween his het was sore.

Dis roused Piet Weiser der Pfaelzer,
 Who vas quick to act und dink ;
 He held in hand a roller
 Vheremit he vas rollin ink.

Und he dake his broof py shtrikin
 Der Merican top of his het,
 Und make soosh a vine impression,
 Dat he left de veller for deat.

Allaweil dese dings oonfolded,
 Dere vas rows of anoder kind,
 Und drople in de wigwam
 Enough to trife dem plind.
 Und a crate six-vooted Soudern man
 Vot hafe vorked on a Refiew,
 Shvear he hope to Gott he mighd pie de forms
 If de Breitmann's book war'nt true.

For de Sout' vas plounded derriple,
 Und in dat darksome hour
 He hafe lossed a yallow-pine maiden,
 Of all de land de vlower.

Bright gold doubloons a hoondered
 For her he'd gladly bay
 Ash soon ash a thrip for a ginger-cake,
 Und deem it cheap dat day.

To him antworded a Yorker
 Who shoomp den dimes de *boun-ti-ee*:
 (De only dings *he* lossed in de war
 Was a sense of broperty).
 Says he, "Votefer you hafe dropped
 Some oder shap hafe get,
 Und de yallow pine liked him petter ash you,
 On dat it is safe to bet!"

Dead pale pecame dat Soudern brave
 He tidn't so moosh as yell,
 Boot he drop right on to de Yorker,
 Und mit von lick bust his shell.

Denn out he flashed his pig-sticker
 Und mit looks of drementous gloom,
 Rooshed vildly in de pattle
 Dat vas ragin round de room.

Boot *in angulo*, in de corner—
 Anoder quarrel vas grow
 'Twix a Boston shap mit a Londoner ;
 Und de row ish gekommen so :
 De Yankee say dat de H-*u*-mor
 Of Breitmann vas less dan small,
 Dough he maket de beoples laughen,
 Boot dat vas only all.

Denn 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.

Denn de oder veller be-headed
 Dat dere vas not a sbark of foon
 In de Breitmann lieds when you lead dem
 Into Englisch correctly done :—
 Den a Proof Sheet veller respondered,
 For he dink de dings vas hard,
 “Dat ish shoost like de goot oldt lady
 Ash vent to hear Artemus Ward.”

“Und say it vas shames de beoples
 Vas laugh demselfs most tead
 At de boor young veller lecturin,
 When he tidn't know vot he said.”

Hereauf de Yankee answered
 “Gaul dern it:—Shtop your fuss!”
 And all de crowd togeder
 Go slap in a grand plug-muss.

De Yankee shlog de Proof Sheet
 Soosh an awfool smock on de face
 Dat he shvell rite oop like a poonkin
 Mit a sense of his tisgrace,
 Boot der Deutscher boosted an ink-keg
 On dop of de oder’s hair:
 It vly troo de air like a boomshell—denn -
 Mine Gotts!—Vot a sighdt vas dere!

Denn ofer all de shapel
 Vierce war vas ragin loose;
 Fool many a vighthen brinter
 Got well ge-gooked his goose.

Fool many a nose mit fisten,
 I ween was padly scrouged ;
 Fool many an eye pright gleamin
 Vas ploody out-gegouged.

*Dô wart ufgehouden,**

Dere vas hewin off of p ones ;

*Dô hôte man darinne**

Man heardt soosh treadful croans.

*Jach waren dû die Geste,**

De row vas rough and tough,

*Genuoge sluogen wunden—**

Dere vas plooty wounds enough.

De souls of anciend brinters

From Himmel look down oopon,

Und allowed dat in a *chapel*

Dere was nefer soosh carryins on.

* Lines from Gudrun.

Dere was Lõrenz Coster mit Gutemberg,
 Und Scheffer mit der Fust,
 Und Sweynheim mit Pannartz trop deers,
 Oopon dis teufel's dust.

Dere vas Yankee jours extincted
 Who lay upon the vloor,
 Dere vas Soudern rebs destructed,
 Who vouldt nefer Jeff no more.
 Ash deir souls rise oop to Heafen,
 Dey heardt de oldt brinters' calls,
 Und Gutemberg gifed dem all a kick
 Ash he histed dem ofer de walls.

Dat ish de vay dese Ballads
 Foorst vere crooshed in ploot and shdorm,
 Fool many a day moost bass afay
 Pefore dey dook dis form.

De copy flooted o'er de preasts

Of heroes lyin 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

Is gebrindt in many a lant,

Sogar in far Australia

Dey 're gestohlen und bekannt :—

*“Geh hin mein Puch in alle VVelt
Steh auss was dir kompt zu !
Man beysse Dich, man reysse Dich
Nur dass man mir nichts thu !* ”*

* Go forth my book through all the world,
Bear what thy fate may be !
They may bite thee, they may tear thee,
So they do no harm to me !

I GILI ROMANESKRO.

A GIPSY BALLAD.



HEN der Herr Breitmann vas a yungling,
he vas go bummin aroundt goot deal in
de worltdt, vestigatin human natur, *roulant
de vergne en vergne*, ash de Fraentsch boet says:
“goin from town to town;” seein beobles in
gemixed sociedy, und learnin dose languages vitch
ornamendt a drue moskopolite, or von whose het
ish bemosst mit experience. Mong oder tongues,
ash it would appeared, he shpoke fluendly Red
Welsh, Black Dootch, Kauder-Waelsch, Gauner-

sprache und Shipsy ; und dis latter languashe he pring so wide dat he write a pook of pallads in it, —von of vitch pallads I hafe intuce him mit moosh droples to telifer ofer to de worldt. De inclined reader vill, mit crate heavy-hood blace pefore himself de fexation und lapor I hafe hat in der Breitmann his absents, to ged dese Shipsy verses broperly gorrected ; as de only shentleman in town who vas culpable of so doin, ish peen gonfined in de town-brison, pout some droples he hat for shdealin some hens ; und pefore I couldt consolt mit him, he vas rooned afay. Denn I fond an oldt vomans Shipsy, who vas do nodings boot peg, und so wider mit pout five or four oders more. Derfore, de errordoms moost pe excused py de enlightened pooplic, who are fomiliar mit dis peautiful longuashe, 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 opré to ruka

Chirikló ke gillela :

Kamovéla but dives,

Eh'me pale kamaveva.

Apo je wa'wer divesseste

Schunava pro gilaviben,

M'akana me avava,

Pro marzos, pro kuriben.

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

DRANSLATION.

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

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

Oopon some oder tay-times

I 'll hear dat song from dee ;

Boot now I goes ash soldier

To war, o'er de rollin sea.

Und vot I shdeals in pattle,

Und vot on de road I shdeal,

I 'll pring all to my true lofe

Who lofes her loafer so well.

STEINLI VON SLANG.

I.



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

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

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

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

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

“ Boot if von ding you do, I ’ll knock under,

Our droples moost enden damit.

Und if you pull troo it,—by donder !

I ’ll own myself euchred, und bit.

I schvear py de holy Sanct Chlody !

Py mine honor—und avery ding !

You may hafe me—soul, puttons, und pody,

Mit de whole of Plectruda von Sling.”

“ Und dis ish de test of your power :—

While ve shtand ourselfs round in a row,

You moost roll from de dop of dis tower,

Down shdairs to de valley pelow.

Id ish rough and ash shteepest ash my virtue :

(Mit schwanensweet accents she sang :)

“ Tont try if you dinks id vill hurt you

Mine goot liddle Ritter von Slang.”

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

II.

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

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

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

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

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

De oldt man ope his eyes like a casement,

Und laidt a cold hand on his prow,

Denn mutter in ootmosdt amazement,

“ Vot manner of mordal art dou ?

I hafe lifed in dis world a yar tausend,

Und nefer yed met soosh a ding !

Yet you find it hart vork to pe spouse, and

Peloved by Lady von Sling ! ”

“ Und she vant you to roll from de tower

Down shteps to yon rifulet shpot.”

(Here de knight whom amazement oerbower,

Cried “ Himmels potz pumpen Herr 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 by ten, do you hear?
 You ’ll pe mit your *trunk* at de landin;
 I ’ll also be dere—nefer fear!
 Und I dinks we shall make your young voman
 A new kind of melody sing;
 Dat vain, wicked, cruel, unhuman,
 Gott-tamnaple Fräulein von Sling.”

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

III.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

TO A FRIEND STUDYING GERMAN.

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

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



WILL'ST dou learn die Deutsche Sprache ?

Denn set it on your card,

Dat all the nouns have shenders,

Und de shenders all are hard.

Dere ish also dings called pronoms,

Vitch id's shoost ash vell to know ;

Boot ach ! de verbs or time-words—

Dey'll work you bitter woe.

Will'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?

Denn you allatag moost go

To sinfonies, sonatas,

Or an oratorio.

When you dinks you knows 'pout musik,

More ash any other man,

Be sure de soul of Deutschland

Into your soul ish ran.

Will'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?

Dou moost eat apout a peck

A week, of stinging sauerkraut,

Und sefen pfoundts of speck.

Mit Gott knows vot in vinegar,

Und deuce knows vot in rum:

Dis ish de only cerdain vay

To make de accents coom.

Will'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache ?

Brepare dein soul to shtand

Soosh sendences ash ne'er vas heardt

In any oder land.

Till dou canst make parentheses

Intwisted—ohne zahl—

Dann wirst du erst Deutschfertig seyn,*

For a languashe ideál.

Will'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache ?

Du must mitout an fear

Trink afery tay an gallon dry,

Of foamin Sherman bier.

Und de more you trinks, pe certain,

More Deutsch you 'll surely pe ;

For Gambrinus ish de Emperor

Of de whole of Germany.

* Then only you will be ready in German.

Will'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache ?

Be sholly, brav, und treu,

For dat veller ish kein Deutscher

Who ish not a sholly poy.

Find out vot means Gemüthlichkeit,

Und do it mitout fail,

In Sang und Klang dein Lebenlang,*

A brick—ganz kreuzfidél.

Will'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache ?

If a shendleman dou art,

Denn shtrike right indo Deutschland,

Und get a schveetes heart.

From Schwabenland or Sachsen

Where now dis writer pees ;

Und de bretty girls all wachsen

Shoost like aepples on de drees.

* In Music and Song all thy life long.

Boot if dou bee'st a laty
Denn on de oder hand,
Take a blonde moustachioed lofer
In de vine green Sherman land.
Und if you shoost kit married
(Vood mit vood soon makes a vire),
O, denn you 'll find de Dutch vill come
Ash fast ash you tesire.

LOVE SONG.



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

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

So livin white, so carnadine,
 Mine lofe's gomplexion show ;
 It's shoost like Abendcarmosine,
 Rich gleamin on de shnow.
 Her soul makes plushes in her sheek
 Ash sommer reds de wein,
 Or sonnligh sends a fire life troo
 An blank Karfunkelstein.

De überschwengliche idées

Dis lofe poot in my mind,

Vouldt make a foost-rate philosoph

Of any human kind.

'Tis schudderin schveet on eart to meet

An himmlisch-hoellisch Qual ;

Und treat mitwhiles to Kümmel Schnapps

De Schönheitsidéal.

GLOSSARY.

The reader would do well to consult the Glossaries of the three former collections.

- Abendgold*, (Ger.)—Evening gold.
Abendsonnenschein, (Ger.)—Evening sunshine.
Ach weh, (Ger.)—Oh, woe.
Alltag, (Ger. dial.)—Every day.
Allerweil, (Ger. dial.)—Always; also whilst.
Anamile, (Amer.)—Animal.
Antworted, (Ger.)—Answered.
Baender-box—Band-box.
Be-ghostet, (Ger. *Begeistert*)—Inspired.
Begreifen, (Ger.)—Understand.
Behauptet, *Behauptet*, (Ger.)—Asserted.
Bemoost, (Ger.)—Mossgrown, in student's language, *ein bemooste Haupt*, an old student.
Be-raised—Raised, with the augment, literal for Ger. *erhoben*.
Blitz, (Ger.)—Lightning.
Bole Jack road—Near Murfreesboro, Tennessee.
Bountiee (Amer.)—Bounty-money paid during the war as a premium to soldiers. To jump the bounty, was to secure the premium and then run away.
“This is the song of Billy Jones,
Who jumped the boun-ti-ee.”
—*American Ballad of 1846.*
- Brav*, (Ger.)—Good.
Brummed, (Ger. *Brummen*)—To growl.
Bumming—From Bummer.
Bushwhackers—Guerillas.

Bust his shell—Broke his head.
Carmosine, (Ger.)—Crimson. French, *cramoisi*
Carnadine—Incarnadine.
Coster—The inventor of the art of printing, according to the Dutch.
Crislies—Grisly, (bear.)
Damit, (Ger.)—Therewith.
Deutschland—Germany.
Die wile es möhte leben—During all its life.

Daz wolde er immer dienen
 Die wile es möhte leben.

Kutrun. XV. Aventure, 756th verse.

Dooks—Ducks.
Druckerei—Printing-office.
Earnsthaf, ernsthaft—Serious.
Elders, (Ger. *Eltern*)—Parents.
Elfenbein, (Ger.)—Ivory.
Ergeben, (Ger.)—Resigned.
Error-dom, Irrthum—Error.
Euchred—From Euchre, a western game of cards.
Fass (Ger.)—Barrel.
Fore-by—Literal translation of the German *Vorbei*.
Fore-lying—Literal translation of *Vorliegend*.
Frau, (Ger.)—Woman.
Froze to de ready—Held fast to the money.
Fullenden—Vollenden.
Fuss, (Ger.)—Foot.
Fust—The partner of Gutenberg, the inventor of the art of printing.
Gast, (Ger.)—Guest.
Gauer—Vallies.
Gaul dern—A Yankee oath.
Gauner-sprache, (Ger.)—Thieves' language.
Geh hin mein Puch, (German of 16th century.)
Gekommen so, (Ger.)—Come thus.
Gemüthlichkeit, (Ger.)—Kindly disposition, good nature.
Gestohlen und bekannt, (Ger.)—Stolen, and known.
Glamour—Ocular deception by magic.
Goblum—For goblin.
Gottshaus, (Ger.)—House of God.
Grillers—Guerillas.
Guve—Southern slang for give. *Guv*, for give, is also English slang as well as American.
Gutenberg—The inventor of the art of printing.
Heavy—Hood.
Heine, Heinrich—German poet.
Heini von Steier—Heinrich von Ofterdingen.

- Hereauf, hierauf*—Thereupon.
Her-re-liche, herrliche—Superb, grand, noble.
Herzlich, (Ger.)—Hearty.
Himmel, (Ger.)—Heaven.
Himmels-Potz-Pumpen-Herrgott—A mild sort of a German imprecation, untranslatable.
Himmlisch' hoellisch' qual, (Ger.)—Heavenly-hellish pain.
Hoof-irons; (*Huf-eisen* in Ger.)—Horse-shoe.
Hunk, (Amer.)—Stout, solid, profitable. “To be all hunk” means to come out of a speculation with advantage. To be well off.
I Gili romaneskro—This song is written in the German gipsy dialect. *Eh!* in third line of second verse, is the German word *ehe*, “ere,” or before. *Kuribente* (“in war,”) is in the Slavonic and gipsy local case, or as Pott calls it (*Die Zigeuner in Europa und Asien*) the Second Dative.
In Sang und Klang dein Leben lang, (Ger.)—In music and song all thy life long.
Jeß—A game played by throwing up types, generally for “refreshments.”
Kalt, (Ger.)—Cold.
Karfunkelstein, (Ger.)—Carbuncle.
Kauder-Waelsch, (Ger.)—Gibberish.
Kitin, a kitin—Flying or running rapidly.
Kanaster, (Ger.)—Canaster tobacco.
Kümmel, (Ger.)—Cumin brandy.
Lavergne—A place between Nashville and Murfreesboro', in the state of Tennessee.
Lieder, Lieds, (Ger.)—Songs.
Like spiders down their webs—Breitmann's soldiers are supposed to have been expert turners or gymnasts.
Loafer, (Amer.)—A term which, considered as the German pronunciation of *lover*, is a close translation of *rom*, since this latter means both a gipsy and a husband.
Loudet, (*Lauten* in Ger.)—To make sound.
Lumpenglocke—An abusive term applied to bells, especially to those which are rung to give notice that the beer-houses must close.
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.

- Mohr, ein schwarzer*, (Ger.)—A blackamoor.
Morgan—John Morgan, a notorious Confederate guerilla during the late war in America.

- Moskopolite*, (Amer.)—Cosmopolite. Mossyhead is the German student phrase for an old student.
- Mutter*, (Ger.)—Mother.
- Noth*, (Ger.)—Need, dire extremity. Das war des Breitmann's Noth. That was Breitmann's sore trial. Imitated from the last line of *The Nibelungen Lied*.
- Nun endlich*, (Ger.)—Now at last.
- O'Brady*—An Irish giant commemorated in an old popular song.
- Odenwald*—A thickly-wooded district in South Germany.
- On-belongs*—Literal translation of *Zugehört*.
- Oop-sproong*—For *aufsprung*.
- Orgel-ton*, (Ger.)—Organ sound.
- Out-sprach*—Outspoke.
- Peeps*—People. "Hard on the American peeps"—a phrase for anything exacting or severely pressing.
- Pestain*—Stain, with the augment.
- Pfaelzer*—A man from the Rhenish Palatinate.
- Pie the forms*—Break and scatter the forms of types—the greatest disaster conceivable to a true typo.
- Pig-sticker*—Bowie-knife.
- Pile out*, (Amer.)—Hurry out.
- Plug-muss*—Fight for a fire-plug. American fireman's language.
- Poonkin*—Pumpkin.
- Red cock*—Or *make de red cock crow*. Einem den rothen Hahn auf's Dach setzen. A German proverb signifying to set fire to a house.
- Rede*, (Ger.)—Speech.
- Red-Waelsch*, *Roth-Waelsch*, (Ger.)—Thieves' language.
- Reiter*, (Ger.)—Rider.
- Ridersmann*, (*Reitersmann* in Ger.)—Rider.
- Ritter*, (Ger.)—Knight.
- Sachsen*—Saxonia, Saxony.
- Sacrin*—Consecrating.
- Sauerkraut*, (Ger.)—Pickled cabbage.
- Scatterin*, *Scotterin*—Scattering.
- Schauer*, (Ger.)—Awe.
- Schenk aus*, (Ger.)—Pour out.
- Schimmel*, (Ger.)—Grey horse.
- Schloss*, (Ger.)—Castle.
- Schönheitsideal*, (Ger.)—The ideal of beauty.
- Schopenhauer*—A celebrated German "philosophical physiologist."
- Schwaben*—Suabia.
- Schwan*, (Ger.)—Swan.
- Scrouged*, (Amer.)—Pressed, jammed.
- Seelen*—Ideal. Soul's ideal.
- Shapel*—Chapel is an old word for a printing-office.
- Shipsy*—Gipsy.
- Slide*—Slide. "Let it slide," vulgar for "let it go."

Shooting-stick—A shooting-stick is used for closing up the form of types.

Sonntag, (Ger.)—Sunday.

Speck, (Ger.)—Bacon.

Spiel, (Ger.)—Play.

Sporn, (Ger.)—Spur.

Stim, (Ger. *Stimme*)—Voice.

Sturm und Drang, (Ger.)—Literally Storm and violence. *Sturm und Drangperiode*, signifying a particular period of German literature.

Sweynheim and Pannartz—The first printers at Rome.

Takes—Allotments of copy to each printer.

Thrip, (Southern Amer.)—Threepence.

Todi, (Ger.)—Dead.

Treppe—Stairs.

Treu, (Ger.)—Faithful, true.

Ueberschwengliche, (Ger.)—Transcendental, elevated.

Verdammt, (Ger.)—D—d.

Wachsen, (Ger.)—To grow.

“Komm' ich in's galante Sachsen
Wo die schöne Maedchen wachsen.”
—*Old German Song*.

Wald, (Ger.)—Wood.

We'uns, you'ns—We and you. A common vulgarism through the Southern States.

“'Tis sad that we'uns from you'ns parts
When you'ns hev stolen we'uns' hearts.”

Wild und Weh, (Ger.)—Wild and weebegone.

Wo bist du? (Ger.)—Where art?

Woe-moedy, (Ger. *Wehmüthig*)—Moanful, doleful.

Wohlauf, (Ger.)—Well, come on, cheer up.

Wurst—A German student word for indifference.

Yarttausend, Fahrttausend—A thousand years.

Yellow pine—Mulatto.

“I lost a maiden in that hour.”—*Byron*.

Yungling, Jüngling, (Ger.)—Youth.

Price 1s.

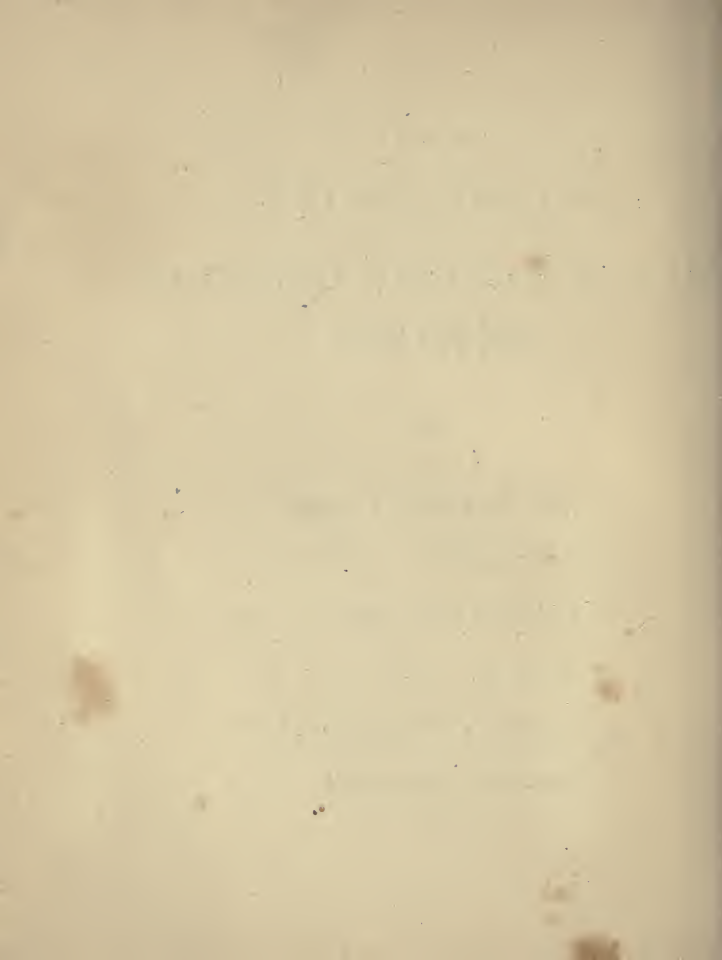
SECOND SERIES.

HANS BREITMANN'S CHRISTMAS.

With other Ballads.



1. Hans Breitmann's Christmas.
2. Der Freischütz.
3. Breitmann about Town.
4. Weingeist.
5. Schnitzerl's Philosopede. Part 1.
6. Schnitzerl's Philosopede. Part 2.



THE UNIVERSITY OF
CHICAGO
PRESS
CHICAGO, ILL.

Also Ready, price 1s.

THIRD SERIES.

HANS BREITMANN

AS A

POLITICIAN.

In Three Cantos.

CANTO I.

1. The Nomination.
2. The Committee of Instruction.
3. Mr Twine explains being "sound upon the goose."

CANTO II.

4. How Breitmann and Schmit were reported to be log-rolling.
5. How they held the Mass Meeting.
6. Breitmann's Great Speech.

CANTO III.

Pardt de Virst—The author asserts the vast intellectual superiority of Germans to Americans.
Pardt de Secondt—Showing how Mr Hiram Twine "played off" on Smith.

"Breitmann is a real creation of the comic muse; a figure as distinct as Homer Wildburr, as Hosea Biglow. Comparisons with Lowell are not to be avoided when a reader comes to the political cantos [Hans Breitmann as a Politician]; and it is a great thing to say for our author, who has only been known in England half a year, that he need not shrink from his place by the side of that strong and dainty humourist."
—*Athenæum*.

Gay
S
T. M.

Leland, Charles G.
Hans Breitmann in
church

M82490

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

YGL59433

