

## PASTOR DANKMARDT.

POMERANIA, 1807.

'Twas in the Northern German land,  
Fast by the Baltic Sea,  
When the French Emperor sent h's troops  
To bend the people's knee,

And dwell within their houses,  
Feasting on wine and corn,  
Till German hearts should learn to feel  
The might of foreign scorn.

They came to Bodestede,  
A hamlet green and still,  
With fountain in the market place,  
Where maids their pitchers fill.

They overran the village street,  
They overran the inn,  
They stole the peasants ripening crops,  
And strove the maids to win ;

And up and down throughout the night  
They sang their ribald song,  
While hidden evils darted forth  
To join the lawless throng.

How fair was Bodestede !  
But deeds the Frenchman wrought  
Among her pleasant summer fields  
No peaceful harvest brought.

The people seized the soldiers,  
And bore them to the strand,  
And shipped them to a barren shore  
Within a hostile land,

And then returned rejoicing ;  
But he, the nations' fate,  
Quickly dispatched a mightier corps  
To hold the conquered state.

Alas for Bodestede !  
How sad the sun uprose  
That day the foreign flags returned  
Before his golden close !

Rode forth Commander Mortier :  
"Seize all the men," he cried,  
"Who rule in Bodestede,  
And place them side by side ;

"And at the signal given,  
Shoot each man where he stands.  
They that remain shall live to see  
Their blazing homes and lands."

Then forward stepped the pastor ;  
His eyes were bright as flame ;  
"If any man is shot, shoot me !  
Mine is the guilt and shame.

"I bade the people to revolt,  
And drag the men away ;  
I sent them to the Swedish shore ;  
Twas I urged on the fray.

"Hear me, O sire, how innocent  
These people surely are ;  
I pray thee burn my guilty roof,  
But all the others spare."

The stern Commander Mortier  
Heard what the pastor said,  
One moment stood irresolute,  
Then turned his horse's head :

And putting spurs to flank, they rode  
Out from the wandering town ;  
And as they passed, the word was given,  
"These fisher-huts burn down !"

A few poor sheds where no man dwelt !  
No blood that day was spilled :  
And thus Commander Mortier  
The Emperor's law fulfilled.

Those battle-fields are overgrown,  
Dim is their glory now ;  
But Virtue ever wakeful shines ;  
The stars are on her brow.

The pastor in his flowing gown,  
Before the armed host,  
Joyfully giving life and home  
If he may save the lost :

Deep in the German father-land  
This rooted memory grows,  
And safe within the children's heart  
The living picture glows.

—ANNIE FIELDS, in *Harper's Magazine* for January.

## THE OLD BRICK SCHOOLHOUSE.

BY GEO. E. BURLEIGH.

The Old Brick School House on the green,  
With its pyramid roof and windows high,  
And the sentinel poplars, tall and lean,  
That seemed to my fancy and boyish eye,  
Standing up stify and brushing the sky  
As a trooper's plume is seen,—  
I figure them still as I saunter by.  
Though house and trees, and the green itself,  
Have gone at the touch of Time, the elf ;  
Who leaves, for old things laid on the shelf,  
Only new ones,—and a sigh !

How the bolt-up benches were hacked and hewn  
By the Yankee jack-knife's hungry edge,  
Into scrap, transverse, and demi-lune ;  
What sculptured names on the window-ledge,  
And beetle-head profiles, with nose for a wedge,  
Just splitting a carved moon !  
And how the dear dumpies, with legs too short,  
Hung on the fore-forms perilous perch,  
With nothing to touch on the back, but the hirc,  
And nothing below to recover a lurch,  
But the far-floor futilely sought !

There were gaps in the wall and a crack round the door,  
Where the wind would come and whistle in school,  
And gaps in the all-molien floor,  
To serve, as the head broiled more and more,  
To keep us the dear feet cool !  
And the wood would fall in stormy days,  
So only the boist'rous boys could stay ;  
With logs and laths in a roaring blaze,  
To warm the house we would nearly raze,  
In the other sense, with our tearing plays.  
Through the howling of gale(y)-day.

The fire-place, which had long subdned  
The ardor of fuel to "latent heat,"  
For the stubborn rebel, hot and rude,  
Proved most, for a cooling dungeon meet.  
While the huge stove-pipe,—an iron street,  
Or Menai bridge, pursued.  
By the haunting notion a fall would soon.  
The boys below as a striking joke,  
Would slip its joints like a crab, and do't,  
Scorching the fingers put rashly to't.  
While fire and boys rushed out with a hoot,  
And the whole thing ended in smoke !

There were noble boys and fairy girls,  
Whom now I see through the haze of years  
As through that smoke's voluminous curls,—  
My eyes repeating the same old tears,  
Though moving far in their sundered spheres  
Their chequered web unfurls ;  
Some plant new States in the stately West,  
Some plant potatoes and onions here ;  
Some rock their little ones on the breast,  
And some, if less happy perchance as blest,