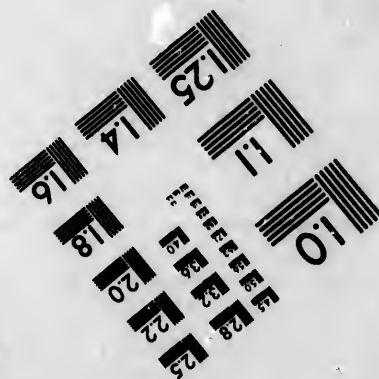
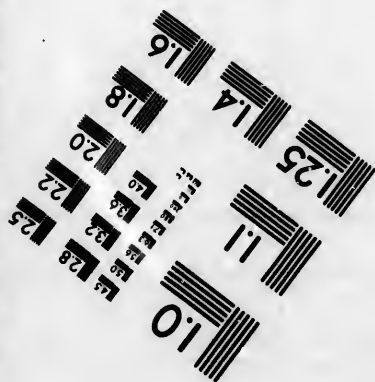
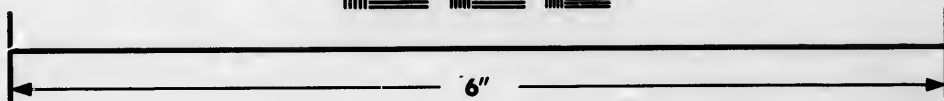
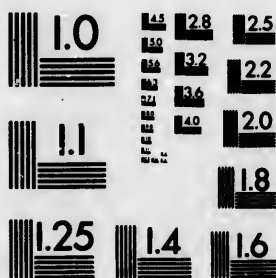


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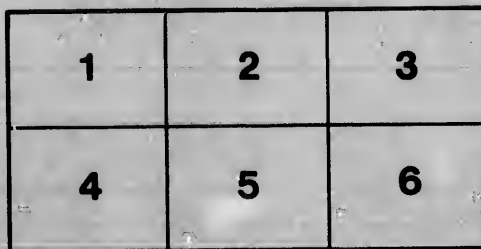
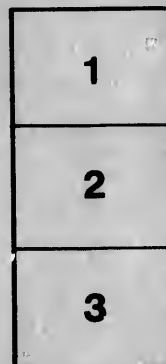
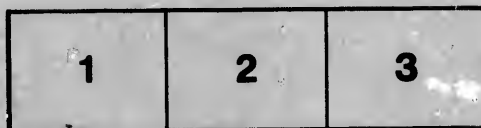
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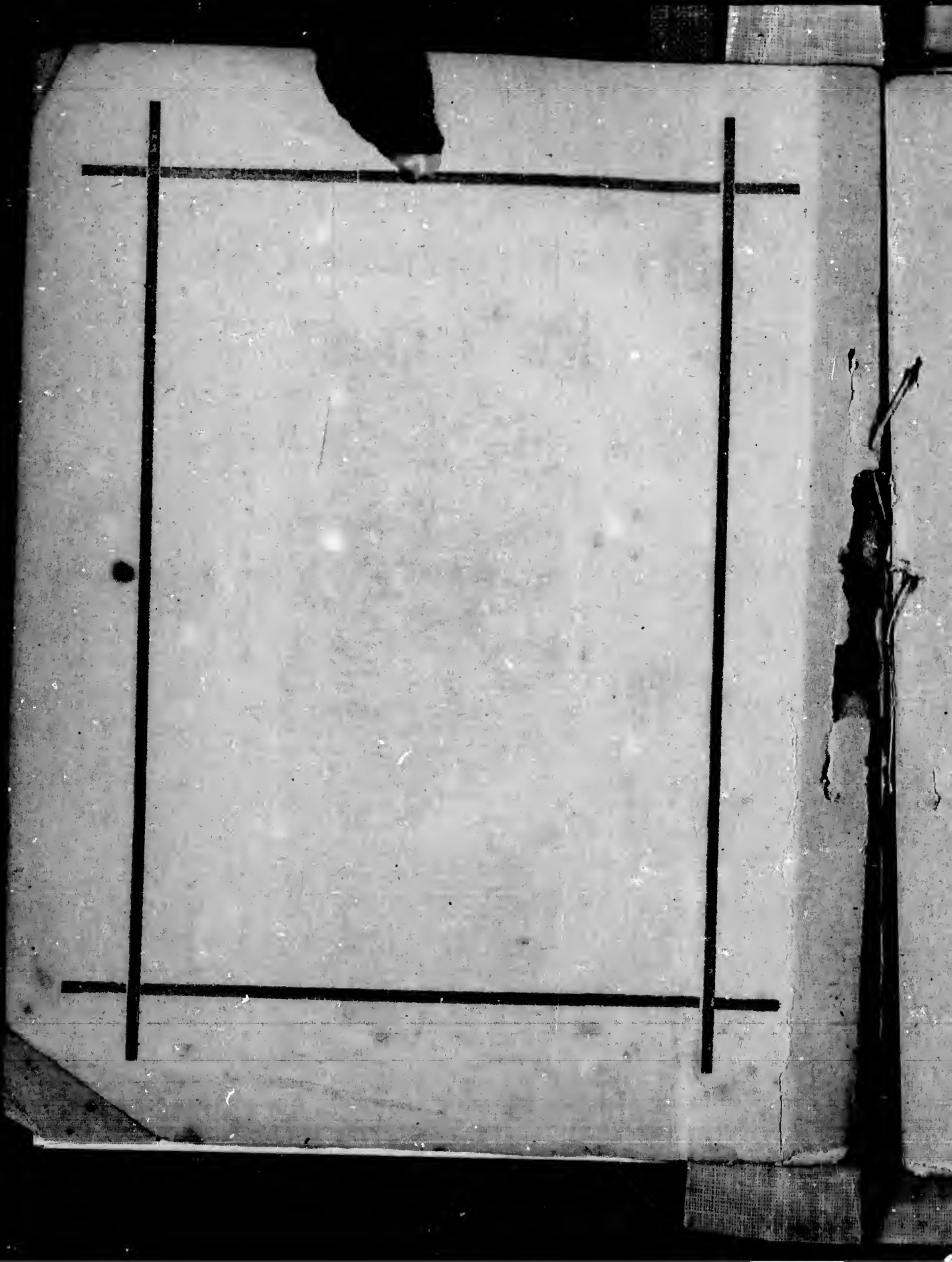
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Hans Breitmann As

An Uhlau.

With Other New Ballads.

BY CHARLES G. LELAND.

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

Fourth Series of the Breitmann Ballads.

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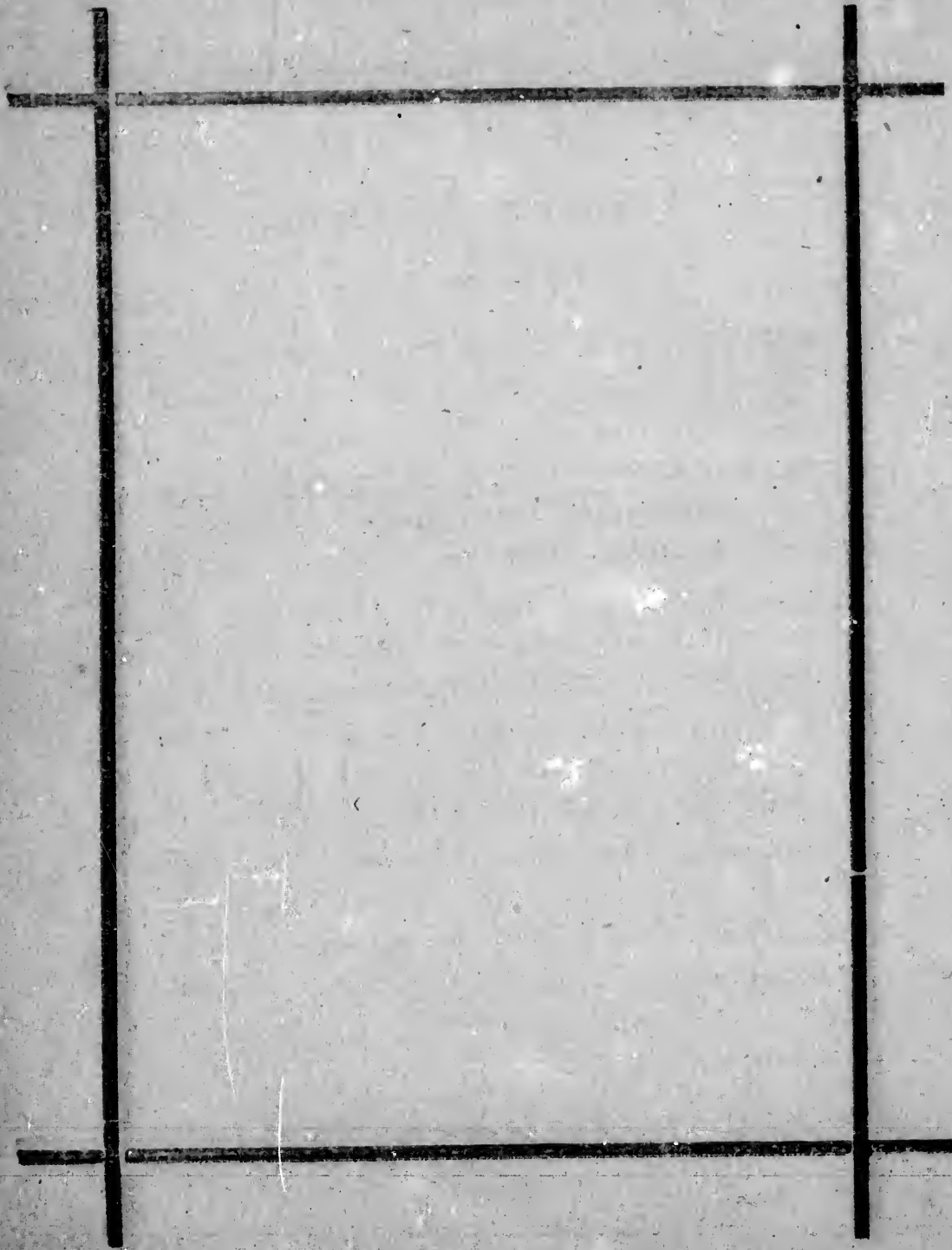
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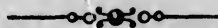
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Author's Preface.



THE readers of more than one newspaper will recall that the idea of representing Breitmann as an Uhlan, scouting over France, and frequently laying houses and even cities under heavy contribution, has occurred to very many of "Our Own." A spirited correspondent of the *London Daily Telegraph*, and others of literary fame, have familiarly referred to the Uhlan as Breitmann, indicating that the German-American free-lance has grown into a type; and more than one newspaper, anticipating this volume, has published Anglo-German poems referring to Hans Breitmann and the Prussian-French war. It is, therefore, not remarkable that I should have written the following little book, which I sincerely trust may find as favorable a reception as did its predecessors in the same *genre*.

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

CHARLES G. LELAND

Extract from a Letter

OF THE SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

OF THE

"LONDON DAILY TELEGRAPH."

THE Prussian Uhlan of 1870 seems destined to fill in French legendary chronicle the place which, during the invasions of 1814-15, was occupied by the Cossack. He is a great traveller. Nancy, Bar-le-Duc, Commercy, Rheims, Châlons, St. Dizier, Chaumont, have all heard of him. The Uhlan makes himself quite at home, and drops in, entirely in a friendly way, on mayors and corporations, asking not only himself to dinner, but an indefinite number of additional Uhlans, who, he says, may be expected hourly. The Uhlan wears a blue uniform turned up with yellow, and to the end of his lance is affixed a streamer

intimately resembling a very dirty white pocket-handkerchief. Sometimes he hunts in couples, sometimes he goes in threes, and sometimes in fives. When he lights upon a village, he holds it to ransom ; when he comes upon a city, he captures it, making it literally the prisoner of his bow and his spear. A writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* once drove the people of Lancashire to madness by declaring that, in the Rebellion of 1745, Manchester "was taken by a Scots serjeant and a wench ;" but it is a notorious fact that Nancy submitted without a murmur to five Uhlans, and that Bar-le-Duc was occupied by two. When the Uhlan arrives in a conquered city, he visits the mayor, and makes his usual inordinate demands for meat, drink, and cigars. If his demands are acceded to, he accept everything with a grin. If he is refused, he remarks, likewise with a grin, that he will come again to-morrow with three thousand

light horsemen, and he gallops away ; but in many cases he does not return. The secret of the fellow's success lies mainly in his unblushing impudence, his easy mendacity, and that intimate knowledge of every highway and byway of the country which, thanks to the military organization of the Prussian army, he has acquired in the regimental school. He gives himself out to be the precursor of an imminently advancing army, when, after all, he is only a boldly adventurous free-lance, who has ridden thirty miles across country on the chance of picking up something in the way of information or victuals. Only one more touch is needed to complete the portrait of the Uhlan. His veritable name would seem to be Hans Breitmann, and his vocation that of a "bummer ;" and Breitmann, we learn from the preface to Mr. Leland's ballad, had a prototype in a regiment of Pennsylvania cavalry by the

name of Jost, whose proficiency in "bumming," otherwise "looting," in swearing, fighting, and drinking lager beer, raised him to a pitch of glory on the Federal side which excited at once the envy and the admiration of the boldest bushwhackers and the gauntest guerillas in the Confederate host.

Breitmann as an Uhlan.

—:O:—

“Dere vas vonce oopon a dimes a Frantschman, who asket if a Sherman could have *esprit*. Allowin for his bad shbellin, de reater vill find dat der Herr Breitmann was have a *zpre* goot many dimes. Yo u gant get round de Dootch.

Fritz Schwackenhammer.

—:O:—

HANS BREITMANN'S VISION.

GOTTES blitz! blau Feuer, potz bomben Tod!
Vot shimmers in de mitnacht roth?
Like hell-shtrom boorst o'er heafen's plain,
Trowin dead light on eart acain :—
Ja!—wide im nord om Odin shtone
Lies a shiant form im glare alone,

Troonk py de eis-kalt roarin shdream
 Der Hans ish hafe ein wunder tream.
 Troonk om haunted Odinstein
 Im Hexenlicht und Elfenschein

Where bloody Druids omens trew
 From grin und screech of shaps dey slew,*
 Or where der Norseman long of yore
 Vas carven eagles on de shore,
 As o'er him yell de Valkyr broot
 Und crows valk round knee teep im bloot,
 While rabens schkreem o'er ruddy bay ;
 Dere, ten pottles troonk, Hans Breitmann lay.

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

† Mjollner, The Hammer of Thor

Fast und rof der war-man shnore
Like de hammer-shlog of Thor,
Schnell ash Mjollner's bang und beatt
Heaved de form from het to veet,
While apofe him in de shkies
Dere he saw a glorie rise,
Und im mittle von it all
De iron lords of crate Valhall.

Long he gaze mit wolfen glare
At de Aesir in de air.
Long mit shneerin baren grin
He toorn his nase auf und hin
(For ne'er a Sherman—tam de otts—
Vas efer yet gife in to Gotts,)
Dill avery Aes-owned oop dat he
A gott-like man of brass must pe.

Shtern der Breitmann raise his het,
 To his fader Gotts he sett :
 "Let your worts of wisdom shlip ;
 Rush your runes, und let 'em rip !
 For you de gotts hafe efer pe
 Of dose who vere ash gotts to me :—
 Alt Thor der Thoren* here pelow—
 Vot hell you wants, † I'd like to know ?"

* Gods in the Norse religion.

† Dese outpressions ish not to pe angeseen py
 anypodies ash *schvearin*, boot ash inderesdin Norse
 or Sherman idioms. Goot many refiewers vot refiew-
 sed to admire soosh derms in de earlier editions ish
 politelich requestet to braise dem in future nodices
 from a transcendental philological standpoint.

FRITZ SCHWACKENHAMMER.

Antworded ash de donnor clangs,
Der fader of de iron bangs :

“ De gotts will let de hell dogs go,
Und raise damnation here pelow ;
Until de sassy Frenchmen schmell
De rifers ten dat roon troo hell.
To telle dis I comme dence,
Dou lord of lion impudence.

“ Drafeller ! I know dee vell !
Breitmann improturbable !
Vhen on eart I hat my shy,
Breitmann of dat age vas I.
I swear py Thor ! so crate und gay,
I smashed de Jotuns in my tay,
Und dou shall pe ge-writ sooplime
Ash de crate *Thor* of deiner time.

“ Now ve lets de eagles vly
Skreemin troo de vlamin shky,
Our own specials:—dare nod laugh ;
For in de London *Telegraph*,
A voondrous poy vot makes oos shdare,
For hop vot may, he's *always dere* !
Vill dell de worlt, troo blut and flame,
Hans Breitmann ist der Uhlan's name.

“ Und all dou e'er on eart has done,
From oop gang oontil settin sun,
Vill pe ash nix—I schvear py Thor !
To vat dou'lt do in dieser war ;
Plazin roofs und mordered men,
Hell set loose on eart again ;
Rush und ride in shtorm und fload,
Cannon roarin, pools of bloot ;

Deutschland mad in full career,
 Led py dy Uhlanen speer.
 Hell's harfest—sheafs of victorie,
 Reaped mit deat's sword und reapt by dee!

“Ja! On many a dorf und disch,
 Dou shalt pring a requisish ;*
 Dwendy dimes de Frantscher men
 Hafe sporned dy land in blut acain—
 All dose dwendy dimes in von
 Py Deutschland shall to France pe done,
 Und dwendy dimes in blut and wein
 Shalst dou refenge de Palatine.

* *Requisish*. An abbreviation of the word *requisition*, which Breitmann had heard during the War of Emancipation. I once heard this cant term used in a droll manner, about the end of the war, by a little girl, six years old, the daughter of a quarter-master. She had “confiscated,” or “foraged,” or “skirmished,” as it was indifferently called, a toy whip belonging to her little brother of four years, who was clamorously demanding its return. “I cannot let you have the whip,” said she gravely, “as I need it for military purposes; but I can give you a requisish for it on my papa, who will give you an order on the United States Government.”

C. G. L.

"Go!—mit shpeer und fiery muth!
 Go!—mit durst for bier und blut!
 Go!—mit lofe for Vaterland,
 Into burning fury fanned:
 Towns und hen-roosts shall hafe shown
 Where der Uhlan ist peen gone,
 Und cocks vil cut und men crow tame,
 To hear of der Uhlanen name."

Der fision fadet in de shky,
 Und hours vent on und time goed py,
 Vot heardest dou Napolium!
 De rumpitty, rumpitty, rumpitty poom!
 Ven pou hear de sound of de droom,
 Oh denn you know dat de Dootch hafe coom,
 De treadful roarin Dootch mit de droom
 Und de rompitty, pumpitty, pompitty pum!

De wild ferocious Dootch on a bum
Mit sworts vot shblit de cranium,
In cannon roar und pattle hum,
Mit fee und faw on de foe und fum!
Led py de awful Breitemum!
 Bitty boom!!
 Boom!

BREITMANN IN A BALLOON.

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

Id was im yar Nofember,
In eighdeen sefendee,
Der Breitmann vent a prowlin,
By monden light vent he.
In fillages deserted
He hear de Uhu moan ;
For you always hear der Uhu †
Where der Uhu-lan ish gone.

*Bismarck.

†Disraeli.

‡Uhu. An owl—the bird of kn-owl-edge.

Alone *allonsed** der Uhlan,
 Boot nodings could he find
 Safe whitey clouds a drivin
 In moonshine. fore the wind.
 Boot as he see dese cloudins
 He remark dat *von* vas round,
 Und inshtead of goin oopwarts
 It kep risin towards de ground. †

" Oh, vot ish dis a gomin ?
 Some planet, py de Lord !
 Toc boor to life in heafen,
 Coom down on eart to poard ;

**Allons.* Uhlan slang for *go* or *went*, as in America they use the Spanish word *vamos* to express every person in every sense of the verb *to go*. Pronounce *allon'd*.

† " Mine bread rises downwarts dis dime, I dink."

Tales, by J. K. PAULDING.

Und pelow it schwing tree angels—
 Two he-vons mit a wench.
 Boot, mein Gott! vot sort of angels
 Can dose pe, dalkin Fræntsch!

“ I hafe read in Eckhartshausen
 Dat oop in heafen—py tam!
 De angels dalk in Sherman,
 Und sing Mardin Luther's psalm.
 O nein—es sind kein engeln
 Vot sail so smoo-fly on,
 Das sind verfluchte Franzosen
 In einem luft-ballon!”*

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

Hei! how der Breitmann streak it
Ven vonce he kess de trut'!
He spurred id like de wild fire
Of hope in early yout':
Troo de weingarts like der teufel
When he shase a lawyer's soul;
Down der moundain mit his lanze
Und his wafin banderol.

Down de moundain, o'er de valley,
Troo de village he ish gone;
Dog-barks die out pehind him,
Oders bark ash he come on.
Liddle heedet he neir bellin,
Liddle mind der Hahnen crow;
Liddle hear dur Bauren yellin,
Clotter, clodder, on he go.

“Oh, vot ish hoontin foxen,
Und vot ish yager pliss,
Und vot ish shasin bison
On de blains, to soosh ash dis?
I hafe dinked dat roonin rebels
Vas de pest of eartly fun ;
Boof id isn't half so sholly
Ash to go a luft-ballon.”

Und ash it shdill vent onwart,
Shdill onwarts mit der wind,
Dere coom a real madness
To catch id o'er his mind.
Und had'st dou seen him vlyin
Dat wild onfuriate brick,
Dou'st hafe schworn dat Coptain Breitmann
Was pecome balloonatic.

In fain dey trow deir sand-bags,
In fain all dings let fall;
De ballon shdill kep a sinkin,
Und id vouldn't rise at all.
Yet de wild wind trife id onwarts,
Onwarts shdill der Breitmann go,
Dill he cotch id py a rope-ent
Vot vas hangin town pelow.

Boot vhen it risen oopwarts:
Ash he gling to id, of corse,
Mit der lefter hand he holtet
To de pridle of his horse.
Der horse valk on his hind-legs :
Too schwer to rise vas he ;
Mein Gott ! vot fix for Breitmann
Of de Uhlan cavallrie !

So he go for seferal stunden
Petween himmel und eart pelow.
Boot der teufel und die engels
Couldn't make der Hans let go.
Dill all at vonce an idee
Coom from his loocky shtar—
He led co his horse's pridle
Und glimb oop into de car.

Und vot you dinks he foundet
Vhen in dat air balloon?
A nople Englisch vicomte,
Milord de Robinson ;
Und mit him vas a laity
Mit whom he'd rooned afay,
Whom he introduce to Breitmann
Ash die Jungfer Salome.

Und der dritte was a barson,
 Whom Milord, mit prudent view,
 Hat took als secretaire,
 Likevise for pallast doo.
 Dey should hafe bitched him ofer
 When de gas was out, dey say ;
 Boot de dame vould not 'low it:—
 She'd an arriere pensee.

Sait Milord : “ Afar we've wandered,
 We are done completely brown ;
 And I'll give a thousand shiners
 If youl” take me to a town
 Where no one will molest us
 Till we find our way to Lon—.”
 Here der Breitmann ent de sentence
 Ash he gry out, shortly, “ *done!*”
 2

"And as for this fair lady
 To whom I would be bound,"
 Said Milord, "we'll have a wedding
 Before we reach the ground.
 To escape her father's anger
 We fled to live in peace,
 But she's relatives in London,
 And *they* have—the police."

O vas not dis a voonders
 To make de Captain shdare?—
 A tausend pounds in bocket
 Und a veddin in de air?
 He gafe avay de laity
 Und als sie wieder kam
 Zur festen Erde weider
 Ward sie Robinson Madame.*

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

“ O go mit me,” said Breitmann,
“ O go in mein Quartier !
Don’t mind dem gommon soldiers,
For I’m an officier.”
He guide dem troo de coountry
Till dey reach de ocean strand ;
Now dey sit und pless Hans Breitmann
In de far-off English land.

Dis ish Breitmann’s last adfenture
How troo Himmel air flew he :
Und its dime, oh nople reader !
For a dime to part from dee.
Dou may’st dake it all in earnest
Or pelieve id’s only fon ;
Boot dere’s woonder dings has hoppent
Fery oft in Luft-balloon.

BREITMANN AND BOULLI.

“Tres estime ami,—Ick seyn nock nit verdorb,
Vielleickt Sie denck wohl kar, das ick sey tod gestorb,
Oock ne Kott loben Danck, ick leb nock kanss woh lauf.

* * * * *
Naturlich wie Kespenst die off die Kasse keh.”

—*Deutsch-Franzos, Leipziy, 1736.*

VOT roombles down de Bergstrass ?
Vot a grash ish in de air !
Mit a desberate gonfusion,
Und a gry of wild tespair ;
Das sind gethrasht Franzosen,*
Und dose who after flee
Are de terror of Champagner,
Die Uhlan cavallrie.

* Those are thrashed Frenchmen.

So liddle say die hoonted,
De hoonters lesser shdill;
Der Frank is ride for's leben,
Der Deutscher rides to kill.
Ofer dickly-doosty faces
Deir eyes like wild katz's glare;
De blut und iron ridin
Of furie und despair.

Boot of all de wild Uhlanen,
Der Breitmann ride de pest;
For he mark de Franisch gommanter
Ish most elegandtly tresst.
Und ash he coom down on him,
Dere's a deat' look in his eye:
"Gotts! if I carfe dat toorkey,
How I'll make de stoofin vly!"

Mit a clotter und a flotter,
 Like a hell-sturm dey are on ;
 Mittle a rottle to de pattle
 Come de Deutschers, knockin' down,
 Down de mountain to a brucké—
 Why die Frantschmen toorn ad bay ?
 Oder Deutsch were dere pefore dem,
 Und die pridge ish coot away !

Von second der Franzose
 Look down mit blitzen eye ;
 Von second at de brucké,
 Den toorn him round to die.
 While mit out-ge-poke-te lanze,
 Like ter teufel shot from hell,
 Rode der ploonder shtarvin Breitmann
 On der grau-bart colonél.

Vot for de Captain Breitmann
 Ish shdop in his career?
 Vot for he pool his pridle?
 Vot for let down his spear?
 Vot for his eyes like saucers.
 Grow pigger, rimmed mit staub?
 Vot for his hair a pristlin,
 Lift oop his pickel-haub? *

So awfool—so oneart'ly,
 So treadful was his glare,
 So unbeschreiblich ghaftly,
 Dat der colonel self was skhare.
 Oop come der Breitmann ridin,
 Und mit gratin foice he said:
 “Bist—du—wirkelich—lebendig? †
 Can de grafe gife oop its tead?

* Der Uhlán vas nod shenerally wear pickle-haube,
 but dis tay der Herr Breitmann gehappant to have
 von on.

FRITZ SCHWACKENHAMMER.

† “And art thou truly living?”

"Dou livest yet—dou brea'f'st yet,
 Dough oldter now you pe
 Since I mordered you in Strasburg,
 Mein freund—mon Jean Bouilli.
 We lofed de selfe maiden
 Wohl forty years agone:—
 She died to hear I kilt you:—
 Jean, how weiss your beard ish grown!

"I would gife my Hab' und Guter,*
 Dereto mein bit of life,
 Couldt I pring dat shild to leben,
 Und make her, Jean, dy wife!"
 Here der Breitmann boorst out grying,
 Like a liddle prook vept he;
 Und dey hugged and gissed einander,
 Der Breitmann and Bouilli,

* "All my property."

" Ach, de effils dat from efil
 Troo a life ish efer grow !
 Had I nefer dink I killed you,
 Many a man were livin now—
 Many a man dat shleeps in' canebrakes,
 Many a man py pillow-shore ;
 For dy morder mate me reckelos,
 Und *von* tead man gries for more !

" O, Madchen ! schon in Himmel ! *
 (Warst schon on eart' difine)—
 Can'st dink among de Engeln
 Of soosh as me und mine ?
 Den look on soosh a Reue,
 Ash eart' has nefer known :—
 Where to hast dou a sabre ?
 Wherefore not kill me Jean ?"

* " O maiden fair in Heaven ! "

“O, ne pleurez pas, mon Breitmann !
Je trouve cela trop fort,”

Gry der Colonel ser politelich ;

“*How !* —you crois dat I was *Mort !*
Mon Dieu ! ,’Tis but one minute,
As we galloped to this plain,
I thought your spear, mon gallard,
Would kill me o’er again.

“Je vous fais mon compliment,
Your tendresse becomes you well ;
Et ne pleurez pas, mon brave,
Pour la petite demoiselle.

I have had a thousand since ;
One can always find such game ;
Et pour dire la vérité,
I have quite forgot her name.”

Der Breitmann look so earnest,
Long and earnest at his foe.
Ash if seein troo his augen
To de forty years ago.
Mit *vot* a shmile der Breitmann
Toorned roundt und rode away:
Dat was all his parting greetin
To der Còlonél Français.

**BREITMANN TAKES THE TOWN
OF NANCY.**

O HEAR a wondrous shdory
Vot soundet like romance,
How Breitmann mit four Uhlans
Was dake de town of Nantz.
De Frantschmen call it Nancy,*
Und dey say its very hard
Dat Nancy mit her soldiers
Was getook py gorpral's guard.

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

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

Hans mean de city Syndic,
Vhom *maire* de Frantschmen call;
So mit a tousand soldiers
Dey 'scort him to de Hall:
In de shair of shtade dey sot him,
Der maire coom to pe heard,
Und Hans glare at him fife minutes
Pefore he shbeak a word.

Den in iron dones he ootered :
 "Ich demand que rentez fous :
 Shai dreisig mille soldaten
 Bas loin l'iei, barploo !
 Aber tonnez-moi Champagner ;
 Shai an soif exdrortinaire
 Apout one douzaine cart-loads ;
 Und dann je fous laisse faire."*

* " I require you to surrender :
 I have thirty thousand men
 Not far from here, parbleu !
 But give me first champagne ;
 I've a wondrous thirst, you know
 About a dozen cart-loads :
 And then I'll let you go."

Denn he say to Schwackenhammer,
 His segretairé—" Read
 A liddle exdra listé
 Of dings de army need,
 Und dell dem in Franzosisch
 Dey moost shell de neetfool down
 In less dan dwendy minudes,
 Or, by Gott, I'll purn de town."

" *Item*—on tousand vatches
 Of purest gold so fair ;
 Dazu fünf tousand silbern,
 For de gommon soldiers' wear ;
 Und tree tousand diamant ringé
 Dey moost make tirectly come,
 We need dem for our schweethearts
 Ven we write to om at home !

" Von million cigarren
 Ve'll accept ash extra boons
 For not squeezin dem seferely,
 Dazu dwelf tousend shboons."
 Here der maire fell down in schwoonin,
 Denn all dat he could say
 Vas " O mon dieu de dieu, dieu !
 Nous volia ruinées !"*

No wort der Breitmann ootered,
 He only make a sgratch,
 Calm and silend, on de daple,
 Mit a liddlee friction match.
 De maire versteh de motion,
 So went him to de task
 Of raisin mong de peoples
 Vot it vas der Breitman ask.

* " O Lord, Lord, Lord !
 We are ruined !"

So kam he mit de ringé
 Dep vind dem pooty soon ;
 So kam he mit de vatches,
 Und avery silber shboon.
 Boot ash for de champagner
 He wept and loudly call
 Dat *par dieu* ! he hadn't any,
 For de Deutsch hafe troonk it all.

Ja !—de gorporal's quart have trinket
 Every pottle in de down,
 While dese negotiations
 Oop-stairs were written down.
 Boot der Breitman sooplumely,
 Like von who nodings felt,
 Said, "Instead of le champagner
 Nous brentirons du gelt.*

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

"Ja wohl! Donnes cent mille franken,
 C'est mir égal, you know; †
 Pid dem pring id in a horry,
 For 'tis dime for oos to go."
 Der maire he pring de money,
 Und der Breitman squeeze his hand,—
 Leb wohl, dou noble brickbat,
 Herzbrudder in Frankenland!

"Boot it grieses my soul to larmen,
 Und I sypatize mit dein,
 To *pense* of you, mon ami,
 Sans le champagner wein.
 Dere will oder Deutsch pe gomin,
 Und it preak mine heart to dink
 De vay dey'll bang and slang you
 If dere's no champagne to trink!

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

"Cela fous fera miseré
 Que she ne feux bas see ;
 So, vollow mes gonselés,
 Et brenez mon afis.
 Shai, moi, deux milles bouteles,
 De meilleur dat man can ashk,*
 Vich I will gladly sell—
 Sheap as dirt—ten franks a flask."

De maire look oop to heafen,
 Wohl nodings could he say.
 Vhile oud indo de mitnight
 Der Breitmann rode afay.

* "Ah, that will make you trouble,
 Which I would not gladly see ;
 So, follow all my counsels,
 And take advice from me
 I have, two thousand bottles,
 The best——"

Away—atown de falley,
Till noding more abbears
Boot de glitter of de moonlight,
De moonlight on deir spears.

Breitmann in Bivouac.

—o—

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

Und jungere Uhlanen
Sit round wit oben mout'
To hear der Breitmann's shdories
Of fitin in de Sout'.
Und he gife dem moral lessons,
How pefore de battle pops :
"Take a liddle brayer to Himmel,
Und a goot long trink of schnapps."

Den his leutenant bemarket :

“ How voonder shdrange it peen

Dat so very many wild pigs

Ish dis year in de Ardennes.

Ash I scout dere—donner'r 'wetter !

I sah dem coom heraus,

Shoost here und dere an Eber

Mit a hoondert tousand saus.

“ Shost dink of all dese she-picks

Vot flet to neutral land !”

Said Breitmann : “ Fery easy

Ish dis to oonderstand :

Dese schwein-picks mit de sauen

Vot you saw a-roonin rond,

Ish a crate medempsygosis

Of the Frantsche demi-monde.

“ I hafe readet in de Bible
How soosh a coterie
Vas ge-toornet indo swine picks,
Und roon down indo de see ;
Boot since de see aint handy,
Or de picks vere all too dumm,
Dep hafe coot agross de porder
Und vly to Belgium.”

Now ash dey boorst oud laughin,
Und got more liquor out,
Dey hearden from de sendry
A shot and denn a shout.
Und Breitmann crasp his sabre
Quich ash de bullet hiss,,
Und leapin out, demantët,
“ Her'r'r Gott ! vot row ish dish ?”

Und bold der Schwabian answert :

“ Dis minute on de ground
Dere coomed a Frantschman greeping,
On all-fours a prowlin rouud.
I ask him vat he vanted ;
Werda! I gry ; boot he
Say nodings to my shallenge,
Und only answer ‘ *Oui.*’

“ So I shoot him like der teufels,
Und I rader dink our friend,
Dis sneakin Frank-tiroir,
Ish a-drawin to his end.”
So dey hoonted in de pushes,
Und in avery gorner dig,
Boot, mein Gott ! how dey vas laughen,
Ven dey found a—murdered pig.

Next week dey hear from Paris,
Und reat in de *Gaulois*
Of de most adrocious action
Der vorlt vas efer saw.
How de Uhlan cannibalen,
Dis vile und awful prood,
Hafe kilt a nople Frantschman,
Und cut him oop for food.

“ Ja—shop him indo sausago,
Und coot him indo ham ;
Und schwear dey'll serfe all oders
Exacdly so—py tam !
Sons of France, awake to glory,
Let your anciend valor shine !
Und schweep dis Prussian vermin
Het und dails indo de Rhine !

BREITMANN'S LAST PARTY.

For fear of some missed onder standings, I would shtate, dat dis is only mean de last Barty dat Herr Captain Breitmann has ge given—*as yed.* Pimepy I kess he gife anoder von, und if I kits an in-leading, or indrotuekshun, I kess I'll go. I am von of de vellers dat vos ad de virst Barty, vhere mine cousin de Madilda Yane vas tansz mit Herr Breitmann.

FRITZ SCHWACKENHAMMER.

Olin Studiosus Theologiæ, now Uhlán free-lancer,
and Segretarius of Captain Breitmann.

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

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

How dey sweep de chateux !
 How dey grab oop de hens !
 Und gobble de toorkeys
 Shoot oop in de pens !
 Like de Angel of Deat'
 Dey are ragin abroad :
 You may track dem py fedders
 Knee-deep in de road.

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

O der Breitmann ish on,
Und der Rreitmann is on,
Und mit him de Uhlans
Are ploonderin gone.
De demon of fengeance
His wings o'er them vave,
Mit deir fingers like hooks,
Und de breat' of de grafe.

Dey coom to a castel,
So shplendid, of bricks
Franzosen defend it.
Das help em gar nichts.
For de Uhlans hafe take it,
Dey smash in de gate,
Und inshpired by Gott's fury,
Dey shdole all de plate.

From shamber to shamber
Dey fighted deir way,
Till dead in de hall
De Franzosen all lay ;
Und dere shtood a madchen
So lieblich und hold,
Who laugh at de dead
Troo her ringlocks of gold.

Den der Breitmann, all plooty,
To'm madel so lind,
Spoke courtly und tender:
"Vy laughst dou, mein kind?"
Denn de plue-eyed young peaudy,
Mit lippe so red,
Said, "Vy *not* shall I laughen?
Dose Frenchmen are dead.

“ I coom hear from Deutschland,
De shildren to teach ;
Dey mock me for Deutsch,
Und dey sneer at mine sbeech ;
Und since de war kkomm,
Dey vas nearly gone mad,
You wouldn't peliefe.
How dey dreet me so pad.”

Mit a tear Breitmann bend,
To de peaudifool miss ;
“ Crate Gott! cans't dou suffer
Soosh horrors ash dis ?”
His arm round de maiden
Der hero has bound,
Und it shtaid dere goot while,
'Fore dey got it unwound.

“ Ho! fetch me de diamonds!

Ho! shell out de rings!

Mit all in de castle

Of dat sort of dings.”

’Twas brought to de Captain—

A donderin load:

At de veet of de madchen

Dat ploonder he trowed.

“ Ho! pring oos champagner!

Und light oop de hall!

Dis night der Herr Breitmann

Will gife you a ball.

Dat pile of dead vellers,

Vot died for La France,

May see, if dey like,

How de Shermans can tance.”

Dey find laties' garments,
Und—troot to confess—
Likewise som Frantsch maidens,
Who help dem to tress.
De rest of de Uhlans,
Who hadn't soosh loves,
Fixed oop in black clothes
Mit white chokers und gloves.

Now hei! for de fittles!
Und hei! for clavier!
For de tantz of de Uhlans—
De men of de speer!
How de shendlemen ashk
If dey'd bleaze introduce;
How de ladies mit beards
Were called Espionnes Prusses!

Hei, ho! how dey tanzét!
Hei, ho! how dey sang!
How mit klingen of glasses
De braun arches rang!
How dey trill from deir hearts,
Ash dey pour out der wein,
De songs of de Oberland,—
Songs of der Rhein!

Und madder und wilder,
All whirlin around,
Vent Hans mit de maiden
In Bachanal bound.
She helt to his peard,
Und dey gissed as if mad;
I tont dink dat efer
Vas dimes like dey had.

Boot calm in de hall,
Ever calm on de floor,
Was a row of still guests
Dat wouldt tantz nefermore.
Mit plood shtreams black winding,
Der lord mit his men,
When der Youngest Day cooms
Hans may meet dem acain.

Hoorah for der Uhlan,
So rash und so wild !
Hoorah for der Uhlan,
Der teufel's own child !—
Dis ish "Breitmann's Last Barty,"
Dey'll sing it for years ;
De lords of de lanzes,
De sons of de speers.

For dey frighten de coountry,
Dey ploonder de toun,
Und when dey are oop
De Franzosen go doun;
For pefore de wild Norseman
Weak Southrons moost flee:
Ab ira Normannorum
Libera nos Domine!

GLOSSARY.

- Abbordez moi vodre mere*, (German-French)—Bring me your mayor.
- Arriere pensee*, (Fr.)—A reserved thought or intention.
- Angen*, (Ger.)—Eyes
- Bauern*, (Ger.)—Peasants.
- Bellin*, (Ger. Bellen)—To bark.
- Brucke*, (Ger.)—Bridge.
- Eckhartshausen*—A German supernaturalist.
- Engel*, (Ger.)—Angel.
- Foxen*, Ger. *Fuchsen*—Foxes
- Gar nichts*, (Ger.)—Not at all.
- Hab' und Guter*, (Ger.)—Property.
- Herzbruder*, (Ger.)—Heart's brother.
- Kitin-kiting*, (Amer.)—Sailing.
- Lanze*, (Ger.)—Lance.
- Larmen*—The French word *larmes*, tears, made into a German verb.
- Lebendig*, (Ger.)—Living.
- Luftballon*, (Ger.)—Air-balloon.
- Mondenlight*—Moonlight.
- Out-ge-poke-te*—Out-poked
- Pickle-haube*, (Ger.)—The spiked helmet worn by Prussian soldiers.
- Reue*, (Ger.)—Repentance.
- Ringe*, (Ger.)—Rings.
- Schwer*, (Ger.)—Heavy
- Se'fe*, (Ger. *Selbe*)—Same.
- Studen*, (Ger.)—Leagues. About 4½ English miles.
- Yar*, (Ger. *Jahr*)—Year.
- Uhn*, (Ger.)—Owl

