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Der Junge Breitmann

IN

South Africa.

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—
1900.

PREFACE.

The two first pieces were written in 1899. Since then, our trusty friend and counsellor, Mr. Punch, has made a new and promising departure, and nothing could be more in the desired spirit and humour, than the issue of the 7th of this month, with its demand for a c-l-e-a-n- s-w-e-e-p in Pall Mall.

The forecast "in Ireland there will some trouble be, before things have gone very far" in Breitmann's moralisings, has already been realized in the re-union of the Irish Parliamentary party, with the object of fomenting political and social mischief, for which ample scope is provided in the Irish County Councils. The Bill which by law establishes these assemblies, cannot but be regarded by sensible people as of that Home Rule type, and therefore secessionist character, which Unionist voters both detest and repudiate.

When John brushes up his intelligence,
And makes of his wits better use,
Excessive forbearance he'll learn and digest
Only leads to good nature's abuse.

February, 1900.

THE AUTHOR.

DER BREITMANN IN AFRICA.

Like *mein* own alter *Vater*
I haf gone me to der war
Der Breitmann—name so famous
Ich bin nun in Africa.

John Bull he make big bloonder
Mit his "South African farm,"
I have gone in search of ploonder
Mein büchse unter mein arm.

Der Boer er ist mein Bruder
Nicht Steads—*der Kerl ist dumm ;*
If I vas Stead his pardner
I soon would throw him *um.*

Mein Bruder und I ve ploonder
And steal and rob—*jawohl ;*
Ve haf got John Bull in ein corner
Der John ist in ein hole.

Ve laugh at his *generalen*—
Mein Gott ve lachen dem aus ;
Ve dreif dem bäck, ve hem dem in
Im fliegenden sauss sauss.

While dey spiels footballs mit deir men,
 Ve tief in trenches revel
 Mit all deir tagtigs plotten und plans,
 Ha ha ! ve spiel de Devil.

Polztan und how dey *helfen uns*
 In England far away,
 Ein Duke bids kritig's hold deir jaws
 He help all our warplay.

Der Punsch-Ach was für *ein Dummkopf*
 Ist Punsch dis several year,
 Ach Punsch he badly want a drink
 Of some goot Cherman Bier.

Den vould there be in Punsch some fun
 Some *gutes zeichnen* too,
 Since poor Du Maurier vas gone
Mein Punsch kein witz hast du.

Der Punsch he mock der "armchair mann"
Der Engländer dot "thinks"
Der Engländer dot tries to clean
Ein stable dot *einfach*—schtinks.

Die Engländer dey boast demselves
 Possessed of common sense,
Mein lieber freund John Bull *du hast*
Davon—*nehmt kein* offence

Nicht ein begriff den *Sentimental*
Bist Du zu *dein* finger tips.
 Why not you use your Indian Troops
 Why hold dem in de slips

Der Common sense in England *wohnt*
Ja nur in die Köpfen der Frauen,
 Warum now not you heed Miss Swan?
Du schaust ja immer ins blauen.

You call your *Indischen Truppen* blacks
Du Esel thrice *verflucht*
Kameel-vy you might choost as vell
 Have *Indien* ne-er *besucht*.

Insult your *Indischen truppen*, ja
Beschimpf your Indian Princes!
Weisst Du ja nicht dein Army ist
 Der "Empire" dot "convinces."?

Der Kruger und *der Breitmann* ve
Wir lachen und jodeln und pfeiffen,
 Wir *lachen* at all your Generals
 Die in front can only *augreifen*.

Your *Kriegs* office in nice Pall Mall
So furchtbar unelastisch ;
 Your mobilisation of volunteers
So steif und recht unpractisch.

Mein lieber John *du scheinst nur doch*
Im Krieg ganz auf der see.
Weun Du nicht willst clean out Pall Mall
Willst du wohl rufen O weh!

Your *artillerie* dot cannot shoot
 Dot is quite behind de times!
 Your quick schips made to go quite slow
 For no goot reason nor Rhymes!

Your English horses sent to where
Mein Gott dey are no use!
Du lieber Himmel dear John Bull
 Indeed you are von Goose!!

DIE SALZ GHURKEN.

(*The Pickled Gherkins.*)

Der comes *mein Vetter* from *Brandenburg*
Er wandert over de sea.
 He brings mit him *die Salz ghurken*
 For *Krüger und Joubert und me.*

Die Salz ghurken, Oh funny tings
 Dem cucumbers dey be,
 Dem funny ghurken dey sing each one
Gewaltig melodie.

Dey pack dem in de Piano case
 Of *Hechstein Trancke und Sohn*
 But not piano die ghurken sing
 Nein forte is rader de tone!

Ve drags dem oop die *Kopjes und bergs*
 Ve make dem sing and shout
 Ve make dem bellow *und brüll und schrei*
Du Engländer ged out!

Der pickle be goot for many tings
 And vaste it vos great sin
 So venn ve take some gherkins out
 Ve poots some *Engländer* in.

John Bull *du hast besser* choost stir tings oop
Und swear till all is blue!
 If you don't pickle some rods John Bull
 Ve soon shall be sorry for you!

Ja John du hast some Goorkhen too
 And noble fellows dey are,
 But you not use dem—call dem Blacks
Em bischen stoopid? *Nicht wahr?*

DE JUNGE BREITMANN'S BARTY.

Mein alter vater of renown
Der Breitmann long ago
He gave ein famous party
Ich weiss nicht wirklich wo.

He spended dollars freely
In Barrels of Lager Bier
It vos odder peoples dollars
But dats neither dere nor here.

I too haf given *mein* barty,
Der Krüger came and *Koch*
De same at Elandslaagte
Did tumble in *ein loch*.

Der Joubert came und Krüger
And all de oder men
De Heroes of de Transvaal
De gold vas plenty den !

Dey brought deir *büchsen* mit dem
And some de Jambok too.
Du Jambok *dass ist Mächtig*
To flog de blacks—*Weisst Du ?*

And also to persuade de *Kerls*
 Vot did not like de war.
 To help in requisitions
 De Jambok vas goot for.

De dinner vos *al fresco*
 Quite close to Krüger's farm
 Ve sat down *heiter* jolly
 Quite free from all alarm.

Und dere vos several Frenchmen
Ach gott die "persiflage"
 Vos vonderful till J—b—t
 Drank too much "Hermitage"

A solemn Kerl is J—b—t
 He likes his white *wein* still,
 His nerves to keep quite tranquil
 De Ruineks to kill.

He solemn drunk vos like an owl,
 So he vos solemn—rude.
 He said "Fashoda" was—a shame
 "Dat France—misunderstood."

De way—to fight de Ruineks"
 "Deir generals vos trash"
 I saw de nearest Frenchman
 Would soon do someting rash.

De Frenchman like a madman
 Seized J—b—t by de nose
 Said he vos one dam huguenot
 And jump upon his toes.

Der J—b—t seize de Frenchman
 And shake him by the beard
 Until de little boulevardier
 His face was sorry and seared.

Den J—b—t shake him in de air
 Und fling him on de floor
 Der *Frauzos* got de worst of it
Mein gott his bones vere sore !

Ein Irländer sprang oop to take
 De little Frenchman's part,
 He took and broke on J—b—t's head
 Ein prächtig apple tart.

Half blinded vos der Hero
 De sauce filled in his eye,
 He cried " Vere is mein Jambok ?"
 " I'll vip him till he die."

Poztausend Donnerwetter
 And there vos ein polter-row
 Till de noise disturbed de slumber
 Of Krüger his old sow.

She thought de ruineks vos dere
 She dashed in to de charge,
 She rooshed against de table—
 Now dat pig vos very large.

She oopset all de table
 De table cloth *und* all,
 Almächtig vos de boddle crash
Und all *der gläser* fall !

Ve fought among de pieces
 Der J—b—t und de lot
 I vished I vas an *Uitländer*
 De combat vas so hot.

Wir haben uns geschlagen
 Till kein boddle it vas sound
 De waste of *wein* vos terrible
 And *blutig* vos de ground.

You would have thought de Ruineks
 Mit bayonets had been there
 Dem nasty tings dots through you
 Before you are aware.

At last we stopped de fighting
 De battle it was stilled,
 When Krüger cried a bitter cry
 Dot his old sow vos killed!

A Frenchman he had thought de pig
 Vos Kitchener arrifed,
 He *vengé* had Fashoda
 De pig de *Kerl* had knifed.

It vos hard to get de wounded
 Carried home dat lifely day,
 For de cracking of de Jamboks
 Had scared de niggers away.

Dat vos de Breitmann barty
 Of eighteen ninety nine
 It vos *ein* jolly meeting
 But—dere vos a vaste of *wein*!

DER BREITMANN MORALISES.

Der Mond shines bright all over de *Veldt*,
Die Wachtfeuer day burn red,
Wir rauchen our pipes and vonder ourselves
Where next ve shall hail de lead.

Our trenches are *tief und breit und weit*
To hide ourselves away,
Ve not our lives to vaste intend
Entweder by *nacht* nor day.

De purple *Bergen* are kindly friends,
Die Koppes love us too,
Our ponies are just behind *der Kloof*
We can *satteln und fliehen im nu*.

Die *Führer* hold de *Krieges-rath*
Dem *Kerls* dey use deir brains
Dey quiet sit und rauchen deir pipes
Und dey tink not in vains.

Dey take tings quiet und tink deir best
Not bustlen *und jagen und sausen*
Der *Engländer schimpf* dem "sleepy" und "slow"
Energetic he is *zum brausen*.

Der Engländer *marschirt sich weh*
Kommt müde up to our trenches,
 Except de Kerlen bei Colesberg
 Die schaar dot is General French's.

Ja energy *ganz mächtig ist*
 Vhen probberly diregted,
Aber mein lieber John when not
Die sache were best neglegted.

Who vas it denn dat said dat dirt
 Is matter in wrong places?
 Ja energy in *dummeszeug*
 Make long de English faces?

De day is past when energy
Allein kann grosses leisten,
 De recent wars dis simple fact
Gauz tüchtig sie beweisten.

Mein bruder Boer und ich we knew
 Ein cannon take year to make
 If you not have your armament
 In time your Power it break.

Der Chamberlain dey say is like
 Em horse mit blinkers on,
 Gewiss but denn he only like
 Most English onder de sonn'.

Dey sees straight on in front of dem
 Dey sees like any tings,
 But never to de right nor left,
 Dem blinkers trouble brings.

Choost as de ancient Roman made
 His ancient Roman road,
 Straight oop de hill und down again
 He drags his heavy load.

He never tink of going around
 Of using any curve.
 He waste his strength and his energy
 He waste also de nerve.

Der Deutscher once not practisch was
 Too much he theorise,
 But now in efery possible way
 He use his mental eyes.

Der tapfere Engländer must do
 Ach ja de very same
 If not of the world Empire
 Dere *bleib* only de name.

Ach he is proud of his Free trade
 Free trade he has not got,
 Free purchase only hat der *Kerl*
 Free sale most certainly not.

We boycott all his goods and tings
 He scream for de open door,
 He cannot see dat de "countervail"
 Would save this shout and roar.

He stop and seize de contraband
 If found on German ships,
 Die German ships would not be there
 If only he opens his lips.

And tell his statesmen mind deir work
 A liddle use deir brains,
 Not laze and idle while de trade
 Away it slowly drains.

Die Germans ein subvention give
 To efery German line,
 No dey will never subventionize
 Ha! ha! dey fools and blind.

De Germans tink deir fleets are big
 Because they are so clever,
 Tis true but also-ja-because
 De English theorise never.

Die theorie der Engländer
 Can *niemals* understand,
 His legs und arms can't help him dere
 Alas for Engelland!

His von idea vhen tings goes wrong
 Is how to rob de rich,
 Die fabricants und de middle class
 Kaufmänner and "all sich."

To drive de capital all away,
 To Germany or to France,
 To any place vhere honest laws
 Gives honest peoples a chance!

In Eighteen hoondred und eighty six
 Dere sprang oop ein demand
 For common-sense in de government
 To keep togedder de Land.

De people vas sick of de Gladstone theft
 Und die Gladstone recreance too.
 Opportunismus dodge und shift
 Vas plain in public view.

De people cried for honest laws
 Und practical—vell throught out,
 Not crude panaceas—vot Goschen call
 Home rulers dey put to rout.

Dey also cried for morality
 Dot contracts dey should be kept,
 And not by Parliament Chicaneurs
 Be broken and quite aside swept.

Dey wanted attention to demselves
 To mend deir wasteful laws,
 De Poor law, Drink law, Company law,
 To stop devouring maws.

Dey wanted to clean oop demselves
 Em bischen civilize,
 To make deir social system sweet
 Stay tings that brutalise.

Dey cried out too that de Protestants
 In Ireland should be upheld,
 And not made slaves of de Catholics
 And unto de Priests be sold.

Die Englander from a new "partei"
 Demselves dey Unionists call,
 But soon dere leaders shows demselves
 As bad-ja-von and all!

For law and order de people cried
 It vas honest that people vas,
 John Bull he have a great honest heart
 But de leaders vos tricky as gaz.

Dey schwindled deir followers day and night,
 Deir friends dey snare und cajole.
 Mit Unionist men und Home Rule Bills,
 Mit Tory men dot high treason wills,
 Mit Priest rule dot high thinking kills,
 Down hill dat party roll.

Mein friends-der Breitmanns Bumblers we
 Und loafers theives ve are,
 Dese men have made of Ould Ireland
 De place for us *nicht wahr*?

No man vot is sane and industrious
 Vould build him a mill in dere,
 To be ruled und ruined by Tammany men
 To be shot by de rebels gewehr.

Dese statesmen dese self seeking kerls
 By treason and by Diebstahl,
 For poor John Bull by his very side
 Have made choost anoder Transvaal!

If Gladstone robbed der landlord mann
 De Unionists rob him worse,
 Pretending de while to be his friend
 De landlords dem dey curse.

Of dose vot placed dese men in power
 De Irish protestants were
 De hardest workers—now look you
 Dese protestants simply swear.

Dey swear dot they have been deceived,
 Dey swear deir leaders haf lied,
 Dey see deir suffrage taken away
 Deir protestant hands are tied.

Here in de veldt ve haf Irishmen
 Who hate John worse dann we,
 De very worst men ve have in de camp
 Greater rogues dere cannot be.

Dese men have been made of Ireland lords
 Promoted to top of de tree,
 De wastrel he is lord paramount,
 Helots dose protestants be.

In Ireland since dose clever bills
 De protestants Uitlanders are,
 In Ireland dere will some trouble be
 Before tings have gone very far.

Ja es wird sein wie im Transvaal
 No fair suffrage at all,
 De idle mann is master und lord
 De industrious stumble und fall.

Dese statesmen say deir plooder bills
 Dey are frankly democratic.
 If minorities haf no minority vote
 Where is your social static.

De English clergy see sometings
 "Ha ha!" "dey say this day
 "Is goot for us, let us imitate"
 "Dese statesmen in deir play."

"Dese statesmen? try de people to blind
 Dey cast dem dust in de eyes"
 So parsons call demselves priests to-day
 Und dazzle de people mit lies.

"De Unionist men und de Home Rule bills."
 Oh dis is prime dey say
 "For a Protestant church mit Romanist priests"
 "Let us make dese Protestants pay."

"Come dull deir consciences, narrow deir minds,
 "Stunt deir intellects too,
 "Shuffle de lights und de candlesticks
 "Till dey change old lamps for new."

De clergy embezzle de protestant gold
 And humbug de people alway,
 De faithless statesman und forsworn clerk
 Dey rule all England to-day.

De Chicaneur man politician or priest
 John Bull I vill tell you vot
 How vonderful ever der *Kerl* may be
 Ein "Gentleman" he is not!

Each fights for dignities place und pay
 For self und for no vone else,
 The world looks on in astonishment
 Deir horror each other dey tells.

Brush up thy wits John Bull goot man
 If you vant your goot realm to save,
 Remember how great de resemblance is
 Between a fool and a knave!

Make use of some good clean water John Bull
 Go in for some moral ablution,
 Instead of indulging each fresh six months
 In a sixpenny revolution.

Get back your good name for Character!
 Get back your good name for Sense!
 As well your good name for true Piety!
 The stumbling block and offence.

Cast out, just look at your great St. Pauls
 Tricked out like a great music hall,
 Or like some Jesuit church in Rome,
 John Bull make your idols to fall!

(When you look to the east to the reredos
 As to which opinions vary
 On the highest point you can plainly see
 The image of the Virgin Mary)

Cast out the sin of dishonesty!
 Clear out your mind of cant!
 Drop all that unctuous rectitude!
 And sentimentalist rant!

Cease all your mental carelessness!
 Pull your good brains together!
 You will want them all before long John Bull
 In uncommonly stormy weather.

Now vy do I der Breitmann beg
 John Bull to stir himself oop,
 Because after all not do I like
 To see old England stoop.

Im Breitmann is *ein bischen ja*
 Of wandering gipsy *blut*,
 We love our freedom—ach too much
Wir lieben es mit gluth.

Dem Boers are tyrants all of dem
 De worst of aristocraten,
 De Jambock is de Boer ensign
 In cruelty *sie waten.*

Nor do I forget de Napoleon times
 Nor me nor yet my henchmen,
 Dat but for English bulldog pluck
 Mein Gott we had all been Frenchmen.

MATRIMONY.—German and English.

In einem Kühlen Grunde

Da geht ein Mühlen-rad
In de mill dere lived ein Mädchen
But ach no dollars she had!

Ve flirted und kissed und courted
Ve vandered among de pines;
In Schwaben dere flowed de millstream
Vere grows some schplendid Weins.

She vas ein beautiful madchen
A maid mit wonderful eyes,
Dey sparkled like de Millstream
But ve parted mit mutual sighs.

I vos de heir of de *Grossbauer*
De richest *bauer im thal*,
I could not make of de *Mädchen*
Mein choice *mein weib mein wahl*

Ein echter Deutscher I followed
De law of de "do ut des"
Mein schatz can give me no dollars
So I stick to my own marriage fees.

*In einem Kühlen grunde
 Da geht ein Mühlen-rad*
 She married ein toller Engländer
 I wish dot wife I had.

ENGLISH.

Deep in an English chine there flows
 A mill-stream to the sea,
 The English water frets its banks
 In longing to be free.

A maiden stands beside the shade
 Of the ponderous Mill-wheel,
 Her lover's arm is round her waist
 His lips they kisses steal.

The lovers are as poor as be
 Proverbial church mice,
 But with true English recklessness
 They marry in a trice.

He woos, they vows exchange, they wed,
 In haste their bliss they seek,
 Essay to bring up a family
 On fourteen shillings a week.

They drift downhill to court and slum,
 The husband takes to drink,
 If these two had not wed at all,
 T'would have been better I think.

MORAL BY BREITMANN.

It is not good to push too hard
De principle "do ut des"
Sentiment dat is very good
But not drunk to de lees.

If Engelland und Germanie
Would each learn of de odder,
I tink that in dis vicked world
Dere would be much less bodder.

DE KAFFEE MACHINE.

Ve coomed von day to an empty farm,
De folks vas goned away.
Gone south *geschreckted* by de war
Und der Breitmanns *Schlacht* array
Dot terrible battle array.

Now ven you goes campaigning out
De *brod* is like to be bad
Und *Kaffee* ja gutes *Kaffee getrank*
I tell you is not to be had.
Der Deutscher dot make very sad.

You vant *eine gute Deutsche Magd*,
Ein madchen mit ash blond hair
To make your *Kaffee zum Fruhstük mahl*
Dat *Kaffee* take skill to prepare,
Take patience *sehr viel ja sehr*.

But in dis empty farmhouse ve found
Ein peautiful schplendid machine,
Old fashioned but in its yong day *jawohl*
Dot patent ein wonder had been,
None better had efer been seen.

Der vas two beautiful great glass globes
 In de vone de hot vater you boil,
 De oder full hold *das Kaffee gebrau*,
 Dis plan save much labour toil
 Und *auch* de domestic turmoil.

But you must indeed very careful be
 To boil dot machine not too long.
 Ten minutes exact to de second or else
 It vill sing you a vonderful song
 Dot boiler vill plaatz ding dong !

Von morning ein fruhstück fein ve had
 Leberwurst und de Limburg Käs
 Ve felt quite safe as no ruinek come
 Widin miles of dat odourous place !
 Und Krüger der gast said grace.

Now Schultz von Hameln had lighted de lamp
 Of de Kaffee machine so grand,
 De sand glass fixed for ten minutes it vos
 And as Krüger said grace dot sand
 Ve vatched—ve der Breitmann's band.

But vonce dat Krüger he open his mouth
 He not very easy to stop
 And ven im Transvaal Krüger he speak
 Mein Gott you can hear a pin drop
 Interrupt and your ear may be crop.

I dont quite know was it leber Wurst
 Or de Käs for which he tank Gott
 Die Käs or de Wurst or Wurst or de Käs
 I dont know vchich it vos not
 Now de Kaffee meanwhile it get hot.

Ven sodden he saw dat de Koffee pot stand
 It vas bainted a nice bright red,
 As a rag to a bull vos dot nice liddle stand
 And he prayed for de general de head
 Of de Ruineks—Ach vot he said!

He blessed that Buller und all of his men
 He blessed them from toe to the crown
 He blessed dem till his sweet voice it crack
 He blessed dem all oopside down.
 De Kaffee vos boiling nice brown.

De sand vas roonin und roonin away
 I wanted jawohl to speak,
 But Kruger vas blessin so terribly strong
 Dot I feelded terrible weak
 Dose grace seemed lasting a week.

Der Kruger he shouted and brülled wie ein ox
 Der Buller und England he curst
 “Der Rhodes und Chamberlain, Jameson” he cried
 “I not of dem know which de worst”
 “Dam”—ven plaatz ei! dat coffee pot burst!

Ei! potz donnervetter we tumble on de floor
 Of Krüger you should joost see de face
 He tought it was Engländer big lyddite shell
 Die glass splinters flew round de place
 And dot ended gast Krüger his grace.

DE TAILOR IN DEMONIUM.

A very free translation from the German.

Dere vos ein liddle Schneider
He *Schlendert* oop de strass
When booms ! he met der Teufel
Dot would not let him pass.

De Teufels clothes vas all worn out
Mit roonin oop and down.
“ You comes mit me ” der Teufel said
And see mein liddle Town.

Where all de lifely peoples goes
Und all de lawyers bench.
Ve paint the Town a pretty red
And ve vill teach you French.

You komm with me and make new clothes
For all mein peoples too,
For liddle De'ils de liddle coats
For dem be made by you.

Der Schneider mit der Teufel went
 Who took him by de arm,
 But soon he found de atmosphere
 It vas *ein bischen* warm.

De peoples very lifely was
 Dey danced—vy should dey not
 But I vill tell you privately
 De ground vos very hot.

But lifely as dese peoples vas
 Der Schneider lifelier still
Der Schelm he blayed some naughty tricks
 For choost de time to kill.

He took his measuring stick and beat
 De Deevils mit all his might,
 Deir—vell dose liddle Deevils dey said
 He vas most impolite.

“Herr Meister” cried they one and all
 “Choost turn dis Schneider out”
 “Ve really rader vould mooch prefer
 “Dem clothes to be widout.”

And den he took his needles
 And also took his thread,
 Sewed up deir liddle noses,
 Dey wished dot dey vas dead.

Ve cannot sing American songs
 Ve cannot American talk.
 What shall ve do when comes dose girls
 Dose lifely Belles of New York?

“Herr Meister” cried they one and all
 “Please turn dot Schneider out”
 “Ve vould entirely quite prefer”
 “Dem clothes to be widout.”

And denn he took his iron
 And heat it in de fire,
 And den he smooth deir creases out
 Deir agonie was dire.

And den he his big scissors took
 And cut off deir liddle tails
 “How pretty now you look” said he
 Ach! loud vas de liddle wails.

“*Ach lieber Meister*” cried dey all
 “Choost turn dis schneider out.
 “Ve quite indeed vould rader prefer”
 “Dem clothes to be widout.”!!

“*Ha du vermalerdeiter Kerl*”
 Der Teufel loud he cried
 “Choost you get out of here and quick”
 He opened de door wide,

And kick de liddle Schneider-gesell
 Right oop into de street,
 De schock was somewhat violent
 But de change vas very sweet.

And dis is vhy in Demonium
 No tailor is allowed
 And dis is vhy dey talk so much
 And also talk so loud!

JACOB BLIVENS—JOHN BULL.

With apologies to Mark Twain.

Haf efer you read dat wonderful tale
Dot told vas by Mark Twain
Of Jacob Blivens dat good liddle boy
Dot vos choost *ein* liddle insane.

He readed dose wonderful Sunday Books
About dose good liddle boys,
Dot wouldnt play marbles on Sunday at all
Und gafe away all deir toys.

Dot save all deir good liddle money
To give to the poor Black men,
Dose sweet moral chest protectors
Inscribed mit a pious pen.

He wanted to see dose School boys
But found dat dey always died,
While round dere dear liddle deathbeds
Deir brothers and sisters cried.

Dey always seemed to be buried
By peoples whose pantaloons
Was much too long or deir bonnets too large
Of tears joost weepin full spoons.

Vere de medicines right or de medicines wrong
 Vas the illness sudden or stealthy,
 Mit a last dyin speech dey all died young,
 Dot seemed to be very unhealthy.

Der Jacob Blivens he wanted to be
 Choost one of dose good liddle boys,
 He wanted ja ein partaker to be
 Of deir insalubrious joys.

He wanted to make a last dyin speech
 In vich he his grandmother told,
 To suck dem eggs of unspottedness
 "Choost look a me—Behold!"

He vos a good boy he would nobly give
 To de mother of six one penny,
 And tell her not reckless to squander dat gold
 Nor extravagant be mit any.

But nothing happened to dat goot boy
 As vos told in de Sunday School books
 Of oder goot boys, though quite like them
 He vas both in doings and looks.

Von day he unto an orchard came
 Where sat a bad boy on a tree—
 An Apple tree robbin and eating his fill
 Vot vas dreadful for Jacob to see.

Der Jacob rebuke him "How vicked you are"
 "To be robbin dot goot farmer Giles"
 "You vill slip—fall down—as all vicked poys do"
 "Be hurt and laid up long vhiles."

Dat naughty boy slip—but on Jacob he fall
 And break good boy Jacob *his* arm,
 T'was Jacob vas laid up for long long vholes
 Dot vicked boy came to no harm !

Von Sunday der Blivens he stood by de sea
 He stood on a stage of logs,
 He saw some vicked boys launchin a boat
 To go out to sea mit deir dogs.

De bad boys shouted de bad dogs barked
 Dey vas all as happy as could be,
 But Jacob he tell dem how vicked it vas
 On Sunday to go on de sea.

Assuredly dey vould be very sea sick
 Und also dat dey vould be drowned,
 When suddenly Jacob he slipped on a log
 Dot vas rotten mit someting unsound.

He falled in de water and nearly he sank
 And when in de end he got home,
 His fader did flog him for wetting his clothes
 And told him so far not to roam.

(To Jacob vos happen ja odder queer things
 Surprising things dot I could name,
 Choost go and you read them in those funny books
 By Mark of de glorious fame.)

Der Jacob he not understand dis at all
 For de vicked boys had a good time,
 Not seasick they vere nor vas any von drowned
 Dis not mit de Sunday books rhyme.

Still Jacob vent on vith his vonderful vays
 To dem more than efer was addicted.
 He never learnt sense so de oder school boys
 They joost put him down as "afflicted."

Now in Europe is joost such another good boy
 His name is John Bull and "afflicted,"
 Like Jacob he is in de very same vay
 To Sunday school books much addicted

And also to books of Economic
 Political, social, de same
 Vot vas written by Cobden Club authors so good
 So kindly, so quite free from blame.

He tried like der Blivens to live oop to dem
 Dese blameless onprejudiced books,
 But nothing turned out mit John Bull as it ought
 Now see you how foolish he looks!

De "white man's burthen" he take on himself
 But finds he gets nothing but kicks,
 Den Egypt he govern unselfishly—ja
 But find he get only pin pricks.

He say to de Transvaal revoltors "You are
 Bad boys but all you I forgive,"
 In return they arrange dot in de Transvaal
 No John Bull in freedom shall live.

They rob all his friends—mit de money dey buy
 Condottieri and rifles and goons,
 And when he complain they his beoples annex
 And bombshells dey change him for boons!

In Ireland he give to de rebels and rogues
 Pretty nearly whatever dey ask,
 As soon as dey have—den dey start at afresh
 Of Rebellions de very old task!

He open his harbours and ports to de World
 And give to dat World Free trade,
 In return they make boycott of all of his goods
 Till his commerce is getting out played!

Dey all of dem say “what an idiot is dat”
 “Indeed dot John Bull is afflicted,”
 “Ve not like him at all for queer is dot boy”
 “And to giving us trouble is addicted.”

They say he is like de queer boy of de School
 Dat play all de games mit wrong rules,
 Dot uses a golf club instead of a bat
 And is making of all of dem fools.

De end of the Blivens vos dat he vos blown
 Choost to pieces mit dynamite cans,
 If Bull not he alter de world fall on him
 And beat him mit rods and rattans.

MORAL.

The moral of this is dat little Johnnie Bull
 Whose losses exceed all his gains,
 Should descend from the skies to his old mother Earth
 Remember t'was She after all gave him birth
 That what the World knows is of some little worth
 And make better use of his brains!

For readers "who have no German."

DER BREITMANN IN AFRICA.

Büchse—rifle. *Dumm*—foolish. *Um*—over. *Im fliegenden*, etc.—in a flying gallop. *Zeichnen*—drawing. *Einfach*—simply. *Davon*—of it. *Begriff*—conception. *Augreifen*—attack. *Himmel*—Heaven.

THE BARTY.

Ich weiss, etc.—I really don't know where. *Loch*—hole. *Mächtig*—mighty. *Weisst Du?*—you know? *Gläser*—glasses. *Wir haben*, etc.—we fought.

DER BREITMANN MORALISES.

Wachtfeuer—watch-fires. *Entweder*—either. *Im nu*—immediately. *Krieges-rath*—council of war. *Schimpf*—call names. *Brausen*—effervescence. *Weh*—ill. *Müde*—tired. *Die Sache*—the matter. *Allein*, etc.—alone can achieve great things. *Ganz*, etc.—satisfactorily proved. *Tapfer*—brave. *Gewehr*—rifle. *Wir lieben*, etc.—we love it with passion. *Waten*—wade.

MATRIMONY.

Grossbauer—wealthy peasant. *Thal*—valley. *Mühlen-rad*—mill-wheel.

DE KAFFEE MACHINE.

Geschreckted—frightened. *Schlacht*—battle. *Frühstück*—breakfast. *Sehr*—very. *Gast*—guest.

DE TAILOR.

Schlendert—sauntered. *Schelm*—rascal. *Gesell*—apprentice.