

pictured, and the remnants of colored pottery scattered about, indicate a degree of polish and refinement of which savages could not be susceptible. By whom these houses were erected, and these pictures and decorations designed, we can only conjecture. Whether they were reared by the same inhabitants whom Cabeza de Vaca, Marcos de Niza, and Vasquez de Coronado first made known to Europeans, or whether they were the work of earlier inhabitants, of the Aztecs, or the still earlier Toltecs, is mere matter of speculation. Whoever the people may have been, and whenever the structures may have been built, it is certain that the traveler in those regions finds much to wonder over in the strange masonry and fallen terraces which he meets.

He can there trace long lines of chambers; he can discover the places of beams, and joists, and rafters; and without much difficulty he can reconstruct in imagination, from what still remains, the habitations of a race which must once have had regular government, and laws, and policy. There, as well as in the marble wilderness of Rome, might the poet exclaim:

"Come and see
The cyprus, hear the owl, and plod your way
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples; ye,
Whose agonies are evils of a day—
A world is at our feet, as fragile as our clay!"

THEODORE H. HITTELL.

DITMARSCH AND KLAUS GROTH.

A PLATTDEUTSCH CHAT.

"Beer is keen Win, Win is keen Beer."

There is a long strip of the German Empire (say, the northern one-third, extending from the Rhine to Russian Poland, and especially comprising the lower Rhine lands, Westphalia, Hanover, what was once Lower Saxony, Holstein—and Ditmarsch—Mecklenburg, Pommern, and Brandenburg), to the natives of which the language of Lessing is an acquired tongue. Their vernacular, the speech of the farm and the nursery, is a mass of queer crystallizations of expression with few grammatical inflections to keep it from being jumbled. It is only when the young North German goes to school, and often not then, that he finds his tongue in the quasi Greek harness of conjugation and declension which marks high German—the language of Teutonic civilization—as distinct from Low German or Plattdeutsch.

English is Plattdeutsch; Dutch is Plattdeutsch; but, inasmuch as both English and Dutch have acquired a sort of autonomy among tongues, the name, Plattdeutsch, is rather limited to the unwritten, or more correctly, non-literary language of the North German. To illustrate, in a homely way, the affinities of the two speeches, English and Plattdeutsch, let us suppose that we take a batch of fine-bolted wheat flour; bake it, with its suitable ingredients, into a pancake; sprinkle it with loaf-sugar; smear it with currant jelly; and, may be,

scatter over it a little ground cinnamon. The dish will represent the English tongue, starting with the wheat flour as the old Saxon and Frisian basis; the sugar being the Latin addition; the currant jelly, what we have borrowed from the French and Normand; and the cinnamon, a trifle we have picked up in our piratical sea maraudings from the Orientals. But if you bake your cake from unbolted flour, and eat it with no fancy additions, that would be the Plattdeutsch of Mecklenburg and Ditmarsch, a healthful article, good for the teeth and the complexion, but all full of lumps and rough edges, homely black bread, as it were.

If you have ever hung over a grocery counter in San Francisco, you perhaps have noticed that the grocer talked with his blond apprentice in a tongue that sounded strangely familiar, but unintelligible; and you have, may be, imagined that it might be very corrupt English spoken with a strong Germanic accent. You were mistaken a little—it was German spoken with an English accent; for the accent and pronunciation of Plattdeutsch are more akin to English than are those of any other branch of the Teutonic stem. Low German consonants are not bitten so sharply as they leave the mouth; it has the Anglo Saxon *th*, which High German has not; and its vowels are not so broad or long as in its more aristocratic sister.

Put the tips of your fingers and thumb of one hand together. If you call the thumb, with its insertion far down at the wrist, Plattdeutsch, the forefinger would be, let us say, Hollandish; the middle finger, English; the third, old, Low German of Charlemagne's time, and the little finger, Middle Low German; while the other hand might be called the High or Upper German division, commencing with Luther's New High German, and ending off, say with Ulfila's Gothic of the fourth century, which, however, is by some philologists ranked as the parent stem of both upper and lower German, and by some as a purely low German. And here, let me say that *low* German does not, primarily, mean vulgar German; nor does *high* German mean aristocratic. *Hill* German and *plain* German would be better renderings of *hoch* and *platt*.

Low German has been called the Doric German; but the expression—though, as regards its rusticity, somewhat happy—philologically, is incorrect. If the classes of Greek writers had but interchanged tongues, and if Xenophon and Plato had written Doric, and Theocritus had written Attic, then the literary position of Low German would be that of Attic German, as you might say; for in the matter of interchangeability of certain of the consonants, and the closing of the lips for the vowels, Low German has the Atticism and High German the Doricism on the scale of phonetics.

Scotch has been called the Doric branch of English; as a fact, it is simply purer Saxon, and, I might almost say, a closer sib of the Plattdeutsch. It would be practical, I fancy, to take a child born in the Lowlands, and, by slow migration, translate him to Vienna in such easy stages that he would never be able to designate when or where he left his English and commenced his German; nor where he dropped Plattdeutsch and entered upon High German.

There are probably as many different dialects of Low German as there are villages. Uniformity in that regard is as impossible, in fact, as to find vernacular English unchangeable, as you go from one district in England to another. It is the result of there being no written standard. Webster's spelling book has, in America, given us a sort of metallic tuning-fork, by which a certain degree of faulty uniformity has been gained; but when there are no written records, a language is apt to vary with every wind that blows—in short, to be modified according to every special influenza that attacks the human air passages, and to be the victim of every snuffle or whine that may be in vogue. Plattdeutsch has had no written standard, to give it a tramway, for over two hundred years.

Hence Ditmarsch Plattdeutsch is other, in some regards, than Mecklenburg Plattdeutsch; and the Hanoverian has a different speech from him of Pommern.

Plattdeutsch once, however, was literary; it had chronicles, legends, poems (Reynard the Fox was originally Plattdeutsch), and a mediæval written existence. One might class certain grand poems—now growing into popularity in a Wagnerian sort of way—as Middle Plattdeutsch; and the Plattdeutsch Genius of Language, looking back to his mediæval school-days, might well say, in a proud way, to his High German brother, as Entspekter Bräsig was wont to boast to his old school friend, Hawermann: "*In dem Stil, Korl, war ich Dich doch über.*"

But the High German, Luther, one day, handed in his exercise in the shape of a translation of the Bible; and it won so much praise from the pedagogues, and the nobility and gentry, that the slow Plattdeutscher flung down his copy-book in disgust, and went back to his farm, and abused his cattle, and made love, and quarreled, in his humble tongue, and but rarely thereafter cared to see himself down in black and white. So Plattdeutsch ceased to be written from the beginning of the seventeenth century; it then became essentially a vulgar tongue—a peasant's *patois*, almost. But an occasional bookworm looked into its old chronicles, and made glossaries, and discussed it as if it were already a corpse on the philological dissecting table.

It became the triumph of a modest Ditmarsch school-teacher to show that there was a current of blood yet in the Plattdeutsch language.

KLAUS GROTH was born at Heide (Heath), a market-town of Holstein, or rather of Ditmarsch, April 24th, 1819. To appreciate our author, it is as necessary to understand his native place as it is to know the Scottish Border to read Scott, or the Hudson to grow fond of Irving. Ditmarsch is the northwest corner of Germany between the outlets of the Elbe and Eider. Heide, a borough town in the middle of the northern half, became a very flourishing place in 1450, by reason of its being the capital established by the government of the so-called "Forty-eight," who form the centre of the traditional picture of the grand days of the Ditmarsch in a political aspect.

It was near Heide—to wit: at Hemmingsted, an adjoining parish—that the battle was fought in A. D. 1500, June 17th, in defense of the freedom of Ditmarsch against King John of Denmark, the Duke of Holstein, and Schlenz, the leader of the mercenaries called "The Guard,"

in which fight, the boors, under Wolf Isebrand, completely routed the King's forces and slew the Junker Schlenz, who fell at the head of his band. The elements helped the boors, and especially the opening of the dykes or bulkheads, whereby the battle-field was flooded.

Heide was afterwards—June 13th, 1559—destroyed utterly, and the Ditmarschers forced to swear allegiance to their royal neighbor, but sprang quickly into a prosperity which, as the centre of a well-cultivated agricultural community, it retained.

Ditmarsch is divided physically into two very distinctive kinds of land, namely, *Marsch* and *Geest*—*Marsch* land being the moist, fertile lands watered from the downpouring brooks and springs, shut in from the ocean by dykes and earthworks, dams and gates, flat, unbroken by anything of large growth, save where on a hillock, here and there, a pair of trees hang shadily over the farmer's home. On the other hand, *Geest* (barren) is sand-dune, difficult of cultivation (like the San Francisco park), where the huntsman has moderate sport after hares and rabbits, and where few acres now and then pay for cultivation. It is in allusion to this *Marsch* and *Geest* distinction, that the possessions of the Duke of Oldenburg were likened to Pharaoh's seven fat and seven lean kine, the *Geest* representing the lean and the *Marsch* the well-fed beasts.

If Alameda County could be cut out of its present place and spread out and smoothed down on the western side of San Francisco, which should be sunk into the bay, the tract so formed would be something like Ditmarsch. It would want Sherman Island to be planted out in the ocean to represent Büsum and the so-called "Koog" land; and there must needs be frost and snow to add to the effect.

A country of hedges, of embankments, of canals, of fields cut squarely by rectangular lines of ditch, of farms in like manner divided with broader water-ways, of green fields, fat cows, sturdy oxen, thatched roofs with the stork sentinel upon them, a land of careful farming, of broad-shouldered (*strom* is the word) men, of clean, ruddy, flax-haired women—that is Ditmarsch in its best aspect. It is a *comfortable* place where the boor (in Ditmarsch, an honorable word, like squire in New England) sits in his quaint old house, hears the lowing of his fat cattle as they are driven to feed at their stalls from the juicy hay, and gossips about the parish interests, while afar off rolls up the roar of the Haff, to remind him how large a world there is beyond his little corner, which may pour in upon him and sink him and his possession as was Büsum of old.

Ditmarsch is in a good sense what one might call communistic. Its legal organization is a legacy from its older days. It consists of two provinces, North and South Ditmarsch, which in turn are divided into parishes. The province has for prefect a native Ditmarscher; each parish has for mayor (*Vagt*) a native appointed from three proposed candidates elected by the boor class, which election is for life. Out of these elected deputies, the provincial Diet is formed. Of course, the deputy (*Vullmach*) is an eminently respectable boor.

The parish mayor, with a clerk (*Schriwer*), is the *ex-officio* notary, registrar of wills, etc.; and the mayors with the Landvogt form the provincial court. The code in use is particularly Ditmarschish, a relic of their days of independence. The boor is essentially as much a Tory as any Sir Leicester Dedlock could be. He has the doctrine of primogeniture, and, in short, every other pet faith of an English country gentleman, in his marrow. He is proud, rather despises the Geest folks, and patronizes the petty farmers and peasants struggling for life in his vicinage. He has many virtues and few vices; and has about as much appreciation of red republicanism and its excited antics as a ruminating ox would have of the feelings of a famished wolf. In old days his ancestors fought well for liberty. It would seem that he has it. His struggle with the ocean has made him vigilant. With less promise in his undertaking, his corner of land is one of the most fertile and charming in its way in all Germany. He keeps squalor and misery aloof, just as he watches the dyke and flood, by always keeping work in hand. So much for Ditmarsch, the birthplace of our poet.

Groth commenced his education at Tondern, at a seminary. He could not attend a university, either on account of his weak health, or want of funds; and accordingly received a modest appointment as teacher of a girls' school at Heide. While so engaged, he pursued his studies, and made distinguished progress in mathematics, natural science, and ancient and modern languages. It was fortunate, perhaps, that he was so cut short in the curriculum of school and university. He had the talents and perceptive powers of a great philologist; but had he followed an academic career, it is possible that, in lieu of the charming lyrics of his native land, he might have given us little beyond the dry bones of philological museums, fit to be cased up in grammars and dictionaries, but not affording the delight which his actual work has produced to his legion of admirers.

In 1847, his head was knocking against the

ceiling of his girls' school, and he gave up the place, intending to enter a university; but on account of his health, abandoned the project, and settled at Femarn, where he resided for six years, and wrote most of his poems. In 1853, he betook himself to Kiel, to be near the university there.!

In 1852, at Hamburg, he published his charming collection of lyrics and other poems, entitled *Quickborn, Volksleben in plattdeutschen Gedichten ditmarscher Mundart*. Quickborn is the name of a spring in Ditmarsch which runs both summer and winter, never failing or freezing.

The volume has gone through many editions; its contents are household words from one end of Germany to the other; and it was owing probably to their success and popularity that Fritz Reuter was encouraged to try a similar experiment with the Mecklenburg dialect.

The *Quickborn* now before me (ed. 1873, Berlin) opens with a poem to "My Mother Tongue" (*Min Modersprak*), which for pathos and tenderness recalls some of the sweetest verses of Burns. Indeed, it is evident, all through the book, that while the poet does not seek to copy the Scotch poets, he has studied them very closely; and in "Hans Schander" he has fairly localized "Tam O'Shanter and his Mare." "Min Annamedder" is a *very* Plattdeutsch "Airy Fairy Lillian."

Var de Gærn (For the Children) consists of a number of songs, verses, and prose, two of which I append, with translations, at the same time begging the critical reader not to be too hard upon my versions, as I intended them only as crutches whereby the tyro in German might travel through the original in parallel columns without too much trouble.

"De Krautfru" (The Crab Woman) is a charming bit of description of a local character with the load of poverty and basket of crabs on her back, and withal a strong fund of uncomplaining good sense in her heart. It is less refined, but more definite as a picture of character, than Chamisso's "Poor Washerwoman." *Wat sik dat Volk vertellt* is a series of *grugely* (to borrow a German word) stories, to be told by a warm fire, with ghosts shivering outside: "How Old Büsum was Engulfed," "Master John," "Dat gruli Hus" (The Haunted House), and "Hans Iwer, the werewolf." "Ut de ole Krönk" (Out of the Old Chronicle) are ballads as to the struggles of the mediæval Ditmarschers for

liberty. I append "De Slacht bi Hemmingsted," and "De letzte Feide."

"Wi gingn tosam to Feld" has a faint flavor of "John Anderson, my Jo, John," but nothing like plagiarism, even to the touchiest fault-finder. "Vullmacht sin Tweschens" is a thoroughly lovers' ditty; and shows how deeply the local life and its belongings had worked into the young poet's heart. Indeed, it is the local coloring and freshness that make the poems so captivating. In picking out a number of pieces to serve as examples, I have doubted if I have selected the most appropriate, all having a special charm in severalty.

Groth has published some prose *Vertellen* (Tellings, or Tales) of great originality; but his lyrics and ballads throw them so much in the shade, that it is likely that his earliest and youthful work will ever be the most popular.

The poet has received from the University of Bonn the academic honor of Doctor of Philosophy; and none could more richly deserve such a tribute for his services to his vernacular tongue.

In looking over popular works on language (so as to be sure that I had, in the foregoing, thrust forth no twig of philological heresy), I came upon an article by the great Oxonian professor, Max Müller, upon the language of Schleswig-Holstein. At first I was frightened lest I had been trifling with a subject which had already been fully discussed by a master and arch-priest in the temple of tongues; but I find that, to the American reader, my chat will be modestly supplemental, at least; and to such readers of THE CALIFORNIAN as have not already read "Chips from a German Workshop," I recommend the perusal of the article in question (Vol. III). Some of the selections there from Groth, I would have liked to adopt, particularly "Ole Büsum," but I have already usurped more space than was my original intention.

We would encourage all American students of German to look into the Plattdeutsch dialect, even before they have finished struggling with the High German branch. They will find in Groth and Reuter expressions that are old acquaintance; and in a literary point of view there is something healthy and hearty in the naturalism of the sketches of the north German's life, like a red-cheeked apple, which has not the mouldy-orange realism of the modern literary mob that believe in the Zola creed.

TRANSLATIONS FROM QUICKBORN.

FOR CHILDREN.—STILL, MY JOHNNY.

Still! my Johnny, list to me;
In the straw squeaks mousey wee;
On the twig the birdies sleep;
Close their wings, and, dreaming, peep.

Still, my Johnny, cry no more;
Bogy waits outside the door—
The moon is passing through the skies—
"Which child is't here that cries?"

O'er the tree so still and bare,
O'er the house, through Heaven and where
Gentle children meet the eye—
Look! he smiles down jollyly.

Then to Bogy doth he say,
"Let's be getting on our way."
So they go and stand together
There above the moor and heather.

Still! my Johnny, sleep away—
He'll be back with dawning day,
Shining down with yellow light
O'er the tree, from Heaven so bright.

The yellow flowers the grass among;
From apple-boughs, birds chirp a song.
Still, and close thine eyes to rest—
Hear the mousey in his nest.

THERE DWELT A MAN.

There dwelt a man in meadows green,
Who hadn't a cup or platter e'en.
To passing brook for drink he stooped,
And cherries plucked that o'er him drooped.

A jolly man! A jolly man!
He'd never a pot; he'd never a pan.
He ate the apples off the tree,
And slept in clover cosily.

The sun for him was time-piece good;
His bird-house was the shady wood;
They sang to him, nights, above his head,
And waked him up with the dawning red.

This man (oh, what a silly man!)
To be o'er nice at last began.
To be too fussy, he began—
We've lived in houses e'er since then—
Come! Let's off to the green again!

Vaer de Goern.—Still, min Hanne!

Still, min Hanne, hör mi to!
Lüttje Múse pipt int Stroß,
Lüttje Bageln slapt in Bom,
Röht de Flánt un pipt in Drom.

Still, min Hanne, hör mi an!
Buten geit de böfe Mann,
Daben geit de stille Maan:
„Kind, wull hett dat Schrigen dan?“

Aewern Bom so still un blank,
Aewert Hus an Heben lauf,
Un wo he frame Kinner süht,
Rif mal an, wa lacht he blif!“

Denn seggt he to de böfe Manu,
Se wüllt en beten wider gan,
Denn gat se beid, denn stat se beid
Aewert Moor un aewer de Heid.

Still, min Hanne, slap mal rar!
Morgen is he wedder bar!
Rein so gel, rein so blank,
Aewern Bom an Himmel lauf.

All int Gras de gelen Blom!
Bageln pipt in Appeldom,
Still un mak de Dgen to,
Lüttje Múse pipt int Stroß.

Dar wahn en Mann.

Dar wahn en Mann int gröne Gras,
De harr keen Schüttel, harr keen Tafel,
De drunk dat Water, wo he't funn,
De plück de Kirschén, wo se sunn'.

Wat weert en Mann! wat weert en Mann!
De harr ni Putt, de harr ni Vann,
De eet de Appeln von den Bom,
De harr en Bett vun luter Blom.

De Sünn dat weer sin Tafchenuhr,
Dat Holt dat weer sin Bagelbur,
De sungn em Abends aewern Kopp,
De wecken em des Morgens op.

De Mann dat weer en narrschen Mann,
De Mann de sung dat Gruweln an.
De Mann de sung dat Gruweln an:
Nu maet wi All in Hüfer wahn'. —
Kumm mit, wi wüllt int Gröne gan!

THE FIGHT AT HEMMINGSTED.

FEBRUARY 17, 1500.

"There lay his steed, there lay his sword,
And with them, kingly crown."

—*Ditmarsch Folksong.*

The King unto the Duke did say: "O brother of my heart,
"How can we make this free Ditmarsch of our brave realm a part?"

Reinhold of Milan heard the speech (of tawny beard was he);

And answered straight: "Unto the Guard, for aid, send presently."

When to the Guard the message came, they mustered many a sword;

They gathered fifteen thousand men, and o'er the Heath they poured.

And when the Guard were with the King, "My liege" ('twas said in mirth),

"Where lieth then this Ditmarsch land? In Heaven or on earth?"

"If 'tis not bound with chains to Heaven, and if on earth it lies"—

So, vaunting, spake the Junker Schlenz—"We'll make it soon our prize."

He bade the drummers roll their drums—his standards gaily fly,

And so, o'er road and bridge, they came, till they our land espy.

"Now ware thee, boor—the Guard—it comes;" from Meldorf was their course;

The helms and hauberts shone like gold—like silver gleamed the horse.

King John and his proud lords advance, in all the pomp of power,

While 'neath a wall at Braken, Wolf and his poor landmen cower.

The Meldorf road, in black'ning line, full thirty thousand tread—

From Wörden came a slender troop—a maiden at their head.

"Help us, O God, who dost all things in Heaven and earth dispose—"

Wolf Isbrand dashes from his fort—two hundred followed close.

And on the chain-coats rained the blows, and knights rolled in the sand;

And from the Geest the landmen came; and the flood poured o'er the land;

And down from Heaven came the snow; on horse and man fell blows—

Dim grows the Moor; the Geest is white; but red the passage grows.

The landmen cry: "The horses slay; but riders, let us spare;"

And barefoot with their bills they sprang; and their foes fell everywhere;

De Slacht bi Hemmingsted.

(1500, Febr. 17.)

Der lag do sin Ferd, dar lag sin Ewert,
Darto de küniglike Krone.

Ditmarscher Volkslied.

De König to den Herzog sprof: Dā hartley Broder min,
Wa frigt wi dat frie Ditmarscher Land? segg an, wa samt wi in?

As dat Reinold vun Mailand hör, de mit sin gelen Bart,
Da seggt he, wi schickt de Garr en Bab, dat uns en Bistand ward.

Sobald de Garr dat Wort man hör, rüft' se sik mächtig sehr,
Se rüft' wul sösteyndusent Mann, un trock daer de Heiloh ber.

Un as de Garr bi den König keem: „Dā Herr, min lewe Herr,
Wo liggt denn nu dat Dittmarscher Land, in Heben ober op de Er?“

„Das nich mit Reden ann Himmel bunn', op Er is dat to sinn'.“

Do sä de Junker Stenz mit Noth: denn wüllt wi't bald gewinn'!

He seet de Trummelsläger stan, de Fahnn de let he fleegn'
Se trocken ut aewer Weg un Steg, bet se dat Ländken fleegn. —

„Nu wahr bi, Bur, de Garr de kumt,“ von Möldorp jagt se her,
De Helm un Panzer schint as Gold, as Sülwer schint de Per.

König Hans un all wat Adel kumt mit groten Larm un Schall,
De Wulf de lurt mit wüde Burn bi Braken achtern Wall.

Bun Möldorp trock dat swart hendal, wul börtig dusent Mann:
Bun Wörden il en lütten Tropp, en Mäden gung vaeran.

„So hölp uns, Herr, Du heft dat Rif in Himmel un op Er!“

Wulf Isbrand stört ut de Schanz, twe Hunnert achterher.

Un op de Panzer fulln de Släg' un Rütters in den Sand,
Un vun de Geest dar keemn de Burn, un de Floth keem aewert Land.

Un dal vun Heben full de Snee, up Per un Minisch de Släg',
Blank war dat Moor un witt de Geest, un blöbi warn de Steg'.

De Duern schregen: stekt de Per un schont de Rüternecks!
Un sprungn barfoot mit Klüwerstöck un flogen links un rechts.

Till to the trenches driven down, all in the mire they
crawled;
Along the dyke, both man and beast in hopeless strug-
gle sprawled.

"Now ware thee, Guard—the boor—he comes;" he
comes with Lord our God;
From Heaven above, the snow descends; from under,
mounts the flood.

And distant hamlets send their aid; and fainter hearts
grow bold—
"Now spare the horse, we'll ride them yet, but strike
the riders cold."

The mud wrapt many a knightly form once swathed
in silken fold;
At Swinemoor, now rests many a one whose cradle
was of gold.

No name so great in Holstein all, or Danish marches
proud—
There sleep they without cross or stone; there lie they
without shroud.

The Guard went down with Junker Schlenz—that man
so fierce to dare.
'Twas the lank bard from Wimmersted, that came and
slew him there.

In direful need, King John escaped the field—a woe-
ful man;
At Meldorf, left he beer and wine, and roast-joint in
the pan.

A feast prepared! Through need and death, we, Free-
dom's heirs, came out,
By Isbrand's aid, "the devil's own," and the "Thou-
sand-de'ils-redoubt."

THE FINAL OATH OF VASSALAGE.

JUNE 20, 1559.

Not a spoken word—not a voice or sound—
Like sheep in the meadow stood they;
They stood like a riven forest there
Where Heide in ruins lay.

For, far and near, the best in the land
Were crushed like the reedy brake;
And the remnant waited on bended knee
Their oath to a lord to take.

And many a heart in its breast beat high;
Through the veins the blood coursed hot;
But their eyes looked over the land through tears,
And the dry lips murmured not.

For those who were foremost in peace and war—
Their chieftains, wise and bold—
Those now on the field at Heide slept,
In the mire and ashes, cold.

Not a sound was heard save the Haff's wild roar,
As the priest their troth records,
While the people of Ditmarsch were prostrate there,
And the Eight-and-forty Lords.

Blue was the sky, and their tend' rest green
The woods and the meadows wore;
But the Ditmarschers watered the sod with tears
For the freedom they saw no more.

Un reten inne Groben dal un storren se'in Slamm,
Bei Minsch un Beß sif drängen un brungen all langß den
smallen Damm.

„Nu wahr bi Garr, de Du r be kumt!“ he kumt mit Gott
den Herrn,
Dun Heben fallt de Snee heraf, de Floth de siggt vun nerrn.

Un wit ut alle Dörpen her kumt Hölp un frischen Noth:
„Nu schont de Per — de ridt wi noch — un slat de Rütters
dot!“

In Zlid un Slamm sack menni Herr, de sunst op Siden
leeg,
Jut Swinmoor liggt nu menni Een, de harr en golben
Weeg.

Keen Nam so grot int Holstenland un nich in Dänemark,
Dar ligt se nu ahn Krüz un Steen, dar ligt se ahn en Sark.

De Garr de full mit Junker Slenz, so grot un stolt he weer,
De lange Keimer Wimersted, de keem un steek em daer.

Mit nauer Noth, in Angst un Sorg keem König Hans
dervan:
In Möldorp leet he Beer un Win un Bradens inne Pann.

Dat gev en Fests! na Noth un Dod, un Friheit weer dat
Arf.

Dat maf de Düwels Hebrand un de Dusentdüwelswarf!

De letzte Feide.

(1559, Juni 20.)

Nich en Wort war hört, nich en Stimm, nich en Lut,
So stumm as de Schap oppe Weid,
So stunn as de Rest vun en dalslan Holt,
Lo Föten de Trümmer vun Heib.

So wit man seeg, de Besten ut Land,
Dar weern se fulln as dat Reeth;
Nu stunn noch de Rest un sack oppe Knee —
Se swert nu en Herrn den Eed.

Dar flopp wul menni Hart inne Vost,
Un dat Blot dat kroy un streg,
Doch de Dgen gungn mit Ibran aewert Land,
Un de Mund weer stumm un sweeg.

Denn wit umher de Besten ut Land
In Freden un Strit vaerut,
De legen nu dot oppet Feld vun Heib
Un stumm ünner Aßch un Schutt.

Nich en Lut war hört as dat Haf un de Floth,
Un de Presten leet se swern,
Oppe Knee dar leeg dat Ditmarscher Volk
Un de Aht un veertig Herrn.

Noch schint de Heben der blau hendal
Un grün dat Holt un de Eer:
De Ditmarschen fallt de Ibran int Gras,
Un de Freiheit seht se ni mehr!

THE DEPUTY'S TWIN DAUGHTERS.

There's a laugh from the garden there hid by quick-set—

'Tis the deputy's twins—one blonde, one brunette.

The mayor and clerk just now sauntered along,
Like beer-tun with crane that o'er it is swung;

How the brown beauty laughs, as she tosses her hair,
'You'll be Madam Crookback, mind that, in a year!'

And the blonde claps her hands as she, laughing, replies:

"And you'll have old Dumpy as your wedded prize!"

I thought, as I peeped through the hedge at the pair,
Which most I would like to be—clerk or the mayor.

Bullmacht sin Zweschens.

Wat glubbert in Blomhof un lacht adstern Lun?
De Bullmacht sin Zweschens, de Witt un de Brun.

De Vagt un de Schriwer gungn eben verbi,
Beer Jüs as en Veertünn mit Haenken derbi.

Wa lach do de Brune un schüttel de Haar:
Du friggst mal de Krumme, schast sehn, noch vuntjahr!

Wa lacht do de Witte un Klapp inne Hann':
Du friggst mal de Dicke, de Dicke ton Mann! —

Ik fik daer de Paten un heff mi bedacht:
Wat mus ik denn, Schriwer wen — ober de Vagt?

T. H. REARDEN.

THE SOLID SOUTH AND THE BLOODY SHIRT.

While there can be no reasonable doubt that a refractory spirit, and a consequent lawlessness, exist in the South, a distressing lack of a general understanding of the causes is everywhere evident. The Southern press attempts to throw a glamor about the subject by condoning or disclaiming. The Northern Democratic press is apologetic, or temporizing. The Northern Republican press pushes to the bitter end an implacable hatred of Southern obstinacy, and loses no opportunity to employ the "Southern outrage" question as a lever with which to loosen the foundations of a powerful Democracy, or to keep alive the feeling of sectional enmity. From this condition of affairs, deplorable as it is, it is almost impossible to obtain, not only facts themselves, but a knowledge of the growth, development, and present condition of Southern society and Southern politics. A partial display of facts is the meanest falsehood; all statements for political ends must be regarded with suspicion. It may not be amiss, therefore, to enter into a passing analysis of the South, socially and politically, and to note the inevitable results of an unavoidable chain of circumstances, in their effects upon the South, in order to arrive at an understanding of the motives that now guide Southern policy. It is unnecessary, in this undertaking, to discuss the merits of the great opposing fundamental principles of government that, in a political sense, array the two sections against each other—whether a vague State sovereignty, or an equally vague Federal centralization, is the better form of Republican

government. The theme has already, by reason of its long exposure to the winds and storms of public discussion, become as threadbare as the tattered habiliments of a scarecrow.

It is held by the North that there has been a retrogression in Southern civilization. This assumed condition of affairs is ascribed more to the operation of an obstructive policy in the South in adhering to the principles from which secession and the founding of a confederacy sprang, than to the more concrete reason of a violent revolution in internal social relations. This revolution has established the homogeneity or inseparability of society and politics. It is a fact that there has been—not a retrogression—but a check to the advancement of the arts and sciences, to intellectual refinement, and commercial importance. The South is twenty years behind the North. A generation of crippled Southern intelligence has nearly usurped the empire of the grand intellects of 1860. This has been effected through causes natural in themselves, natural in their operation, and damaging equally to the material interests and moral equanimity of the entire section.

Late years have brought about no reciprocal modification of views between the two sections; the contrary is the fact. Independence means stubbornness. The North held to the maxim that slavery begot ignorance, and gave the lie to republican freedom both in a moral and a political sense. The South maintained that its prosperity was inseparably connected with the institution of slavery. So firm was this belief