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THE GOTHS AND THEIR SONS.\*

When it is considered that, with some slender exceptions, all we have of the language spoken by the mighty Goths is contained in one translation of the New Testament, and that of this there is but one manuscript, it is remarkable that so many grammars and glossaries should have appeared. Two of the most important works have been published since the literature of the Gothic was posted up by Bosworth, in his learned but rambling preface of two hundred pages; we mean the "Glossarium der Gothischen Sprache, von H. C. v. d. Gabelenz und Dr. J. Loebe," (Leipz. 1843, 4to. pp. 294,) and the book named above this article. The grammar which accompanies the former of these is thorough and exhaustive; founded on the latest conclusions of Bopp, Pott, and Grimm, respecting the Indo-European languages, and offering aids for the study of all the Teutonic tongues, especially of the Anglo-Saxon. Here, as in the somewhat mortifying instance of Rask's Anglo-Saxon Grammar, English scholarship has lain still, and allowed the palm to be taken by continental research. Even now, the copies of Rask which have fallen under our eye, are printed at Copenhagen.

\* *Gothisches Glossar*, von Ernst Schulze. Mit einer Vorrede von Jacob Grimm. Magdeburg. 4to. pp. xxii. 454.

descended one by one into the water, till they reached the ledge, and thence by means of ladders got upon the roof, which was now fast disappearing as the waves washed over it. The crackling of the timbers aroused Reis Ibrahim, who no sooner saw his aged father chained and guarded by the enemy, than he rushed into the thickest of the battle, and had just succeeded in disentangling the frantic animal by cutting the harness, when the roof fell in, and at the same moment, the mainmast went by the board, crushing the carriage and severely injuring the driver. Old Abdallah was now hanging by a twig over the precipice. Another wave would either cause the wreck to disappear, or break his hold upon the vessel. At this awful crisis, while the smoke and flame prevented any one from entering, and all were waiting in breathless terror for the next wave to wash over them, the twig broke, and the enemy advancing rapidly, without a shot or shout, surrounded them and called upon them to lay down their arms. At this insulting summons, Abdallah took his stand upon the burning rafters, and Reis Ibrahim upon the bowsprit which was still above the water, while the terrified postilion still retained his seat upon the remaining horse, and the lady remained inside of the carriage. In this posture, while the drums and trumpets mingled with the roar of the artillery, they all leaped headlong from the verge of the precipice into the flames, and were buried together in a watery grave.

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## THE PROSPECTS OF THE MECHANIC.

American working-men are said to hold their heads a little high; and they have a good right. A man that by fair healthy business, just about enough to keep his muscles in play can have his snug house, all painted, papered and

paid for, with his cow, pigs, turkeys, flesh every day, puddings and pies, and a sweet bouncing family going to school, may very easily grow into the notion that he is a better sort of creature than a Yorkshire weaver, or a man that breaks stone at eighteenpence on a foreign highway. This is a case when you look no further than to-day, when the honest, hardy, temperate working-man, is what we call in America poor. By poor, we mean in America a man who has no landed estate, no invested funds. You may meet ten thousand of such poor Americans any week that you choose to set about it; broad shouldered, laughing, rosy-cheeked fellows, who never knew what a day's fast was, never passed six hours without fish or flesh, never knew the weight of a sheriff's finger, and never suffered a wrinkle from care about diet or clothing. These poor creatures, unable to comprehend their own misery, have merrier faces than your Wall Street gentry, whether bulls or bears. Go into the Bowery about sunrise, and see them pouring down from the upper regions in procession, with those everlasting tin things, for which I never could learn a name, but which are a cross of the tin pot on the tin-cup, and the neverfailing sign of one who is going to make a day of it. There they go, pouring in from every cross-street, enlarging the stream as they press down towards the working regions. If humming and whistling be any sign of wealth, you may stake a guinea that each of them is worth ten thousand dollars. That fellow, with face like Lord Brougham, is a Scotch marble-polisher; his short pipe, which he smokes fast, so as not to lose a whiff of Miller and Mickle's small-cut, is as significant of inward satisfaction with the broiled shad, rolls and coffee which he just left as a steam-whistle is of fire in the locomotive. Donald has gained sundry pounds, since he left the Gorbals. As he goes to his little Scotch meeting in Franklin street, on the Sabbath, with shorn face, white neckerchief, and psalmbook, wife, three children and servant-lassie, he twists his wiry muscles into a grimace of pleasure, as who should say, 'Aweel, Jeanie, an'

this be the gate puir bodies gang, I wuss I'd a known o't langsyne!' Yes, these poor working folks in America are rich in their own conceit, and look happier than several sour-faced merchants in Water street, who die of envy and fear lest their country-seats should be outvied, or lest somebody at the opera should remember who was their father. These same poor men look well in uniform. The other day, at a grand turn out, a most soldierly person made half a step out of line to give me a salute; when lo and behold! it was my tailor!

All this I say is true of our mechanics and labourers to-day, taking them just as they are, if they never lay up a cent. But think of to-morrow. Think of the little sums going every week into savings-bank, into snug little bonds, into nice little properties in Eighty-First street, into stock for new business, into twenty safe ways that poor working-men know in America, of making a little nest-egg increase into a brood, cackling and laying and hatching and multiplying faster than she of the golden eggs, whatsoever she was. Think of this, and that every day of your life this is going on, and that the lad that is now on your housetop, hammering away on your slate roof, and throwing peanuts at your maids in the garden, will marry one of them five years hence, and twenty years hence be worth his hundred thousand dollars. This is what raises the feather in the cap of our young democracy. In the absence of a hundred repressing and coercing influences, which keep the transatlantic workman with his nose at the grindstone all his days, our American mechanics see with their own eyes a thousand instances of fortunes made by builders, masons, hatters, boat-makers, machinists, and cartmen. It is a grand piece of folly to think that only merchants and bankers get rich. Besides the hair-breadth risks that they run, so that half of them are unhorsed once or twice during the steeple-race, they have as a class, in proportion to their number, no more chances than mechanics.

And then did it ever properly come into your head, that there is one extraordinary advantage which he of the me-

chanical calling has over him of merchandise, and especially over him of the liberal profession? It is this: When the working-man is rich, he can work by proxy; he can lie abed, while his factory starts in the morning. He can go in one of his ships to France, while John or Charlie sees to the model-loft. Not so the heavy importer or jobber; not a week can he spare from his counting-room, during busy times. Not so the broker; he would have a fit, if he passed twenty-four hours away from those mysterious folios in which are the daily quotations. Not so the eminent Aesculapius in Bleecker Street; he must visit the sick lady himself; the son or young partner will not do; he must cut off the alderman's leg in propria persona. Not so the pale, wealthy, worn-out lawyer; he cannot argue his cause *per alium*. These great doctors cannot for their lives stop doctoring; these great lawyers have heavier burdens and worse nightmares the older and goutier they grow. They fall down, like omnibus-horses, and die in the traces. This it is which makes my young ship-carpenter or brass-founder stride so gaily down Broadway on Sunday afternoon. He feels the glow of health, and he looks forward to a time when with God's blessing on his honest toil he can have something that deserves to be called rest. On a deliberate survey of the case, I am seriously of opinion that if a man has a healthy trade, in a good line of work, with right habits, a proper wife, Christian principle, and a clear conscience, he need never envy those who are in trade or in the professions. And this is doubly true of such as have wit enough to see in time that there is no comfort in an empty head, and that a few hours a day upon books and learning go just so far to prepare for rising in the world.

Nor do I see that merchants as a class are better informed than mechanics as a class. Mechanics have five times as much time for study as city-merchants. Take the thousand clerks in dry-goods houses in New York. What do they study? What can they study? When or where shall they do it? Leave out news-

papers and religious reading on Sundays with the more serious ones, and what advantage have they above the apprentice? Nay, is it not a marked fact, that for one self-taught man among merchants there are twenty among working-men? I say this not certainly to disparage the mercantile class, which has its fixed position in our country, but to encourage young working-men, by removing a prejudice which stands in the way of their advancement. My heart I own often glows, when I consider how happy the dwellings of our mechanical classes might be, in this blessed land of knowledge, freedom and peace, if they could only be persuaded early to fix right principles, and shun those seductions which are as fatal to worldly wealth as to virtue; if they could only beautify and guard their houses by temperance, knowledge and true religion.

C. Q.

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### UTILITARIAN POETRY.

We hear continual complaints of the decline or dearth of poetry, and various explanations of the melancholy fact, accompanied by sad prognostications of the ignominious doom which seems to threaten our beloved country, as a land essentially prosaic and incapable of producing even one great poet. Whatever mitigation of the public grief may be afforded by the noble effort, so auspiciously begun, to vindicate the rights of man to the Freedom of Speech, I am persuaded that this stain upon our national escutcheon cannot be entirely wiped off, until one great fundamental error of our poets is corrected. Every age of the world requires a literature of its own, and more especially a poetry adapted to its character and tastes. The same is true of countries, which have anything peculiar in their social or political condition. If a given age or country be heroic, sentimental,