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THE RANZ-DES-VACHES.

Every body talks about the Ranz-des-Vaches, and not one in fifty knows what they are. This man can affirm that they are Swiss or perhaps Alpine; the other has heard of their effect in promoting homesickness; while a third considers the phrase as the name of a single tune and tells you that he has heard it. Two or three clear notions on the point will not be unwelcome to our musical friends.

In the patois of the Swiss the word *Ranz* signifies a row, line, or file, of moving bodies; and *Ranz-des-vaches* therefore means a *row or procession of cows*. "The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea." In the mountain pastures, the ideas of wealth, liberty, and pastoral joy are associated with the herd, and the lowing kine are beloved by the peasantry and made the subject of their song. The lays which bear this name are many in number, varying with the different cantons and districts, and the provincial dialects belonging to each. Some of the songs are in German and some in French. The most familiar is that beginning *Quand reverrai-je un jour*; which has been translated by Montgomery. But most of them are in the patois of the valleys, sometimes very like German, sometimes towards the south savouring strongly of the Italian or Romance. We shall say something first of the

THE TAILORS' STRIKE.

AN HUMBLE ATTEMPT AT THE NEWEST FRENCH STYLE OF
ROMANTIC FICTION.

It is twenty-seven minutes and fifty seconds after twelve o'clock, M.

The day is damp and lowering.

The voice of the news-boy sounds hoarse and croupy. The omnibus-drivers are without their coats. The weather-cock on the Post Office stands out in bold relief against the sky.

The dust rolls up Broadway in irregular puffs, as if a spirit was propelling it.

Suddenly a deep sigh comes down from the neighbourhood of Grace Church.

A form is seen moving into Union Park. Livid, its features decomposed, its eyes surrounded by black rings, its rags fluttering in the south-east wind.

Breakfast was over at the German boarding house in Thirty-Eighth Street.

A man sat in the garret-window, picking his teeth with the small blade of his pen-knife. He was about thirty-nine years and eleven months of age, but might be six weeks more or less. He wore an old blue coat with brass buttons, five on each side, fitting closely to his shape, with a pocket in the right skirt, and another in the bosom, on the left side, lined with black muslin. His trousers were of gray cloth, much worn about the heels, and with two of the waistband buttons missing. In the bosom of his dirty shirt he wore a large brass pin, with a fish-head at one end. His boots were dusty and the left one run down at the heel. His hat was unbrushed, and at least two years and a quarter old.

The man was an Irishman.

The other inmates of the house were Germans, as appeared

by the pipe-handles peeping from their coat-tail pockets, and the constant sound of "So!" or "Ja!" They were drinking Bavarian beer in the back-yard.

Suddenly they started, shrugged their shoulders, and turned pale.

One of them pointed to the back-door, and indicated by a gesture the shivering form that had been seen in Union Park.

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Strike! strike! strike!

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Strike! strike! strike!

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A man and two women hurried down the avenue. The man was forty-four years old; the elder woman twenty-nine and eight months; the younger seventeen and three weeks, wanting one day. Suddenly they started, stood still, and threw themselves into each other's arms. An adorable grin played upon the man's moustache. He was a tailor. They were tailoresses. Under their cloaks they carried work to their employers.

What is that?

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Strike! strike! strike!

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A policeman rushes by, dragging a tailor with his coat pulled over his head, which is invisible. The collar of the coat was greasy and its buttons worn bare. Suddenly the wearer of it started and turned pale. A gust of wind swept by, loaded with dust and German oaths. The unearthly form strode on.

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Strike! strike! strike!

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The day is dawning with great difficulty. The wind can hardly get its breath. The sun seems half afraid to rise and shrugs its shoulders just above the horizon.

The man and the younger woman re-appear. Her dress was elaborate and picturesque. She wore a robe of white poul de soie. The skirt was very full, and ornamented in front with five rows of lace. The corsage was high at the back, but open in front nearly as low as the waist, and was edged round with a fall of lace narrowing to a point in front. Within the corsage was a chemisette, composed of rows of lace falling downward and finished at the throat by a band of insertion and an edging standing up. She wore a bonnet of pink crape, drawn in very full bouillonnés, with strings of pink satin ribbon, and on one side a drooping bouquet of small pink flowers; and a shawl of pink China crape, richly embroidered with white silk, completed her attire.

You see the prices are too low, Miss Grettchen.

Are they indeed, Mr. Kalbfleisch?

And we mean to have them raised if possible.

Ah?

Whether the bosses can afford it or not.

So!

And then we mean to be bosses ourselves, and all the poor are to be rich, and all the rich poor, and society is to be reorganized. But perhaps I tire you, Miss Grettchen.

Oh no, Mr. Kalbfleisch, what you say is very interesting, and I long to hear more on the reconstruction of society.

Well, my further remarks may be distributed under four heads—the theoretical—the practical—the philosophical—and the poetical. In treating the first, I shall call your attention to three fundamental principles, and then point out their application.

What is that, Mr. Kalbfleisch? do you hear?

Strike! strike! strike!

A livid form rises above the tailor's shop in Thirty-Eighth street. In its right hand is a pair of shears, in its left a

burning goose. Opposite to it appears the rigid form of a policeman, with his stick and star.

A voice rises high above the crowd—We are Germans—we are tailors—and will yield to no American oppressor.

To arms! to arms!

——Liberty or death!

Do you not see, Miss Grettchen, how easily all this might have been avoided?

How, sir?

Why, by letting the workmen fix their own prices—or if that could not be done, by giving them up everything—houses, money and all. Are they not Germans—and tailors—and freemen? Must they submit because the chicken-hearted natives are afraid to violate the law? No, let them rather take the places of these dastards, and give law to them. Eh, Miss Grettchen?

Certainly, Herr Kalbfleisch.

Let them listen to the voice that now arouses them.

Strike! strike! strike!

The tailors did strike and were struck themselves.

The ringleaders are cruelly arrested, and carried before unjust magistrates, who thrust them into prison.

It is supper-time.

The livid form appears again, arrayed in mourning.

Farewell, liberty! Farewell, justice!

Strike! strike! strike!

SUE.