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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.

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.

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,

or romantic, it must have heroic, sentimental, or romantic poetry. Now nothing can be more notorious than that our age and country are utilitarian in their character and spirit. Nothing can please us much or long that is not useful in its tendency, that is, useful as a means of making money or political capital. The muses must be naturalized or lose their places. This suggestion furnishes a key to the whole matter. Let it be used, and in a few years poetry will be seen sitting at the receipt of custom. Interest-tables will be versified, vulgar fractions dramatized, and cotton take the place of chivalry. In humble prosecution of this great reform, I modestly submit to an enlightened public the following fragment, as the first fruits of my monetary muse and utilitarian inspiration.

THE BANKS,

A Reminiscence of the last Suspension.

Of all the inconveniences which we
 Are called to suffer, there is none, I think,
 More really vexatious than the one
 Which springs from what is usually called
 Derangement of the currency. From this
 Proceed a multitude of worthless notes,
 Shinplasters, counterfeits, and bills on which
 You are obliged to pay a heavy discount.
 It is not easy to determine what
 Is really the cause of this distress;
 But all appear to be agreed that it
 Has some connexion with the banks; and this
 Is highly probable; because if they
 Had no existence, there would be no notes,
 And all the evil would be at an end.
 This is the anti-banking doctrine, but
 I know that there are some who entertain
 A very different opinion. These

Believe that the abuses which exist
Arise from the mismanagement of banks,
And not from their existence. As to this,
I do not feel prepared or called upon
To state my own opinion. It will be
Sufficient to describe the state of things,
And let the reader ascertain the cause
Or causes, at his leisure. I invoke
The muse's aid in my attempt to sing
Of stocks and dividends, exchanges and
Deposites. In comparison with these,
What are the heroes of romance, or what
The wars of ancient times? The days are past
When poets were compelled to choose their themes
From such remote, unprofitable quarters.
Homer was not to blame because he sang
About Achilles and the siege of Troy;
Nor Virgil for a similar offence,
As to Eneas and his Trojans; but
There was no monetary system then.
Political economy had not
Been then discovered or invented. Banks
Had no existence in the modern sense.
The ancient poets, it is true, describe
The banks of rivers, which they represent
As very beautiful, and so they are;
But what of that? They may be picturesque,
But if they are not lucrative, they have
No claim to the attention of a poet.
Money is now the subject of his dreams
And inspirations. Nor is this to be
Regarded as unreasonable; for
If money cannot be obtained, you know,
Starvation is the consequence. A bank,
Not one of snow, of clouds, or of a river,
But one of discount and deposite, is

An object full of poetry ; but if
 You make a run upon the bank, it will
 Be broken or suspended, as to this
 No less than as to its financial credit.

Not at all as a fair sample of what might be done by a superior genius, or even by myself in other circumstances, but as a proof that the reform proposed is applicable no less to dramatic than to epic composition, and to political as well as commercial subjects, I subjoin a scene, in which I have imitated Shakspeare's practice of presenting English constables and justices under Italian names and in out-of-the-way places.

BUNCOMBE, OR THE ISSUE.

Scene—The palace of the Doge of Venice. Enter Duke and Gonfalonieri.

Duke. What sayest thou? At nine? It cannot be.
 I tell thee, the committee is in session.

Gonf. Nay, good my lord, but the minority
 Have brought in a report against the bill,
 And Don Sebastian—

Duke. Ha! what of him? speak,
 Or my stiletto—

Gonf. Patience, my good Lord—
 He has prepared an answer to your speech,
 In which he makes a perfectly new issue.

Duke. What is it? Say, what aileth thee, my friend,
 That thy inconstant colour comes and goes?

Gonf. Heard not your grace a strange unearthly noise?

Duke. I hear the calling of the yeas and nays,
 And people talking in the lobby.

Gonf. Nay,
 'Tis something more sepulchral, and comes up
 From some deep cavern.

Duke. 'Tis the sound of mirth

From subterranean grog-shops, where the minds
Of legislators are refreshed with rum.
Speak out and fear not, I will hold thee harmless.

Gonf. Alas, my Lord, I have not much to say,
Except that Don Sebastian has resolved
To change the issue, and by this foul means
To make a vast amount of capital,
Before he once more takes the stump. This day,
Unless the previous question should be moved,
He will consume his hour, and then to-morrow,
Will introduce a resolution, which
May give him an occasion to say more,
And thus to poison your constituents,
Unless you can do something to forestall him.

Duke. Something? what something? I am in despair—
Advise me.

Gonf. I perceive but one resort,
To wit, that as you have the floor to day
Upon another subject, you should make
A speech to Buncombe, and resist all arts
Or violence employed to put you down.
Will you attempt it?

Duke. Marry, that will I.
I thank thee, Gonfalonieri, for
This kind suggestion, and if I succeed
In getting re-elected, will bestow
A clerkship, consulate, or embassy,
To testify my gratitude. And now,
To thee, oh Buncombe, I address myself,
And humbly sue for a propitious hearing.
If thou give audience, what need I care
For inattention, or for cold neglect?
What though the members should be all intent
On franking documents, or writing notes,
Or reading novels, or the news? What though
They crowd the lobbies, or swarm round the fires,

Discussing Webster's speech or Webster's trial?
 What though the speaker should himself collapse
 Into a fevered sleep, and on the steps
 Of his tribunal, the exhausted page
 Should sink unconscious, till aroused again
 By paper slapped upon the desk? Nay more,
 What though the members, who have still held out,
 And nodded in my face, or chewed their quid
 With vacant stare, revolving their own speeches,
 Should yield at last and hasten to the door?
 Provided that a quorum still remain,
 What care I for their spite or their contempt,
 If thou, oh Buncombe, condescend to hear?

FAIRFAX'S TASSO.

Few men have uttered more numerous wise sayings than Don Quixote, and few of his sentences are wiser than that in which he likens translations to the wrong side of a web of tapestry, in which one has all the figure but none of the grace. If this is true of a close translation in prose, it is equally true that poetical versions embroider new colours on the reverse of the tapestry. Hence Bentley said concerning the great English Iliad, "It is a pretty poem, Mr. Pope, but you ought not to call it Homer." Partly for this reason, and partly for a reason derived from the unpoetical character of their language, the French have been fond of giving even the poetry of the ancients in prose versions.

In reading a translation we commune at least as much with the mind of the translator as with that of the author. When therefore the work falls into feeble hands, it appears as a dilution, if not a travesty. Beyond most great poets Tasso has suffered from such treatment; and English readers have been the more ready to accede to Boileau's false judg-