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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

GENTLEMANLY.

At New York, this 20th August, 1850.

MR. THE EDITOR,—Before to mount on the packet-boat of vapour for to come into the America of the North, I have rented a master of English, and have made such progresses in your fine but thrice queer language, that every where now all the world takes me for American, and I can promenade myself at horse or foot, without that person thinks I may be French. But while I am transported with ease to know so perfectly this noble tongue, I must avow that there is one thing which I have not yet apprehended. This I ought to attend, for one said to me, before my departure from the Harbour of Grace in the beautiful France, Two English words one cannot translate into French, *comfort* and *gentleman*. Nevertheless, I soon apprehend *comfort* and *comfortable*; but *gentleman* and *gentlemanly*—that is different. One says to me at first, How our Captain is gentlemanly! Then I regard and see a tall thin man, very *gauche* and *surnois*, who says nothing, and who laughs not never. Ah, ah, say I, this is what is gentlemanly. *Nous verrons*. The mate is little live man, fat and round. He laughs always. How our mate is *bonhomme*! Yes, and gentlemanly, says my friend. He also! all the two gentlemanly? *Chose étrange!* There I lose myself. A poor sick Mr. comes on high from his bed where he lay long time with the malady of sea. I pity myself of him. I say, How this poor Mr. appears still and sad! Yes, yes, but gentlemanly, one replies. One dies at sea—one throws him there—one pronounces his éloge—kind—honourable—delicate—and all that. Yes, adds another, and so gentlemanly! At last we arrive. The pilot comes before us. He is a big talking man, with many rings. He resembles greatly to a butcher whom I know in beautiful France. Nevertheless, in descending the degrees, I hear some one say, What a very gentlemanly pilot! The clock

sounds. We assemble in the cabin. The bureau is organized. Mr. Smith presides. Mr. John Smith writes. Mr. Smythe of Smytheville ascends the tribune. He improvises an éloge upon the Captain and his officers and crew; so attentive, so faithful, so bold and prudent; all the virtues are there. The resolutions are voted. One reads the process verbal. One proposes to amend, to perfect, in adding the word gentlemanly. All consent. One proposes to give something to the steward, because he has been so officious. I see an opportunity to speak. I lift myself. "Messieurs, I am easy to contribute something for this worthy negro; but I see there a defect. One says he has been faithful; it is true. He has been affectionate; it is still true. He has been officious; it is true, always true. But one forgets the principal thing, and I propose to insert it in the process-verbal. Not only has our black friend been officious, but he has been—gentlemanly." I bear upon this last word—I lend it force—I attend the applauses of the circle. There is none of it. One laughs—yes, all the world parts with a burst of laughter like some madmen. Ha! ha! a black gentleman! That smells its foreigner a league off. Ha! ha! ha! For the first time I interview the definition of this queer word. *La voici!* A gentleman means every white man and no black man. If this is not the sense, I plant it there. Adieu.

FRANÇOIS FRANÇAIS.

TO MY PEN.

Thou second tongue, whose accents further reach
 Than Stentor's lungs, diffusing silent speech
 O'er land and ocean, and for age on age,
 I love thy gentle motion on the page.