

THE
N A S S A U
Literary
M A G A Z I N E .

OCTOBER, 1870.

ἔνθα βουλαὶ μὲν γερόντων καὶ νέων ἀνδρῶν ἄμλλα
καὶ χοροὶ καὶ Μοῖσα καὶ ἀγλαΐα.

CONDUCTED
BY THE SENIOR CLASS,
PRINCETON COLLEGE.
PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY.

spirit who in their day presided in that college; and while he thinks of his distinguished zeal and services, he blesses the land that gave him birth, and the university that trained him for so much usefulness.”

His remains lie in the public cemetery of Princeton, with those of other deceased presidents, his being the fifth in order of the graves in that sacred enclosure where Contemplation delights to linger.

THE JEWISH THERMOPYLÆ.

I MACCABEES, IX: 1-21.

All o'er Berea's verdant plains
 The morning sun shone bright,
 It saw the Syrian thousands rise
 Arrayed for deadly fight:—
 As sand grains on the dark sea-shore,
 Innumerable they seemed,—
 From helm to helm,—from spear to spear,
 The bright rays danced and gleamed.

Upon the mountain slope above,
 A little band was seen,—
 Less gleam from off its spear-heads shone,
 From off its helms less shewn:—
 Three thousand men the night before,
 More than two-thirds now fled,—
 Forgetful of their country's need,
 Or yielding to their dread.

Then, to them troubled Judas spake,
 And said: “Though few we are,
 Let us go onward 'gainst the foe,
 If now to fight we dare!”

But when they spoké of lives to save,
" May God forbid ! " he cried,
" For, if our honor we should stain,
We'd rather wish t' have died ! "

Then there they stood, and, flinching not,
Prepared them for the fray ;
They gazed upon the morning sun,—
They drank each beauteous ray,—
They turned them to fair Zion's mount,—
Then upwards raised the eye,—
Their prayer, though silent, yet was heard,
They were prepared to die !

And when their tents the Syrians left,
And ranged in ranks full nigh,—
Then, sounding loud the trumpet's blast,
They rushed them down to die !
With shock of arms, and battle shout
The very ground did shake !
The mountain rocked upon its base,
The hills and vales did quake !

The evening came. " Oh, Israel, mourn !
For your slain hero weep !
Loud lamentation for him make,—
And long,—long mourning keep !
How is the valiant fallen now !—
Oh ! how does he lie slain !
He, who delivered Israel oft,—
Oft was the Syrian's bane !

" Oh, daughters of the sacred race !
Oh, maids of Israel, wail !
Mourn, mourn for him who fought so well—
Who ne'er knew how to quail !—
Who Juda's bulwark long has been,—
The champion of his God !
But now lies there, so cold and dead,
Upon the bloody sod ! "

And then to Modin bore they him,
 To where his fathers laid,—
 And there, in that time honored tomb,—
 The tomb that they had made,—
 A resting place,—a last,—they gave
 To him who now no more
 Should for his country nobly fight,—
 Nor save it as of yore!

Oh! was it not a noble field
 That drank brave Judas' blood?
 And there ever elsewhere flow
 A richer, costlier flood?
 Leave others, then, to tell of strifes,
 Less strongly, bravely fought,—
 It is enough of this to sing,
 None was so dearly bought!

** Αγραμμος.*

STUDY TO MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.

Our subject is didactic and injunctive. It is also plain and practical. Analytical and synthetical. The antipodes of poetry. If not the soul of wit, the essence of wisdom. A motto to be pasted in every man's hand. A principle of etiquette as immutable as the foundation stones of innate politeness itself.

We said it was Analytical. Of course we don't mean to confine ourselves to the terms of the proposition. Indeed the taking apart we propose, as far as our recollection serves us (we don't go near it any more) the art of discourse has entirely omitted. Our Dismemberment is

I. Mind your business. You will observe that we have eliminated the original proposition, until we have a sen-