

THE

N A S S A U

Literary

M A G A Z I N E .

APRIL, 1871.

*ἔνθα βουλαὶ μὲν γερόντων καὶ νέων ἀνδρῶν ἄμλλαι
καὶ χοροὶ καὶ Μοῖσα καὶ ἀγλαΐα.*

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especially, can not thus be understood, but that we can only obtain an idea of it by allowing the light from the finished production to enter and illuminate our minds.

And now we repeat the question with which we started out: is the slur, which forms the very life of Mr. Lowell's couplet, founded on fact? And we have no hesitancy in answering, it is not. The day is past when abuses are to be heaped on Poe's name, and the day now is when his genius is seen and admired,—a genius which gave promise of almost wonderful greatness, but which was prematurely choked down by dissoluteness and profligacy. Though tied down, however, to such a life, it *would* soar at times, and the poems we have been discussing are part of its fruit. We need not enter into any further defense of them, they speak for themselves and thunder forth now, and will forever,

“ Not all our power is gone—not all our fame—
 Not all the magic of our high renown—
 Not all the wonder that encircles us—
 Not all the mysteries that in us lie—
 Not all the memories that hang upon
 And cling around about us as a garment,
 Clothing us in a robe of more than glory.”

N. E. D.

Despise not the wrinkles of age
 That disfigure and furrow the face,
 They mark not the fool, but the sage
 That has run, with his might, the good race.

Not ruts, that old Time's wheel has brought,
 Are these lines that the wisest must wear,
 But furrows with great seeds of thought
 Thickly sown,—seeds of thought, and of care.