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ἔνθα βουλαὶ μὲν γερόντων καὶ νέων ἀνδρῶν ἄμιλλαι  
καὶ χοροὶ καὶ Μοῦσα καὶ ἀγλαΐα.

CONDUCTED

BY THE SENIOR CLASS,

PRINCETON COLLEGE.

PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY.

## THE TAKING OF THE SUBURBS.

SEE IRVING'S GRANADA.

It was, in truth, a noble band the king led forth that day;  
 All Andalusia's well-tried men right skilful in foray,  
 And every Spanish nobleman, with his retainers strong,  
 Were there, upon the king's command,—a gallant train, and long.

And there were we, to fight our best for dear old England's fame,  
 To fight against the Moorish churls in Jesus' glorious name;—  
 And Rivers was our leader bold,—none e'er more brave than he!  
 We, hundreds two, sharp axes bore, and one, the tough yew-tree.

All round steep Albohacen's height the Moors, impetuous, rushed,  
 By El Zegri's loud shouts cheered on,—with transient vict'ry flushed,  
 But Don Alonzo stood at bay, and Ponce de Leon,  
 And mingled was the battle cry with the wounded's dying groan.

Outnumbered far, yet still they fought,—those valiant Spaniards proud,  
 While crossbow bolts thinned out their ranks and thro' their companies plowed;  
 In desperate plight they seemed indeed, to all appearance doomed.—  
 But, as each fell, among a heap of Moors he lay entombed!

And when we from the mountains came, and gained a lofty height,  
 And looked upon that handful brave, and on their desperate plight,—  
 Then,—then indeed, with eager hearts, we longed to strike a blow  
 With merry England's broad-axe strong and t' draw the tough yew-bow.

The brave Earl's blood, upon his cheek, up mounted, then, full high,—  
 He prayed that we, in English style, our fortunes there might try.  
 And, when the king consent did give, then, from his horse he sprung,  
 And, as he marshalled our array, with shouts the mountains rung.

On foot he fought, with open face, and armed just as were we,—  
 A martial sight he was indeed, a gallant sight to see!  
 He spoke to us a few blunt words,—“St. George for England!” cried,  
 Then rushed him on,—we rushed on too, and fought right by his side!

Ah! ne'er before had Moslem proud engaged in such a fray!  
 Ah! ne'er before had Moslems fought as fought they on that day!  
 And ne'er before had Spanish knight such deeds of prowess done,  
 And ne'er before had Ferdinand seen a field so bravely won!

The Spaniards gazed in wonder on as we to battle sprang,  
The Spaniards heard with rising blood the battle axes' clang,—  
And well they might,—to right and left we hewed our bloody way,—  
As woodmen in the forest strike, so smote we on that day !

The archers followed close behind, and plied right well the bow ;  
At every twang the bow-string made a Moslem was laid low !  
The battle-axes flashed in air, the bow-strings twanged amain,—  
Right through the Moslem ranks we cleared a broad and bloody lane !

The yeomen strong of old Castile pressed on right by our side,  
For, sooner far than be outdone, they'd rather there have died !  
But, still a little in the van, our gallant leader kept,—  
In what a dire and deadly curve his battle-axe he swept !

El Chico, long ere this, was borne to Loxa's friendly gate ;  
But on we pressed to where, enhorsed, fierce El Zegri now sate.  
He waited not to meet us there, but, urging on his band,  
He charged with more than mortal might, and fought us hand to hand.

'Twas rushing 'gainst a mountain firm to rush against us then !  
He charged full strongly, then recoiled, and bravely charged again !  
And, fiercely fighting, fell he there, as th' brave alone can fall,—  
E'en his Gomerres then gave way, and, with them, gave way all !

We chased them through Xenil's red waves,—all red with Moorish blood,—  
Some slew we on the narrow bridge,—some in the raging flood ;  
Some fell in Loxa's suburbs gay, some at the very wall,—  
Oh, thus to die, in safety's reach, was the hardest fate of all !

We chased them to the very gates, and only stopped us there,—  
For there they smote our gallant lord,—too ready e'er to dare !  
They smote him full upon the face, and wounded him full sore ;  
Ah ! tenderly then lifting him, his form to the rear we bore.

But wounded though full sore he was, when back to life he came,  
He thought to leave the conquered streets would slur his gallant fame.  
He swore he'd die ere he'd retreat, by our St. George he swore,—  
Ah ! like a god he seemed indeed, tho' black with blood and gore !

Thus were the suburbs taken then, by hardy English thews ;  
 And thus the Moorish garrison received their bloody dues ;  
 We came forth but to save our friends, on Albohacen's height,—  
 We gained this, and far more beside, with gallant English might.

The army camped upon a spot on the Granada side ;  
 And Cadiz's gallant lord again to Albohacen hied ;—  
 But in the suburbs we remained, and held them sturdily,  
 Since we had bought them with our blood we'd keep them or we'd die !

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### GIBBON AS A HISTORIAN.

That Gibbon intended to produce the great work he *did* produce, we do not believe. Urged on by the ignoble object of self-aggrandizement alone, he could never have supposed the noble result.

Acquainted with that result, we can only wish for our literature the work that he would have given to it, had he been imbued with the same spirit that moved Goethe to continue his labors and give "Faust" to the world ; that buoyed Hume through years of fameless toil ; that should have impelled Campbell to bring forth something better than "Gertrude" or "The Pleasures of Hope:"—for we well know he was able. Gibbon's History, as it is, exhibits in a remarkable degree two of the most striking beauties of Historical Composition, and likewise reveals in its Author one of the most displeasing deformities of Historical Genius ; and remembering the object of its creation, we may wonder that it is as good as it is.

The most striking of these beauties, and the most distinguishing characteristic of our Historian, is a Construc-