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## LOVE IN A COLLEGE.

Not "Love in a Cottage," whereof T. S. Arthur discourseth so eloquently, but love in a College.

Now, isn't it strange that this point has not been regarded as of sufficient interest to merit the attention of the innumerable love writers of the day; that Grace Greenwood, for instance, that amateur phrenologist, who has apparently touched every bump of the human head, which is in anywise connected with amativeness, should have failed to notice this, one of its most important phases: in fine, that, though the most prudent and experienced writers of the day have, by their united efforts, drawn up for Cupid a sort of Constitution and By-Laws, wherewith to regulate his Court, they have yet very strangely neglected this important item, not bearing in mind that these colleges and seminaries are the places where the seeds of love, as well as learning, are implanted. Perhaps the omission has arisen from ignorance. If so, a little information on the subject might not be out of place.

It is a fact, and we appeal to the discrimination of every student in the country for its substantiation, that religion and love in a college are twins. Why this is so, might be a puzzling query. Probably, however, the pious youths find this the only species of dissipation in which they can consistently engage. Impiety can sip whisky punch, and gallant the queen of hearts in a game of "whist," or "seven up;" but our sanctimonious students must not indulge in *such* frivolities. Yet their affections naturally enough come as nigh to worldliness as possible, and there rest—and the resting-place is invariably some pretty girl. This proposition is a matter of fact, and will doubtless find an assent in the experience of every conscientious and sober college student, whatever difficulty there may be in finding these latter.

At first our devout friends are extremely timid, taking care lest their inclinations be detected; and fortunately there are many sick and afflicted about that time, who should be ministered unto. But gradually this timidity is worn away; the offender becomes more seared; at prayer meeting exhibits strange boldness by singing that pretty hymn,—

" My passions hold a pleasing reign,  
When *love* inspires my breast;  
*Love*, the divinest of the train,  
And sovereign of the rest!"

which he sets to that amiable tune, "Ballerma;" and when he is called upon to lead in prayer, hesitates not, in his ardor, to pray that the world may be constrained to say—"See how these Christians *love*." This is the climax of hardihood.

However much of Christian humility pious students may possess, it is frequently to be feared that they "think more highly of themselves than they ought to think." They unquestionably look upon themselves, like Charles O'Malley, as irresistible, in so far as love's concerned: in fact, as accomplished heart-breakers. And, in this connection, an instance occurs, the only plausible quality of which is its implicit truth; an instance wherein one of our amiable fraternity fell deeply in love—very. He was a youth of goodly parts, and piety. Indeed, if our memory serves us aright, he was a licensed exhorter, with occasionally an accidental "Rev." appertaining to his name. But his "ladye love" was nothing scant for beaux, and amongst them was another "licentiate," a mechanic in the town wherein the college was situate, but who was not connected with the institution.

So here these Christian brethren met in holy antagonism, to settle their difficulties—

"With apostolic blows and knocks;"

to run the race set before them, looking unto Miss Juliana White, the author and finisher of—one of them!

The college Reverend had a regular appointment, every two weeks, at a prayer-meeting "down town;" but it so happened that this brother didn't have long to stay. His time of graduating was nigh at hand, and he had set his heart not only upon the acquisition of an honorable sheepskin, but likewise of his sweetheart. The college commencement was nigh at hand, and our beloved hero, Mr. John Quincy Madison (we are sorry we have to call names, but then it must go on his diploma), was to speak a literary oration. But had Sophocles' "Antigone" occupied his brain, instead of Juliana, he might have been honored with a "Philosophical;" but there's precious little philosophy in love, so Mr. Madison had to put up with a second-rate speech. Well, he had committed his oration, and thought it was high time to try his eloquence in another direction; so one night he dressed himself right starchily, and turned him—heart and feet—to Miss July's. An hour afterward look in upon the scene. Let us attempt to describe it in the style Lippardesque.

Pause a moment with us to admire the holy workings of love. See yon student, his gaze rendered more intense by the paleness of his cheek, as he tries to penetrate the soul of her whose fair hand he clasps. Ah! does he see aught there that bids him hope?—

But we can't approximate to the saintly George—so we are constrained to come down to earth again, and keep for the future in our own sphere.

"Mr. Madison," said the lovely Juliana, "this is unexpected—'tis a subject of much importance, both to yourself and me. Perhaps, Sir, in one week I could tell. Fortunes—altar—heart—" The remnant of the sentence was audible only in a prolonged sigh, which told of her deep emotion. With a gentle pressure, John Quincy left. Ah! who can tell?—but we

won't sentimentalize any more. Not long after the interview, however, the loving gentleman was in bed. But sleep was banished from his eyes, and the deep stillness of night served only to increase his agitation. Would the declaration of the night eventuate in his happiness or misery? This was the turning point of his thought—the grand central idea of his imagination. But ere he closed his eyes, there was another, a fearful and terrible reminiscence, which, flashing upon his senses, caused him to start from his bed, and as he wiped the cold perspiration from his bewildered brow, he remembered—horrible memoratu!—that this was the night of his appointment; that whilst he was bowing to Miss Juliana, he should have been bowing in supplication with the assembled brethren “down town.” Oh, how he had wandered! And as the thought of his great negligence stood up before him, the phantom of remorse, he sank overpowered upon his restless pillow.

Three or four days afterwards, sullen and dejected, Mr. J. Quincy sat in his room, meditating on his grievous delinquency, which, by the way, might have been attended with serious results, had not one Jos. Watkins been present to lead—the identical rival of our hero! John Q. would even have preferred that his place should not have been filled at all, than that—Just here, thanks to his better genius, a rather impious train of thought was interrupted by a youth, who handed him a neat card, done up in white wax and ribbon, accompanied by the following note:

“MR. MADISON—Is he who neglects the household of Christ, the one to whom a family can look for protection?”

“You will doubtless infer from the above that I cannot accept the offer made at our last interview.

Yours, &c.,

“JULIANA WHITE.”

And the card—alas! what did it contain? Why nothing else:—

“Mr. and Mrs. White respectfully solicit the company of Mr. Madison at their residence in — street, on the night of the 15th, at 8½ o'clock.”

“Half past eight!” echoed the afflicted one, in a watchman-like voice.

We hate to go on with the poor fellow's history. But little was seen of him afterward; yet he *did* go down to the Whites, pursuant to invitation; and on entering, he found several persons standing on the floor, one of whom looked very much like a parson. And two others, standing very prominently in the midst, were the very images of Juliana and Joseph. Certain it was that he was bid not to interrupt the *ceremony*. Equally certain that he left the room as fast as possible, and soon after left for the far west. Oh! the loves of the angels!