

1849

## Editor's Table

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## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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### INTRODUCTORY.

THERE is nothing better adapted to stir the slumbering powers of a young man, to nerve his inactivity, to inflame his ambition, and fire his genius, than the fact that his reputation is exclusively dependent upon his individual exertions. Where this truth obtains, we find, instead of a universal death, an energized, busy life.

A vehicle for thought has long been needed among us. And now that one has been constructed, we doubt not but its legitimate purpose will be duly appreciated by our fellows. The spirit of Dickinson College will assume tangibility in the columns of the Collegian. The people at large will now be able to get hold upon us. And if what they seize presents any merit, after impartial examination, the due credit will be unanimously rendered. In view of this, those who shall write will feel a strong desire to excel. Praise is the sweetener of literary toil. The student bends with intensity of thought and ardor of feeling over his books even to the midnight hour. While sloth is reveling in dreams and the votaries of ease lie wrapped in Morpheus' firm embrace, he is awake. The emaciate frame and sick heart call in vain for repose. Visions of glory fill his mind. The shouts of the distant multitude drown the remonstrances of wearied nature, and infuse the soul with supernatural strength. Here is the secret of his life—the food he feeds upon is ambition.

It is a proverbial saying that the days spent in college are the happiest in life. These are the halcyon days, the bright days—the days of joy and gladness—of high and noble impulses, of warm and lasting attachments. True, college life has its little strifes and “honorable combats.” But the short-lived enmities, the hard thoughts, and hearty laughs caused by these, impart a charm, and are dwelt upon by deliberate age with the utmost complacency. To call up such reminiscences is one object of our Magazine. Among the noble sons of Dickinson, where shall be found a breast which will not echo the faint sound of departed years yet stealing mournfully from these old granite walls? The mention of our classic shades and silent groves, “fit haunt of gods,” will revive a long series of thrilling incidents still lingering in the memory of the good and great. Doubtless when our neat periodical shall meet the eye of a Buchanan, a Taney, a Wilkins, to them will return fresh the visions of youth. Buchanan, as if seized by some strange spell, shall drop his document in the cabinet. Taney, young again, shall become impatient of the dull routine of judiciary. A year, a day, an hour, since they, where we now do, joined the sportive throng, or sat with countenance all pale over books of antique lore, and dreamed of future greatness.

We think we do not flatter ourselves, when we indulge the belief that the Collegian will be a most welcome visitor to all who here quaffed the Castalian waters, or caught the first sparks of poetic fire. Our monthly coming shall be the presentation

of that "miniature world," where youth has rioted and love played havoc: where, hand in hand, beauty and "genius struggling in adversity," have walked on to victory. Surely, then, we shall be hailed with raptures, or at least with a complacent grin, as we enter the shops of some degenerate followers of Æsculapius, or the contracted boxes of certain miserable scribes of Themis, who within these precincts breathed and gasped, and kicked their last, at the mere mercy of this their Alma Mater.

The Collegian shall be strictly literary in its character.

Whatever of sound philosophy we can "fetch,"  
 Or poetry machine, or wit can "ketch;"  
 Whatever of humor we can get out of bones,  
 Or satire sharpen on the dullest hones,  
 We'll surely pony over.

Our readers shall not be greatly plagued with "German Exigesis," as we purpose scrupulously avoiding all encroachment upon the territory of the Methodist Quarterly Review.

Common sense, acting centrifugally, shall keep us constantly flying from those imbecile "melo-dramas" to which, as a great centre, certain editors are irresistibly gravitating. We fear, lest coming in contact with the "Quaker City," there should succeed a thundering explosion.

In conclusion, we call upon all the alumni and patrons of Dickinson, upon all the devotees of science and votaries of taste, to shout our new creation into birth!



### MR. DICKENS' FANCY FOR CHRISTMAS.

Doubtless one principal reason why there is such an immense amount of unreadable matter in the literary world is the fact, that too much is attempted. An author gains reputation by some sensible book which he has written; but this is not sufficient; he has a dazzling idea of literary fame which he *must* attain. Like Icarus, he cannot keep his proper sphere, whilst the brilliant sun is above—like him he flies toward it (authors are very *flighty* at times), and, like him, his wings melt as he nears it; and, to continue the comparison, being unable to sustain himself, he falls finally into the sea of oblivion. Not very long ago a very smart work appeared under the title of "Jane Eyre;" one which excited, and deservedly, much attention; shortly afterward "Wuthering Heights, by the author of Jane Eyre," was published; but so inferior was the latter, that many confidently expressed the belief that it was by a different author, and that the name of "Jane Eyre" was plagiarized merely to assist the sale. We attribute all the success with which T. S. Arthur has met, as a writer, to the fact that he has never attempted anything except to depict every day life as it is in our own country.

We always peruse Mr. Dickens' works with confidence. We have no fear of failure with him as with others, although there is much difference in the merit of his works. If it is a novel, we look for a work for humanity;