

1849

## Monthly Gossip

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## MONTHLY GOSSIP.

WE had intended to give you a disquisition upon the impropriety of putting calves in the chapel, but we were kindly relieved of the task by a speech from the stage on the Minor Morals. However, as Editors, we feel it incumbent upon us, to notice and denounce all infringements upon the statutes; whereas, it is expressly stated in the said document, that all calves are to be excluded from the institution. It was really amusing to Editors, who are always prepared, to see students who engaged in this infantile pastime, on Monday morning, in turn, act the part of their victim by bleating forth "not prepared."

The night was dark and fearful,  
A calf came running by;  
As boys quite scarred and beer-ful,  
The poor calf's tail did tie.

See how the Freshman gazes,  
To see his near friend there;—  
The calf that wont to graze is,  
Has now come in to prayer.

*Vacation.*—This was a rare time truly! After three months' incessant toil and study, how ready we are to indulge in anything whatsoever; from lounging in the sun, with no one *under* the sun for a companion—save Scott, Smollett, or Sue—to a sentimental walk out to the cave, where there is any quantity of romantic scenery and mud! Then it is that the prep lays aside his grammar, and the senior (we wish the reader could see our blush) his dignity(!), as is too often evinced by his playing ball with this same prep. The junior feels himself in duty bound scrupulously to disregard "moral science," and wo-betide that senior who would, under any conditions, deliberately open the pages of Butler, or pay any attention to natural or revealed religion!—he would be excommunicated *instantly*.

Napoleon arose brilliant as the meteor—and like it passed away. The flower is sweet and lovely, but it "fades and falls away, ere it hath blossomed for a few short hours." Since then the brightest of earth are but born to wither, why should we tear our nether garments for anguish at the departure of vacation? We will not.

"—— I knew it could not last;  
'Twas bright, 'twas pleasing,—but 'tis past!"

*Dr. Valentine.*—This facetious personage has been exhibiting his whimsical face and farces in Carlisle. The Doctor takes *nature* as his authority for making men and women laugh; which (*nature*) has, he says, "provided us with three muscles to pull the mouth upward, and only one to pull the same downward; which means that we are to laugh just three times as much as we cry." The Doctor certainly succeeds in making people laugh—in fact, we're inclined to think that we, though Editors, should have smiled ourselves, had it not been for the "Collegian for April," which hung like a continual blight over our enjoyment. This is the second time we've noticed "*Valentine*;" though we apprehend that there's much difference between the "Doctor" and the "Saint!"

*The Bakers.*—This family of singers has lately paid a visit to Carlisle. They certainly do not sing well; their voices are not musical, and lack in refinement what they cannot make up in strength. The solo, however, sung by one of the ladies, "The Lament of the Irish mother," was very well sung indeed. One of the principal faults which we observed in the Bakers, was the want of *variety* in their musical compositions.

*Official.*—The press seems to be very busy in discussing the subject of "President Taylor's organ." We would merely say, that the "Collegian" is the organ of a New Administration!

*Horns.*—It's really astonishing how popular these instruments have become of late. It is the most natural thing in life for students to take *horns* and go forth to serenade. And many have well-nigh come to *blows* over these horns. This should be designated the *Horny age!* These horns are chiefly sheep's or calves' horns, however, and consequently should be made the *butt* of the College by all lovers of good order.

*On Dit.*—That the Faculty contemplate pewing the Chapel. As we are not over punctual in our attendance in the morning, we think in the evening we'll take our seat in the *Gallery*.