

1849

Editor's Table

Follow this and additional works at: <http://scholar.dickinson.edu/collegian>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

"Editor's Table." *The Collegian* 1, no. 5 (1849).

Available at: <http://scholar.dickinson.edu/collegian/vol1/iss5/13>

The Collegian is a literary magazine published by the Belles Lettres and Union Philosophical Societies at Dickinson College in 1849. For more information, please contact scholar@dickinson.edu.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Eheu! fugaces Postume Postume
Labuntur armi.—*Horace.*

Farewell—farewell is a lonely sound.—*Song.*

Thus to the elements he poured his last "Goodnight."—*Byron.*

THE Collegian has now reached its fifth number; and with this the term of service for the present editorial committee expires.

It was once said, by a very smart man, that he "knew of nothing approaching so near a mother's love as that of an editor—for his paper," and this we have been convinced of in our connection with the Collegian. No one can tell what a bitter pang the time of our "passing away" inflicts; and well may we here give Sterne's interjection, "What a life of it has an author at this *pass!*" Our only solace is, that we will have it as a monthly visitant, to keep our memory green and fresh, as when we were in our editorial meetings.

Dear Readers! (for we always have the greatest conceivable affection for our readers) permit us to render our heartfelt thanks for the uniform good will and commendation with which we have met during our service as Editors, and which are the more valuable because of their being from so cultivated a people as yourselves. We have certainly spared no efforts to make our College Periodical an acceptable visitor; it is our delight if we have rendered it such. Allow us to express a desire for your temporal and future welfare and happiness; at the same time suggesting that we know of nothing more calculated to insure both than subscribing for the Collegian. To the end that you may not be destroyed by the literary dearth in which you will be involved during the next two months, wherein the Collegian shall in no wise make its appearance—when the brains that compose it shall be scattered into divers sections of the country;—we say, in order that too serious injury be not occasioned thereby, we prescribe plenteous reading in Shakspeare, which can be the only sufficient substitute.

To the ladies we would say that, if their contributions had cheered the Collegian as much as their smiles have us, they would doubtless have rendered our experiment doubly successful. And we will, furthermore, briefly state a fact for what it may be worth. The celebrated Mrs. Radcliffe never gave any evidence of brilliant genius until she married an Editor; and it is supposed that her connection with his journal gave the first impulse to that imagination which held the world spell-bound, and raised the authoress of the *Mysteries of Udolpho* to the highest point of literary fame in her day!

It may be expected that we will say a few words, by way of encouragement or advice, to our successors in the Editorial department. We had some idea of pointing out to you, worthy friends, the fact that, in editing a publication of this kind, you are following in the footsteps of Fielding, Addison, Jerrold, Dickens, Proudhon,

Prentice, Ritchie, and many others of ancient and modern renown; and thus, by "magnifying our office," incite you to exertion. We had also a notion of giving you the newspaper statistics of the world, which are now before us, and thus impress you with the immensity of the work in which you are engaged, and representing to you the importance of sustaining our reputation in College for excellence in letters. We apprehend, however, that both of these would be useless. We doubt not but that the difficulty some of you had in attaining your position, will teach you its value and importance. And we will merely conclude with hoping that, under your direction, the Collegian may shine forth, after vacation, with increased brilliancy and subscription list.

Horace Greeley said, in his speech in Congress on mileage that to talk about money was no part of a gentleman, and was by some considered disreputable even for editors; but that he was nevertheless resolved to do it—and so are we.

The Collegian was started principally for the benefit of the graduates of the College. It was to them that we looked for support and co-operation. Let each one ask himself if we have met with that patronage from them that we had reason to anticipate. How many are there who were always foremost in vaunting their love for society and its associations, (especially about *election* times, for love is as a fever, periodical, intermittent, &c.) who have not at all interested themselves in this new undertaking. It is well known that, when they were in College, it would be universally acknowledged that such a periodical was wanting; and yet, when there are those found amongst us who are ready to labor to sustain it by their contributions, there are also those who are unwilling to pay a paltry sum for its support; who can, at the same time, write letters to College on every other subject, and declare that they still cherish the most tender affection for everything connected with "Old Dickinson." We certainly cannot divine what their idea of consistency may be. But whilst this is the case, on the one hand, we cannot forget to return thanks to those who, not having been connected with the College, have nevertheless volunteered a ready assistance, and also to the ladies, both far and near, whose names have been entered on our books as subscribers. We think we should like to publish their names, if for no other reason than the great credit it would give the Collegian in the community. What *cannot* the ladies do, when they take a notion? Why there's not one that couldn't procure us a host of subscribers, if she'd only endeavor so to do—and why shouldn't she? We hope that hereafter our graduate members will take a greater interest in our experiment, and endeavor to extend our circulation. We hope that all who graduate this year will do likewise. * * *

The departure from College walls is the embarkation on the great sea of life. There is rarely an intermediate position. And how different is the preparation for the voyage in different youths.—Some go forth prepared to encounter every storm that may rise, to breast every wind; whilst others start off

"With a light *heart*, much lighter than a feather;
With a light *soul*, that spurned the freezing weather;
And with a *head* ten times as light as either;
And a *purse* as light as all together."

The idea of going forth into the world is slightly revolting to every one, however prepared; and this is an ingredient in the pain caused by leaving College; one which can be only counteracted by the thought that soon is to be realized

"All that the heart can dream of heaven—a home."

Mr. Dickens' New Work.—We know of no work by this popular author which, from the very first line, carries with it such intense interest as this. It is a book we don't

think we could endure to read by numbers. The style is to some extent different from any of his former works. It has all the wit of Punch, and the pathos of Boz. On the whole, we think this bids fair to be one of his most successful and delightful novels, superior to any of his late efforts. The first number, published by Mr. Wiley in this country, may be found at Erb's.

Memoirs of a Preacher. By George Lippard.—“Eugene Sue wrote the history of the Jesuits of France—but it has been reserved for George Lippard to write the *Memoirs of a Preacher!*” So said the first number of the “Quaker City,” and so in flaming capitals has every subsequent number said. And we must confess that, on reading these portentous words, a thrilling sensation crept over us. Grim Moroks and lovely Adriennes stood again before us. But these were all dispelled by the perusal; we found the lions chained. We shall not attempt to give any plot of this work, or any hint relative to its object, for the simple reason that we have not been able to satisfy ourselves of either.

The first part of this work was certainly the most sensible writing we had ever read from the pen of its author. The letter to Bishop Potter reassured us: the first chapters were excellent; but it couldn't go on so—not at all! The work was to be spoiled by awful chapters on mesmerism: trap-doors, springs, secret closets, false faces, pistols, and poisons must all be introduced; what a fondness George has for them! And then Ralph was to be put into every unnatural and uncouth position imaginable. We couldn't refrain from laughing outright, when he peeps behind the curtain, and then runs and jumps out of the window. Such a scene might do very well for Emily in Udolpho, or might be told with a very good grace by Horace Walpole; but they must *not* be dressed up in the summer fashions for '49, though it be the *Annus Mirabilis* of the nineteenth century!

Chronological Error.—A work has lately appeared in London under the title, “Chronology of the times of David, Ezra, and Nehemiah; considered with a view of correcting an error of thirty-three years in the received chronology, between the capture of Jerusalem, and the birth of Christ, etc. By James Whitman Bosanquet. London, 1848.”

The author, who is a man of great literary acquirements, shows clearly that there is an error of thirty-three years in the accepted computation of the time between the capture of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar and the birth of Christ. The discovery of this error makes several of the obscure passages in the Old Testament perfectly plain, and reconciles the apparently gross contradictions in the biographical sketch of Cyrus, as given by Herodotus, when compared with that given by Xenophon. According to Mr. Bosanquet's computation, it appears that the Ahasuerus of David, Esther, and Ezra, is one and the same person, and indeed no other than Darius Hystanus of profane history; while the Darius of Ezra and Daniel is shown to be the Xerxes of the Greek historians.

Agnes Morris.—We were very much pleased, indeed, on reading the first portion of this tale of domestic life. We thought the style natural, and the sentiments good and well expressed. But we found it similar to the caricature in Horace

— ut turpiter atrum

Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne.

The latter part was truly tedious—lovesick!

My Uncle the Curate is the title of a new work which we have received from Mr. Erb. We have not had time to peruse it, but have read several reviews, which represent it as superior.