

1849

## Monthly Gossip

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## MONTHLY GOSSIP.

"See here, Mr. Editor, you must get about that Gossip. Here we have all the MSS. ready for the press, and you, as usual, have been loafing away your *precious* time over in No. —." This anathema escaped the lips of one of the fraternity just as we entered the door of our sanctum this morning, immediately after the "breakfast-time of life," as some one calls it. This caused a gentle redness to suffuse our face, which the ladies call "modest blushing," or "blushing modesty." Another, to alleviate our embarrassment, exclaims, "Who expected anything from *him*?" This conversation, though laconic, aroused us to a sense of duty. In an *unguarded* moment we mentally resolved to do better. Editors do not always adopt such noble, self-denying resolutions, and never think of their performance! Acting under this impulse, we hastened to our room to perform the arduous task, but no sooner had we entered than our gaze was attracted by our dear pipe, the companion of diurnal labor, and sweetener of toil! All visions of glory and duty vanished, and we sat ourselves down to dream o'er our pipe again. This duty finished, we begin, Oh "may all that breathe share our destiny!" Well, we had a fire in college, a real *bona fide* fire. How shall we attempt to describe it? A poet's pen could scarce do it; how then can we, who never wrote a verse of poetry in our lives? "O tempora, O mores!" Pardon us, reader, but according to modern usage, we wanted a quotation just here, and we could not think of anything more apropos, i. e. applicable in any and every way. We had just divested ourselves of a portion of our apparel, when the harsh sound "fire! fi-ire!! in the first section—water buckets"—reached our ear. We hastened down to make observations, taking a bucket with us to allay suspicion. We had not cleared the steps, when we met a young man toddling down the steps with a wood box on his shoulder, and exclaiming, "Who thought it would come to this!—oh my mamma!" We pitied him, but hurried past to alleviate the *woes* of others. We next met with a youth astride his trunk in the campus, soliloquizing after this fashion, "I'll leave college if it burns down!" We were somewhat amused, but were constrained to keep silence "for conscience sake." It was even alleged that a certain youth ran down to the car office, and engaged a trip in the morning train; but we have our doubts of its truth. There were many very entertaining scenes—but we forbear.

*Gen. Tom Thumb.*—This "small specimen of a gentleman," as he is pleased to designate himself, has honored Carlisle with a visit lately. Thomas boasts of having kissed one or two millions of rosy lips, and in confirmation thereof exercised himself very industriously one or two days in kissing the *belles dames* of our borough. Oh! how we did *not* envy the little 'un, as with quiet resignation he endured the salutations of his fair visitors. On one occasion a prudent Miss was conversing with him on kissing in general, when we heard him observe, rather satirically, we thought, "O Miss, if the ladies are *anxious*, I'm sure I'm willing." Just then she ravished a kiss from his fair cheek, and made way for a host of others. How forcibly it reminded us of Mr. Clay's memorable visit eastward, when people were smothered, locomotives obstructed, and steamboats sunk, in order that our patriotic lasses might imprint fervent kisses on the venerable statesman's cheek, chin, or nose, just as fortune or misfortune would have it. Bless us! how energetic the ladies are!

By the way, speaking of the sage of Ashland, the first word spoken by him to Old Zac, is reported to have been—"Why, General, you've grown out of my recollection!" "Now, in the name of all the gods at once, on what meat hath this our Cæsar fed, that he has *grown* so great!" *Grown* out of his recollection! Verily, that's queer. We thought if there was a man in existence other than Lewis Cass of Michigan, out of whose "recollection" Zachary would *never* grow, that man was Henry Clay. But it seems we have been mistaken in our supposition, for the *Delta* tells us that it took a strong punch in Harry's side to cause even a recognition!

*St. Valentine's Day.*—They say Valentine's a saint—they do; but if one is accountable for the sins done in one's name, prospectively, why then were we inclined to doubt whether he be a saint or not. 'Pon our editorial souls, we don't envy the grizzly old chap, if he is responsible for the prodigious amount of nonsense which hath adorned the boxes in our post office during this Valentine season. And then the innumerable hoaxes! Many were the poor fellows we saw "grinning horribly a ghastly smile," over some Valentine which flings up in his face his mental or personal attractions, the postage whereof might have smoked in whisky punch at "Burk's," or been smoked in a cigar at "Criswell's," whilst the poor fellow finds in himself much disinclination to "smoke" the joke. In fact, though we weep for humanity in owning it, not even the editors have been spared. We were aware that our fraternity were very attractive; that as we pass along, ladies pop up at the windows and shed brightness from their eyes on our rugged path; in fact, that they are frequently constrained to knock at the windows, cheering us on in our great undertaking; but then we didn't expect to receive Valentines, we didn't positively.