

1849

The Indian Maiden

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pidly—and finally resting my vacant gaze upon the piece of paper, on which Miss Ann Foolem had been writing——

Probably no emotion of our nature has been met with so great a degree of unmerited censure, as curiosity. Men seem disposed to obliviousness of the divers good inventions, &c., arising therefrom; and invariably in this case seem to possess the greatest disinclination to judge of the tree by its fruits. You may prate about Eve's curiosity entailing death on our race—but don't tell me;—Was not Eve assured on the authority of Monsieur Diable, (the devil's a Frenchman,) that by eating the apple, she would be a more sensible woman?—and is not desire for knowledge praiseworthy? I have said this as a sort of apology for what men would call a mean action; charity, then, will consider this, in connection with my terrible circumstances, a sufficient excuse for my reading Miss Ann's manuscript; it ran thus:—

April 1st, 1848.

“Dear Cousin:—As I have nothing to do this evening, I think I'll write to you, as a recompense for the *April fool* I sent you——.” “Good God!” I exclaimed, as I rushed out of the room; as I passed through the hall, the servants giggled immensely, as did the ladies who were just returning from supper; as I rushed out of the front door, my cloak caught in the door-bell handle, and it set a giggling too. In the madness of desperation, I ran forth with a duett of laughter pealing from Mrs. Foolem's parlor. When I reached my room, breathless, I found therein half of the College waiting to see the fun!——

* * * * * *

This is a beautiful day—yet I can't help wishing it over. I have just taken a nap, and had a dream;—Methought I was going along the street, and perceiving a neatly folded piece of paper, I picked it up; it was Ann Foolem's letter containing my invitation card! Just then a corps of fiends cried and yelled—“April fool,” “April f-o-o-l.” Oh, I *do* wish it was Monday!



THE INDIAN MAIDEN.

O WEAVE me a wreath of the cypress and myrtle,
 And bury me under the lone willow tree;
 Where the soft plaintive coo of the heart-broken turtle,
 While mourning its fellow, my death dirge shall be.

Then a pillow of roses and lilies entwine,
 And gently upon it repose my cold head;
 And over my bosom plant some unfading vine,
 Whose sweet charm in winter will cheer my lone bed.

Then softly I'll sleep 'neath my own cherished willow,
 And sweetly I'll dream as the zephyr sweeps o'er;
 That leaves a soft kiss on my moss-covered pillow,
 And sighs on the spot it can visit no more.

I'll dream of each glen in the haunts of my childhood,
 And fancy each flower is blooming there still;
 Again will I roam through my own native wildwood,
 And visit each seat by the murmuring rill.

Each vine-covered arbor in my childhood entwined,
 Whose sweet, balmy fragrance around me was shed;
 Where oft in its shadow I have gently reclined,
 I still in the garb of a spirit will tread.



PHILOSOPHY OF FASHION.

A FRAGMENT.

It has of late become quite fashionable for us to turn up our noses at all earthly potentates, in general; and at the King of the French and Pope Pius, or rather "them as *was* the King and Pope," in particular. But perhaps some of our fashionable readers would be pleased to know what was the cut of Louis Philippe's coat, on the event of his taking French leave of his constituents. We can assure such, that he made his appearance, or disappearance rather, on that occasion—not in a coat of tar and feathers—but in one with a skirt perpendicular to his body,—in fine, he made quite a straight coat-tail of it. Now, fashion had no sooner frowned the French king from his throne, than she assumed the sceptre herself; and now rules with much more severity than ever did he,—and with many more devotees than ever had he! At every heaving of her bare bosom—at every rustle of her flounces—at every glittering of her bracelet,—the world falls prostrate, and cries out, "great is fashion of the Parisians!"

It's very strange—no it isn't either; we were about to say that it was very strange, to what extent fashion was being carried in our own midst, but very justly interrupted ourselves, and said, it wasn't strange at all! *fallacia alia aliam trudit*. It is very fashionable just now to talk a vast deal about "my liege"—or better *mileage*—Horace Greeley. On our honor, we haven't looked into a paper of any description for the last six months, which hath not had a peck of some sort at this notorious individual—we haven't in honest truth! The Daily *Herald* will prate enviously about the "Demagogue in Congress,"—whilst the Weekly *Hoosier* and Democratic *Sucker* will "copy off" with marvelous gusto!