1849

Monthly Gossip

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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.
work immediately after the perusal of Tupper's *Crock of Gold*; and we were astonished, not to say disgusted, at the direct *aping*, if we may so speak, of the style and plot of the latter, by the author of *Now and Then*.

We doubt if there be an original idea in the book; and it seems to us that the author fails signally in everything which he brings forward in it. At times he attempts to portray the most powerful emotions; but there is nothing natural—nothing striking in it. Again, his efforts at pathos are positively ridiculous.

Mr. Warren may be—and doubtless is—a good lawyer; but universal geniuses, even in the department of letters, are rare; and we have settled down into the conclusion, that this novel is as much of a failure as Sir E. L. Bulwer's attempt at speech-making in Parliament.

*Graham's Magazine for March* is on our table, and a good number it is. The contents are rich and varied, and the engravings executed with much taste and spirit. The first, "Christ weeping over Jerusalem," is, we think, superior to anything of the kind which has come under our observation. This periodical is conducted with as much ability, perhaps, as anything of the kind in the country. It is to be found at Erb's.

*The Dickinson College Register* for 1849.—This beautiful article has at length appeared, "done up" in most superior style. The following is the general summary:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Department</th>
<th>Number</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Law departments</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Resident graduate</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Under graduates</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seniors</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Juniors</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sophomores</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Freshmen</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Preparatory department</td>
<td>144</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>174</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The Institution is now in as flourishing a state as at any period hitherto.

*To Correspondents.*—We have some difficulty, in making up a number, to make such selections as will not only please our readers, but also our very accommodating contributors. Sometimes contributions are had in of merit, equal to those we publish; yet the subject-matter may not be such as to present a pleasing variety.

"The Sleepy Bard" has some merit, but we decline publishing it because we have sufficient verse. The above will also apply to "My Native Place."

The authors of other articles we have conciliated privately.

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**MONTHLY GOSSIP.**

The first appearance of the Collegian was looked for with solicitude, from the novelty of the undertaking, and again from the interest each felt in its success. As the time for its debut approached, this feeling was strongly manifested. Indeed it grew every day, and we as much expected to be daily saluted with the interrogatory, "has the Collegian come?" as we did to receive the "how d'ye dos" of our particular friends. There was some point in this question, and from being asked ourselves, we began to ask each other, and at length the inquiry reached head-quarters, in the shape of a telegraphic dispatch to the publishers. Being "posted up" on this point, we determined, with our usual sagacity, to suppress all intelligence. Rumor, however, was busy, and when we entered the chapel, on the evening of the eventful day, for the purpose of vesper orisons, a crowd collected in one corner attracted our notice, which, on examination, we found to contain
Ladies don't know what they miss when they neglect to attend the chapel, on
"Joys onl iny thing that inspired us with sufficient courage to enter; but the Syren's strain; for no sooner had we yielded to the allurement, than we found ourselves in a
tiative, to receive the reward of his gracious undertakings.

The guardian angel of our precious charge was in hue so like old Erebus, that we were only
The Soiree.-"Delightful," we exclaimed, as we left this scene of pleasure and pretty girls. In
Assault and Battery.—It isn't often that students ride in coach and four "free gratis" in this hos-

"If we could grasp Time's fickle wings,
We'd ——" play the mischief with 'em.

(We ask the reader's pardon for filling up this last line, but we've really forgotten the latter clause of the original). We enjoyed ourselves very much at this Soiree—though we did get some one else's hat, and some one else did get ours from the huge pile where they were all promiscuously heaped, as when the odd-fellows cast in their gloves at the funeral of a brother!

Chapel Stage.—Ladies don't know what they miss when they neglect to attend the chapel, on Saturday morning, at 10 o'clock—but the speakers do!