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Mr. Dickens' Fancy for Christmas

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of that "miniature world," where youth has rioted and love played havoc: where, hand in hand, beauty and "genius struggling in adversity," have walked on to victory. Surely, then, we shall be hailed with raptures, or at least with a complacent grin, as we enter the shops of some degenerate followers of Æsculapius, or the contracted boxes of certain miserable scribes of Themis, who within these precincts breathed and gasped, and kicked their last, at the mere mercy of this their Alma Mater.

The Collegian shall be strictly literary in its character.

Whatever of sound philosophy we can "fetch,"
 Or poetry machine, or wit can "ketch;"
 Whatever of humor we can get out of bones,
 Or satire sharpen on the dullest hones,
 We'll surely pony over.

Our readers shall not be greatly plagued with "German Exigesis," as we purpose scrupulously avoiding all encroachment upon the territory of the Methodist Quarterly Review.

Common sense, acting centrifugally, shall keep us constantly flying from those imbecile "melo-dramas" to which, as a great centre, certain editors are irresistibly gravitating. We fear, lest coming in contact with the "Quaker City," there should succeed a thundering explosion.

In conclusion, we call upon all the alumni and patrons of Dickinson, upon all the devotees of science and votaries of taste, to shout our new creation into birth!



MR. DICKENS' FANCY FOR CHRISTMAS.

Doubtless one principal reason why there is such an immense amount of unreadable matter in the literary world is the fact, that too much is attempted. An author gains reputation by some sensible book which he has written; but this is not sufficient; he has a dazzling idea of literary fame which he *must* attain. Like Icarus, he cannot keep his proper sphere, whilst the brilliant sun is above—like him he flies toward it (authors are very *flighty* at times), and, like him, his wings melt as he nears it; and, to continue the comparison, being unable to sustain himself, he falls finally into the sea of oblivion. Not very long ago a very smart work appeared under the title of "Jane Eyre;" one which excited, and deservedly, much attention; shortly afterward "Wuthering Heights, by the author of Jane Eyre," was published; but so inferior was the latter, that many confidently expressed the belief that it was by a different author, and that the name of "Jane Eyre" was plagiarized merely to assist the sale. We attribute all the success with which T. S. Arthur has met, as a writer, to the fact that he has never attempted anything except to depict every day life as it is in our own country.

We always peruse Mr. Dickens' works with confidence. We have no fear of failure with him as with others, although there is much difference in the merit of his works. If it is a novel, we look for a work for humanity;

one which by its natural pathos and accurate delineation of the human heart, will call forth the better emotions of our nature. If a story, like the one before us, we look for one which will increase the happiness of the reader, and make him more contented with his fellow man. The sentiment of this story is admirable. The principal character is a man of considerable learning, with whose life some dark scenes had been connected, which perpetually haunted his memory : a phantom offers to cut off this terrible recollection of sorrow, wrong, and trouble, and he consents ; but he finds that he loses with it the lovelier feelings of life ; he has no pity now ; no sympathy for human suffering. But he not only has this horrid gift himself, but his presence breathes it into the souls of others ; and in those families where pure and holy enjoyments reigned, now are misery and heartlessness. But a lovely woman is introduced, as one having, unconsciously, the power of reversing the gift, and where she goes she revives peace and gladness, causing that—

“Hearts that had been long estranged,
And friends that had grown cold,
Should meet again, like parted streams,
And mingle as of old.”

We like these Christmas stories, although we don't like the circumstances under which they are written. They make us think highly of the heart whence they emanate. The present is not as good as some he has written ; the “Christmas Carol,” for instance, or the “Cricket on the Hearth,” yet it is superior to others, and on the whole a very pleasant fancy.