Philosophy of Fashion: A Fragment

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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 tradit*. 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!
Taylorism is likewise now all the rage. The office seeker, who was perhaps too much indisposed to attend the polls on the 7th of November, will now come boldy forth; and, cutting a fashionable coat "according to his cloth," huzza bravely for old Zac, against whom he never had voted, nor ever would!

We can conceive of no one so vile, so absolutely abandoned, as he who would consent under any circumstances, to walk ruthlessly and deliberately in our midst, with his collar turned down, or his hat sitting straight on his head. Surely, there is no more infallible sign whereby to form an accurate judgment of one's piety or gentility, than by the cut of his coat—none at all! The New York b'hoy knows that Lamartine is a great man, simply from his "de-e-vil-ish foine vest pattern;" and the whole world couldn't convince him that Guizot wasn't the smartest chap in Europe—for every wrinkle in his scarf proclaims the fact!

As Mantilini saith, "'Tis a demnition fine thing," is this fashion; whereunto shall it be likened? To the mermaid on the cupola which shrieks and screams, and cuts a thousand little fashionable pranks at every visit from Mr. Boreas, or any of the rest of the Æolian gentry; who, regardless of her age, hath yet sufficient brass to present a bright exterior, and ever changes with the wind of fashion.

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EPIDEMIC SYMPATHY.

Sympathy among a people, begets a unity in their actions. It is a principle which determines to a great extent, the life and fortunes of the individual, and ranging wider, enters into the life of nations, and strengthens the sinews of their power; its absence paves the way for disunion and discord. This harmony of sentiment gives a quicker throb to a nation's pulse, a mightier energy to its movements. When heart beats with heart for the accomplishment of an object, there is a gathering of power, which, in its onward course, becomes almost resistless.

The times have been, when the ruled had nothing at their disposal, but physical force; no choice, but that of unconditional submission, or punishment. The times are changing. A consciousness of political importance has arisen among the people, which has shaken thrones of royalty, and there is no arm strong enough to stay their shaking. And now, especially among us, it is felt that each one in his civil capacity is a unit, not a mere cipher. This truth having been received by the public mind, will work out its legitimate results, despite the efforts of tyrants, and the selfishly ambitious; and why? The people sympathize with each other in regard to their rights, and we betide him who would cross the path of a people contending heart and