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Epidemic Sympathy

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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 boldly 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 damnition 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.

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 wo betide him who would cross the path of a people contending heart and
Epidemic Sympathy.

hand for liberty, the thought of which sends a sympathetic thrill through every bosom.

Epidemic sympathy is the wire that the selfish politician pulls, to bring into play his puppet figures of personal interest; and he is but

"The frothy orator who busks his tales
In quackish pomp of noisy words."

It is the wheels of the political chariot which very accommodatingly conveys its passengers to the office of the "Squire," or to the White House."

It is the string of concord, which, if touched, evokes a spell that raises to, or hurls from, the pinnacle of power. This sympathy can convert a listless throng to an interested one; can stir a fever in a nation's blood; can make men heroes in any strife.

An agreement in views and feelings pervaded the legions of Satan,

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"whom the Almighty power
Hurled headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky;"

when, in building the capitol for the empire of darkness, some mined the burning mountain for gold, others refined the dug-out ore, and multitudes set themselves to forming the pillars, the architrave sculptured in gold, and the lofty dome with its richly wrought fret-work. The sameness of awakened thought and interested feeling, caused such activity among those glory-dimmed angels, that within the brief space of an hour there arose the well-built council hall, Pandemonium; its vast interior lighted up with terrible splendor, by lamps hung on magic chords.

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"Not Babylon,
Nor great Alcaire such magnificence
Equaled in all their glories."

The Crusades afford evidences of its might and influence. Peter the Hermit spoke of the Saviour's tomb desecrated by the tread of infidels; of sacred places despoiled, or wasting beneath the shadow of the crescent; of pilgrims insulted and slain; and murmurs of sympathy were everywhere heard. He summoned Europe to the rescue of Jerusalem, that cradle of Christianity, from the Turkish sway. Peasant and prince were aroused. Soul burned with soul, for the release of the city of peace, for the restoration of places made sacred by a Saviour's footsteps. Responsive to the call of the shaven-pated hermit, Europe prepared for action. Fanaticism added fresh vigor to Europe's mighty heart, throbbing with awakened energy. The lively children of the south united with the more meditative sons of the north. The titled warriors now thought to realize their visions of oriental glory; the criminals to atone for their crimes; and all bore the symbol of the cross, as the sure passport to heaven. Excitement's lurid glare lighted up the way of the almost countless thousands sympathizing with each other, for the deliverance of the Holy City. The watchword and battle cry, "It is the will of God," found ready echoes in every heart.

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What moved these tides of warring life, which in their reflux, were so richly freighted with blessings for humanity? Their eyes beheld, and their hearts desired the same object. It was an epidemic sympathy, which looks for a nation both good and evil; which strengthens, and even forms, the bonds of friendship, and directs into a common channel, the otherwise clashing affairs of men. It is a principle that holds wide sway in the world.

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LINES,

COMPOSED WHILE WALKING ONE EVENING AMONG THE SCENES OF CHILDHOOD.

My native hills and vales! once more
Your lovely aspect meets my view,
While walking here, as oft before,
Beneath the deep Cærulean blue.

Thy face, O Nature! lovely is!—
O spring! thy breath surpassing sweet!
A cold, unfeeling heart is his,
Who ne'er exults thy approach to greet.

I oft have hailed thy kind return,
Thou virgin season of the year;
And, joyous, seen the tree and fern,
Exulting, smile when thou wert near.

How lovely, to my childlike sight,
Appeared this well remembered scene!
How heaved my breast with pure delight,
Beholding Nature’s vernal green!

Ye haunts of boyhood’s early hours,
I know ye sure were lovely then;
And oh! how like of old, your bowers,
As now I see them once again!

In sportive gambols here I’ve passed
The purest hours of life’s calm spring,
When smoothly fled the years and fast,
Nor swifter than the joys they bring.

How pleasant now, since time has fled,
To view the scenes of early life,
When every moment, as it sped,
With peace and innocence was rife!