

1849

## Monthly Gossip

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## MONTHLY GOSSIP.

*Clubs.*—It is rather unfortunate that Bulwer never placed an appendix to his Essays on English character, which should have been entitled, "Want of Amusement among the Literati." Had he done so, no doubt many clashing opinions would have been reconciled by it. But, alas! he has not done it, and we must think and speak for ourselves; lest society may suffer for want of instruction on this point, we shall venture a word. We shall not call back to earth again, Shakspeare's shades, to witness his monument bespoiled, and glory marred: but we would call upon his "benighted followers," to return to the path of duty and common sense.

"Wisdom speaks in me, and bids me dare  
Beacon the rocks on which high hearts are wreck't."

When we expostulate with them, how do they evade our arguments, and neglect our wholesome counsel? They say Shakspeare is *next* to the Bible; and the consequence is, that on Saturday evening, the atmosphere is decidedly Shaksperian: all conversation upon Goëthe, Schiller, Friedrich Von Schlegel, Milton, Shelley, Coleridge, &c., is actually forbidden as tainting: a long train may be seen wending its way *westward*, with as much gravity upon the countenances of the individuals, as Diogenes bore whilst seated in a tub. "Westward the star of empire takes its course." When we remonstrate with them on the impropriety of reading on Saturday evenings, and urge them to carry out their theory by reading on Monday, which is *next* to Sunday, they will say Saturday is *next* to Monday; everybody knows that Saturday comes *before* Sunday, hence, in violation of the first principles of logic, and by a strange incongruity, they make "next," and "before," synonymous; we get out of patience in reasoning with such persons. Unfortunately, falling in company one evening, with one of the most enthusiastic, we inquired of him, whether he had faith in the theory before advanced, to which he replied in a measured tone, "that from what he could gather, in his *waking intervals*, he sposed he did." Even Byron has been subjected to the same course of proceeding, but on a smaller scale. In short, we must speak in *Shakspeare* or *Byron*, or keep our dull thoughts to ourselves.

*Fie!*—It is really a shame, that the Editors can't walk with the ladies, but that the "*—men*," all stand aghast and take off their hats. This is a decided nuisance to ourselves; and we do urge the "City Authorities" to take speedy measures for its redress. The other day there was a walking party; and there were the "*—men*" a looking! Now these looking men confuse us, not the ladies. The ladies are pleased with *looks*. But young gentlemen who are just beginning to devote their "leisure moments," to looking *after* not at the ladies, don't like to be *looked* out of countenance. Once for all, "*—men*," desist! Let your looks be spent on your books, not on your persons, or on the Editor's.—*Carlisle Police Gazette please copy.*

*Wanted.*—As the Editors have given up loafing, a reporter for the Monthly Gossip is much needed, and his services will be *thankfully* received.

*Progress of Science.*—We have all read, no doubt, of the difficulties attendant upon the pathway of Christian in the "Pilgrim's Progress." And we are also well aware of the divers aches and pains, incidental to the attainment of any desirable object. Sterne, the eccentric church dignitary, observed very complacently, when he was persecuted by critics and booksellers, that "the way to fame was like the way to heaven, through much tribulation." These reflections were forcibly impressed on our mind, as with the most aged and venerable portion of our apparel, for science scorns to think of what it shall put on, but considers the lilies or the varied hues of the snake; indeed we have thought it would be for the interest of science, if nothing at all were "put on,"—or in anywise affected. We proceeded, in company with a numerous host of the inquisition, out towards Sterritt's Gap. And, oh! had the unfortunate salamanders, the toads, or the snakes have seen the uncouth coat, the misshapen hat, or the fiery appearance of the red flannel shirt, how they would have trembled in their little skins; but these they could *not* see, though really they are inexcusable for not having heard the sound of the nails, when a certain huge shoe came in contact with the earth. The Pilgrim came to the Slough of Despond—we also, came to a slough, but not of despond; this was the very time we were Hopeful; bright and curious reptiles danced before our eyes, and indeed every one in the company seemed at times metamorphosed into big Salamonias. But the illusion vanished when we commenced floundering in this scientific morass. This then, is the Progress of Science, when we can get young men to leave the comforts of a recitation, or of declamation, to wallow in the mud.

*The "Scoville" Entertainment.*—We entered Education Hall, to hear the Shakspeare reading, thinking of the gifted Fanny Kemble; and, minding us of *her* crowded houses, went early in order to procure a seat. We *did* get a seat—and that's not all we got. We got a glimpse of a new Julian, totally different from a certain character of one William Shakspeare, and after seeing the Scovilles eat a very hearty supper, which didn't seem to *go down* with the audience, we left in the midst of a very eloquent 4th of July oration!