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Recollections

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Both ridicule and abuse have been heaped, and with no sparing hand, upon our simple republican institutions by the haughty Britons, proud of their ancient monarchical government; and the possession of a common language has only brought these things home to every American with tenfold force. He can fully appreciate what is thus urged in his mother tongue, and nourishes, then, with greater warmth, the animosity which he previously felt. He deeply resents the unnatural conduct of the mother country, who uses the language native to both as the vehicle of abuse and misrepresentation, instead of praise and encouragement.

British travelers in this country have felt themselves bound, it seems, to repay American hospitality with English abuse; and have returned to entertain their credulous countrymen with fanciful pictures of republican barbarism, or to astound them with cock and bull stories of miserable slaves, sinking beneath stripes and chains.

So much of this trash has been written and circulated, that it is not wonderful that the great mass of our people should cherish a considerable degree of jealousy and resentment toward a nation whose writers have seemed so sedulously bent upon misrepresenting them. But this Trollopism has slackened of late years, and promises to die away altogether; the constant intercourse now maintained, will soon introduce better feelings, and sounder views as to the respective character of each people; and we, as a nation of Anglo-Saxons, will be proud to "shake hands, as over a vast," with the countrymen of Shakspeare and Newton; and they, as freemen, will come to regard with fraternal feelings the people who have established liberty on an immovable basis in the New World.

RECOLLECTIONS.

My heart still roves the world-wide sea,
Whose paths in buoyant youth I trod,
Communing with sublimity,
Alone with nature and with God.

O human heart, untrained to feel,
Wouldst tune the echoes of thy breast?
Let beauty's self her forms reveal,
Or naked grandeur stand confest.

There, where the boundless waters roll,
Where solitude, the hermit, dwells,
There school the young, ingenuus soul—
And vast to heaven its stature swells.
College Reminiscences.

Weird Ocean, with mysterious spell,
Inspired the pilgrim leaves thy shrine;
Voice-haunted, like thy native shell,
Whose music is a part of thine.

I seem to hear thy hollow roar,
As when, in yearning boyhood's day,
I stood upon the lonely shore,
And listened to thy solemn lay;

Like some sweet, melancholy strain,
That wakened chords of sympathy,
The lingering echo swells again
Within the cell of memory.

Loitering upon the shell-paved strand,
The encroaching surf my feet would lave;
While gazing dreamily, I scanned
The flow and ebb of many a wave.

They come interminably on,
Like time's full tide, in billows vast;
How like the unconscious present gone,
Engulfed in the oblivious past.

Thus came the thronging joys of youth,
As prodigally thrust aside,
Till lapsing soon betrayed the truth—
Their source was not an ocean tide.

O give me back my boyhood's dreams,
The gushing heart, the fancy free,
And, manhood, all thine empty schemes,
And anxious wealth, are dross to me.

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Messrs. Editors.—When, on a recent occasion, one of your gentlemanly corps observed to the writer that another article was expected from him for the July number, the hint was received with a few misgivings. He had occupied some room, and spoiled some very handsome paper in several of the earlier issues; and for a moment, he construed the suggestion into a