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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXIV.

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NO. VII.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '60.

R. S. DAVIS,

W. FOWLER,

E. G. HOLDEN,

W. C. JOHNSTON,

C. H. OWEN.

Hip! de Hip!

Flirtations have made many old maids.—*Milton.*

Female beauty is often of external application.—*Cowper.*

Many fools have money, not by themselves earned.—*Byron.*

Oh, yeath, I's a gazin on ye, Dinah!—*Shakespear.*

A matrimonial alliance is an important step in the history of a man, one of life's great problems, upon the successful solution of which depends much happiness, little misery. The marriage institution is the oldest of divine institutions, though in later days we lose sight of its divinity, when we read of divorces because of potatoe quarrels and general knock-downs. Under this institution was made the first and greatest mistake in the history of our race, when Adam obeyed the advice of Eve, subscribed to the doctrine of "woman's rights," allowed her the "elective franchise," and ate the apple of "original sin." What a mistake was that,—reaching down the course of time and generations! Yet how his descendants have ever erred in the same course of life! Some mistake in marrying for money; they find, when it is too late, that they have only allied themselves

to a golden calf. Some marry for beauty, some for station, some to please their friends, some for pleasure, some for learning, some for power, many too soon, some too late, but the greatest mistake of all is never to marry. Look at that walking bundle of oddities and whimsicalities, that embodiment of toothache, rheumatism, nightmare, heartache, nervousness and self-conceit,—the old bachelor! He goeth about the streets in the garments of ye dilapidated Gentiles, no "heavy English" adorneth his attenuated frame; he shunneth females, no crinoline saluteth him; he hasteneth home, he eateth ye solitary meal in silence, he drinketh ye poorly made tea; he wrappeth himself up in the solitude of single life; he thinketh Paul ye wise Apostle, and lieth down to ye frightful dreams of ye horrible women. What tile of sympathy binds him to man, much less to woman?

Look upon her who hath never married, and *never* will, ye old maid. What a picture of forlorn misery and lost hopes! She thinketh upon the misimproved past with many tears; she seeth no man in the future; she regaleth herself with cat-nip tea; she joineth ye "sewing society," and maketh clothes for ye cannibals; she taketh a class in ye "Sunday School;" bad boys call her "the ancient patriarch of Israel;" she singeth ye Psalms of David with a celestial voice; she retaileth the town-news; she telleth what "they said," and spreadeth the rumors; she sitteth alone in the synagogue, weareth the antiquated apparel, despiseth ye crinoline, useth no false teeth, washeth not with Phalon's Lotion; she mocketh the fashions, although she readeth that the old maids of primitive times were swept away by the deluge, yet she calleth no man master.

Beholding every day such specimens of isolated humanity, and believing the bonds of double existence preferable to the freedom of single life, man seeks an object upon which to bestow his "boundless love." Ye students even feel ye tender passion.

Ye Freshman cometh to College, he heareth with pleasure that the city overfloweth with ye beautiful women, he studieth at first for ye "high stand," he sitteth up till midnight, he burneth the oil of industry, he reciteth with fear and bewaileth ye "low stand," he funketh excessively, he goeth about the streets in tears, he wisheth himself home. But he heareth of "quails," he buyeth Cologne, he speculateth in "Bear's Oil," he dresseth himself in fine linen, he flourisheth ye expansive cotton handkerchief, he gazeth upon ye beautiful maidens, he loseth sight of ye mighty valedictory, he getteth ye Yale Banger, he weareth ye small society pin in ye very prominent posi-

tion, he putteth on his Sunday raiment, he goeth about the streets, he seeketh to flirt with ye "qualls," but they know him not. He remembereth Lot's wife, he giveth up ye bad practice, he returneth to his books.

Ye Sophomore, he careth not for ye "opposite sex," but loveth his pipes and tobacco, he weareth ye rusty clothes, he is a stranger to fine or clean linen, he destroyeth not ye imperceptible moustache, he looketh not at the "galleries," but eateth peanuts in silence, he forgetteth his prayers, he rusheth in Chapel ye small Freshmen, he seeketh pleasure in the country by vote of ye Faculty, he smoketh out ye younger brethren, he blacketh ye beardless faces, he stealeth gates from ye respectable citizens, he taketh down the signs of ye present generation, he entereth not ye female society.

Ye Junior beginneth to think of female virtues, and weareth his ancestor's "plug," he buyeth ye big razor and cultivateth ye small moustache, he confineth his neck in a "choker," he carryeth ye pin-tail, his boots shineth as a new man, he goeth down Chapel Street, he useth the small spectacles, young lady coughing convulsively smileth upon him, he followeth her, he marketh her house, he asketh an introduction, he getteth it, he asketh her to the concert, they goeth, heavy rain cometh on, he findeth himself "stuck for a hack," he concealeth his emotions, he rattleth not his empty purse, he hireth ye hack, he taketh small girl to parental mansion, he readeth Miles Standish, he becometh romantic, he rusheth to her house, he turneth the conversation, he suddenly declareth that affection which shall never cease to perambulate his palpitating heart till the American eagle shall loose its plumage and sit in silent majesty upon the Isle of Patmos. The young lady swooneth and whispereth, "Oh, Yeath!" Ye large paternal suddenly appeareth in the parlor door; he sendeth his daughter, Miss Intensely Susceptible, to her apartment, and talketh to ye Junior upon the uncertainty of young men doing well in our days, that he intends his daughter shall marry a man of distinction, a Dutch Baron, who fought in the French Revolution, had command of the "Ditch companie," when the Israelites crossed the Red Sea gave the first shriek for civil and religious freedom in the old world, and is coming to Washington to purchase Cuba for a Dutch Republic. Ye Junior looketh disconsolate,—he goeth from the house with rapid step,—he seeketh elsewhere ye future wife.

Ye Senior clingeth to Junior habits. He maketh desperate attempts in matrimonial politics, he asketh an introduction to all ye rich girls,

he seeketh his *fortune* while in college. He taketh many prizes, and haveth ye high stand, ye young lady thinketh him "smart," "charming," "splendid," "perfectly devine." Ye happy maternal smileth upon ye coming engagement,—ye sober paternal looketh upon ye youthful lover with suspicion. Ye Senior calleth often upon ye intended; she thinketh him caught. But commencement cometh, ye Senior delivereth ye profound oration, young lady smiles excessively, he packeth his trunks, he forgetteth ye anxious lady, he thinketh she was *very convenient*, he goeth home, he marrieth ye old acquaintance.

After writing the above I fell asleep and dreamed, "and it was not all a dream." Lo! I was in a city renowned for its stately trees, beautiful women, and intellectual character. In the center of this city was a College, and many went in and out of its ancient halls. Some were in the pursuit of knowledge, others cultivated, as they told me, the "heart element," sought an acquaintance with the world, and the mysteries of the *undefined passion*, delighted in romances of modern days, rather than those of classic fame. They talked incessantly of "going into society," "getting up a flirtation" with this young lady, and shivering into atoms the tender hearts of ye present generation. Hearing often of this society, I immediately sought an entrance into its influence, enjoyed its sweet communions, wandered amidst its fascinations, became satiated with its many blessings, and wrote the following observations in my Almanac.

The requisitions for entering this society, were,—first, financial, second, social, third, intellectual, and fourth, moral qualities. This is quite the reverse of Westminster Catechism doctrine, where man's moral nature is most prominent, and "nary red" is spoken of.

This is a progressive world. The man of yesterday is not the man of to-day. *Formerly* men were valued according to their piety, *now* ye "filthy lucre" is the best recommendation. I doubt whether Paul would be allowed to discourse in one of our modern churches, unless he wore a set of studs and dressed in ye heavy English. John would get a large salary if able to compute, in the pulpit, the gyrations of the American Eagle, the sinuations of the Anaconda, and the number of the mighty, tempest-tossed billows. James would be hailed with joy, if, dressed in sable garments and white cravat, he could keep aloof from this present world, retire to his country seat, and walk amid the spheres. Young ladies catch the spirit of the age. They first wonder if Mr. Alphonso Fewbrains is *rich*. If, unfortunately, he is so, what visions of jewelry, gay dresses, gorgeous equipages and silver

plate, haunt the brain of Miss *Nineteenth Century*. No matter if Alphonso's education is limited to primary arithmetic, sherry-cobblers, curling tongs, whiskerian sentiments, and the latest opera, he is still a prize, for he has money, which in her mind counterbalances moral and intellectual deficit. Alphonso *dresses* with such fine taste. Yes, Alphonso knows that a young gentleman must be regularly well dressed if he wishes to be regularly noticed by his female acquaintances. It is surprising how quickly a young lady will notice a well dressed beau, and what a looking askant of the optics when she meets a poorly dressed acquaintance, Alphonso perceiveth this law of female economy, he runneth up a large tailor's bill, he buyeth patent-leathers "on tick," he smoketh segars on the street, but a pipe in his room,—he taketh his dinner at the Merchants', and eateth bread and milk morning and evening at Headley's; he selleth clothes to Park, ye Ethiopian delegate, who buyeth old clothes; he taketh Miss Century to the concert with money thus obtained. When money can't be borrowed clothes must be sold. Broadcloth hides many imperfections, and maketh the dumb man to speak.

Ye students seek female society to vary the monotony of college life. They think young ladies useful as well as ornamental. Mr. Spooopsy delights to tell of his fine-looking, brilliant, rich lady acquaintances. With a serene grin he perambulates the concert or lecture-room, Miss Lovetogo hanging in sweet simplicity upon his arm. He hopes that he is seen by all his acquaintances, and takes particular pains to notify the audience of his arrival, either by the flourish of a highly perfumed handkerchief, or by standing in the aisle long after Miss L. has adjusted her self-adjusting hoops. Miss Lovetogo believes that every one is gazing upon her celestial physiogomy, and also informs the assembly of her immediate presence by an incessant gabbering, giggling, coughing, chewing of gum drops, and a general confusion of sounds that would frighten a Babelite. Young ladies and gentlemen of proper deportment are seldom seen in a public assembly, but always appreciated. Gold is precious because of its scarcity.

Young ladies should never suppose that because a student dresses finely he is rich, or has a high stand in College. Many prefer the cultivation of the exterior to that of the interior.

Young ladies should never encourage a gentleman's attentions, and behind his back make fun of his imperfections.

Young ladies should not always think that when a student applies a handkerchief to his nasal organ he is flirting.

Young ladies should require of a gentlemen who seeks an introduction to them, first, that he be a man of moral worth, second, a man of mind, third, of good social qualities, and let his wealth be an accidental and not essential element of his good character. R. S. D.

Electioneering.

There is nothing connected with our Alma Mater, of which we as students of Yale should be more proud, than of its two literary societies, the Brothers in Unity, and Linonia. Their history is full of interest. Minds that have enlarged the sphere of human knowledge and moulded the sentiments of communities, have first been disciplined in their literary exercises. Voices that have guided the councils of the nation, and inspired the hearts of the people, have first echoed in their halls. Passing from class to class, gathering with each year new memories and wider fame, they have come down to us clothed with the affections of thousands, and the veneration which an existence of a century must inspire. We might imagine that the history and associations of these societies would be sufficient to excite an interest in them even if the opportunities which they present failed to do it.

Moreover, each society at present has over two hundred members; their halls surpass in beauty and fitness any in this country, and probably in the world; and we are students in a college where the course affords better instruction in elocution and composition than any in the land. What the condition of these societies should be we leave to be inferred; we will merely give the results of careful observations made by members of both societies for the past year. The average of the greatest number present at any one time in the common meetings for debate has not been over 30; the average attendance on all the meetings not over 60. Our debates are sometimes spirited and instructive, still there is never that interest awakened which the presence of 150 at each meeting would excite. Every candid man will say that the societies are not what they should be.

In view of this stagnant condition of our debates, the question is forced upon us, What is its cause? Various reasons are given. Some will say it is the Prize Debates, some Class Societies; some one thing, and some another. There is one thing which manifestly tends to

depress our debates and eat out the life of the societies; and that is, our present system of electioneering Freshmen. What this system is, we all know. Under the excitement of the campaign, meetings are held morning, noon and night, wherein, after the manner of the wolf in the fable, we spend hour after hour in extolling the merits of our ancestors. If there is a sub-Freshman in the hall, the applause to these speeches is tremendous. The process through which a Freshman is obliged to go beggars description. Most of the readers of the *Lit.* know what it is by experience, and therefore will be ready to sustain the following charges against the system which makes it necessary.

Our present system of electioneering diverts each society from its proper exercises, for one-fourth of each year. It makes a victory of numbers the great end and only end of the societies, and the excitement produced by this idea paralyses the societies for the remaining three-fourths of each year. Hundreds of dollars are spent in each campaign, which might be saved or given to the libraries. The amount of time spent in electioneering may be incredible. It is not too much to say that on an average, every man who is at all interested in a campaign, throws away a whole week of time in laying plans, comparing statistics, and electioneering. The work which the Sophomores perform is as hard for them as it is disagreeable to the Freshmen.

The present system makes impertinence and rudness a necessary accompaniment of success. If in reply to the question "Are you coming to college?" you hear "None of your business," you cannot complain, and though you may answer "I asked, because, if you were coming, I intended to leave," it is enough to dampen the enthusiasm of any one, and make him "feel decidedly small." Finally, this system has turned the statement of facts into a mere farce. Since no one can be influenced by the simple truth, the strife between the orators, is to make the most fun by the most absurd perversion of facts.

But the greatest objection, is the unfairness, the duplicity, and downright lying, to which this system offers so great an inducement as the best means of accomplishing its ends. We know that many are induced to join societies, when they have heard but one side, which is unfair. We know that misrepresentation, which is very easy to be made, is as common as it is easy. We know that unmitigated falsehoods are told which bring charges of classmates against classmates, producing alienation and sometimes bitter enmity.