OUR SUNBEAM;
OR, THE LIGHT OF COLLEGE DAYS.

Edited by Hal Howard.

DELAWARE COLLEGE, MARCH, 1856.

FOR OUR SUNBEAM.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

By G. FRANK G.

"We leave our home in youth—no matter to what end—
Safety—health—or pleasure, or what not.
And coming back in a few short years we find
All as we left it outside; the old house,
The house, the glass—the gate, and the latchet's self same click,
But life that latchet, and all is changed as doom.

Who has not some spot on earth to which he may turn his fond remembrance and returning gaze—and call it "the old homestead"?

How sweet—how holy—how endearing are all those fond and sacred ties that bind our hearts so indissolubly to that spot, however humble—however distant, in which we spent our infant years? That aim of our childhood, around which we sported away so many guiltless hours, and years, and which is now consecrated by all the purest and lastimg emotions which innocent minds can bestow!

Home—what a casket word of joys! what a garden spot of innocent pleasures! What a shrine wherewith to baptize the fonder hopes of anticipation!

Let us linger a few moments around the old family hearth—and listen to those familiar—those household histories, over again, as we have listened to them by.

Let us imagine the old gray haired dames, there once more our grand-parents and their friends.

The fire is freshly stirred up—the flames crack and curl with each other in fairy sports, while the jokes as well as the proverbs pass around.

The oldest neighbours are there to partake of the evening's beverage—and the finest apples and pastries are selected for those present;—while every tree in the orchard undergoes its usual history, and tale of victuals.

Here and there the younger men of the family are discussing a favourite horse;—while the young ladies are doing the same over the fashions of the day, and wondering how they show to the best advantage in the first ride to church in the new family carriage. The juveniles are gathered around the great table, humming at their books, preparing for the triumph of their ambition before the country pedagogue on the morrow,—and when the lessons are done with, then comes the evening's sports—the harmless games, which are of more moment to them than the conquest of an empire. One by one of them becomes tired of the plays, and nestles closer to the fire to hear what the "old folks" say about the affairs of to-day as well as those of half a century—until one by one after another drops sweetly and confidingly into the arms of Somnus, and are borne to the land of dreams,—and oh! what dreams—what visions of Utopia haunts the infant brain and sweetly covers all!

"Beautiful, guileless childhood! Blessed be God that it has its own of radiant anticipation—its mornings of golden reality, upon which to look backward in future years. And in coming days, when the heart goes out on the great battle fields of life, and learns its solemn mysteries; when it becomes chilled and changed, or cold and selfish, and proud; when some in whom we have trusted have proved but idle of clay, or the world has disappointed, or our hopes been darkened—then it is sweet to look backward and remember we were once pure little children, worshiping the image of a God—believing in the creation of some loving head, or heart but a dream which after life brought nothing more beautiful, or from the awakening of which we returned with any sadness, consciousness that life was ended a reality.

Around the old homestead, how well we knew every stone, and upon which grew the pear tree! Upon the crimson musk! Upon the finest fruit;—and in which end of the garden to find the sweetest flowers! The old vines that grew against the wall and least a shade to our first frolicking years, were the hidden "corners" where we gained our finest secrets—safely guarded into our memory with many pleasant associations—there many a rainy day was spent—there we could laugh and play with as much freedom as in the open air, with none to crush the outbursts of joy—and, even the sneers of the herd, and the horses seemed to partake of the scene.

"Oh! ye who daily cross the still, Step lightly, for I love it still,
And when you crow the old barn caws,
Then think how many citizens have passed within that second door
To glean the eyes that are no more.

We knew every field, they were our world—and of the very fence that bound them we pointed, or our hopes been darkened—then it is sweet to look backward and remember we were once pure little children, worshiping the image of a God—believing in the creation of some loving head, or heart but a dream which after life brought nothing more beautiful, or from the awakening of which we returned with any sadness, consciousness that life was ended a reality.

"Oh! ye who daily cross the still, Step lightly, for I love it still,
And when you crow the old barn caws,
Then think how many citizens have passed within that second door
To glean the eyes that are no more.

WINTER AND FAMINE.

0, the long and dreary winter;
0, the cold and cruel winter;
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker,
From the ice on lake and river.
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper.
Fell the snow over the landscape.
Fell the cowering snow, and drifted
Through the fields of the village.

Hardly from his buried wigwam
Could the hunter force a passage;
With his moccasins and his snow-shoes
Vaughn through the snow;
Sought for bird or beast and found none,
Save for death or in vain.

In the snow before no footsteps,
In the glistening, glittering snow,
Fall, and could not rise from weakness,
Perished there from cold and hunger.

O, the famine and the fever,
O, the wasting of the famine,
Lar blight of famine's terror,
O, the waiting of the children,
O, the anguish of the women,
All the earth was sick and famished;
Hungry was the land and them,
Hungry was the sky above them,
And the hungry heart in heaven.
Like the eyes of wolves glared at them;
[Longfellow's Hiawatha.]"
BRUTE IMMORTALITY.

Curiosity prompts us to consider questions from which we can perhaps derive direct advantage. The wise and philosophical derive our earnest attention, when with profound reasoning they discuss whether the planets are or are not inhabited.

It cannot then be improper to consider the duration of the existence of beings which now live upon our own planet; beings which in some manner are allied to ourselves, which minister to our wants, and which, by the aid of our dominion, have been effected by the fall of our race, are sometimes cruelly tormented for our amusement, slaughtered for our support, destroyed for our security and comfort, and many of which have displayed marked instances of sagacity, and of disinterested attachment.

When it is the fact that most of the nations of the earth live by the sweat of all others’ brows, by the labor of all others, "every tribe and race claims for itself a superiority, that even in our own day men are zealously seeking some pretext to deny brotherhood with fellow-men, that it is matter of astonishment that by general consent, without any proof, the brute so much our inferior should be doomed to annihilation, when his brief life here is ended. We are aware of the sneer and ridicule which our views will call forth from the ignorant and prejudiced, but shall we give credence to Natural Philosophy when it teaches us that every particle of matter which constitutes the body of brutes possesses the faculty of indestructibility, and shall we be derided when we hint that the animating spirit may possess an equal immortality.

If we deny the immortality of brutes then we must accord the mortal spirits, or deny that they possess at all what we denominate "spirit". Either horn of the dilemma, would gove us severely.

Can we believe that spirits whose manifestations are so much like our own are mortal? We are not inclined to do so when we consider how much a sudden descent into brute life.

Many of the same arguments apply with equal force to brutes, which are deemed convincing when employed to prove our own immortality. Our bodies are changed, but the mind remains the same. We have not the least evidence that death is our destruction. It only deprives us of the medium by which we are connected with the Deity.

"Our Father who art in Heaven", and still lie down and dream over and over those long, sweet and untroubled dreams of these ever remembered nights! How can we forget them?—But our evenings that must close—the old clock will soon bid us part—and our reveries must cease as we bid you once more "good-night," remembering that—

"When thy heart, in its pride would stray
From the pure first loves of thy youth away
When the withering breath of the world would come
Over the flowers it brought from its childhood home,
Think of the tree at thy father's door,
And the kindly spirit shall have power once more."

MARCH, 1856.
AMBITION.

"What is ambition?—"Tis a glorious cheat!"

"Ambition is a jest to nature.
That causes all the ills and woes of nations.
Keeps them in a state of devoted slavery.
That the world would be a filthy settled mud."

Strange that there never can be, or, at least has never seemed yet to be, a principle developing itself in the human constitution, that has been without its perversion. While, on the one hand, ambition is deemed essentially necessary to all government, regulation of life, and even existence itself, on the other hand, it is also that opinion of a poet was not without its mean celebrity, that "tis a glorious cheat," and besides being glorious, that "angels of light walk not half so dazzled in the deep darkness of human thought as he who has been induced to think himself without a superior. Does such a case seem unlikely? Think of that French poet who flourished for a few years, but became possessed of the belief nor did he hesitate to proclaim such to be the case, and that himself the possessor of the brightest genius the world ever knew. In consequence of which he sunk into veiled oblivion, and, retiring to a private spot, lived out an existence, and finally died the victim of insanity, brought on by the taunts and jeers of those around.

A statesman, the victim of unbounded ambition, finds a famous instance in the late Aaron Burr, who, not content with all the laurels that a republican government could bestow, was in the habit of sacrificing all, to the end that he might overthrow every，则 every cautious and influential government, and elevate himself to the situation of absolute monarch. Nor in political affairs did he find the grave and ignominious revenge that is the poison of the misleaders. The error of his misdeeds, must be added the ruin of another, and even murder. The immortal remains of the cold, slavering and starved wife of the unfortunate Hemmings, will ever cry out for vengeance. They will call by all the powers of injured innocence, of deserted household, and neglected orphans for vengeance, deep revenge, deep and bitter vengeance upon the author of this worst of crimes. But this is not all. No, to the utter blackness of character of one wholly actuated by the tyrant ambition, must also be added the deep darkness of murder, brutal murder, therefore honorable be its name. He must also be accused of taking the guilt of a fellow being, and, as the man who is able to commit murder, should no less be held to be the author of the murder of Hamilton, the sufferings of a disconsolate widow with her seven fatherless children, the deep heart piercing anguish of a ruptured heart. In short, will all the most inhumane of all lovers of good, and friends of unprotected innocence, feelings of horror, of hate and revenge. But can we stop here? No. The God of the afflicted, and the protector of the innocent, will hold in reserve for him against a day of final retribution, a fearful reckoning. The experience of this unhappy victim of nature has not as did George Washington, the father of his country, the lover of truth and justice, and the beloved of all; not as did Pulaski, who fell in the cause of right; not as did La Fayette, who left home, friends, and kindred, who forsook all, wealth and reputation, hours of peace and leisure, and more than all, a loving wife and braved the storms of the Atlantic during a winter passage, to espouse the wrongs and avenge the injuries of a depressed down trodden race; nor, as did the immortal Warren, who fell almost as his voice re-echoed, "who ambition most
Be denounced so well,
As Heaven in their power shall end,
Our many woes."

But as did Alexander, Napoleon and Julius Cesar, the last of whom having reached the summit of all his ill gotten glory, after having sacrificed thousands upon thousands of fellow mortals, after having all the storms of bitter remorse, and looking coldly on all the ruin he had thus created, despised all that he had achieved.

"Ambition soon as caught
Contempted,—it shrinks to nothing in the grasp.
Counsel the ambition's "It is all a lie!"
And is it all a lie? Cesar at his height
Disgraced.

But even with the conqueror the evils of ambition do not cease, it reaches all, with its poisonous fangs it pierces all. Byron says

"It makes the madmen, who have made mad by one contagion, conquerors of their own.
Founders of sects and systems, to whom add the conquerors of the state, the conquerors of the line, which stir too strongly the souls secret springs.
And are themselves enslaved to those they enslave.

Yet this principle in man, thus perverted and condemned, thus made the subject of evil, and thus found to be the ruin of so many thousands of human beings, is yet indispensable, where success is the object, is the only guide to true guidance. Without ambition man would be dull, void, and inactive. Without ambition comfort is impossible, happiness unattainable. Had not the American Revolution been gifted with a sufficient portion of ambition, to add new strength to their seemingly vain exertions, what would have been the result of this country? It may be that we should have been without existence or perhaps leading a life worse than death. Had not the immortal Washington, during those times that tried men's souls, when the world was in a state of commotion, and in a trance of uncertainty, and man's fate was overhanging and men's rights, as it were, were being trampled under foot, and his attempts having ended by a defeat of his dearest hopes, and to crown the remainder of his misfortunes, a miserable husband of profligate soldiers enervated by the inordinate power of his ambition, and excited by the hope of still greater plunder, overcoming his little hand, as the bird of prey, seeking whom it may devour, had he not thus tried, tempted and afflicted, been endowed with no small degree of ambition, what would, probably, have been the condition of this now happy union at the present day? Probably the same, on a parallel way, with a king, whose ambition would have led him, as a prince, to conquer Poland, or helpless, though patriotic Hungary. Certainly, that struggle that will live ever upon the brighter pages of Time's eventful history, as a human conflict, a human struggle which secured to one nation independence, peace and happiness, while it checked in another that rising spirit of intolerance, the ruin of the happy prosperous Commonwealth. But, as a struggle which could never have been successfully terminated. But the ambition of Washington was true, noble, patriotic and disinterested. Not like Napoleon's who only attempted the freedom of his country, that he might sink it in still deeper bondage, with himself an usurper; not like Alexander, who having conquered the world, went to think there was no other world to conquer; but ambition for the happiness of his native land, ambition that his home, the support of his youth, might throw off the chains that were then clanking about her neck. His ambition was such, that, having emancipated his country, though tempted sorely by the glitter of the golden crown that rests upon the brow of a king, and urged to become its emperor by worshiping friends, yet bravely yielding to the admonitions of conscience, he resigned its crown, and preferred that pure and simple life, to the adoration of a land he might be almost said to have created." His name so terrible to his foes, so welcome to his friends, will ever wear the brightest pages of history.
and ever stand pre-eminent as a guide to the wandering and to erring fellow man. Yes, the urchins of the youth of America will ever hold up to themselves the bright model of Washington, and study to be what they behold.

Nor is the instance of Washington alone, or even of great military leaders all that should have a rank as truly great and glorious.

No, while contemplating the lofty principles of these great men, forget not in your eulogies, that little band of fifty-six, who, driven from town to town, and from hall to room, before the fury of a lawless band of Tories, traitors to their country’s best interests and her happiness, who resolved that this little band should be destroyed, and its existence destroyed, forget not that little cheerful band who braved the furies of an angry king, who, regardless of all opposition, risked even their own lives, and boldly placed their signatures to an article which all feared would prove their death. Forget not the noble ambition that prompted Carroll, who, upon hearing it remarked that he would probably be condemned, boldly advanced and attached to his signature that word so full of meaning, and upon which so much depended. Forget not Colonel Carroll of Carrollton, whose ambition was, to free his native country or to perish nobly in her defence. This incentive to heroic daring was not the galling desire to obtain a reputation, nor even the hope that he would become distinguished among his comrades, but true and patriotic disinterestedness, the firm resolution to die, if his country could not be freed. Let such ambition be the lot of our office holders to possess, and happiness will be ever ours. Give us such ambition, and soon, very soon, we will be ranked as the greatest and most useful product of the country.

But it is not only in the public walks of life that ambition is necessary to success. A good portion of it is indispensable to good government in the affairs of every household man, in the employment of every mechanic, among the trying occupations of the sturdy yeoman, or even in the domestic arrange ment of one who leads the life of a gentlewoman. Ambition is the only moving spirit in every sport. Without it all is dull and uninteresting; with it, the greatest ends are achieved.

An applicant for office, forms the tyrant, when properly applied the soul of every noble work. Without it nothing is accomplished, with a sufficient, the noblest aim of man is gained, but, with more than a necessary amount the only object is tyranny, and only result utter ruin of all connected therewith.

C. W. G.

IMPROVEMENTS OF THE PRESENT AGE.

BY HAMMIE.

Change is the natural inclination of man. He was never made for inactivity, and it seems, if he be to see him that he is not engaged, something either for the promotion of good, or else pursuing the opposite course.

When we look around and see the various improvements that have taken place within a few years, we are led to look back to re mote ages, and by comparing the two can estimate them more truly. The present age is surely not inferior to the age of reforma tion. Even so various and important as they might distinguish centuries, are, in our time pressed within the compass of a single life. Important events are so continually taking place that we become accustomed to them and many pass with comparatively little notice.

Persons who lived many years ago would have been astonished, and no doubt thought it incredible that within the last few years, there would be in some future time, they would travel from place to place by means of steam and locomotives, and have their manufactories and machinery carried by it. Education too is promoted by it, as they print by steam, and thus books are furnished at a much cheaper rate than formerly; thereby enabling nearly every one to read them. There was no telegraphy by Dr. Franklin, we have the Magnetic Telegraph, by which we can communicate with distant places in a very short time. Besides these there are many other improvements, among which are the many made in agricultural implements, which tend to lessen manual labor. There are prospects now of bringing concealed air in use, which will doubtless give a second advantage of steam. While so many improvements are continually taking place we are naturally led to think on what will happen in the course of many years. We may believe hence. Perseverance is the main spring of life, if our great and ingenious men had not persevered, all their labors would have been in vain, and they have been successful through the favor of our nation, and demands a proportionate improvement.

Our country should make greater advancements than others. It is not enough for us to be as wise and informed as other nations, but must have much more is required of us. There is great danger in the ease and luxury of the present time—danger, that while we improve in comfort we shall forsake the truth, temperance, and religion, and that while such improvements are taking place in reference to our worldly affairs, the higher and more important improvement of the moral duties will be neglected.

Our religious duties should exceed those of the world. The zeal of our religion may decline from the earnestness of former days—if it be that the mind and heart of the people as they become cultivated and refined, become cold and dead to all the aims and influences of a fervent pietist—it were better that poverty and fasting were nothing to be dreaded in comparison.

For our Sunbeam.

THE LOVER’S SOLILOQUY.

Oh! Julia, Julia, were you made possessor of my present feelings, you would never have been rejected by a maniac one year ago, if I have been trying to make you mine, “love ery cherub,” and now, O cruel falsity! after my innumerable efforts you still spurn me. Why is it that I am just made the creature of circumstance? Why did I lavish my affections on a heart, callous and indifferent to the wants of a poor despised Nazarene?—Oh! for a gabled of the Lothian lake that I might quaff and every sorrow drown.

Yes Julia, I spent many sleepless nights before that great critical occurrence of my life, when I made the proposal and you so cruelly refused, particularly the preceding one. Strange thoughts occupied my mind. I could scarcely pick up courage to make the long thought of proposition, and how I should do it in the best manner was a mystery; whether I should display great talent in such a trifling case, (hmm; it did seem little trifling then, but beaucoup au contraire now;) or whether I should appear perfectly affected. She indeed troubled me, and dear me, if I should make a mistake, and say something entirely new or a propos it might prove fatal. Finally after several desperate efforts to sleep, I was locked in the arms of Morpheus. Strange visions filled before me. A thousand formulas of love making, crowded upon my brain. The whole vocabulary of Venus with the different dialects of every country I had diligently explored. I at length hit upon a resolution which I pressed into service, and proved successful. I thought I had fought the battle and won might well call her my own lovely Julia, yea, lovelier than the “Peris of Paradise.” But I was suddenly aroused, when I discovered to my horror before me nothing but a dream; yet it seemed to inspire me with newer and stronger motives. It is true I never had much faith in dreams but this appeared to encourage me. I made the attempt literally apprehending the result, which now I fear will prove fatal in reality. Scarcely had he finished this sentence when he expired, after experiencing some minutes of painful illness.

Sunbeam Sanctum, March, 1856.

Six months have rapidly rolled away, kind friends since one pleasant afternoon sitting near the window, with our feet on the sill, and放眼 the lines of our boots at the world without, ruminate on our string in general and nothing, except the dull monotony of college life, in particular, when we conceived the idea that if a small paper was started in college it might perhaps be the means not only of amusement but also of improving and occupying that leisure, of which most students have more or less, and which is devoted to reading nonsensical and fictitious works. We say that thus we conceived the idea, well, on a little further consideration of the subject we came to the conclusion that it could be accomplished while considering the fact.

Here then one half of the work was already done, the remaining half was soon started, we called on a number of persons and requested some articles for publication, which were handed in at a stated time; accordingly on the promised day we were handed a neat little package of MSS. We had been faithfully mailed to a printing office and delivered on the 1st of October last, Our Sunbeam or The Light of College days, dawned for the first time on our over-burdened heads. Since that time it has made its appearance every month. In January some persons wished to advertise, we doubted the propriety of receiving advertising matter of the small size of our paper, but on further consideration determined to make it a double sheet, so that a limited number of advertisements might be received, and our readers would still have as much, if not more reading matter than before.

This was done and we are glad to state that we are all at the same页 of a document as well as the extracted text.
O U R  S U N B E A M .

A RELIC OF ANCIENT POETRY.

Simplicity is the charm of true poetry. He who is unskilled in Rhetorical art will be frequently astonished when reading the works of our poets, when he shall find their versification and anything strikingly beautiful or forcible. The Iliad has scarcely figure in the first book. But perhaps the most striking example is that which was about the poets themselves. The author and the circumstances render which if written are not indeed handed down by history but no one can fail to see in it the marks and sign of the poem. The reader will remember in the first book of the Iliad, when Agamemnon has taken Briseis from Achilles, the latter bursts into tears, and then goes and tells his mother. The poetic gem before us is the opening address of Achilles. That is in English is a conclusive proof of its Homeric origin, for it it well known that English is one of the oldest languages and that Greek and Latin are derived from it; and as Greek was a new language in the days of Homer, probably English was the spoken language. Would it not be right to value this fragment should have distinctly before him the speaker and the circumstances. There stand his goddess mother, just rising from the deep couch of Cytherea. He has been invoved and his heart pants for vengeance; his lovely captive has been wrested from him and he burns with anger and an eager thirst for revenge; he knows that this sacrifice will not suffice the all grasping Agamemnon; that his enemy never suffers his anger to cool or his hatred to pass away; and he looks forward to the morrow when he must probably fall a victim to his powerful foe; and while his mother is busily coughing the salt water out of her throat he passionately exclaims.

Mother—tyranis grim

Will on the morrow tear me limb from limb;
Melt upon me with tearful eye.
And says, I will avenge him by and by.

How sublime! How Poetic! Here are no circumlocutions. The author feels the dignity of his theme. He is in modus ree and in a moment all is before us.

One of its most striking excellencies is its truth by nature. It is a law of perfect language that the most important ideas should be expressed first then the next important and so on; that is we should say "Bread give me and not give me to me: Now notice the order of the ideas in the extract before us:

1st. The person addressed, Mother.
2nd. The injury, which includes:
   1st. The agents, tyrans grim.
   2nd. The time, on the morrow.
3d. The manner, tear me limb from limb.
4th. The place, the inmost of my heart.

And then what good use is made of epithets and words. The tyrans are grim, such a description is complete, it could not be fuller, in order to bring before our minds eyes, the form of the grim tyrants with hang-dard countenances, matted hair and grisy beards. They turn upon us their fiery blood shot eyes, and fill our hearts with horror. And although Wordsworth might blame it as

poetic diction, every heart must acknowledge the force of these lines.

But why speak of these things—for what pen can do them justice. Let the whole world rejoice that all this is a pleasing poem, which shall please the taste and enrapture the hearts of all. But alas we now have a hard duty to perform; we must acknowledge that we do not discover one image of him who is the cause of his own downfall; and though we could wish honor was our own, yet as it is we cannot consent to parade like De Foe with the plumes of others.

C O L L E G E  I T E M S.

For Our Sunbeam.

A Chapter from my Diary, to suit the Times.

Spindle (as Carl would always call him), and I were sweating over Horace, one afternoon of June 1852, (the day being warm, causing the doors on the lower floor to be open,) we overheard a short conversation in the next room, not from an eyes dropping disposition for any part, but a want of caution on theirs, at least we thought. Well, being often annoyed by our next neighbors, especially Carl, frequently finding our books filled with chips and bits of paper in the wash-bowls, slippers stuffed with mud and ashes, pitcher set in my new beaver, clothes out the window with the consolation if we would venture after them, that several short-bouts from unknown yet celebrated watering-places, would heartily and by no means grily welcome us—well, I say seeing the fun all one way, we resolved if possible to know the "tide of the affairs" of the boys, and taking at its flood to lead them on to milk fortune. I wish Shakespeare had been there to help us.

On the night of this day about one, you might have heard a person tripping down the stairs, and along the entry, to our neighbors' door, and then in a half whisper, half guttural voice, "Tim, Tim, Carl, Hullo, wake up, its almost time to meet them, now hurry."

With a yawm Tim rose, and Carl followed suit. I was eternally surprised he rubbed his eyes; then out started Black Jack (who did not sleep at night and was always indisposed during the day), Tim and Carl were going there as their "love" called it. But see, in their haste to "joke the Professor," Jack's foot caught in a rope, and the steps caught him, and he caught Tim, and some of the books or other Carl again followed suit. Carl being last was first up and had time to rub his eyes, "to see if all was real and matters something about Wac's boots before Tim and Co. pecked themselves up with barked skins and broken heads. Making their way down the campus, they heard one walking briskly behind them and looking around see an indistinct (Cynthia was in the plot) form coming. Of course it is a professor, and away they dart notwithstanding "shins," and Carl making a misjump fell over the fence, breaking all the cusses and the in his pocket, while the others fared better and helped Carl up. By some means professor did not catch sight of us. Our heroes next scaled the garden fence, moaned the mulberries near the old seminary, and their Maries, Lizzies and Annies, greeted them with a half snigger, (especially enjoying the tumbling dogstare over the fence,) a wave of white handkerchiefs which I could just discern through the darkness from my lurking place. Then there were devoted whispers, and devoted hands working with a devoted string-telephone reaching from the tree to the window on which an interchange of notes passed. Now is heard the smashing of lips at a distance, shaving down the trees and closing blinds. But to clap the climax the bubbling roused a teacher, our friends make for the Depot road, and horrors of horrors, Tim stepped into an uncovered well, Carl and Dandy simultaneously and completely smothered, and with much difficulty, and much good physical make soon gave them to understand he was not deadly injured and would rather hold in a white than be caught. After some five minutes deadly silence to evade the argus-eyed teacher, (whose ears and eyes both proved unavailing in the darkness) went to his room, and Carl's "genius," Jack's tongue and Tim's brains, were at work, all of which resulted in handling of Tim one end of a hoppole that stood near, while at the upper end Carl and Co. exerted themselves, (the motion was uniformly retard accelerated) and at last getting Tim on dry ground they mended him up and looked towards college.

Just entering the campus they heard a pistol shot and glancing back, saw a direction of the old house on the corner, a flash, and the next thought was "tis the tenant," and off to their rooms they go. Tim in the middle, pulled by Carl and Jack on the left, when hopping the rope they arrive home half breathless, roll over on the bed, truly irrespective of priority or position. No sooner had they touched the bed than the bed touched the floor, and there weared out they lay very affectionately huddled together until morning. The following few days, Tim and the measles, Jack was indisposed, and Carl went limping about with a grin on his face at every rope, fence, or well that he saw. Where the rope came from who that professor was that could catch up, that teacher with argus-ears—that fiery tenant—or how the bed happened to touch the floor at the first touch,—why we'll own up. But indeed we had no hand in the well part, for there was almost a deal done.

"That all ocean's water would never wash out."

Wac.

Mr. Edwin—Seeing an error in your January number, would you be so correct. Carl in his "Extract from College Life," says, I was in that scrape, with the wagon, and also that I was always harping upon "woman's rights." Now it is "woman's wrongs" for you know my favorite argument was the wrong Eve did Adam, by not giving him the apple first, the result is that oppressed and wronged woman always gets the first slice. Is that right?

Then about that wagon, why I am astonished for that very night I was studying. No I wasn't, I protest myself more than woman, and for once got too large a slice.

Yours Most Respectfully.

Spindle.

Pitts. Pa.

Reported for Our Sunbeam.

T H E  F A C U L T Y  M E E T I N G.

The news spread rapidly one fair day through hall and grove and the very trees of the campus seemed to chuckle at the thought that a new and green one was about to be enrolled among the followers of Minerva. After great trouble and preparation, about midnight there assembled in one of the student's rooms

*Any one who doubts this is referred to the writings of Dean Swift on this subject.*
the august faculty, the quasi self-appointed face of unimpeachable exactness was evident in their dress and appearance. There sat Downing, of the senior class, as President, on either side of his head rose his immense black hat, his serving both hind and offensive armor, and on this his head swung. The lower part of the ears serving as the extremities of the axis of motion. Some persons who supposed that in general the dignity and majesty of the faculty were well calculated to make a dignified and imposing appearance.

When all was properly arranged, I was directed in my capacity as Master of Ceremonies, to bring in the student. I went to a neighboring room where he was kept and was there introduced to the new usher who answered to the classic name of Twigg.

"I am delighted to make your acquaintance," said I, as I stood aghast at the picture before me. His father had evidently been well pleased for himself, for ten years back, and reached but little below his knees, and perhaps would not have done this but from the aid of support. The feet were shaped like a shoe, and the knees seemed to have acquired such an unaccountable foodness for each other that however far apart his feet might be placed his knees were never known under any pretense to company. But this affection was well counterbalanced by the hostility which existed in other parts of his body, for while his chin looked down completely on his pigion breast, his nose curled up in scorn and still higher up his briskly hairy seemed to start back with horror, and

at the glistening of his wild and glaring eyes.

Such was the appearance of Mr. Twigg as I conducted him to the room where sat the dread tribunal.

"Mr. Twigg," said Downing, the President, in a tone of authority, "you will now go through a short examination previous to entering this institution. How old are you?"

"Eighteen, sir, if you please."

"And what is your name?"

"Alfonso Dulcinea Aristote Plato Cypendoza Twigg." The professor of languages who had hitherto been sat buried in a mass of white cravats now prepared to examine him. "Take the 14th ode of the 1st book of Horace, commencing at the 2nd verse. Et maleis cerebri saeclis Africa, &c." What does that mean? The poor fellow looked frightened. "Well, continued the professor "go on sir."

"I am a student; cerebrum saeul; what does maleus mean? bad, very well sir; cerebrum sauce is bad, Africa for an African, that is cereal sauce is bad for a nigger, a sentiment which is great majority of Mr. Horace; well, sir, you don't think anything can't pass in my department; stop though, have you studied my first lessons in Latin?"

"Yes, sir, I've studied Mr. Twigg."

"Oh, you have, very well, sir, very well. I see you are a good linguist, you have done yourself a great deal of credit by this examination. Do Mr. Twigg."

As the gentleman in question turned he was addressed by the Mathematical Professor.

"Do you know what perspective means?"

"No sir."

"Well it comes from per through and spicio to look through a window. Now go and draw the vanishing perspective of a line of square pillars on a house for this purpose."

"And, a man in the cellaring blacking dots, and a sweep out the chimney singing "Lucy Long," and the fooman playing water on the house, and his people running all over town with the news."

Poor Twigg started back as if he had trodden on a rattle snake. But his retreat was cut off by the Professor in modern languages crying out, "avev vos de elou? avev vos de bon elou?"

I now led him though he trembled like a leaf, before the President.

"Mr. Twigg," said the President, "you have now passed this most difficult examination; before you lies open the way to immortal fame. Science opens before you all her treasures. Yes Mr. Alfonso Dulcinea Aristotle Plato Cypendoza Twigg, Life is real; life is earnest.

and now Mr. Twiggs, this gentleman, pointing to himself, "will show you the servant who attends to sweeping out the rooms, cleaning boots &c."

I supported the trembling form of the gallant Twigg into the open air. The thought now struck me to have a little sport out of the gentleman on my own hook, so as I slowly walked him over to the east wing I began describing to him the character of the servant, intending in my own mind to direct him to Professor R. I happened to notice Professor R. he is," said I, "although only a servant, yet a proud fellow, but if you are only up to snuff you will be up to him. When you go in his room, he will probably be seated, as soon as you get in you go right up to him and offer him a sixpence, he may perhaps refuse and want to treat you as an equal, but he only does this when he wants more, so if by offers refuse offer him a levy, but don't go any higher or he will be proud. Tell him to go at once and sweep out a room for you and as he is apt to be lazy tell him it is not done well, you will pull his nose."

Armed with these directions Mr. Twigg entered Professor R.'s room, while I waited at the foot of the stairs for the result. Presently there was a yel of pain, and there rushed out Mr. Twigg, propelled by some force in the rear, and after every period of being raised in the boot of the pursuer, he celebrated his landing on terra firma, with a yell. At one bound he cleared the steps, and has never been heard of in these parts since. The only hint of Mr. Twigg that I have ever obtained was in a paper among the notices of those killed at Serastopol where I saw in the end list Mr. Alfonso Dulcinea Aristotle Plato Cypendoza Twigg, High Private. Requesiscat in pace.

MUSICAL MONOMANIACS.

Have you ever seen a monomaniac, Mr. Editor? You know what that is of course. When a man is mad on one idea which he gives the supremacy over every thing else, we style him a monomaniac. Two of our students on the second floor, viz., "Beelzebub" (generally falseto,) as he facetiously plays amid the higher sharpe of the staff is worse than the uttering notes of a screeched pig, or the low Huttering sounds of a file and saw, and when united with the muttered growlings of "RAM" the base, which resembles the dis-

contented grunts of a well grown porker, or the harsh creaking on their hinges of the intaracated flutes of which you may have a mixture most ravishingly discordant. Just imagine "Beelzebub" and "RAM" come from dinner, their benevolent countenances irradiated with their self-satisfied smiles that shows them to be at peace with all the world, and especially their stomachs. "RAM" takes his accustomed sugar, and in return for it his well known "RAH" music-books, and with tears in his eyes, gives them a lecture on smoking. Formerly "RAM" used to become alarmed at the glower in their eyes, and then to have their appetites suggestively organs, wasted money, and neglected
Exhibition of the Adelphic Literary Society of Newark Academy.

To be held in the College Arcade.

Monday evening, March 31st, 1860.

Adress by Mr. Robert H. Williams, Ps., Orations by Members of the Society. Music by a select band from Philadelphia.

The public are respectfully invited to attend.

Committee of Arrangements.


Select Boarding School for Young Ladies.

(Deer Park Seminary).

By the

Rev. George Hood & Lady.

At Newark, Del.

The Summer Term will begin on the first day of May 1866.

The Principals aim to conduct their School on Christian principles, educating the heart as well as the head.

The pupils are regarded as a part of the family circle, and, like their own children, are expected to yield a deferential acquiescence in all the regulations of the family.

The location is pleasant and salubrious; a little out of the village, yet convenient to either of the four evangelical churches, and within two minutes' walk of the Newark Depot on the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad.

Terms.

For Boarding, Washing, &c., with Tuition in the English branches, per term of five months, one-half payable in advance...

$75.00

Music on the Piano-Porte, per term of five months...

$15.00

French, Drawing, Painting, &c., per term, 10.00

The year will be divided into two sessions of five months each. The first beginning the first day of May; and the second, the first day of November.

The vacations will be in April and October.

REFERENCES.

Daniel Kirkwood, L. L. D., President of Delaware College.

J. W. Weston, Esq., Principal of Newark Academy.

Rev. J. Vanlandingham, Newark.

James S. Martin, Esq., Newark.


Ex-Gov. Temple, Smyrna, Del.

Geo. W. Kasner, Esq., McDoough, Del.

W. S. Hopkins, Esq. and Henry C. Kie, Esq., Baltimore.

Daniel Campbell, Esq., Washington, D. C.


Rev. Jno. McDowell, D. D., and


NOTICE.

A most complete volume of SHAKESPEARE, bound in Turkey morocco, and gilt edged, will be presented to the institution by the largest number of subscribers to Our Sunbeam, between the present time and the first of May.

Scholarships.

Shares in the Delaware College Scholarships for sale by the subscriber. Each share entitles the holder to twenty years tuition in the institution. The only means, towards being room-rent and board. By a share, one scholar can be educated for twenty years; two scholars for ten years; or five for four years. Each share has sixty coupons, each one paying for a session in the College or Academy; and which, presented to the President or Principal, are taken as cash. The price of the tuition of the term. The price for each share is $125. The cost for tuition in the College is $40 a year, and in the Academy somewhat more; but by purchasing a scholarship, tuition will cost but little over $5 a year.

The attention of education societies, and of other like institutions, is called to this advertisement. An early application is desired.

Address,

Thomas M. Martin,
Newark, Delaware.

To the Public.

The undersigned, thankful for past favors from a generous public, and hoping to merit the same by attention to business, and to these desiring the American Tobacco, Snuff, and Cigars, gives notice that he has just received a lot of superior cigars from the most celebrated manufacturers; numbering twenty-five different kinds, and ranging from a half cent to fifteen cents a piece. Also a lot of superior bright tobacco, viz., Virginia Diadem, Fig. El Dorado, Belle of Florida; besides twelve kinds of black tobacco. Smoking tobacco, and snuff of all kinds.

He is agent also for nearly all the papers printed in this part of the country. Books, Magazines, Port Monaires, SIlver Cases, Musical Instruments, Canes, &c. &c. The attention of the public is respectfully invited to his store.

S. R. Choate,
Broadway, between Chestnut and Walnut

Newark, Delaware

William T. O'Daniel,
Clothing Establishment,

No. 58 Market St.
Wilmington, Delaware.

Receiving constantly the latest styles of Cloths, Cassimeres, Satins, and Vestings, of American French, and English manufacture, which will be made up in the oldest, the medium, or the latest fashion according to the taste of the purchaser; better made, and cheaper than can be obtained at any other place in the State. Besides which, constantly on hand, a large assortment of Silk, Cotton and Woolen Shirts, Drawers, and Stockings. Neck and Pocket-handkerchiefs, Umbrellas, and, in short, every thing necessary for the gentleman’s complete wardrobe.

Delaware College.

Is pleasantly situated at Newark, Delaware about one mile from the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad, and only about two hours ride from Baltimore or Philadelphia. Newark, in which the College is situated, is a beautiful village of about fifteen hundred inhabitants, lying in a delightful and healthy section of country, about twelve miles southwest from Wilmington. The College was established in 1834, and has been in successful operation ever since. In the College there are three distinct courses, viz: the regular classical, occu-
RIDGWAY COMPANY'S LAND.

Borough Council of St. Mary's to the Public.

THIS IS TO CERTIFY, that having been over the property occupied by the Ridgway Farm and Coal Company, and given it a thorough examination, we find the representations of that Company to be correct in every particular. We find within the limits of the property, the soil to be of the richest character, and the coal and iron ore to be of the highest quality. The coal and iron ore lie, in inexhaustible quantities, through the whole district—the farms in excellent order, and the inhabitants of the people to be a part of the most gratifying character. We know that there is no healthier location in the State, and we consider it a most desirable place of settlement.

We make this declaration, as we believe there may be many persons who are unacquainted with these lands, and we are satisfied, from our knowledge of the subject, that information upon it will be a public benefit.

Jacob F. Schafer, Elk county Surveyor, St. Mary's, Elk county.

John Beetch, member of the Borough Council, St. Mary's.

Charles Brooke, member of the Borough Council, St. Mary's,

Charles Allen, President of the Borough Council, St. Mary's.

H. J. Wriggle, member of the Borough Council, St. Mary's.

Forty eight, member of the Borough Council, St. Mary's.

This is to certify, that the above five gentlemen are at present the acting members of the Town Council of St. Mary's, Elk county, and that the above is their hand and signature.

In testimony whereof I have subscribed my name, and caused the seal of office to be attached thereto; and I fully concur in the above recommendation.

EDWARD BABEL,

Chief Burgess of St. Mary's, Elk county, Pa.

[Seal.]

Of the Burgess and Town Council of the Borough of St. Mary's, Elk Co.

Oct. 30, 1855

RIDGWAY FARM, AGRICULTURAL AND COAL COMPANY.

A FARM AND HOME WITHIN THE REACH OF EVERY MAN.

TWENTY-$25.00 FARM LAND ACRES of good FARM and COAL LAND have been purchased, with the intention of giving Farm of 25 acres to each share, payable by instalments of One Dollar a week, or 120 shares of 25 and 75 and 100 acres, in proportion. Each Farm costing $200. Half shares, $100, including other improvements and fronting upon a road thirty feet in width.

The soil is amongst the richest in the State, and in Coal is literally inexhaustible. Four Railroads will shortly be completed, connecting it by a direct communication with New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Pittsburgh, Erie, the cities of the Lakes, and all the Western roads, forming the greatest concentration of railroads in the State.

See the latest map of Pennsylvania, (Barnes') Locomotives are running on a line in the Valley, and also a substantial Saw Mill upon the property, and Two Hundred Thirty-five Lots in the Town of St. Mary's, which the subscribers get. In the town, are Hotels, Schools, Saw Mills, fine Stores, and every thing desired. About Seven Thousand Acres are now under cultivation, and the population numbers 2500. In the vicinity, about ten thousand acres are under cultivation.

The land surrounds these improvements. It is a superior limestone soil, and, unlike much Pennsylvania land, it is neither rocky nor mountainous, being of the loam kind, consisting of Cherry, Sugar Maple, Pine, Oak, Hickory, Chestnut, &c.

There is another consideration of the greatest importance. The land is one bed of COAL.