

## THE SPIRIT OF A DREAM.

Tow'rd's the lofty walls of Lucy Cobb,  
 A lonely student hies;  
 Thousand songs are in his bosom;  
 Love and pleasure light his eyes;  
 There, he dreams, his own true maiden  
 Beauteous as the evening-star,  
 Leaning o'er the window lattice,  
 Waits to hear his sweet guitar.

Through the solemn hush of night-time,  
 Soon there steals a gentle lay,  
 From a lover's heaving bosom,  
 Heaving as the wavelets play.  
 From his warbling lips uplifted,  
 Swell a soft and sweet refrain;  
 And the sporting echoes ringing,  
 Chant this chorus back again.

"Lonely, lonely,  
 Why thus moan ye,  
 Wailing winds of grief and woe?  
 She is sleeping;  
 I am keeping,  
 Midnight vigil here below.

She is dreaming,  
 Stars are gleaming,  
 In the far-off heaven's blue;  
 Musing, waking,  
 Heart a breaking,  
 Midnight winds, I sing with you."

He has done his song of sighing;  
 He has hushed his love-sick lay;  
 And the music lingers softly  
 On the moon's translucent ray,  
 Then—but list, a mighty marvel,  
 See, he staggers back in fright,  
 What is that he hears above him?  
 Saw he not a flash of light?

Throbs his heart in wild pulsation;  
 And the sweat stands on his face;  
 As the dew-drops on a rose-leaf,  
 Ere the morning comes apace.  
 Then he looks in solemn silence—  
 Quickly fear is turned to hope:  
 Dangling from the window lattice,  
 Lo, there falls a coil of rope.

Dreams and visions flit before him  
 Of the happiness in store;  
 As he sees a veiled figure dropping  
 Lower,—lower,—lower.  
 "Come into these arms, thou loved one;  
 Come, and I will give thee rest.  
 Lay thy head upon this bosom,—  
 Feel the throbbing of this breast."

But, behold! he starts in horror;  
 On his face he falleth flat:  
 He has hugged a mother-hubbard  
 Buttoned 'round a big bed slat.  
 Then a merry peal of laughter  
 Stirs him from his awful pain,  
 And he hears a jolly chorus  
 Chanting forth this sweet refrain:

"Lonely, Lonely,  
 Why thus moan ye  
 Wailing winds of grief and woe?  
 She is sleeping,  
 I am keeping  
 Midnight vigil here below."

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PROF. CHARBONNIER, (to Brown, '92): Mr. Brown, do you think we will have a clear day for our experiments in light?

BROWN: I don't know, Professor. I haven't been able to use my eyes lately.

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## A PSALM

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Of (Student) Life as Chanted by the  
Glee Club.

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Verily, the festive student that goeth unto the University of Georgia, is of many days, and full of sorrow.

He riseth up early in the morning, at the sound of the college bell, and hasteth to the prayer-hall.

But anon he oversleeps himself, and hath an absence charged against him; which absence counteth one against his punctuality, and causeth great tribulation.

But to the faculty it was not so, and verily the absence standeth.

He dresseth himself in purple and fine linen and strolleth past the Lucy Cobb.

But behold the gates of the palace are closed against him, and his maiden smileth not.

And when darkness hath settled on the earth he armeth himself with paint pot and brush, and goeth to the Institute.

And in the morning the goats that are upon the porch thereof are gaily colored.

He hieth himself to the Post Office, early in the morning and receiveth tunds from home, and in the evening, behold they are gone.

He splurgeth while they last, and for the rest of the month goeth clothed in sackcloth and ashes.

He goeth to the Opera House, unmindful of the exercises to-morrow, and when called upon to recite he answereth; "Unprepared."

The professor entereth zero.

And when all his trials are over, he receiveth at the hands of the Chancellor, a diploma.

Which same maketh his heart glad and causeth him to rejoice.

But when he hath failed to pass his finals there is great wailing and gnashing of teeth.

He goeth straightway to the legislature and voteth against all appropriations for the University.

Ah M!

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 COLLEGE TINTYPES.
 

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Who is that fellow, tall and slim,  
 Dissecting bugs with such a vim,  
 Wears convex specs with golden rim,  
 Prof. (?) Hull.

Who deftly twirls a billiard cue,  
 Can hit one ball, but rarely two,  
 But always scratches, O mon Dieu?  
 Callaway.

Who is so young, so sweet, so fair,  
 With curly locks of light brown hair,  
 And built just right, Scotch kilts to wear?  
 Harrington.

Who is it wears that gawky stride,  
 Damascus blade on his left side?  
 Some say the military's pride  
 Is Capt. Boggs.

Who's been at college one decade,  
 Who mourns the rise he's never made,  
 Tries Bogg's receptions to evade?  
 'Tis Govy.

Who bets on every game of ball,  
 Though ten cent stakes are very small,  
 The side gets beat and he looses all?  
 'Tis Glass.

Who is the dashing college swell,  
 Who mashes every Athens belle,  
 Whose tandem team we'd like to sell?  
 'Tis Wilkins.

Who hid the guns beneath the floor,  
 And made the Colonel rage and roar.  
 And drill cadets till they were sore?  
 The Freshmen.