

A Cockney's Revery.

I sat by the plawsh of the rivuh
 And gazed on the dannee of the wave;
 Above me, the wind in the eldubs
 A conceit asollan gave.
 The blackbirds wuh flitting and singling
 Like spiwits adwank with the sun,
 And cattle wuh dotting the hillsides—
 One thousand five hundred, if one.
 Then ovah my spiwit came stealling
 Fudsh thoughts of the days that wuh done—
 Of fellabs that once I had wun with—
 Each dog I had owned, and each gun,
 I thought of sweet sleigh-widow, sweet school-
 mams—
 Of fights, and of slights, I had had;
 Of lickings my pawent considud
 The wight way to train up a lad.
 Till pwesto! As light as a zephuh
 My spiwit to tendubness wau;
 For, twipping thwough vists of dweanland
 I saw, yes, I saw Mawy Ann,
 She came like a beuehful angel;
 Huh footstep made music and light,
 And a mist—did it come from the rivuh?—
 A moment half-blinded my sight.
 Sweet angel! of huh I was dweaming
 Enwapehud; when, oh! on my pants,
 Thwee monstwow big emmets wuh cwawl-
 ing—
 They must have been kings of the ants,
 I wose to be quit of the cweachus;
 I bwashed them with loathing away,
 And a blood-thirsty feeling possessed me
 That put all my muscle in play.
 Oh, cwuel it was that a viston
 So happy, so puhfect as mine,
 Should lose, in a feeling so eadhly,
 An essence that seemed so divine,
 And cwuel it is that big emmets
 And waches and wats may invade
 Not only ouh cupboards, but places
 For wuwal felicity made.
 Could I have all vuhmfu whatevuh
 Piled up on an achuh of land,
 And have a big cannon and gwape-shot,
 The slaughter, I think, would be gwand,
 And could I but see thath some people
 My fwing would not be less fast,
 For many, whom once I thought puhfect,
 Turned out to be vuhmfu at last.

O. C. DAKE.

Sad Occurrence.

It becomes our painful duty to record the death of W. Stewart Black of the State Normal school, who was drowned in the Missouri River a few days since, while bathing with a number of his comrades. He was to be the only graduate at the June commencement. Stewart was a young man of rare talents and brilliant promise, besides being a consistent, earnest christian.

In him the Normal has lost a noble representative, and the cause of education a powerful laborer. He was loved and esteemed by his fellow-students and all who knew him. He leaves a fond mother, an affectionate father and a loving brother to mourn his departure. Mr. Black has for some time been correspondent for the STUDENT from the Normal.

Who shall say that his departure was untimely? Has he not passed, a graduate, from earthly temples of Wisdom, to the bright fields of knowledge beyond the river, where exhaustless treasures await his possession without toil and pain, where the course of study is delightful and never-ending, and where graduation day comes only when eternity is no more?

ORATIONS.—The Adelpian society has been favored this term by several interesting orations. We would speak with special commendation of the two delivered on May 29th, by Messrs H. H. Wilson and W. C. Showalter. Mr. Wilson spoke on the "Advancement of Civilization," and expressed some fine ideas in eloquent language, and terse sentences. Mr. Showalter spoke on "The Observance of Declaration Day." As usual Mr. S. presented a good production, expressed in his peculiarly pleasant diction.

THE Register and Catalogue of the University has just been printed at the *State Journal* office. In its typographical work and general appearance it is finer than any Catalogue hitherto issued by the University. The *Journal* office is deserving of credit, for the neat and clear letter-press, and for the tasteful arrangement and typographical accuracy of all its parts. The Register contains a full statement of the organization of the University, its various courses of study, and other information of interest to the student. The number enrolled during the year has been one hundred, classified as follows: three Seniors; eight Sophomores; seventeen Freshman; fifteen University Students; nineteen in the second year of the Latin School; and thirty-eight in the first year. There has been an increase of students over the number of last year in the regular college classes, and a small decrease in the attendance of the Latin School. Those desiring information about the University should send to the Chancellor for a Catalogue.

It is expected that the closing exercises of the University will have fully their usual interest; and if possible, the various exhibitions and public addresses will have an excellence, that shall commend them to the public. The following general programme exhibits the entertainments to be given during Commencement week:

June 21. Sunday, 4 o'clock p.m. Baccalaureate Address by the Chancellor.

June 22. Monday Evening. Exhibition of the Adelpian Society.

June 23. Tuesday Evening. Address by Hon. C. F. Manderson of Omaha.

June 24. Wednesday Evening. Exhibition of the Palladian Society.

June 24. Commencement Day. Addresses by the Graduating Class.

The public, both in the city, and from abroad, are cordially invited to attend these various exercises, to which careful attention will be given, that they may have a high order of literary excellence, and be a source of rational enjoyment to those who may attend.

THAT SCENE IN THE ADELPHIAN.—There appeared in a recent number of the daily *Journal* an article purporting to give a detailed account of the discussion of the question: The veto of the currency bill. In that article appeared the names, or rather the initials D. and R., supposed to represent the names of certain individuals. Supposing it would be proper to notice some of the assertions made, we would assume the honor of putting Mr. R's name in print, this time giving the public the benefit of his full name.

Romulus, for such he was, claims to be a descendant of the world-renowned individual who fiddled while a noted city was being destroyed by the devouring element and finally reduced to a heap of carbon, as some people have perhaps read. Well, this individual, Romulus, prides himself considerably on his ancestry, and the reason of this is evident; being insignificant himself he of course hungers for notoriety, and obtains it by announcing himself as the forty-ninth cousin of the illustrious Gen. Grant, one of the fathers of his country. We fondly hope Mr. Romulus will live to a green old age, and green it will doubtless be, if it corresponds with his whole previous life.

The whole story regarding the excessive alacrity with which the seniors defended the President's veto in order to in-

gratiate themselves and apologize for mentioning in terms of disrespect the forty-ninth cousin of the distinguished Romulus is a fabrication. Now the penetration of a moderately intelligent ass would have informed Mr. R. that no apology was offered or intended and it might be pertinent to remark just here, that in the future Mr. Romulus would do well to cut according to the breadth of his cloth.

From *The Chronicle* we learn that six students have recently been suspended from the University for "hazing." It seems that some of the students became very indignant over this summary treatment at the hands of the faculty. The *Chronicle* says:

During the latter part of last week, at a special meeting of the faculty, three sophomores and three freshmen were "suspended for hazing." This indefinite charge included smoking out and pumping, but probably not rushing. The news did not reach the public until Saturday evening, when it spread rapidly through the city. On Monday morning the order in chapel was exceedingly bad; in the afternoon a large procession, consisting of about one hundred and fifty students from both classes, headed by an omnibus containing the six suspended members, passed through the streets, stopping before the houses of various professors, cheering those supposed to be favorably, and giving groans for those unfavorably, disposed to their cause. They also followed one or two professors through the streets, hooting and hissing them. On the next night they had a union supper at Hangsterfer's, where the final signatures were put upon a paper, which informed the faculty that the signers were equally guilty with their six comrades, and intimated a desire to suffer with them. * * *

The *Chronicle* further states that, on the following evening, an apology was presented to the faculty for the insults offered. It is also claimed, that there had been no official notice previously given that hazing was considered an illegitimate sport.

The editor denounces the practice of hazing, but claims that in the present case some injustice has been done. We are glad that in so many of our western schools this time-honored, but barbarous, custom is being contemned and stigmatized. In this respect the west should come out boldly, and throw off every vestige of servile obedience to a senseless and evil custom, because handed down from the older schools of the east.

OTHER COLLEGES.

Milkmen are happy fellows—they enjoy themselves at the watering places all the year round.—*Ex.*

1st Student: Where is the lesson in philosophy to-morrow?

2d Student: It begins with lightning and goes to thunder.—*Targum.*

"Do try and talk a little common sense" exclaimed a sarcastic young lady to a visitor. "Oh," was the reply, "but would not that be taking an unfair advantage of you?"—*Ex.*

A young lady in the Astronomy class informed her teacher that she could look at the sun without winking, but she has been known to wink at several sons.—*Ex.*

An ambitious young lady was talking very loudly about her favorite authors, when a literary chap asked her if she liked Lamb. With a look of ineffable contempt she answered, that she cared little about what she ate compared with knowledge.—*Ex.*

A Boston man was cursing an editor the other day, when he fell dead. Several similar instances have lately been reported. Men should be careful in speaking of anything sacred.—*Ex.*

An excited father called in haste on Dr. Abernathy, and exclaimed, "Doctor, my son has swallowed a mouse!" "Then go home," quietly replied the doctor, "and tell him to swallow a cat."—*Vassar Misc.*

One of the professors asked a student to give an example of a mixed metaphor. The boy confidently spoke out: "When my tongue shall forget her cunning and my right eye cleave to the roof of my mouth."—*Chronicle.*

Owing to a little mistake on the part of one of the Prof's, a soph was called on to recite the review lesson when no review was customary. With praiseworthy candor he exclaimed, "Why, Prof. I fizzled on that yesterday!"—*Ex.*

Freshie: What a splended time I am having this winter; another Prof. sick and likely to keep so for two weeks at least.

Soph: I am a most unfortunate fellow—havn't had a Prof. sick this year.—*Ex.*

Class in Political Economy. Professor: Can you give an early instance where men were warned against the evils of paper currency? Student: Yes sir. The disciples were warned to take no scrip for their journey.—*Harvard Advocate.*

A freshman's dulcinea broke in upon him thus: "I learned something Eddie." "Why, what was it dearest?" "Why, I never knew what my cat's name was until last night, when Uncle Tom's big black cat came up the back lot crying out, Mo-ri-er.—*Ex.*

A senior, stuffing for examinations, has developed the ethics of Sunday work in a way to render further elucidation of the subject unnecessary. He reasons that if the Lord justifies a man for trying to help an ass from the pit on Sunday, much more would he justify the ass for trying to get out himself.—*Ex.*

Professor: (to student in philosophy.) How are hot springs formed?

Student: By water running over heated rocks.

Professor: How are the rocks heated?

Student: By eternal fires.

Professor: Yes, so are you.—*Central Collegian.*

A student placed a cast iron baby, two feet by six inches, in his chum's bed and sat up to study while his chum retired. Soon he heard exclamations of astonishment interlarded with condensed eloquence, and a why, God! chum, what have you been doing? It took him three days to see the point.—*Ex.*

A senior working hard upon his commencement Part, and not liking to be disturbed, gave the candy boy a quarter to stay out of his room for a week. "Here! young man," said the irate senior, "didn't I pay you fifty cents to stay out of here for a week?" "Yes," replied the youth, "but I ain't begun to stay out yet."—*Bates Student.*

While Prof. — was engaged with a telegraph messenger at the recitation room the other day, two sops "went through" his overcoat. The spoils were light but very interesting. A cigar holder, a recipe for removing grease spots, a bag of canary seed, and a postal card on which was written "The undershirt and hose which you took from the line on Cleveland street, you will do well to return, as you are known."—*Orient.*