



Freshman Class History.

My classmates—nature's noblemen they are,
Unequalled heroes, men without a par—
Have chosen me as that high potentate,
Whose duty is a story to relate
Of all our actions, whether good or bad ;
Of all our humors, whether gay or sad ;
Of all our vices, if such faults we own ;
Of all our virtues, whether small or larger
grown.

The duty is a most stupendous task,
And so your pardon I must humbly ask
In case I fail, as I am apt to do,
To win your approbation or to woo
From you a "Bravo!" or some kindly sign,

That having done my best, I may resign
My office, which, though I am proud to hold,
And would not abdicate for Cræsus' gold,
Is full of duties grave and grievous care,
And needs a talent blithe and debonaire.

Herodotus or terse Thucydides
Would find the task not wholly to their ease,
Or Tacitus, could one like he relate,
Would find it hard to write of '98 ;
For never, if my memory serves me well,
Since man by woman in the Garden fell,
Has there been such a class to tax the pen,
Or spur to ink the hand of gifted men.

Not by a microscope or vision keen
Could there be found within our eyes a beam,
Why need I then waste time and patience too,
Trying to tell of things we do not do ?

We never drink, that is, to great excess,
Nor to our bosom greater vices press.
The glaring sins which stalk on every hand
Afflict no member of our chosen band.
To be concise, we are from vices free ;
That is, as free as mortal man can be.

Accomplishments we all possess most rare ;
With us, indeed, there are none to compare.
Sandow is strong but he would lose his fame
If he met one of us in any game.
Our muscles are like whip cords and so strong
That Sandow could not stand before us long ;
And Corbett, he might fight when in his class,
But just let him meet one of us ; Alas !
Poor chap! He'd soon be forced to hang his head
And sneak away and wish that he were dead.

What glorious deeds did we accomplish when
We met those brawny Auburn football men !
The U. of G., old Georgia's greatest pride,
Made Alabama's heroes take a "slide."
And what two men belonging to our team,
With nimble rushes on the hard fought green,

Did more to make our pennant wave in state,
Than Clarke and Snider of old '98?

Apollo with his curls and handsome face
Was quite a picture of fine, manly grace;
But there are men in '98 I know
Who would'nt give old Phœbus half a show.
For instance Upshaw, he's a beauteous lad;
A smile from him would make e'en Venus glad.
And there are others I've no space to name
Whose faces merely would exalt their fame.

Some of our fellows have real "Trilby" feet,
While some Canova would be pleased to meet,
That he in marble might their forms enshrine
To shame his Venus with her form divine.

Aside from these fine gifts of outward grace,
In mental deeds we always set the pace.
No other class in all the course of time
E'er wrote it's hist'ry in such perfect rhyme.
No other class with such precocious speed
Flew through its "grinds" like swallows o'er a mead.
No other band from "Polly Mc." obtained
Such golden fact's by History explained;
Nor with our logarithmic "Uncle Dave"
Plunged down so deep in mathematics' wave.

The Sophs. — "wise fools," as "Zip" would write
them down,
Have not the virtues that give us renown.
The Junior cads don't know as much as we,
Though they instead of one year studied three.

And the grave Seniors, proud of rank and place,
Are but slow seconds in our onward race.

Our virtues are acknowledged everywhere;
No talents ever known were half so rare
As those which everyone of us possess.
So why need I continue to confess
Our strength of body, character and mind,
When, search the world, our match you could not find.

Now there is nothing left for me to write
Except a few words on the glorious height
To which we all will climb, in future days,
When all great men will imitate our ways,
And try, like us, to wear with easy grace
The laurel wreath which Fame is sure to place
Upon our brows. That day is almost here.
E'en now I see the Goddess drawing near
To make of Weddington, a Cicero;
To make of Crittenden, a ladies' beau;
To place on Baxter's head a kingly crown,
That he may rule his tribe with great renown.
To make of Smart a Minister to Spain,
And Jones, a great inventor, to make rain.
Each man is sure some day to fill a place
Ahead of all the fellows of his race.

If any one should doubt what I relate,
Just keep an eye fixed on old '98,
And you'll confess, as you will have to do,
This little Freshman "knew a thing or two."

THE HISTORIAN.