

A Tragedy in Four Acts.

ACT I.

On the porch before the Lucy,
Long have stood two iron goats,
Famed alike in song and glory,
Gathering yearly added glory
From the colors black and gory
Which the students paint their coats.

ACT II.

When the darkness shrouds the city,
Then the Freshman does attack,
Arms himself with paint and brushes,
O'er his eyes a soft hat crushes,
Up the steps of Lucy rushes,—
And the goats are Red and Black.

ACT III.

But the goats are not defenceless;
From among the distant hills,
With a force that's truly crushing
Comes a mighty Eagle rushing
All the mirth of students hushing,
Every heart with fear it fills.

ACT IV.

Tis an awful time for Georgia,
From the bird her sons have fled,
But the valiant Ryals turning
Fights the eagle with his learning,
From his come words so burning
That the Eagle soon is dead.

Druggistatha.

WITH APOLOGIES TO H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Ye who love a nation's legends,
Love the ballads of the Students,
That like voices from afar off,
Call to us to pause and listen,
Hearken to this Indian Legend,
To this song of Druggistatha.

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It was an evening of the winter.
Oh, the long and cruel winter!
And those buried in their wigwams,
Heard without the rustling branches,
Heard the bounding of the boxes,
Heard the rattling of the wagon,
Creaked and groaned and split asunder.
"Students," cried they. "Those are Students,
They are gathering in their firewood."
For they'd come from cross the water,
'Cross the laughing, wide Savannah,
Had beat the proud Columbianas
In the land of Carolina.

* * * *

In his lodge quite sad and lonely,
Sat the pale-face Druggistatha
Dreaming of his Minnehaha,
Of his lovely Laughing Water,
Who for years had stood without there,
Offering free his choice Havanas,

Never dreaming of the Students,
Noisy, dancing, prancing Students.
But at night a fire was kindled,
On the lonely campus lighted.
Near to the midnight, Druggistatha,
Ever wakeful, ever watchful,
In his wigwam dimly lighted
By the glimmering, flickering, firelight,
Heard a shouting oft repeated,
Heard a yelling as of vict'ry.
From his chair rose Druggistatha,
Pushed aside the deer-skin curtain,
Saw the students and their shadows
Moving 'round beneath the arc light,
Laying hands upon his darling,
Stealing 'way with Laughing Water;
Stood and watched them from the window.
"Farewell," cried he, "Minnehaha,
Farewell, O, my Laughing Water,
All my heart is buried with you,
All my thoughts go onward with you."
And the strong man shook and trembled,
In his tattered white-skin wrapper.

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As the coals grew white as ashes
And the fire was slowly dying,
From his sleepless bed uprising,

Druggistatha saw it dying,
Flickering, glimmering, glowing, dying,
Stood and watched it from his door-way.
Sadly grieved now Druggistatha
Empty-handed, heavy hearted,
That they burned his Minnehaha.
But his mighty brain within him
Suggested ideas very weighty.

* * * *

On the morrow, Druggistatha
Sought his old friend Mayor-Cita.
"If these hateful Students," said he,
"If these great outrageous fellows
Go on thus a little longer,
Stealing everything they wish to,
Rending everything to pieces,
Filling all the world with wonder,
What becomes of us Athenians?
Who will care for us Athenians?
They will tread us down like mushrooms."
All conspired 'gainst the Students,
The audacious, the over-bearing,
Heartless, haughty, dangerous Students.
So they gathered them together,
Gathered Freshmen from the soiree,
Gathered Sophs from "Oh Be Joyful,"
Gathered all of them together,
Lectured at them without mercy,
Threatened them with fines and prisons.
Nearly were they thusly conquered,
Ended were their wild adventures (?)
Ended were their tricks and gambols (?)
Ended all their craft and cunning (?)
Ended all their mischief making (?)

All their gamb(o)ling and their dancing (?)
All their wooing Minnehaha's (?)
And the wicked, wayward Students
To the pale-face humbly journeyed.
Spoke to him thus, their leading chief,
"Howdo, noble Druggistatha,
We have put you to the trial,
To the proof have put your patience,
By the insult of our thieving,
By the outrage of our actions."
Then in Druggistatha's bosom,
Spake the still small voice of Conscience,
And when later in the season
Students won such lasting vict'ries
In the great Atlanta city,
Druggistatha spoke up nobly,
"Let us hire a drum, Kee-Nadin,
And a fife or Weebago,
I will throw in fifteen dollars,
Fifteen hard-earned, well-earned dollars."
Thus did noble Druggistatha
Satisfy his qualms of conscience
Make his peace with College Students.

* * * *

Let this teach a noble lesson
To the old men of the *village*,
All the warriors of Police-Force.
Let the peace-pipe quick be brought forth
And the calumet be smoked now.
Do not with the Students meddle,
Lest the Students give you trouble,
"Peace be with you Druggistatha,
Peace be with you and your people."

M. M. L.