

## A Parting Toast.

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Away from college and campus, from scenes of labor  
and fun,  
The Seniors soon will be leaving when their sheep-  
skins they have won;  
Full many regret their going, for their friends that  
remain are a host,  
Then drink with me to the Senior, and this be our  
good bye toast :

In a loving cup o'er running,  
We pledge you one and all,  
Success and plenty attend you,  
Wherever your lot may fall.  
Here's to your health and happiness,  
May you never "bust" again ;  
Here's hoping, on the world's great Blue List,  
You'll all be honor men.

May fortune e'er befriend you,  
Adown life's winding way ;  
"God bless you, merry gentlemen,  
May nothing you dismay."

"H."

## Great Expectations.

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Sagely the student pulls his pipe,  
Half way 'twixt thought and dozing,  
Dignity, born of wisdom ripe,  
On his brow, with grace reposing.  
'Tis commencement time and exams. are o'er,  
All care to the winds he's flinging,  
And his musings turn to the year that's gone,  
Or the honors the next is bringing.

While the smoke wreaths blue the air perfume,  
His castles in Spain he's building,  
And the smoke spirits, kind their sway assume  
His dreams of the future gilding.

Now the smoke spirits kind anew begin,  
And tell him their welcome story,  
Of all the honors he's bound to win,  
While he plans how to wear his glory.

L'ENVOI.

Next day a blue list to bits he's tearing,  
With anger in his eyes,  
In keen chagrin he's deeply swearing,  
For he failed to make a rise.

"H."

## The Senior to the Freshman.

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Ye call me Senior ; and ye do well to call him Senior who for four long years has drunk upon the campus every brand of wine or whiskey the full dispensary of Athens could furnish, and who never yet has had enough. If there be one among you who can say that ever on public Milledge or in private room, my actions did belie my tongue, let him stand forth and say it. If there be three in all your company dare face me around the beer keg, let them come on. And yet I was not always thus—a Senior at the University, a jag leader of innocent Freshmen. My early life ran quiet in the backwoods of Georgia; and, when at eve I had brought in the wood and we sat assembled around the fireside, my sire told me tales of his life at Athens; high ambition seized upon my soul and nothing cold do but I must be sent a Freshman thither.

To-day I told Zip I was sick on yesterday ; and when I looked into his eyes, behold! doubt lurked there. He had seen me the previous afternoon, smiled diabolically, chuckled, and passed me by; the same smile to-day played upon his face that I had marked but yesterday when I passed him on the street. I told him that I had been sick during the forenoon, ay, sick unto death, and I begged that he might remove the absence, and I would come constantly in future. Yea, I besought him, while the Sophomores, but just come in, laughed in high glee, deeming it rare sport, forsooth, to see the proud Senior turn red with confusion before that satirical smile. And they crowded round disorderly, saying, "Let the absence stand, there are no truthful students but Sophs!" O Athens! Athens! Thou hast been a tender nurse to me. Thou hast given to that poor, gentle, timid, Freshman lad, who never knew a harsher tone than a bank note, a tongue of forkedness and a conscience of stone; taught him to steal boxes, barrels, and Indian maidens and burn them in a holocaust to Victory; to gaze in the glaring eyeballs of the Chancellor and answer "Unprepared," even as a Floyd upon the mayor. And, when he has attained to the dignity of a legislator from his native county, he shall pay thee back until thy coffers run over with gold and thy sons shall no longer sit on benches which are as hard as the heart of the Athens mayor.

J. H. BUTNER.

## Exile from Yahoo.

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There came through the gate a poor exile from Yahoo,  
The smell on his hot breath was surely of corn,  
For a refuge he sighed as he fell in a gully  
And yielded his tromponents there 'till the morn.  
But the old college arrested his eyes' roving motion  
For there he had lived ere the Chancellor's notion  
Had driven him forth, and tho' much on ocean,  
He raised the bold yell "Ouf gee Yahoo, hurrah."

Sad is my fate, sighed the poor loaded student,  
From copper and watchman I've nowhere to flee;  
I now have no refuge when rashly imprudent,  
In swiping a sign board, the police chase me,  
Never again through the dark midnight hours  
At the top of my voice shall I test my lung's powers,  
And cover the chapel with paint thrown in showers,  
Or break out a window, or pull up a tree.

Old Dormitory, though out in the city,  
When "shot" I make straight for thy sheltering walls  
But alas, in my room strangers greet me with pity,  
And ask that I please raise less Cain in the halls.

O, cruel Doc., will you never replace me,  
In this mansion of peace where no watchman can  
chase me.

Where steal what I may, no detective can trace me—  
When dread of a sand bag, prevents them from calls.

O where are the mighty raids after our fuel?  
Pay for a fire! No, zip paid for them all—  
Banished I am by an edict too cruel;  
Shall I to my buggy bed ne'er again crawl?  
Oh, my old room all covered with papers,  
Now I can see how her shapely waist tapers,  
Aye, I see more as she's cutting her capers,  
That actress that's pictured upon your old wall.

Where all of Boggs' admonitions ignoring,  
Oft I engaged in a small game of "draw,"  
Students now over recitations poring,  
Which in my time there no man ever saw;  
Silent and calm, in thy halls there's no sporting,  
Green are thy inmates in all but exhorting,  
And no longer sounds like a cannon's reporting,  
Yahooite's yell, "Ouf gee Yahoo, hurrah."

## 'Twas Ever Thus.



“A pair of lips of ruby red,  
A willing lass, a word unsaid,  
And no one there to stop the bliss  
That did then come—a stolen kiss.

A pair of boots, size number eight,  
An angry pa comes through the gate,  
And no one there to help the lad,  
Out he is bounced! I'll swear that's bad.

B.

