The Messenger (archival - 1870-)

Volume 32
Number 3 The Messenger, Vol. 32, No. 3

12-1905

The Messenger, Vol. 32, No. 3

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger-rc

Part of the Fiction Commons, Nonfiction Commons, and the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger-rc/vol32/iss3/1

This Complete Issue is brought to you for free and open access by the University Publications at UR Scholarship Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Messenger (archival - 1870-) by an authorized editor of UR Scholarship Repository. For more information, please contact scholarshiprepository@richmond.edu.
A Fancy.

BY ARTHUR DERIEUX DAVIDSON, '07.

O, show me the isle where the soul grieves not,
   Where the spirit knows no sigh;
Where the hungry passions are forgot,
   Where painful memories die.

O, show me the isle where the soul grows bright,
   Where the songs of the spirit rise;
Where each desire is a sweet delight,
   Each sound a song of praise.
For my soul is weary now and sad,
With life's grim problems prest,
And I fain would find some peaceful shade,
Where the weary soul can rest.

Then show me the isle where the soul grieves not,
Where the spirit knows no sigh;
On its peaceful shores I will cast my lot,
And rejoice while years roll by.

Poetic Justice.

BY J. C. METCALF.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ: Homer, Achilles, Ulysses, Hermes.

SCENE: The Elysian Fields.

TIME: 1715 (date of the publication of Pope's translation of the Iliad).

(Enter Hermes, just arrived from Earth, with two or three advance sheets of a new book in his hands.)

HERMES:
Hail, mighty heroes, spirits ever blest,
Who dwell ambrosial here and take your rest!
I come in haste from lands beyond the Styx,
With tidings strange your thoughts awhile to fix.

ULYSSES:
Be welcome, Hermes; haste t'unfold your mind;
Some news from earth, sure, I'll not take unkind,
For when I ruled an island long ago,
Before this time three thousand years or so,
With many men and cities scattered wide—
From bounds of Hercules to Simois' side—
I held acquaintance then on divers things,
From haunts of ocean nymphs to courts of kings;
And wandering thus from sea-girt Ithaca,
The influence of some unlucky star
Oft drove me into devious ocean ways,
Where Boreas' fury lashed me many days,
And kept me prisoner ten years or more
Before I reached at last my rock-bound shore.
So haste thee, Hermes, tell us all the news
You bring from lands that still bright Phebus views.

HERMES:
I chanced to light on old Tamesis' strand,
Where rise the towers in that far Western land
Which Brutus' sons awhile ago did build,
When they the old inhabitants had killed.
I heard much talk along the crowded street
Of what, it seemed, was some poetic feat
A man named Alexander had just done
(The name, Achilles, need not make you groan),
Who really, from all that I heard said,
Was by some other than our Muses fed.
The name of Homer flew from mouth to mouth,
From east to west, and then from north to south.
I marvelled much what this indeed might be,
The use of "Homer" more especially.
I found each citizen had in his hand,
The while he sauntered up and down the strand,
A leaf or twain of some forthcoming book,
On which, intent, he never ceased to look.
I hied away unto the printer's shop
Where from the press sheet after sheet did drop,
And after much ado two leaves I bought,
And unto you Immortals have them brought.

HOMER:
Methinks, O Hermes, this is passing queer,
Both what you've said, and this that I see here;
For sure the man that all this stuff hath made
Must have been told of things that I have said;
At least, it seemeth so, for, by my troth,
Appearing here in undulating froth
Are names, and sometimes, seldom tho', a thought
Which seems, not sounds, like something I have wrought.
D'ye think, O Hermes, that it can be true
The fellow ever read my own book through?
I marvel much, O ye, my comrades high,
In lands afar from Scios' misty sky
There should a jingling rhymer grow so bold
To sell my name and yours, O Greeks, for gold;
But most of all, aside from lack of sense,
These barbarous numbers give my soul offence.
And see, my friends, this word of explanation:
The man is mad—he calls it a translation!
Ye Gods, ye dwellers on Olympus' height,
Revenge! revenge! this impious babbler smite!

Achilles:
By Zeus! The madman lays the blame on me—
Say, Homer, did he get that thought from thee?
"Achilles' wrath to Greece the direful spring."
'Tis false—I never did so vile a thing!
Did I from Menelaus Helen steal,
And thus the fatal doom of Ilium seal?
He lies! 'twas cursed Agamemnon's greed
That brought the hapless Greeks to direful need!
Old Homer, now with thee I quickly join
And vow eternal vengeance for each line!

Ulysses:
And me, no doubt, this ruthless rhymer sings
As crafty in a way that 'fits not kings.
If we could only see more of his book,
His scorn immortals even less would brook.
So to your counsel I my aid will lend
And nimble Hermes to Olympus send.
We'll pray our Father Zeus omnipotent
That he may with his word our testament
Make sure, and with the raging Furies doom
This scurvy mortal to infernal gloom.
There is nothing more interesting and instructive than a study of the lives of great men, and, to the writer's mind, there is no "great man" whose life is more interesting than that of Napoleon Bonaparte. For in it, to a remarkable degree, is shown the truth of the proverb "that the boy is father to the man."

Napoleon was one of thirteen children, only eight of whom attained their majority. He is generally believed to have been the second son, but of this there is much doubt.

In 1779 admission to the military school at Brienne was gained for one of the Bonaparte sons, and in order to make use of this good fortune it was found necessary to pass Joseph off as the eldest, thereby leading the authorities to believe that it was he, and not Napoleon, who was born in 1768; otherwise Napoleon would have been above ten years of age, and therefore inadmissible. It is interesting to note that, if this be true, Napoleon's first entrance upon the career which was destined to win for him immortal glory was secured by fraud.

Napoleon was not a handsome boy. In fact, as his old nurse said, "he was the one member of the family of whom greatness was least to be prognosticated." The charm of his countenance lay in his eye, which reflected every emotion. Even as a child his anger was frightful.

The following story shows him to have been indeed very manly and courageous. We are told that at the age of seven, Spartan-like, he endured three days of severe punishment, for eating some fruit, rather than tell on his sister, who was the guilty person.

At the age of ten he entered the military school at Brienne, and remained there for five years. He entered at a very
impressionable age, and met up with a class of young men of means, who lived extravagantly, and who taunted him with being the son of a poor Corsican lawyer. They sneered at his plain dress and empty purse. Then and there was engendered in him that intense hatred which he afterwards showed for "rank founded not on merit, but upon the accident of birth." We may also suppose that at this time the maxims "A career open to talent, without distinction of birth," and "The tools to him that can handle them," formulated themselves in his brain.

Like many other great men, he liked to go off by himself and spend hours alone in the woods. He made no efforts to conciliate his fellow students, and was so stern and uncircumstantial in his manner that he was usually spoken of as "The Spartan."

The snobbishness of his fellow students drove him to seek comfort and companionship in his books. He is said to have spent days and nights locked in his room, buried in his maps and books. He subjected himself to the most rigid mental discipline, thereby elevating himself above his companions. In fact, he soon came to be regarded as the brightest student in the institution, and became greatly distinguished in mathematics and scientific works. He was passionately fond of all the literature upon history, government, and practical science. There was still another side—the sentimental, possibly—to which poetry appealed, most strongly. Homer and Ossian were his favorite poets. There is extant a letter, written to his mother, in which he says: "With my sword by my side, and Homer in my pocket, I hope to carve my way through the world." He also was especially fond of "Plutarch's Lives," the literary diet upon which so many great men have been nurtured.

His conduct soon won for him the respect of his fellow students, while the way in which he upheld discipline, supported established authority, and progressed in his classes made him a great favorite with his professors.
He seems always to have been imbued with the idea that he was to have a great career in the world, and at that time the young men of France were taught that the only paths to glory led through fields of blood.

From the first he showed remarkable military genius. In the winter of 1784, during a heavy snow, he organized his school-mates into armies for the purpose of capturing some snow forts. The fortifications which he built of snow were said to be remarkable exhibitions of engineering skill, while the way in which he handled his "army" was very skillful.

Taken all in all, Napoleon's reputation at school was a most enviable one. He was regarded as a manly boy, who always stood up for the rights of the younger student, and was distinguished for integrity of character and high sense of honor.

At the earliest age of admission, fifteen, he entered the Military School at Paris. We have the following interesting entry from the record of the Minister of War:

"State of the King's Scholars eligible to enter into service, or to pass to the School at Paris: Monsieur de Bonaparte (Napoleon), born 15th August, 1769; in height five foot six and one-half inches; has finished his fourth session; of a good constitution, health excellent; character mild, honest and grateful; conduct exemplary; has always distinguished himself by application to mathematics, understands history and geography tolerably well, is indifferently skilled in merely ornamental studies, and in Latin, in which he has finished only his fourth course; would make an excellent sailor; deserves to be passed to the School at Paris."

We are told that at the School at Paris, although he commanded the respect of his school-mates, he was not at all popular with them. He never entered into any of their amusements, such as billiards, card-playing, dancing, etc., but applied himself diligently to study during every spare hour. On one occasion he shut himself in his room for seventy-two
consecutive hours, until he had solved a problem which had been given to the class. This extraordinary power of continuous exertion, both of body and mind, was his distinguishing characteristic through life.

Abbott truly says of him: Napoleon did not blunder into renown. His triumphs were not casualties, his achievements were not accidents, his grand conceptions were not the brilliant flashes of unthinking and unpremeditated genius. Never did man prepare the way for greatness by more untiring devotion to the acquisition of all useful knowledge and to the attainment of the highest possible degree of mental discipline. That he possessed native powers of mind of extraordinary vigor is true, but those powers were expanded and energized by herculean study. His mighty genius impelled to the sacrifice of every indulgence, and to sleepless toil.

At the age of sixteen he was examined for appointment in the army, and passed with highest honors. The Professor of History, M. Keruglion, wrote opposite his name: “A Corsican by character and birth. This young man will distinguish himself in the world, if favored by fortune.” The writer believes that the latter clause might well have been omitted, for one who had trained himself as Napoleon had done would have succeeded in spite of fortune.

The Marching.

BY STILES HUNT ELLYSON, '09.

The bullets would fly all around
In a cold and monotonous flow,
But to him nothing now was a sound
Save the crunch of the feet in the snow,
Save the crunch of the feet in the snow.
THE MARCHING.

In his beard he mumbled as now
In a cold and monotonous flow:
“Yes, I’m going to go to Moscow,
From the cold and the ice and the snow,
From the cold and the ice and the snow.”

“Lead on, Little Corporal, on;
And I’ll fear neither ice nor the foe,
From the dawn of the day ’till its gone;
I will follow wherever you go,
I will follow wherever you go.”

“Yes, my feet are all bleeding and bare,
And my body is numb, I’ll allow,
But, for this, tell me what do I care,
For Moscow is not far away now,
For Moscow is not far away now.”

“But what do I see on the sky!
’Tis the glow—and ’tis welcome, I vow!—
Of the warmth of Moscow. We are nigh
To the wealth and the warmth of Moscow,
To the wealth and the warmth of Moscow.”

“I’m so weary, I’ll sit on this mound
And will bathe my poor face in the snow.
Ah! how restful this place I have found,
I will rest here awhile ere I go,
I will rest here awhile ere I go.”

He found the best resting place known
To the countless departed and gone.
And his rest was as sweet as the thought
That his life was not all spent for naught;
Though he’d pillaged and murdered and fought.
The invention of letters and the art of writing and printing were epochal in the development of the human race. God gave man an object lesson in writing when he delivered to Moses the stone tablet on which “the writing was the writing of God.”

The recording of man’s thoughts for preservation, dissemination, and transmission to future generations means the endowment of man’s personality on earth with practical immortality. Men being dead, yet speak. There is no past so long as books shall live. “All that is valuable, whether of Divine inspiration or human production, is treasured up and becomes a legacy to coming generations. We to-day are the happy inheritors of the best thought and noblest achievements of all past ages, and the agencies by which these are brought to us are the pen and the press. Says one, “The invention of printing marked the climax of power in the progress of immortalizing thought. Books are embalmed minds.” This is a mistake; they are “the incarnation of immortal minds.”

One of the many modern dynamic forces moving and impelling men to greater and nobler action is the inspiring thought obtained from books and periodic literature. A century ago Voltaire declared “All the people of the known world, excepting only savages, are governed by books.” Very often a single book has touched a State, a country, a continent—the whole world. “Robinson Crusoe” incited scores and hundreds of boys to run away from home, and did more to replenish the navy and merchant marine service of England with sailors than did press gangs or bounties. “Uncle Tom’s Cabin” touched the keynote for human liberty, and sounded the death-knell of human slavery.
in the United States, and greatly affected the attitude of the civilized world regarding this evil.

Almost every man who has made for himself a name, and stands out on a mountain peak in the world's history of thought and service, was first aroused and inspired to action by some single book. Benjamin Franklin acknowledged that his character was formed and his life shaped by reading Cotton Mather's book entitled "Doing Good." Reading the life of David Brainard made Henry Martyn a missionary. Cowley, when a child, found Spenser's "Fairy Queen" in the old-fashioned window of his mother's room, and became irrecoverably a poet. Goethe attributed his poetic tendency to the reading of one book. Coblet, in his early youth, read Swift's "Tale of a Tub," and the reading was to him "a birth of intellect." Alexander the Great confessed that "Homer's Iliad" made him a warrior, and the story of Alexander the Great made Julius Caesar and Charles XII. conspicuous military characters. William Cary's compassion for benighted men was first awakened by reading Cook's "Voyage Around the World." Judson read Buchanan's "Star in the East," and it led him into missionary work in India. A Puritan preacher by the name of Sibbs wrote a tract entitled "The Bruised Reed," and a copy of this was given by an humble layman to a little boy, at whose home he had been entertained. That boy was Richard Baxter, and the tract was the means of his conversion. Baxter afterwards wrote his "Call to the Unconverted." Among the multitudes led to Christ by it was Philip Doddridge. From Doddridge came that blessed book, "The Rise and Progress of Religion in the World." By this book Wilberforce was converted. He, in turn, wrote his "Practical View of Christianity," and the perusal of it led not only Dr. Chalmers into the truth, but also Leigh Richmond to Christ. Richmond wrote "The Dairyman's Daughter," which has been published in more than a hundred languages, and over five million
copies have gone throughout Christendom. Truly marvelous is the power of a book! No wonder Carlyle once said, "Of all the things man can do, or make, here below, by far the most momentous, wonderful, and worthy are the things we call books."

But not every book cultivates piety and purity, imparting noble purpose and power to the reader. Some one says, "A bad man is more dangerous in type than in broadcloth." Voltaire, when only a boy, committed a declamation which eulogized infidelity, and it has been asserted that this was the beginning of his skepticism. John Wendell James affirmed in his old age that he had never gotten over the evil effects of having read a pernicious book. Sitting Bull, of Indian fame, was taught, when a boy, by a Catholic priest, to read French. He came across the life of Napoleon, in French, and eagerly read every word of it. It developed in him a spirit and passion for military life. He not only imbibed the military spirit of the great Napoleon, but actually imitated him in his Indian campaigns against the white settlers of the West. The life of "Jesse James" has instigated more than one daring robbery, according to the confession of many who have been apprehended and punished.

But turning more specially to the mission of books, they are teachers of the highest order. They are full of conversation without loquacity; they silently serve the best interest of the soul without demanding recompense. "Bacon has likened books to ships of thought," voyaging through the sea of time and carrying precious freight. Here the loftiest minds are giving to us the best wisdom of present and also of all past ages; here are intellects gifted far beyond ours, ready to give us the results of many years of patient thought. Here are imaginations open to the beauties of the universe, far beyond what is given us to behold; here are characters whom we can only vainly hope to imitate, but whom it is one of the highest privileges to know. Petrarch, Italy's first and great-
est lyric poet, said of his books: “I have friends whose society is extremely agreeable to me, of all ages and of all countries. They have distinguished themselves both in the cabinet and in the field, and obtained high honors for their knowledge of the sciences. Some relate to me the currents of past ages, while others reveal to me the secrets of nature. Some teach me how to live, and others how to die. Some by their vivacity drive away my cares and exhilarate my spirits, while others give fortitude to my mind.”

Books instruct us regardless of our station in life. The poorest may say with greatest exultation: “No matter how poor I am, though the prosperous and great will not enter my obscure dwelling, yet there are learned men and women who will take up their abode under my roof.”

Homer will sing to us of Grecian valor about the walls of fated Troy; Milton will cross our threshold and sing with majestic sweetness of Paradise; Shakespeare will open the world of imagination and the workings of the human heart; Franklin will enrich us with his practical wisdom; and a thousand others, among the world’s best writers, will abide for our instruction and inspiration. Thus the poorest need not pine for want of intellectual companionship, for each may find in literary pursuits that which meets his social needs.

It is not surprising that illustrious men, though blessed with honored living associates, should hold in reverence their companions in books. The great-minded and pious-hearted Fenelon declared: “If the crowns of all the kingdoms of Europe were laid at my feet, in exchange for my books and my love for reading, I would spurn them all.” The splendid historian Gibbon expressed himself in these words: “A taste for books is the pleasure and glory of my life, I would not exchange it for the glory of the Indies.” We do not wonder at the passionate fondness of William Prescott for his books. Before he died he requested that his body, when prepared for burial, might be left alone for a few hours in his
library, which had been for years the scene of his labors and the object of his zealous care.

Books are among the most beautiful furnishings of the home. Henry Ward Beecher expressed many noble sentiments, but nothing better or wiser than this: "Books are not made for furniture, but there is nothing else that so beautifully furnishes a house. The plainest row of books that cloth or paper ever covered is more significant of refinement than the most elaborately carved side-board. Give me a house furnished with books rather than furniture. Both, if you can, but books at any rate." John Bright, of English fame, left this valuable testimony: "I would prefer to have one comfortable room well furnished with books to all you can give me in the way of decoration which the highest art can supply."

Out of the number of books published, only a few deserve to be read. The selection of the worthy from the unworthy is as great and important a task as the reading itself. Carlyle gives this rule: "No book that will not improve by repeated reading deserves to be read at all." Sir John Denham says: "Books should to one of these four ends conduce: for wisdom, piety, delight, or use." A good book quickens to higher thinking. "The best of a book," says Holmes, "is not the thought that it contains, but the thought that it suggests—just as the charm of music dwells not in the tone, but in the echoes of our hearts."

But a good book not only quickens to higher thinking, but impels to higher purposes and larger personal endeavors. Books are but so much waste paper unless we exemplify in our lives the wisdom obtained from their thought.

The crowning merit of a book must always be its practical usefulness. It must raise the spirit, inspire with noble aspiration, and impel to better living.

May we always believe that the high and noble mission of a good book is that it shall be food for youth, support for
manhood, delight for age, ornament for homes, comfort for adversity, an open door into good society, a stepping-stone to higher things, and a crown to honor, abiding forever.

---

The Black Angel Trail.

BY LAWRENCE CURRY WOOD, '07.

The last rays of the dying sun tinged the massive rock walls that rose abruptly behind the Black Angel Trail with delicate reds and greens, and changed the river that below glided smoothly by to a stream of molten gold.

Big Jim, as he was affectionately called by his comrades, and Werner, a small, dark-skinned, impulsive man, sat by their camp-fire after supper, smoking.

No one knew much about Werner; some said he had once committed murder, but they knew him to be a comrade, even though he had "spells," as the miners said, of melancholy. But, be that as it may, no one can speak of them around Jim, for he was as devoted to Werner as to a younger brother.

That night, as they watched the stars come out over the distant ranges, and form awful coronets for the towering peaks, Jim spoke of an outlaw, called Pachmann, who kept himself by stealing from the camps of prospectors.

He noticed that Werner was unusually quiet and sad while the conversation was in progress, and, when he asked the reason, Werner told him this brief story:

"Jim, you've been a mighty good pal to me, mighty good; and 'taint right fer me to keep anything from yer. You called that dog Pachmann's name while ago. Curse him, if ever I see him, either me or him'll have ter die. I was married once, Jim—married the sweetest woman ever walked, I reckon, seemed so to me, and we lived out on old Ashbury plain; you know the place, Jim. We had a little
shanty, not much for looks, but ’twas a home, and the only home I ever had. We lived there two year, nigh ’bout, and we was happy, happy; and then I sells a lot o’ cattle and brings home the money and puts it away. I went to the fort a little later; had to stay three days. Finally gettin’ home, I hurried into the house, Jim, and there she was. O heaven, there on the floor, with her little babe, only three months old, murdered!”

Here Werner’s voice broke, and he hid his face in his hands. Tears were in Jim’s eyes as he watched the slight figure of his comrade shake with his convulsive sobs. Finally Werner looked up.

“There,” he said, huskily; “it’s a fool I am, Jim; but as I was telling ye, when I found my home ruined I went to the stables. Pachmann, who was herdin’ for me, was gone, the cattle gone, and up in the house my dearest things gone. I went to the cattle pens at Leon, and found that Pachmann had driven the cattle there and sold ’em, tellin’ it he was sellin’ for me. I swore if I ever saw him I’d kill him or he’d kill me. I ain’t seen him yet, but I’m goin’ ter some day.”

After this brief recital neither of the men spoke, but Werner felt Jim’s sympathy—felt that his big heart was sad on his account. They sat awhile and then went in the tent to sleep.

* * * * * * * * * *

The next month Jim and Werner camped in the same place on the Black Angel, having “struck it rich,” and being on their way to Leon.

That night, while Jim slept soundly, Werner tossed about restlessly. Early in the morning he dozed off, but was awakened at once, it seemed to him, by a noise outside. He rolled over, and muttered a curse at the bob-cat or whatever animal he thought was tampering with their packs. He rose, and threw back the tent flap noiselessly, and was amazed at seeing
a man kneeling and unfastening Jim’s pack. He thought it might be Jim, but when he glanced back into the tent he saw the husky form of his comrade lying on his bed. So, covering the man outside with his revolver, he walked slowly toward him. The man heard him when he was but a few feet away, and sprang to his feet. Seeing he was helpless, he swore sullenly, and held up his hands. Werner was struck dumb when he saw no other than the hated Pachmann standing before him, and Pachmann, supposing his end to be near, threw himself before Werner and poured out an incoherent stream of pleas for life.

Werner recovered himself. “Well?” he said, quietly, to the quivering wretch at his feet.

“Mercy! Mercy, master! I—I couldn’t help it! O, the gold! the gold!” And Pachmann collapsed completely.

Werner jerked him roughly to his feet. “Well,” he said, even more quietly than before; “you killed my wife and child?”

Pachmann, pallid as death, cried out with an energy born of despair: “Master! Master! Were you—didn’t you ever have a temptation? Master! who killed old Maria for the nugget her old father gave her when he died? Pity, O master; you know I loved her. I—she said your gold should be gotten only over her dead body, and I had to have it. Master, have you no pity?”

The fawning wretch broke down again; but Werner, as one in a trance, saw only his former life, his wife, the nugget.

“Devil!” he exclaimed, and, striding forward, knocked Pachmann senseless with the butt of his revolver, and with bowed head walked slowly toward the edge of the cliff.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

An hour later Jim was standing over the body of the outlaw, whom he had just killed with his long knife. “Werner, old man,” he whispered sadly, “he follows you.”
The Wind.

BY SAMUEL GLADSTONE HARWOOD, '06.

O list to the voice of the winds,
As they sweep the wide world through;
What varying accents they bring,
What fancies to me and to you.

At dawn, feel the air of the zephyr,
In the spring-time happy and gay;
How nature then revels in beauty,
And the sigh of sorrow, "Away!"

Or think of the breeze of the summer,
As it coolingly wafts along,
Refreshing the soul of the toiler
And inspiring the outburst of song.

Again, in the heart of the winter,
When the ice-mantled blast doth moan;
E'en this, as we sit in the firelight,
Makes yet stronger the love of home.

O Spirit, whose own the winds are,
Be my heart ever mindful of thee;
And may e'en the breath of the heavens
Bring a message of cheer unto me.

Michael Servetus.

BY THOMAS WILLIAM OZLIN, '08.

The life of Michael Servetus, though unique in many respects, is only one example of many similar careers. He was born in the year 1509, at Saragossa, a little town in Spain. He was a contemporary of Luther, Calvin, Erasmus, and of that noted school of Reformers of the sixteenth century.
It was his misfortune to live in a time when learning was prohibited and dissenting was a crime. All knowledge and initiative was in subordination to the narrow dogmas of the Catholic Church. The infamous Inquisition was active in every quarter of the empire, ferreting out and branding as heresy all opinions that were not in accord with the ecclesiastical law. The Church was all powerful. Neither king nor law could gainsay the Papal decree. Every one had to conform to the prescribed doctrines, or to give an account of his actions with his life. Servetus was ever in conflict with this narrow system. He firmly believed that his mental faculties were his own, to be exercised as seemed best to himself. At an early age he entered the University of Saragossa, where we are told he soon graduated with the highest honors. A few years later he was at the University of Toulouse, studying law, and it was while there that he first read some of the writings of Martin Luther. This first impression that he received of the great Reformer seems to have changed his later career in a marked degree. It set him to thinking on the ecclesiastical problems of the day. His fearless bearing and independent action soon clashed with the intense hatred of his enemies in the Church, and so he was never afterwards free from suspicions. It was his good fortune to be present in Bologna, at the coronation of Charles V. as Emperor. Here he was brought into direct contact with the Church, with all its empty forms, creeds, and dogmas. Instead of being fascinated by its magnificent ceremonies, he was filled with a desire for freedom of thought and expression, that he might publicly denounce the emptiness of the whole ecclesiastical system. Shortly afterwards we hear him expressing himself as neither agreeing with Catholic nor Reformer. His faith was completely upset by the incessant disputes over minor points of doctrine and church government.

At the age of twenty-one he published his first book, in which he attacked the "Doctrine of the Trinity." This first
work was necessarily crude, but not so worthless that it failed to attract attention. Luther declared it a fearfully wicked book, which was antagonistic to the Holy Trinity. The reception given his book in ecclesiastical circles soon convinced him that he had made a mistake by allowing his name to appear on his literary productions. He was compelled to change his name, and to leave his home. He went to Lyons and was henceforth known as Michael Villeneuva. In Lyons he worked as a printer, and while thus engaged he published the "Geography of Ptolemy." In this geography he did not fully agree with the commonly-accepted theories concerning the physical features of the Holy Land. His description was far more accurate than any previous work on the subject, but even this slight diversion of doctrine was to the church unpardonable heresy.

Servetus continued to study, and while at Lyons he was induced to begin the study of medicine. He soon rose to distinction in this profession, and was prevailed upon to deliver a course of lectures on various scientific subjects before the University of Paris.

He was especially proficient in physiology, and it is still thought by many that he discovered the circulation of the blood. Servetus, however, could not long desist from the discussion of ecclesiastical themes. He felt that it was the mission of his life to break the chains that held the conscience in subjection and prevented freedom of expression. His intense earnestness was a characteristic that marked his entire life. He continued to write on religious subjects, and the book that finally brought matters to a crisis was his "Restitution of Christianity." This book caused his imprisonment and finally his death. The work contained, besides his own views, thirty letters addressed to Calvin. This fearless act on his part awakened in Calvin such animosity that nothing less than the death of Servetus could appease it. Calvin tried to prohibit the publishing of this last book, but failed; so he
determined to have Servetus arrested as soon as possible. This purpose was realized within a few days, but, by the aid of some friends, Servetus succeeded in making his escape, after only two days confinement. He then planned to escape to Italy, but got no further than Genoa, where he was intercepted by Calvin, and again arrested. This time he was placed in chains, and held for trial from August to October. During this period he was subjected to the most cruel punishment. Calvin ordered that he be confined in a dungeon set apart for the basest criminals. This fact, with all the attendant horrors of a medieaval prison, was enough to force him to recant, had he not been true to his convictions.

Calvin posed as one of the chief exponents of the Reformation, and this fact renders it difficult to understand how he could so completely forget his grievance against the Catholics as to form mutual plans with them for the carrying out of their pernicious designs against Servetus. Calvin seems to have forgotten himself, and to have looked on with fiendish pleasure at the sufferings of his victim while in prison. We have in Servetus' own words his piteous cry for help and justice. In the trial his own works were the main evidence used to prove him a heretic. His writings were construed to suit the ignominious designs of his persecutors. He denied nothing that he had written, but meekly said: "I know that I must die for the cause that I have espoused, but I am not at all cast down on that account, since by this means I shall be a disciple made like unto his Master."

The trial was long and tedious, for the authorities were puzzled to know what to do with him. Finally the church of Switzerland, urged on by Calvin, declared him to be an intolerable monster of impiety, worthy of death. This sealed his fate. On the morning of October 27, 1553, Servetus was summoned to hear the pleasure of the Council of Genoa. Before the porch of the Hotel de Ville he heard the sentence pronounced, "To be burned alive, with all thy books,
until thy body be reduced to ashes," which sentence was immediately executed. In a few hours Calvin was free of his troublesome victim, but he had robbed the world of an earnest, faithful soul.

This was the reward given in that age to men of such decision of character as was Servetus—men who were bold enough to stand for truth at any cost. It is a lamentable fact that the world never recognizes its true heroes until they are beyond the vale of earthly honors. Thus it was with Servetus. The world is just beginning to see that he was one of those luminaries that came into the intellectual firmament when the atmosphere was too beclouded by prejudice and illiberal thinking for such a light as his to be discerned. We can see that he was fighting towards the light of free thinking, which is now the precious possession of all. Mankind is at last beginning to honor him. This is evidenced by the fact that on October 27th, 1903, the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of his burning, an expiatory monument was unveiled to the memory of the subject of this sketch.

Many writers have sought to palliate the action of Calvin, but as yet he stands unexcused at the bar of history. This case emphasizes most forcibly the intolerance of toleration—a principle that has continued to assert itself from the days of Luther even to the present time.

A Silver Nickel.

BY WALTER JORGENSEN YOUNG, '07.

THE fad of collecting old stamps or rare coins is one of the peculiar traits of human nature. Old coins and stamps, rare books and specimens, often become of inestimable value long after they have become worthless for use, because of rarity, curiosity, or history that attaches to them. This
worship of the past by mankind is not merely a sentimental peculiarity, but a survival of the ancestral worship of ancient times. So the story of this silver nickel, born in the illustrious days of '49, is a sad but romantic one.

Grandmother was sitting in her arm-chair, knitting, ever knitting, as "grannies" are wont to do, with her willow work-basket in her lap and a contented smile playing over her dear sweet face as she sat absorbed in thought and reflections on the good old days. There is virtue in a grandmother's kind heart and treasures in her work-basket which work a halo of subtle charm about her in a boy's heart. It was a rainy day, and the bleak December winds drove the cold rain with hard flapping taps against the window-panes; while inside the cheery crackle and roar of the old-fashioned fireplace served to dispel the gloom with its ruddy glare. The tedious day passed heavily at my play, so I approached and sat down on granny's foot-stool, as I used to love to do when a lad, and said, "Granny, let me go through your work-basket?" "All right, dearie! but do not tangle the skeins," she replied.

I took the basket between my knees and began the rummage with eager search, until I reached the bottom, and there began my acquaintance with the silver nickel of illustrious '49. I exclaimed with glee that I had found a nickel, and was going to spend it, when grandmother gave a start, caught anxiously at the coin, and a tear was seen in her eyes. "No, no, child!" she cried. "But yes, dear, after I have told you its story, you may keep it; but I hope you will never spend it."

"The story, granny; the story!" I cried, forgetting the nickel in the prospective story.

"Well, my boy!" she began; "once I had a twin brother, whom I loved with all the devotion of my childish heart. I shall never forget the day he went for the first time to the fields with father, your great-grandfather, my little son, and helped
to plant the corn, and father gave him a shining silver nickel for his day's work. You know they used silver nickels then, and I remember how proud he was of the first money he ever earned. John said he'd never spend that nickel—he's my lost brother, you have heard me speak of—and he always kept it in a silver locket, and he carved his name on it in boyish fashion.

"Then came the days of '49 and '50, when the gold fever was at its height; and a year later John, as a boy of fifteen, caught it and ran away from home."

"Did he die of it, granny?" I asked, sadly.

"No, my boy!" she replied; "the gold fever is merely a way of saying that people get so wrought up over finding gold that they do rash things in order to go to search for it. Well, the years passed, and my grief-stricken father and mother never heard from their boy again, and my little heart was nearly broken at the loss of its idol." And she sighed, sadly.

"Oh, oh! Poor, dear granny!" I climbed on the arm of her chair and hugged her lovingly. She gently slipped her arm around me and held me tight, as she went on—

"Some thirty years later, in a distant city, I happened to enter a little shop on a side street to make a small purchase. The lady waiting on me said she could not make the change, but at last exclaimed that she could, as she had a little silver nickel she had held back as a sort of curiosity, and she gave me that slick silver nickel. I dropped it into my purse and hurried homeward. Afterwards, I examined it curiously, when my heart gave a throb and a lump came in my throat as I fancied I saw the initials J. De M. on its face. And there it is my boy," she said, pointing to the scratches, "dim and faint, and almost worn off by usage, but still the same nickel my father gave my long lost brother for his first day's work. I have kept it ever since to remember him by; and now, now, my little grandson, if I give it to you, will you always keep it to remember me and the story by?"

"Always, grandmother," I said, fondly. And I have it still.
ANY a happy memory clings about the walls of *alma mater*, and none is more pleasant than that of rat-

First, there is a feeling of distinction upon being termed a rat. There was nothing inspiring about the name "duck," nor yet in the name "freshman." They were names and nothing more. But what an elusive and yet compelling charm there was in the designation "rat"! It was so distinctive, so clear-cut. One wearing it was never burdened with a sense of insignificance. Simply the name pointed one out as a picked man, as the observed of all observers. That title, pronounced in his presence, turned all eyes toward him. One from the very start was happily introduced to all of the campus folk.

Then, who can forget the time when he first heard the unthinkable "hoo-li-eu-ee"? And if that first time happened to be about 7 P. M., while he was standing in the dusk on the step of Hotel de la Buis, the effect was blood-curdling. The not-over-bold rat felt a sensation distinctly suggestive of mid-night gambols with his fellows.

However, when he discovered that the source of that scholastic explosion was a being like unto himself—only clothed in the dignity peculiar to an "old" man—he at once burned with a desire to do likewise. His first croaking imitation was the cause of no little amusement to the more successful. But when he finally acquired the "hoo-li-eu-ic" curve, he experienced the elation of glorious victory. It was the important achievement of the term. Accordingly, during the Christmas holidays, he astonished the home-folk by executing this incomprehensible vocal performance, proudly referring to it as "a thing we do at college." Later
in the session, when he had become bolder in its use, he thereby signalized the approach of one of the fair sex. This sign of recognition was duly appreciated by the object thereof. In fact, it was the chief inducement to many of them to stroll by the campus. Thus the rat evidenced his proficiency in at least one of the college courses.

Now for another happy memory. After a wearying struggle with Cæsar and Euclid, his mind longed for diversion, for rest. Having vainly cast about for such, he gets him to bed. In the meantime, an occult spirit has put a similar desire into the old men. Mark how well these desires fit into each other. As a result, white-robed figures move across the campus and through the dormitories; the tramp of feet and the pounding of doors betoken impending action.

The rat, roused by the din, hears stentorian voices calling, "Open up, rat!" "Open up, rat!" Trembling with anticipation, he obeys. Before him he sees a group of men intent on doing him honor and on showing him the courtesy due to his rank. And during the next two hours his ambition is in a measure realized.

Leap-frog at mid-night! How realistic! A speech on the negro problem! What an opportunity for making an orator's reputation! To sing, "The Girl I Left Behind Me!" How romantic?

But the end is not yet. He had always delighted in climbing trees, and to climb a tree at mid-night, with a dozen men encouraging you, is remarkably pleasant.

Or perhaps a cold bath, together with the generous assistance thereto, warms his already grateful heart.

And so on and so on. One could scarcely enumerate the pleasures of such an occasion. Only bare mention can be made of solos, whistling matches, two-stepping, etc. Suffice to say, that the rat, on being considerately permitted to retire, and on being advised not to overtax himself at his first sociable, lays him down to sleep, with a sigh of immeasurable contentment.
There are other joys. One or two may be mentioned. Dinner at Buis's was a constantly recurring and deeply appreciated privilege. Perhaps it would not be too much to say that the chief delight of a rat's life was the sight of Buis's fare and the sound of Buis's melodious voice.

When the rat first appeared on the floor in the Literary Society hall there was a certain smiting together of his knees. Any one who has had this experience can testify to its happy effect. For, from the very sympathetic joy, the tongue restrained itself. Yea, verily, the rat once sat down speechless, overcome by emotion.

Sundry quizzes were much enjoyed. Those of the Math. Professor came first in importance. There was the satisfaction of slaying a worthy foe, or, perchance, of signing the pledge to a blank paper.

But time fails. Other things must wait for another day's attention. The rat—or rather ex-rat—turns from the past to the present, and lays aside his pen.
Editorial Comment.

It is quite natural that we should have the athletics of the College uppermost in our mind at this time. The splendid spirit prevailing in this department of collegiate activities is apparent to all. This spirit remains the same regardless of the success or the defeat of our team. We have demonstrated that we desire to stand for clean athletics, but this purpose does not exclude shrewd, scientific playing.

Our friends from Randolph-Macon would like to keep us under the same old rules, and to restrain us in our effort to keep abreast with the other institutions of higher learning regarding athletic tactics. The game on November 25th was a "striking" exhibition of the athletic spirit of Richmond College. It is generally conceded that we outplayed our friends from Ashland.

We are anxiously awaiting the spring season, when we hope to meet them on the diamond, and to give them another manifestation of scientific playing.

INTER-COLLEGIATE DEBATE.

Owing to circumstances over which we had no control, the annual debate with Wake Forest College did not take place this year. From all indications, this debate has been discontinued. There are several reasons why a similar debate should be arranged between Richmond College and Randolph-Macon or William and Mary. This plan would, no doubt, be heartily endorsed by the students of our own College, and, we presume, by those of one of the above-named institutions.

An inter-collegiate debate means to the literary societies
what the championship games mean to athletics. This, we believe, will be admitted by those who are not members of either of the societies, as well as those who are.

Now, we sincerely trust that a matter so vital to the life of these organizations, and, in fact, to the culture and development of the students, should not be neglected. It is our earnest hope that the requisite arrangements with some college will be perfected as soon as possible, in order that those who contemplate entering such a contest may give some time to the matter before the opening of the winter term.

Our New Catalogue and Its Home.

The new catalogue of the College library has been, to a large extent, successfully completed.

Miss Catharine Elston, an accomplished young lady from Pittsburg, Pa., was employed by the Library Committee to conduct this important work, and she proved not only a pleasant official, but also a capable one. Her work was not very rapid, but it was thorough.

Before leaving in July last she catalogued all the books in Philosophy, Sociology, Philology, Natural Science, Useful Arts, Fine Arts, Literature, and History. This completes the working library, and the professors and students are now using the catalogue every day.

This new catalogue not only renders the volumes of the library accessible, and enables the student to find what he wants accurately and quickly, but it has revealed many treasures not previously known to the student body.

The catalogue is not complete. The Law books, most of the Religious works, and the Government publications are yet to be finished.

It is understood that the Assistant Librarian, Miss Ryland, will do this work as other duties will permit.
The library is a great factor in College life. The Jeter Memorial Hall, where it has its home, is in itself a delightful room, beautiful in its proportions, ample in its accommodations, well ventilated, with plenty of light and heat.

The reading room of the College is in this Hall, and the College furnishes for daily reading a plentiful supply of magazine and other current literature.

We have no doubt that when the student finishes his College course and goes out upon the world he will revert many times to the pleasant hours spent in the library of alma mater.

At a meeting of the Library Committee, recently held, Dr. C. H. Ryland was re-elected Librarian.

We understand the committee ordered many new books, and made many plans for the improvement and development of this department of College work.

Unlike most colleges, Richmond College charges no library fee. This delightful provision for the pleasure and improvement of the students is furnished to them free of cost. All that the College asks in return is the appreciation of the students and their co-operation with the management to make the work effective.
It is with much regret that the co-eds. see the splendid football season of 1905 draw to a close. Unlike many reported examples of femininity, they follow the game with a keen and sincere interest from beginning to end. Enthusiastically they will tell you that they would rather go to all the football games and "burn the mid-night oil" to pay for it!

The fine weather has kept tennis very popular among the fortunate ones who find—or take—time for it. There has been so much to do lately that the rumors of offering a tennis pennant, for improvement in playing, have not materialized. By spring, however, it is earnestly hoped that everything, including the courts, will be in first-class condition, and that all the girls will participate in this healthful and enjoyable exercise.

The Biology Class has the distinction of showing more co-eds. on its roll than any other class in College. Although not as easy as many had hoped, it is even more interesting than was anticipated, and the laboratory work is unique enough to wake up the very sleepiest. The new equipments in this branch are very fine, and the class certainly warrants the very large number that are enjoying it this year.

It is with fear and trembling that all watch the coming of December, for in this month many of us may meet our fate in the shape of Christmas exams. Really, with parallel and parallel and parallel, we would hardly feel that life is worth the living were not the holidays beyond. So we find there is always something to which we may look forward.
The Chi Epsilon Literary Society has recently been the scene of strenuous debates, and, in vulgar parlance, which is so expressive, "there's been something doin'" in earnest. The first debate was, "Resolved, That Co-Education is Beneficial to Both Sexes," and, after a very spirited and well-argued contest, the negative won. The last debate was, "Resolved, That the Dramatization of 'The Clansman' Works Evil to Both North and South." Fortune seems to favor the negatives (despite Uncle Billy's advice to the contrary), and again this side won. The papers were truly excellent, and showed deep study and clear thinking. It is really inspiring to see the lively interest taken in this Society and its marked improvement.

Miss Helen Baker, President, was elected as the Society's representative on the Annual staff, having filled that position so ably last year.
We would call the attention of our readers to the great number of articles in our current magazines upon the vital questions of our nation—articles dealing with the "Railroad Problem," the great "Trust Problem," the corruption in our insurance companies, and much important reading matter that every man should know.

It is generally agreed now that the demands of labor unions are perfectly legitimate, but the methods used by them to attain their ends are blighting their future hope. The causes that block their present progress can be embraced under four heads: (1) The wrong to non-union men; (2) the defiance of the established order of society; (3) a futile resort to legislation; (4) interference with the employer’s management.

How many of us give the thought a consideration that other nations see us somewhat differently from the way we see ourselves. "The Critic," for November, contains a very interesting article on this question, entitled "As Others See Us." The article represents, briefly, American life as seen by a French lady. She says that French novelists should turn to America to study corruption in society. Here they will not need to study it with a microscope, but can see it with the naked eye.

But we all know that democracy is too large a pill for people trained in Old World traditions. They cannot stand obliteration and publicity, the two essentials of democracy. Obliteration enables our finest and most aristocratic to put aside false pride, and meet men on equal terms in open-hearted comradeship. It enables the American to lose distinction, and gain in its stead sympathy and love.

Privacy may do for those who know their lives need its
dark blanket, who desire to live off in some dark corner to themselves. The publicity of our democracy says, "So live that you will not be ashamed if the world should learn your dearest secret." Democracy demands to know fine as well as foul things.

Harper's Magazine, for December, contains a good article by ex-President Cleveland, entitled "The Integrity of American Character."

We should all have a knowledge of the bad signs as well as of the good signs in the development of our nation. No one with any knowledge of present conditions in our country can be blind to the great corruption and lack of principle in our politics, or in our official, social, and commercial realms. But does all this mean a fall in the value placed upon the purity of American character?

Mr. Cleveland argues that it does not. Throughout our land an army of faithful teachers are developing strong character, that cries out against such corruption. Thousands of ministers are preaching purity and true manhood every day, and an outraged people are rising up to put down such gross insults against its name. Such revelations, then, do not mean weakened character, and, so long as the people stand against corruption, this cancer cannot spread, nor American integrity suffer loss.

In closing, we desire to call attention to the following articles: "Who Shall Own America," in The American Illustrated Magazine, and "The Commercialization of Literature," in The Atlantic Monthly, for November. Both of these articles should interest every college student.
We feel that college students should become better acquainted with our gymnasium and what it is doing. True, our gymnasium is not as large and well equipped as it might be, but until the students make the need for a new one urgent the old one will stand. The work this year is graded. There are four classes a week, and one on Wednesday, at which the leaders meet the instructor, and become familiar with all the work for the following week. Under this plan, the work has system, and much can be accomplished. The work is not slow and dull, but is spiced with games that make the young man stay young and the old man grow young. It requires only an hour and a half four times a week.

The following have won the "R" for services on the field as foot-ball players: H. A. Mench (captain), B. C. Snead, G. Waite, A. W. Robertson, J. A. McRae, H. C. Miller, R. E. Elmore, E. M. Louthan, J. S. Wright, O. L. Bowen, A. S. Jones, L. W. Throckmorton, G. Gooch, D. J. Carver (manager).

The Law Department, at a recent meeting, elected the following officers: George Morton, President; J. S. Kahle, Vice-President; Percy Pemberton, Secretary; P. W. James, Orator; C. G. Wilson, Historian.

The following have been elected officers of the Senior Class: P. S. Flippin, President; J. S. Kahle, Vice-President; J. M. Shue, Secretary-Treasurer; S. G. Harwood, Historian; J. B. Webster, Orator.

The Faculty is to be congratulated on securing Dr. Walter Page, editor of the World's Work, as the Thomas lecturer for the second course of lectures this year.
Mr. W. D. Weatherford, the College Y. M. C. A. Secretary for the South, was with us from November 18th to 21st. He spoke to the students on several occasions during his stay.

There is a rumor that a game of foot-ball was played on November 25th by Richmond College and Randolph-Macon.

The lectures delivered on November 23-25th, by Dr. Basil L. Gildersleeve, of Johns Hopkins, were largely attended.
Believing that a strong spirit of brotherhood should exist between college magazines, and that this good will can best be established through careful attention to our exchanges, we are pleased to give our best endeavors upon the magazines on our exchange list, and invite a thorough criticism of The Messenger.

The William and Mary Magazine for November: "Shakespeare's 'Richard II.'" is a forcefully presented sketch. "Forgiven," a romance, giving us the same old story of how an officer in the Northern army wedded a Southern girl after the close of the Civil war, possesses no marked originality, as similar plots, with slightly varying details, are to be found on every hand. In "The Sonnet" the writer fails to follow his subject as we would expect, but gives his time more to a debate upon the character of Shakespeare and the opinion of critics on his sonnets. "Universal Arbitration" is masterly handled, and, beyond doubt, the best article contained in this issue. The "Sketch of Tennyson's Poems" lacks depth. The writer is content to give us a few characteristics of Tennyson's work—namely, "beautiful thoughts, beautifully expressed, simpleness, and purity." There is no poem in the November issue that can be considered a work of art, but several whose thought and rhyme are good. A page of jokes would add to the value of The William and Mary Magazine.

The Emory and Henry Era for October: "College Education and Leadership" is an able address and plea in the interest of local needs, but we do not think it proper for a college magazine. "Life" is a poem of which the purpose seems only to force a rhyme, as it has no definite theme.
"The Trend of the Times" is a broad, optimistic view of the present political situation in America. "Justice in Fleatown" is short and sweet; the dialogue is very good. "The End of It" is no great work of fiction, but possesses some originality, which, displayed in the clear-cut style of the writer, makes the story of value.

Randolph-Macon Monthly for October: "The Widow" is a philosophical treatise on the "widow characteristics," made interesting by a catchy story, ending, as usual, in marriage. "Poe's Methods" shows study and careful research for evidence. We are glad to notice that this magazine contains that desired feature, original stories, rather than labored essays.

The Southern Collegian for October: "Some Political Aspects of the South" is a well-written article, and worth any one's perusal. "John Ingleton" possesses marked originality. We congratulate the editors upon their successful effort to maintain The Southern Collegian's enviable reputation.

The Guidon for October: Sketches, lives, and criticisms of men and their works appear to be popular subjects in The Guidon. Perhaps it is easier to discuss a well-known character than to compose something original.

Fearless.

Irate Prof.: "Are you actually afraid of work?"
Student: "No, sir; I can sleep right beside it."

Whoever is worth doing is worth doing well.

Lay not up for yourselves treasures in insurance companies, where frenzied finance doth corrupt and politics break in and steal.

No waiter can serve two pastors.

Someone's sis,
Someone's brother;
Just a kiss,
And another.

Just a kiss—
Someone's sister;
Brother's fist—
What a blister.

Procrastination produces Necessity, the mother of Invention. Therefore, Procrastination is the grandmother of Invention.

Health is wealth—but not to the doctor.

Blessed are the poor in spirit, for they shall never booze.

Love thy neighbor as thyself; but make ye not goo-goo eyes at his wife.

Prof. Jackson: "Miss Daisy, define 'Psychology.'"
Daisy: "Some Ladd has called it a science of love."
Nell Smith says that when a young man calls on his sweetheart he should carry affection in his heart, perfection in his manner, and confections in his pockets.

The house is full of arnica,
   And mystery profound;
We do not dare to run about
   Or make the slightest sound.
We leave the big piano shut
   And do not strike a note;
The doctor's been here seven times
   Since father rode the goat.

He joined the lodge a week ago—
   Got in at four A. M.,
And sixteen brethren brought him home,
   Though he says he brought them.
His wrist was sprained and one big rip
   Had rent his Sunday coat—
There must have been a lively time,
   When father rode the goat.

He's resting on the couch to-day
   And practicing his signs—
The hailing sign, working grip,
   And other monkey-shines.
He mutters passwords 'neath his breath,
   And other things he'll quote—
They surely had an evening's work
   When father rode the goat.

This goat he leads what "Teddy" calls
   A very strenuous life,
Makes trouble for such candidates
   As tackle him in strife.
But somehow, when we mention it,
   Pa wears a look so grim,
We wonder if he rode the goat
   Or if the goat rode him.

—Henry Uhl.