of excellence which the old Bay State has already reached. And the youth of Massachusetts certainly have most glorious traditions to recall; they can look back to the time when New England was three-fourths of the country and Massachusetts was New England. And yet the memory of those days has passed away, and New England is now entirely forgotten or remembered only to be belittled. Well might we cry out at such conduct, in the words of the poet,

Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend!

And yet whatever I have said of Massachusetts may be applied with equal propriety to any part of New England, according to a well known mathematical principle, since at the start we took Massachusetts as a general representative of New England. What, then, is the reason of the isolation, if I may so style it, of New England? Why is it that it is, comparatively speaking, so little known and understood? I have thought not a little on this subject and have not succeeded in getting a satisfactory answer. Perhaps the most probable explanation is that the moral and mental tone of New England is much higher than that of the rest of the country. But, however this may be, I hope that I have shown you clearly that New England is worthy of a great deal more consideration than is generally given it, and that its influence has been and still is felt far more widely than is commonly thought. If I have done this I will rest content; I will console myself for the exertion this letter has cost me by the soothing thought that I have done something to remove the wrong impression of New England which exists in many quarters, and that I have been the humble means of the beginning of a freer intercourse between New England and New York especially, an intercourse from which, I have no doubt, both will profit not a little.

Wm. H. Mc Clintock, '88.

REMINISCENCES.

The article of my friend and class-mate, John R. G. Hassard, of the Class of '55, opened up to me such a flood of memories of the old days that I can no longer postpone the fulfillment of my promise to THE MONTHLY to contribute something in the way of reminiscences.

Father Larkin, who was the subject of Mr. Hassard's sketch, will always stand out, I think, as the most prominent figure in the history of St. John's College.

His method of teaching was entirely original. He never brought into the classroom or took out of it a book or paper. He never read any of our essays or compositions but required each one to be read aloud by the writer. He assigned the places immediately after the reading and generally with some pleasant and humorous remarks of praise and encouragement, particularly to those who happened to be low down on the list. The class hour was generally occupied by a monologue from him which it seems to me conveyed more information than a week of teaching by any other person whom I have ever met; and this monologue was almost invariably suggested by some incident that happened in the class or by some question addressed to him by one of the students. In fact, it was our constant endeavor to find some question or subject which, in the vernacular of the day, would "stick" Father Larkin. No matter how foreign the matter might be to the subject of our studies, no matter whether it related to ancient or modern times, topics of the day or things of literature, he never failed to give us all the information sought and ever so much more. He would close often by remarking, as the class hour grew to an end, "Yes, just as usual, you boys have taken advantage of a garrulous old man so as to waste the whole time of the class. I have a good mind to punish you for it. I want each of you to write out for me to-morrow a synopsis of all that I have been saying." The next day we would read to him what we had written and he would assign the relative places of merit.

Upon one occasion as Father Larkin had entered the study room a certain youth not given over much to study hastily concealed a novel which he had been reading. Father Larkin happened to see the movement and upon taking his place said: "Richard, may I ask the title of the novel which you appear to be so much interested in?" The young man replied: "'Rienzi; the last of the Tribunes.'" "A very good book," said Father Larkin, "and interesting, but you must not accept Bulwer's Rienzi as the Rienzi of history." He then went on and gave us a lecture on Rienzi, lasting until the end of class, which in point of interest and information I have never heard surpassed, on any public lecture platform. In closing he commented on Rienzi's extraordinary eloquence, and added that, if he had been permitted to address the mob which put him to death, he would probably have regained them to his support, but orders had been given by the nobles that he should not be allowed to speak. "This," he continued, "was a great loss to literature. No doubt the speech which Rienzi would have delivered on that occasion would have ranked with the best efforts of the greatest orators. This want," he said, "should be supplied, and I know of no young gentlemen more capable of supplying it than this class of Rhetoric. You will, therefore, each of you, write for to-morrow, the speech which Rienzi didn't deliver to the Romans."

I remember this incident particularly well from the fact that I had written an oration which I considered only second to that which Rienzi would have uttered; closing with the declaration that he, Rienzi, rather than that the Roman people should be guilty of the crime of his assassination, and if he believed it to be for the good of Rome, would put an end to his own life.

I confidently expected the first place and listened with great self satisfaction for the verdict of the chief. He frequently assigned places without naming a single member of the class but describing each one unmistakably by a pleasant allusion to some personal peculiarity. I waited on this occasion for any that I might safely take to myself. None came until the last and then with a pause "Last, the young man who is always dancing on the hind legs of his chair, for rank heresy."

The two forward legs of my chair came suddenly down to the floor and my face lengthened perceptibly.

"Rienzi" said he "was a Catholic, and under no circumstances, could he have entertained for a moment the thought of suicide."

I do not think Father Larkin greatly admired the custom of a semi-annual public debate by the class of Rhetoric. As the 22d of February approached, which date had been recognized as the day for the debate from time immortal,
the class became quite anxious on the subject. He said nothing however until about a week or ten days before the day, when as if the idea had just struck him he asked one morning "Has it not been the custom for this class to have a public debate every 22d of February?" Upon being assured that it was the custom he inquired with apparent innocence whether we had completed our preparations and were ready. The class smiled and gently suggested that it was also the custom for the professor of rhetoric to select the subject and assign the parts. "Well," he said after a moment of hesitation with a very quizzical look, "let us have a debate on the crusades; it is a good honest old subject;" and accordingly much to our own disgust we set to work to debate the crusades, and settled that vexed question to the entire satisfaction of the chairman.

During Father Larkin's last year, Father Godkn arrived from Canada, and was put on duty as first prefect relieving Father Ouellet. This change was very grateful to the students as Father Ouellet by the severity of his discipline and by his methods of securing order had made himself quite unpopular. Father Godkn's arrival was distinguished by a circumstance very memorable in the college history. That morning for the first time corn-bread was served at breakfast and the boys insisted that the first original supply had been brought by Father Godkn in his trunk from Montreal. Father Ouellet was no doubt a wonderful disciplinarian. At one time he taught in "Purgatory," the Commercial class which had been recently established. Later he served with a gallantry and devotion which made him conspicuous in the Army of the Potomac as chaplain of the gallant old Sixty-ninth regiment. My brother who had been one of his pupils, and I, fear, not a model one, in the Commercial class, was a captain in the regiment in '61 and '62. Father Ouellet could never fully divest himself of the idea that "James" as he called him was still a pupil under him. He had no sense of humor whatever. He was earnest, zealous, severe and as brave as a lion. His influence over the regiment was very great. On one occasion while saying Mass at Camp California, near Alexandria, he delivered a very practical sermon on the subject of the final judgment which he likened to the great Pay Day. The men of the regiment had just been paid off. He called their attention to the fact that against many of them there had been stoppages and that their accounts with the government had been adjusted to a farthing; that fines and forfeitures had been carefully deducted and each man had received his just due. So he said it would be on the last pay day when all the inhabitants of the earth must appear for final settlement of their accounts. There would be no exception; all men must appear, even those who lived before the deluge, etc. When he had got thus far, my brother who was officer of the day, and seated in the front row among the officers, leaned across his neighbor and remarked to another officer capable of appreciating a bad joke, "I thought all those fellows' debts were liquidated." He said this very gravely. The officer who sat between the two was one of those who very seldom take a joke until after a considerable period of reflection. Nearly a minute elapsed when he suddenly burst out into a laugh. Father Ouellet gazed at the party for a moment and went on. At the close of his sermon he said "There is a bad book in camp. It was brought here from Washington yester-day. I want that book placed in my tent before I finish my thanksgiving after Mass." When he went to his tent the book was there. He left it lying on his cot and went to breakfast. When he returned it had been stolen. He proceeded to my brother's tent and informed him of the fact addressing him in the most dignified manner, not as "James," but as "Mr. Officer of the Day." The officer of the day recovered the book, punished the delinquent, and reported back to Father Ouellet. He was thanked most formally, again as "Mr. Officer of the Day" and it was fully a week before the chaplain got back to "James." The last time I saw Father Ouellet, was in the engagement of the 26th of June 1862. He was separated from his regiment and heard the firing. He was going to the front at full gallop with his mind so intent upon getting there that he did not hear me as I greeted him. I watched him as he rode, and although his horse was none of the best nor his outfit better, I saw him take a big log at a flying jump in a manner that would have done credit to an experienced huntsman.

There were others too of my day at St. John's who shed lustre on the order and the cloth during the war. Father Nash did more to discipline Billy Wilson's Zouaves, composed as they were of the roughest element from New York, than all their officers. This regiment was of such a desperate character that they were sent to Santa Rosa Island, where there was also a regular garrison, for the purpose of keeping them where they could neither get at the enemy nor the movable personal property of friend or foe. They were attacked, notwithstanding, while there and bore themselves with credit. At Antietam, when, during the heaviest fire, Father Tissot's old slouched hat was seen bending over the dying and the dead, the wearer fitting from one to the other seemingly unconscious of all danger, many an officer on that field pointed him out with words of high praise for the Catholic chaplain. Gen. Hancock who commanded the division after the death of Gen. Richardson, turned to my brother who was on his staff at that time and asked "Who is that priest?" It was with an honest pride that the former student of St. John's answered "That is Father Tissot, Chaplain of the 37th N. Y." He too had one of his old boys under him in that regiment; Gen. James R. O'Beirne, then a captain of the 37th; but as he was shot through the lungs on the Peninsula, I presume that he had not yet rejoined at Antietam.

These, perhaps, are not college reminiscences, but they come to me, notwithstanding, "in thinking of the days that are no more."

In your last number your correspondent, Hamlet, makes very flattering allusion to the "Goose Quill," and wonders if what he says may fall under the eyes of its editor. "Ham," though not an Argus, had more than one pair of eyes, but the brightest pair were dimmed in death long since when Arthur Francis died in St. Louis just as he had attained his majority. He was a brilliant boy, handsome, manly, generous. He was the first of the class of '55 to pass away. There are now, I believe, but two of them left, and these two constituted the other two-thirds of "Ham."

It was as well, yes, better, for Arthur, though very sad for many that his bright and sunny life should close as it did. The great trouble that came upon the nation soon afterward would have been woefully bitter to him. He was proud and
sensitive. He loved his country and the whole of it, while those who were very dear to him, living as they did in border States, were divided during the great struggle, some for and some against the Union. One of his family, as noble a soldier as ever wore a sword, as perfect a gentleman as the military academy ever graduated, as true a patriot as ever sealed his devotion to his country with his life blood, mounted his horse one summer day after hearing mass and receiving communion in the woods near Stone River, and fell dead in battle within half an hour by the side of his chief, General Rosecrans, who, but a little while before, received the communion with him at the same little altar unhindered in the woods. This was Colonel Julius P. Gareshc. He was the brother of Father Garesch, S. J., who was one of the brightest contributors to "Ham," and one of the wisest counsellors of the editorial trio. He did not share his gallant brother’s sentiments during the war, but, of course, in true obedience was silent.

I passed through St. Louis in the fall of 1860 on my way to California by the overland stage route. I spent part of a day with Arthur Francis and was inexpressibly pained to notice how near he was to the other shore. I returned within a year and his chair was vacant. I called at the University to visit Father Smarius and Father Garesch and was most kindly received. Father Garesch locked the door of his room so that we could not be interrupted, and for an hour and a half we had the most lively but good humored wrangle about the secession of the Southern States. As I said, he was one of our best contributors and wrote under two noms de plume. He believed that neither Hassard nor myself knew his secret, which he had revealed in confidence, of course, to Arthur Francis, his cousin; but as it was a rule of the office that "Ham" should have no secrets in his sanctum we were well aware of the identity of "Jonas" and "Laph." On one occasion, while we occupied a classroom assigned to us for a sanctum, which communicated with the old study hall as well as with the courtyard, Father Garesch came in. He picked up some old numbers of the Goose Quill, and criticised here and there with a good deal of humor. Finally he commenced to read a poem written by himself, a very excellent and spirited poem by the way, "The Battle of Trenton." He smiled several times rather derisively, and then asked Hassard and myself very gravely if either of us had written it; he said, "I know Arthur didn’t." We assured him that we had not but that it was from one of our best contributors. "Tell me honestly," he said, "because I am going to criticise it." We reassured him and begged him to proceed. He then went on and picked out several of the best and most striking passages, which he read over in a doubtful sort of tone and criticised with mild severity. We defended the poem and insisted that the passages he had selected were the best it contained. When he had got through, however, Hassard and I both commenced, and, as there were a number of weak points in his production, we gave him the benefit of a particularly savage criticism, finally answering him that if it had not been for the finer parts which he did not seem to like, we would have rejected it. He finally found himself defending the poem with considerable warmth, whereupon he was reminded that he had started out to criticise it, and then he dropped the subject and the paper. It was not until a full year after we had all three left the college, when meeting there again at the commencement which followed our graduation, we had the courage to tell him the joke, whereupon he turned on Arthur Francis and abused him roundly for betraying his confidence.

When the Goose Quill was first established it was rather ignored than permitted by the college authorities. We never, however, could obtain permission to print it. Father Larkin, under whose reign it came into being, was singularly conservative in some things, and never an admirer of newspapers. A favorite expression of his in the classroom when criticising our compositions was, "That is newspaper slang." In fact, he forbade us to read in the newspapers any editorial articles, and begged us to confine ourselves merely to the telegram items of news.

It was this kind of instruction, no doubt, coupled with the little preliminary practice on the Goose Quill that made John Hassard what he is, one of the clearest and best writers of strong pure English that has been connected with the American press during the last quarter of a century—and during these twenty-five years his pen has never been idle.

After the first few numbers of the Goose Quill had appeared it was kindly received, and very constantly read where it was placed on file in the dingy old cellar known as the reading room. It had all to be written out, a labor performed by Hassard in addition to his editorial duties. We received but little encouragement from the students in the way of communications that were accepted. In many instances poems were copied out of books and sent to us as original. I believe, however, that in no single instance did any of them find their way into the paper. Father Gockeln was our staunch friend, and, being first Prefect at the time, he gave us many privileges, such as permitting us to sit up at night, to occupy the classroom as an office, and to remain during study hours in the reading room.

I am fairly appalled at the length to which these reminiscences have grown, and in closing I must exact of you a promise that you will with perfect freedom cut down or divide up what I have written according to your editorial pleasure. This duty to his readers "Ham" always performed with unflinching fortitude, even when the articles were written by himself. All the original manuscripts, including those rejected, corrected or reduced, I have still in my possession. When "Ham" dissolved partnership, in the closing months of the college year 1855, these documents fell by lot to me, and I prize them greatly as most interesting souvenirs of very happy days. Yes, we deemed them happy days even as they passed, but their memories must be remanded notwithstanding.

"Clasp, Angel of the backward look
And folded wings of ashen gray
And voice of echoes far away,
The brazen covers of thy book:
The wierd palliprost old and vast
Wherein thou hidest the spectral past:—
Shut down and clasp the heavy lids
I hear again the voice that bids
The dreamer leave his dream midway
For larger hopes and graver fears:
Life greaitens in these later years,
The century's aloe flowers to-day!"

Martin T. McMahon, '55.