A ROLAND FOR ANCIEN ELEVE'S OLIVER.

I read with amusement, as any one must, "Bauf-auparavant's" blunders in your February number. But some things recall others. In the Lower Canada of other days, the Quebec of to-day, besides French-Canadian farmers sons there were the sons of other farmers, refugees from foreign soils and principally from the "Green Isle of the Sea." The sons of these settlers, in the midst of a rural population almost purely French, grew up veritable Frenchmen, in language as well as almost all else. Still, by habit in the home circle and by intercourse with the few neighbors of their race, they preserved the English language, and thus, when otherwise well educated, became valuable teachers of English among a population to whom, at the time I speak of, a great deal more than now, that tongue was an unknown one, except so far as went the attempt to teach it in the higher institutions of learning. One of these farmers, a man who, after following the plough all day, would, in the evening, pick up a Horace or a Homer and turn it into classical English (touched by a slight brogue), or execrable French with a facility that made one's head swim, had a son full of talent and an accomplished French and Latin scholar, over six feet, and otherwise of imposing presence, who, after his university course and whilst pursuing his studies in theology, taught English to a large class of French lads in a college, not distant, either, a hundred miles from Montreal. One day, the word potatoes occurring in a lesson, this professor laid down the law as follows: "Now, boys, that word is spelt p-o-t-a-t-o-e-s, po-ta-toes, but it is pronounced 'pratties.'" How is that for—an offset?

REMINISCENCES OF GEN. JAS. R. O'BIRNE.

Just as a truant boy cautiously and doubtfully approaches the old homestead, do I come to the task flatteringly committed to me by the Editor of THE MONTHLY, to write up some of the reminiscences I may have of dear old St. John's College. But as I peer almost tremblingly, into the sacred recesses within, my unstedied nerves are reassured by the bright smile of welcome that breaks, perhaps with astonishment, from the loved features of a mother, the revered Alma Mater of my youth. Ah! back again among the loved scenes of old! Once more in the hollowed precincts of the sweet long ago. Reminiscences! oh! how you crown upon me, flecked in the plumage of angel wings, gilded by parents' love, and toned peacefully and musically by the sweet cadences of the preceptor's fostering advice added to his unremitting care and guidance. So numerous do they gather upon memory that one knows not where to begin.

Oh, memory, gushing rivulet of the soul,
Tinged and fringed with golden thought,
Flowing thro' the chequered fields of life,
In joy and grief thy miracles are wrought.
Electric webbed of divided seas!
Linking the vanished years on waves of love.
Sunless searcher of the mighty deep,
Lifting our spirits to the realms above.

I am indebted to General McMahon for the cue he has given me in his delightful and interesting paper, published in your last issue, and taking my starting point about what he does for epochal identity, I have pleasure in paying homage of my affectionate remembrance and devotion to the great and irresistible Father Larkin. How well I understood the training of the youthful mind, and what depth of meaning and easily-understood force there was all he said. He was thorough master of the science of reading human nature, and while I recognize the unsurpassed and most admirable skill, blended with tenderness, by unerring accuracy, which the Jesuit Fathers as a body are shown in discovering and moulding the hidden bent and tortuous wanderings of the mind, yet, I was always impressed that in this he was unequalled. How anxiously we used to look for his coming into the study-room, as was his wont, for a short talk or admonition; and again during our retreat, to deliver to us one of those matchless sermons, that would hew their ineffaceable precepts into the heart, even if it were of stone. On one occasion he described hell with such terrific force and penetrating vividness, as to excite anything in word painting. I have ever heard or read since, but over and above all this, with rarest tenderness and logic, he made its horrors, sufferings and all, as but of light moment compared to the loss of the sight of God forever. He was quaint at times in his ideas, using a homely and every day logic to impress the students. While he did not, as I recall, favor corporal punishment, I remember he used to say in a pithy and admonitory way; that "a boy was like a beef steak, which, when beaten was made tender," and he would accompany this with a thumping motion of his fat, chubby but handsomely-shaped hands. His Leonine head and shoulders, graceful movements, rapid and light step full of elastic spring, though he was very corpulent, are before me now, and make up the towering figure of singular command described by Mr. John R. G. Hazard, and General McMahon. I believe St. John's has always been favored with a manly see as things went generally, and the ideas instilled into the boys seemed to me then as they have since, and do now, to create a Christian, fearless and fair-dealing manhood. In the time of which this paper treats, however, I think it may be said there were two types, the gentler, more subdued and quieter boys, as contrasted with those who were sanguine, muscular, athletic and aggressive. While I cannot recall a blow of any moment which I ever saw struck in anger, yet there was a decent respect and a forbearance throughout, which prevented anything like violence or offensive antagonism. Boxing, jumping, and the rougher style of foot-ball kicking called the Southern game, somewhat a la Princeton and Yale of recent times were much in vogue. Of course it happened often, that four or five boys found their way to the dreaded infirmary, with numerous abrasions and dislocations, not however, serious, but invariably treated in the prevailing distasteful pathology of the good brother attending which took the form of castor oil, sometimes mixed with peppermint as a flavor. I understand the castor oil treatment is almost entirely obsolete, since the obnoxious, senseless and barbarous rough way of foot-ball kicking is abolished, and the general health of all the students is so good, that there is literally no need for an infirmary, but as the building is of revolutionary fame, it must needs stand as one of the monitors of the past in its revered and honorable old age with its historic
Boxing, among some, was also carried to an extreme. Referring to General McMahon's mention of his heroic and chivalrous brother James, who became Colonel of a regiment in the Irish Brigade, I remember how glorious a fellow he was. We were rivals, nearly of the same size and age, both prone to the rough side of athletic sports, and jealous of our supposed physical abilities, contesting, often desperately, but without loss of temper or friendship, for superiority. Many a night can I recall, going up to the dormitory at bedtime, after a furious hit or miss, up and down, nip and tuck time with the gloves, no result reached, except that, as we mounted the stairs our eyes were streaming from the contact of padded buckskin, and we would endeavoringly hold the bannisters with the tightest grip to steady ourselves after the "ratting exchanges" with which we had complemented one another. Although near him on the field, I did not see him after he was killed in the battle of Seven Pines while performing an almost superhuman act of sublime courage, in which he seized the flag of his regiment, when the color-sergeant had been struck down by a minie rifle ball. Colonel McMahon rallying his men with that commanding figure and manly voice for which he was famous, rushed fearlessly up to the breastworks of the enemy with his cap in hand, cheering his men on to follow him. When almost sure of a victory, which afterwards came, due to his superb gallantry, he fell under a concentrated fire, pierced with seventeen rebel bullets. His brother, General Martin T. McMahon, with that love and fidelity which always existed between the boys, recovered his body later when the bloody charge was over and had it buried with military honors, within our lines.

Brief, brave and glorious was his young career. His mourners were two hosts, his friends and foes. For he was freedom's champion, one of those, The few in number, who had not outstepped The charter to chastise, which she bestows On such as wield her weapons. He had kept The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept.

Father Tissot, whom General McMahon refers to in his charming reminiscences, was prefect in the earlier day, and afterwards Chaplain of the 37th Regiment, N. Y. Vols., in which I then served in '61 and '62. He was one of those whom we dreaded yet admired during our college days. He would tuck up the corner of his cassock under its band, and rush Pell-mell into the thickest of the foot-ball group, even when the most powerful athletes of that day had gotten massed in the fierce struggle. There was Edward Malone, a jovial and successful physician in Williamsburg, who, like his noble brother, Sylvester, the reverend and patriotic clergyman, has done good service for the land of their birth through the Irish National League. Then came Eugene Sullivan, the giant-like in strength, then Pinckney, Dillon, and other fiery fellows of the south, all breathing defiance, their muscles gathered, the exhilarating and healthful pantings of their lungs, sending the blood swiftly through their veins, everything, sinew, nerve and limb, strung for the contest. The grapple, the clinch, the sprawling to and fro, then the break, when suddenly the well-knit form and hardy frame of Father Tissot could be seen swiftly and adroitly plunging into the thickest of the whirl, and away would go the ball impelled with the wonderful dexterity of his foot, while he, with the same skill and swiftness, would glide slickly out of the way of the powerful fellows, rushing to send him to earth for punishment and to get him out of the way so as to take the ball from him. He was equally expert at hand-ball, and as a Chaplain, and I must say a soldier, having had three horses killed under him while in battle with our regiment. He was always in the front rank line to hear confessions and to administer, as he oftentimes did, the consolations of the Blessed Sacrament to the wounded soldier or officer as he fell under the hottest fire of bullets, round-shot and shell. He was, and is known to-day among veterans as the model Chaplain of the army of the Potomac, and this well-earned reputation is still accorded to him in the War Department. I am not going by this to seem to slight my old and dear professor of Classics then Mr., but now Father Nash, nor Father Ouellet who, in our college days, reflected the nobility and greatness of the superb order of the Jesuits in their discharge of duties as professors and guides in the formation of character, while in battle and on the march as chaplains, they stood out as conspicuously and gloriously in shaping the morals, controlling the conduct and caring for the souls of soldiers in the face of death. Their self-denial, humility and bravery were the same in both spheres of duty. But Father Tissot was with us in the Army of the Potomac, and in my mess. He was saint-like in his uncomplaining endurance of suffering, and while almost continually in ill-health, the hardships of camp-life and exposure to danger had no terrors for him, but found him always active in ministering to the spiritual wants of his charge, and ever at the post of duty.

I can remember well, in the class-room with almost awful dignity, and an expression of iron-like feature, Mr. Nash would maintain the decorum of the boys, and many a time when remiss, we would look to see if he passed upon us that austere rebuke that spoke unutterable words of condemnation from his unwrinkled and immobile face, severer by far than any that I have ever seen or felt in the most "war-like and grim" of the trained military officers I afterwards encountered during the war. Mr. Nash was kind, but exacting, proud of the boys in his class, ever prompt to give them the honor or meed of praise they deserved, seeking to raise them to a higher plane, and always encouraging them to greater effort and ambition. We leaned on him, respected and loved him. It does not seem a wonder that St. John's College turned out some excellent soldiers, both from its professors and students, though of the latter, reflecting socially, the unfortunate divisions of our country, now happily reunited, and restored, to lasting peace, it is not strange that some were in the Southern and some were in the Northern Armies. So it was of families, so it was of brothers, so it was of father and son.

I must not forget to say of our day, a score and a half years ago, that there was much inclination to the heroic and the declamatory, or eloctionary, besides the mathematical, and a remarkable fondness for Greek, which latter was probably natural, because it furnished some of us with beautiful types of the patriotic and warlike, in the contemplation of the great and emotional soldiers and orators whose deeds and harangues their poets and historians had immortalized in story and song. How often we used to ejaculate with
spirit the lines still vivid to me: "Come on all ye brave followers of Agamemnon." And now, as I sit here writing hastily, some ten miles distant, I can see the old study hall through which the famous orator and declaimer of that day used to stride with classic grace and martial tread—Gus Thebaud, "the noblest Roman of them all"—while a few moments after, the good-natured Ike Besse would follow, seeking by his gesture and borrowed ponderous tread to imitate this the foremost among the Philosophers, and immediately the sacred silence and the decorum of the study hour would be broken by a subdued laugh, a snicker or applause given in a ludicrous spirit that aroused for the moment the ire and condemnation of the Disciplinarian. One very well-remembered and oft-recalled scene that transpired in that study hall imprinted itself deeply on my boyish mind, and has been with me, ever after through life, as one of its most interesting and dearest memories. The usual stillness of the study hour prevailed; the entrance door was opened and Father Larkin, accompanied by a stranger tastily clad in dark coat, light pantaloons and bright necktie, with a wonderfully handsome set of features, a flashing eye, and fine complexion, which told at once of a man in full health and vigor of life, of high hopes, stirring impulses, and towering courage, with the polish of birth and education marking him at once as a person of distinction, intellect and eventful history. Father Larkin, the grand English gentleman and scholar, proceeded to the stage, then at the end of the hall, nearest to the present reception parlor, in company with the fascinating visitor, and calling for attention, introduced the world-renowned Irish exile and patriot, Thomas Francis Meagher, who had escaped from banishment in Van Diemen's land, where the British Government, not its people, had condemned him to spend the balance of his life in banishment away from all that was near and dear to him. His fame had filled this country, and his burning eloquence, poured out in behalf of his country, had rung in electric tones in every Irishman's heart throughout this country, and were taken up by their American sons, as well as by the people of this land generally, without regard to race or religious belief. Stories our fathers and mothers had told us of the woeful history of Ireland's wrongs were remembered, and indignation with a spirit of resentment burned with renewed intensity in our bosoms. I believe not one boy then within that hall, without excepting the French, Cuban, Spanish or South American students then represented among our college mates, but felt alike with the Irish born and American a thrill of warlike spirit, as we listened to the burning eloquence of the great orator whom Father Larkin introduced as one of the Irish patriots of '48. What a unique and grand setting of the picture as a fitting counterpart of the present day in the Catholic English Jesuit, and the Irish Catholic patriot—the Gladstone and Parnell of that day—symbolized by the act of the Christian in the person of the great-hearted priest and the declarations of the fearless champion of the rights of his countrymen. After the introduction, the exiled patriot Meagher, the matchless orator, spoke in such sentences and with such fervor and brilliancy so enraptured in the inspiration of divinest thought, lost for the moment in abandonment to the wild rapture of his invocations in behalf of Ireland and her people, every one of us was so overwhelmed and wrought up in response to his oratory that I have always believed had we been called to follow him to the depths of a fathomless chasm not one would have hesitated or said "No." He spoke to us at times in tender strains of his college-boy days in the Jesuit college at Stonyhurst, and he became one and a part of us. He threw a golden glow about our lives, and amid the tears he evoked when he spoke of the land of our fathers he flung, as it were, the loveliest rainbow of hope, in an encouraging future for us, and that land he loved better than anything else after his God. Strange that so many of us, who were there with him as boys that day, should meet him afterwards in camp and on the field of battle during the war of the Rebellion, with sword in hand and sprig of green in his cap, leading the glorious and famed Irish Brigade, learning there and then, as he hoped, the science of war practically, and longing to live to fight for his own dear Ireland, and help to make her free and a nation. How gayly he dressed in gold lace, equipped completely with faultless exactness in everything down to the sabretache, with his brilliant staff about him, and his unconquered regiments in line near him; and how jocose and light-hearted he was when I met him in the smoke of battle, under a heavy fire at Fredericksburg, Malvern Hill and Chancellorsville, where he added later renown to the prowess and fame of the Irish soldier. As I was leaving the field in the last-named engagement on an impromptu stretcher, bleeding considerably, between a swoon and semi-consciousness, aggravated by morphine, how sweet to me it was, in a moment of passing sensibility, to hear his message of encouragement sent by one of his officers, who hastily bade me "good bye," saying as he went: "God bless you, Jim," but how sad to tell that in a moment more Capt. John Lynch, who spoke the words to me, was struck by a shell, his body torn in pieces, and so mangled that his seal ring, worn on his little finger, was driven by the explosion into his left hip, where it was found imbedded. The field hospital was set on fire by the bursting shells, which ignited the leaves, some three or four inches deep about the woods, and we were carried away hurriedly to save us from burning, just as Meagher and his splendid Irish Brigade moved in line quickly to the front as reinforcements in a trying moment, which was their usual luck. But St. John's College, Father Larkin and the patriot Thomas Francis Meagher were in the first and last chapter—they were often heard and recalled by me from the hour when the dramatic scene occurred in the old study hall.

One other scene and setting in that loved old study room and I have done. As Professor of Belles Lettres, a tall, handsome, rosy-faced man looks at you, with reddish-brown hair, a winning smile, eloquent mouth and rather high cheek-bones, with nervous movement of the facial muscles reflected in the quick glances of his deep blue eyes, a mildness of tone running through all, with evident sensitiveness predominating over them, added to these a polish of accent and gesture, and an almost lady-like modesty and softness of tone, with great intelligence pervading voice, manner and appearance, with the frame of a swordsman and the mien of a courtier. This outline will describe in part, if I remember rightly, the Rev. Bernard O'Reilly, to whom we, who have attempted public speaking or the criticism of it, owe so
much: pleasant, amiable, tender-hearted and affectionate, he was a lovable character, but when once wounded or bated, quick was the penalty he exacted, by the gathering cloud of his displeasure, and the bolt of manly rebuke he sent straight home in his finely chosen language of reproof to the luckless wight who committed the offence. We had some good boys then, who delighted to tease and impose on good nature, though I never could see the wisdom, profit or fun of trifling with such a well-armed gentleman and good shot as Father O'Reilly. Besides this, he had all the beauties of the Irish character, love of poetry and eloquence, music, mirth and wit, with the fiery untamed steeds of strong impulse, likes and dislikes, natural to the race, and with a fondness and mastery of literature in all its highest and noblest grades, that made him appear to me a modern Cornelius Nepos, Tacitus and Cicero all combined, with the Hellenic beauties and greatnesses of Homer, Æschylus and Herodotus thrown in. How we used to love to hear his accentuation and cadences in reciting poetry, and how skillfully, like a gardener culling choicest flowers in a conservatory, would he pick out, one by one, rhetorical passages remarkable for their uniqueness, power of description, or beauty of imagery and comparison, and into what rhapsodies at times would he not go over some of these. In fact he would be lost for a time in their contemplation, and with faultless elegance of manner he would extract for us, wondering and enjoying the feast, like Lotus eaters, the sweet flavor and very essence of their fragrant loveliness. This is the same Father O'Reilly who has so vigorously and truthfully written, as the correspondent of The Sun, from Rome and other parts of Europe, as well as from Ireland, during several months past, doing so much good in moulding American public opinion by a faithful and masterly portrayal of important passing religious and political events, to which his great scholarship, elegant rhetoric and command of language are so well adapted. Our contemporaries of that day have done him credit in his tuitions, and Thomas B. Connery, Dr. Joseph Kerrigan, William Donnelly and many others of that day and later times have sustained the fame of St. John's in the professions and commercial pursuits. Many of them have gone to their final reward, but what a happy well-disposed and fraternal group they were! And there was Flodwen Morrogh, who, like Tom Connery, carried off all the honors because he studied so hard. Morrogh, like many others, has also moved into the "silent beyond" where our holy faith teaches us to hope for reward and peace as we deserve them.

I cannot forget how faithful were those who passed away to their religious duties and teachings, and it is one great consolation of the St. John's Alumnus that he has been well grounded in the knowledge of our holy religion, and its great capacity to sustain us in "the peace that surpasseth all understanding," whether we are prosperous or beset by difficulties and trials in life. Looking over the list of names reviewed in the interesting report of the ceremonies of the Sodality, and recalling my old confessor, dear little Father Leguas, it was pleasing to note and feel how well prepared must have been those of our old companions who have gone before when the final summons came, since their early equipment by the Jesuit Professors and Fathers had left them with their armors clad for battle. Though it may have been dented and battle-stained, it was safe from penetration by the enemy. Their duty was well done, and their pilgrimage has ended in

Heaven's city! bright with pearly bulwarks,
Shedding rays that dazzle mortal eye,
Where the saints white-robed, 'mid censor waving,
"Salus Deo Nostro," thankful cry.

Our reminiscences of the olden St. John's can only show with what tender feelings we cling to our Alma Mater and her teachings, though having passed through many vicissitudes and witnessed many strange and eventful scenes; though having seen the wondrous advance of science and art during the past twenty-five years, in which a new race of men have come to the front and taken our places; yet, after all, our hearts turn fondly, affectionately and gratefully to those who gave up all and devoted their lives to the task of fitting us for the battle of life. After our parents, do they not deserve thanks and gratitude from us? I shall always bear in mind most distinctly and fondly a beautiful remark made at one of our Alumni dinners by the great, kind-hearted and loved former rector, Father P. F. Dealy, when speaking of the College: "Remember," he said, "no matter what trouble you may have had, no matter how many reverses you may have met in the world, no matter who may turn their backs on you, your Alma Mater, St. John's, will always receive you and welcome you with open doors and open heart." Who could feel despondent with such a harbor of safety always ready for him, with such a home assured to him?

Near one of the peaks of the Rocky Mountains on a dry, cold, frosty evening, with the thermometer thirty-nine degrees below zero, I recollect standing, some seven years ago, and witnessed, to my eye, one of the most remarkable sights vouchsafed to man. Comparing this reminiscence to the scene, I may liken its features to the present status of the older Alumni and their relations to St. John's College. To the left of me, thousands of miles to the east, was visible the outlines of "night fallen on the city." About me was "twilight gathering fast 'round eve's departing light'; to the right of me and westward could be seen a last glimpse of the setting sun, over beyond the Rockies, out through the golden gate into the Pacific Ocean. The many Tyrian dyes were fast giving way to the oneness of the blue vault, with its ocean-like expanse and star-blazoned worlds. It seemed to me like something supernatural, as though I had a glimpse of an unpeopled, deserted heaven, but with its entrancing and melodious harmonies attuned by Nature all around me. The atmosphere was sprinkled, as with a shower of silver, reflected from the frozen particles of atmosphere, that gave a sheen and diamond-like sparkle to the very air, and not a sound was heard, but the awful stillness that consumed everything in its immensity, and hung above, around and in all. At last the charm was broken and, strange to say, Nature's child, the untutored son of the prairie, was the first to dispel the divine diapason. So of the retrospect and reminiscence, from a human standpoint, with those of our day among the St. John's College Alumni. Their early school-boy days are like the east where the sun had set and night set in. The present is similar to where I stood, the middle ground of life; the west where the king of day was sinking to rest, like those of our
day who have gone before us, and whom we must follow
when our mission is ended, all, however, it is to be hoped,
to be decked with the brilliant colors, the joys of the hour,
and the silent sinking into tranquil shades, blessed by the
peace, good will and the reward of duty well performed, with
the dictum of the Giver of all good in our favor, and a last
pleasant smile above all as we look towards Alma Mater.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought,
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought.
And with old woes new wall my dear time’s waste,
Then can I drown an eye unused to flow.
For precious friends bid in death’s dateless night,
And weep a fresh love’s long-since cancelled woe.
And moan the expense of many a vanished sight,
Then can I grieve at grievances forgone
And heavily from woe to woe tell o’er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I now pay, as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored and sorrows end.

JAS. R. O’BEIRNE, ’57.

HERE AND THERE.

When, in the course of human events, it becomes neces-
sary to write up the Here and There column, a decent respect
for logical order requires us to begin at the beginning and
not at the middle as our predecessor did, thereby upsetting,
smiting (smiling is Tennessean) and otherwise maltreating
the science of logic, which hath ordained that where a man
begins there is the beginning.

To use an expression of the illustrious Cicero, “Quis, quid,
ubi, per quos, quotes, etc.” Quis? Mr. Morgan O’Brien,
sometime famous pitcher of the Rose Hills, now of equal
fame in another line. Quid? twenty-five dollars. Cui? to
help the Rose Hills. Quando? no matter. Per quos? we
would not take it amiss were some one to accuse us of
being instrumental; our natural modesty forbids us
saying so ourselves. At all events, may Messrs. Morgan
O’Brien, Wm. Hurst and others “find in loss a gain to
match.” May their generous gift return to them increased
and multiplied, like the reflected rays from the shield of
Ithuriel, which some say brighten the sun, their source.

We took our monthly walk to St. John’s Hall last week
to inspect the youth and gather in our crop of news. On enter-
ing the playroom we came face to face with a life-size mirror,
in which, as is natural, we saw ourselves reflected; after
gazing in admiration for a short space we wandered towards
the billiard room, whence came sounds of high mirth.
There we learned that the billiard tournament had just ended with
V. Villa victor in the 1st Section, E. Ginebra in the 2d, while
Phil. Shaughnessy and Eddie Drummond walked over every-
ingh in the 3d. There, too, we learned that Fr. Coleman
had been transferred to the Church. From the billiard room
we made a short cut to the gymnasium, where, throwing off
our coat and our dignity, we astounded the embryo athletes
by divers feats of daring on the parallel bars. Here we
made the acquaintance of a youth who told us more than we
can remember about the prospective Tyros. His account,
we trust, is orthodox. Here it is: Byron McKeeown is
President of the Association and E. Ginebra Vice-President;
Gilbert Egan is scorer; Clarence Willis is manager; their
list of engagements is already filled; they propose to beat
every nine on 2d Division, beginning with the old Tyros.
A short walk brought us to the Infirmary, which we entered
with a view to consoling the afflicted inmates; we had, in
fact, a short speech prepared about the ills of life; but the
infirm within looked so contented and happy withal that we
forbore. There are new improvements in every department of
the Infirmary.

Onward to the store, which is two hundred yards from the
Infirmary, as the crow flies. Here we paused and treated
ourselves to the extent of five cents. There is a beverage in
a dark corner of the store, yclept sars, which is contained
within a bottle; now, the liquid can be had for five cents;
but the bottle may not be purchased. We ourselves own our
weakness for sars, within the limits of temperament, and when
upon certain days and in certain moods we wish to feast our
selves sumptuously, we add to the sars five cents worth of
ginger snaps. At the store we were waited on with laudable
dispatch by Jno. Slevin, whose services the Brother is
secured during the busy season.

The store, at certain hours of the day, lies within the
shadow of 2d Division building; and at certain other hours
the living portion of 2d Division rests in the shadow of the
store. Here, therefore, we lingered to gaze and gather. In
the confusion of tongues we learned that the billiard tourna-
ment closed happily, with E. Danaher, J. E. Kelley and
Callan, 1st, 2d and 3d; that the pool tournament is proceed-
ing amid great excitement; that in the baseball elections
tickets appeared in the field; that the following ticket was
selected by an overwhelming majority: Pres., C. Nash; V. P.,
M. Maloney; Treas., A. Burrow; Sec., E. W.; Scorer, F. Donnelly; Manager, W. Lauer.

By this time we were “soiled with noble dust,” foot-so.
and weary; so we ascended the mysterious flight of sun
leading to our Sanctum, entered, stretched a languid hand
for a chair, seated ourselves and then “looked into the future
as far as human eye could see;” there we discovered that Pa.
Herberman is to deliver the next lecture, subject, “Is
Alphabet;” that the Rose Hills have games with Lafayette.
Trinity, Troy and others; that the proposed league has
probably fallen through; that William Tell will be presented
at the 17th of March thereabouts; that Cornell is making
negotiations towards forming a new league. In the noble
and even heartrending words of the laureate, “I
awere, aweary.”

LAWN TENNIS.

The Spring meeting of the “St. John’s Lawn Tennis As-
association” was held on the evening of February 10th,
for the usual business of reorganization and election of
officers for the ensuing term.

After the calling of the roll, there being no other business
on hand, the Association proceeded to the election of members, with the following result: Messrs. C. A. McKee-
R. Emmett, F. Donovan, D. J. Dowdney and H. de Fau-
quier. The new members being called in, the next thing
in the order of business was the election of officers, which resulted as follows: President, A. K.