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THE SHIELD.

Vol. II.

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Editor: Edwin A. Start, 5 Walnut Avenue, Cambridge, Mass.

Corresponding Editors: W. L. Stone, Franklin Burdge, Lewis Halsey.

The *Advisory Board* for 1885 is composed of E. H. Capen, D. D., J. M. Curtis, A. M., M. D., Rev. Cameron Mann.

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THE SHIELD.

VOL. II.

JANUARY, 1885.

No. 1.

The Age of Gold.

*By John Brougham, Actor and Dramatist.

"Aurum omnes victa jam pietate volunt."

I AM expected—by the bill, it seems—
To read “*a Poem.*” I hope no one dreams,
Or has the most remote anticipation,
That I’ve attempted any such creation.
I only promise a few random rhymes,
Glancing occasionally at the times—
A fruitful theme, with which I dare not hope
That I have strength successfully to cope;
But be assured of this, the words you’ll hear,
Though rugged, will be honest and sincere.
It may be, I shall treat in lightsome vein'
Of matters which deserve, and would obtain
From wiser heads than mine, severer thought,
And if I lack the skill, 'tis not my fault,
But rather want of due deliberation
In the committee of this celebration;
Who, since they’ve honored thus my humble name,
In simple justice must endure the blame.
So having comfortably shifted o'er
The burthen which, till now, I meekly bore—
It is so pleasant to remove the pack

*This poem was delivered in New York City before the Theta Delta Chi Fraternity on April 29th, 1857, and again on February 21st, 1873, with some considerable additions as here given.

Of one's own errors to another's back—
A most illegal transfer, by the way,
And made much oftener than we choose to say—
I, like new shiven rogues of early times,
Proceed to lay up a fresh stock of crimes,
Solely depending, for my sin's remission,
Upon such periodical contrition.
To think about a poem then's absurd,
I'm not responsible, mind, for the word;
The same committee is at fault again—
It is their sin, and so it must remain.
I simply hint that I should hold it shame
To give this doggerel such a mighty name.
Poetry, perfect language of the soul,
Direct and faithful, scorning the control
Of lies conventional, the trained deceit
That makes our thought and speech so seldom meet
In unison, warped by the worldly rules
That truth confines to madmen or to fools.
In this dilemma, what am I to do?
I would call on the Muse, but, *entre nous*,
We do not visit—I have oft before
Rung most politely at the Muses' door,
And left my card, with that extreme propriety
Exemplified in all genteel society,
But always found that they were not "at home,"
And back, abashed, of course I had to come—
A most conclusive proof in my own mind
That the acquaintance is by them declined.
And such a simply personal rebuff
To a retiring rhymer's hint enough,
Especially when they are more compliant
In other quarters. William Cullen Bryant
Is hand and glove with them, quite at his ease is,
Can call on them or not, just as he pleases.
The intimacy is not at all affected,
E'en by the shameful way they've been neglected.
To many others they've been most polite—
The classic Longfellow has but to write
A single line to bring them to his side.
Indeed, so lovingly are they allied,
And so complete their intimacy is,
That now they scarcely know their home from his,
And wonder very often where the deuce it's
Placed—in Macedon or Massachusetts.
Adventurous Taylor through the Arctic roves,
Yet they, forgetting their Pierian groves,
Shame not to travel with him side by side,
And through untrodden fields his footsteps guide.
Oh! those eternal flirts, had I the time,

Nor feared the dull monotony of rhyme,
Why, what a crowd could be enumerated
Of names with which theirs are associated;
Titanic Whittier, honored be the soul
That spurns oppression's infamous control,
And in Life's terribly unequal fight,
Whate'er the cause, still battles for the right.
A youthful poet of the present hour
Strikes with strong hand the chords of western power.
A Theta Delt we glory in his fame,
And twine this votive garland round his name.
The lowliest subjects, by his pen refined,
Like Zeuxis' paintings, show the master mind.
And what a broad humanity the whole
Pervades—the true religion of the soul!
The sun shone brilliantly upon the day
The world had garnered in that crop of Hay.
Another form appears—the wise and witty—
Dr. O. W. Holmes, of Boston city—
Who, by the will of most capricious fate,
Must his true intuition abrogate,
Enforced to turn on the prudential hose
Upon the bright flame that within him glows.
Alas! That he should make such great concession
To the requirements of his *grave* profession—
Relentless exigency gives no quarter,
But pounds its Poets in an iron mortar.
'Tis seldom in their day the olive crown
Is given to those who best deserve renown.
Great names come filtered through the sands of time
That in their time those very sands obscured;
Even he whose genius was the most sublime
In his own day the world's neglect endured.
Great Nature's arch-magician, to whose spell
The varied passions of the human soul
Must quick obedience yield, a myriad minds
In one conjoined, a universe of thought
Within the compass of one mortal brain.
Obscure, untitled, from the laboring million
The hand of Fate raised up this paragon
To overtop the highest;—kings will pass away,
Nay, their whole lineage be forgotten dust,
Empires will rise and fall, new worlds be found
Where Knowledge now declares a void, whole races
Disappear, and yet amid the general change,
While there exists one record of his land
Or language, and mankind would think of him
Who has pre-eminently honored both,
Spontaneous to the lips will come the name
Of William Shakespeare.

What shall his crown be? Not the laurel leaf,
 That, blood-besprinkled, decks the warrior's head,
 Who grasps at glory as destruction's chief,
 A living monument to thousands dead,
 Bequeathing a vast legacy of grief;
 Some pest incarnate, fed with human life,
 Born of ambition or the lust of strife.

In regal diadem shall we proclaim
 Him monarch? *That* would circumscribe his worth.
 A kingly coronet would only shame
 The kinglier *thought*, whose realm is the whole earth.
 Such petty vanities but mock his fame;
 Profane it not, he is all crowns above,
 Hero of PEACE! Evangelist of LOVE!

Erewhile we've heard how throbbed the mighty heart
 Of Pegasus, yoked to a village cart;
 How strained his trembling limbs to drag the load,
 While his frame quivered from the piercing goad.
 But only for a space, the indignant soul,
 Spurning the savage husbandman's control,
 With one prodigious effort burst the traces,
 And, as is usual in all such cases,
 Smashed up the wagon and contrived to pitch
 The dolt who drove into a muddy ditch;
 Then pawing with disdain the vulgar ground,
 Snorting defiance to the crew around,
 Clove with strong pinion the congenial air,
 By Phœbus mounted, to the hind's despair,
 Who saw no miracle, marked not the rise
 Of the enfranchised courser to the skies,
 But cursed the fate that prompted him to buy
 A beast with such a tendency to shy.
 This truth, however, his experience told,
 In a horse-trade one party must be sold.
 Our modern Pegasus is not so nice,
 Though now and then he may possess a spice
 Of the old spirit, and be somewhat restive,
 He's kept in wholesome check by the digestive,
 For he no more ethereally feeds
 On Heliconian dews, but rather needs
 Robuster fare, and is—the fates deliver us!—
 Amazingly inclined to the carnivorous.
 His wings are clipped, and now he seldom soars
 Beyond the sphere of advertising stores.
 His bated breath no more salutes the gales,
 But fills with languid puffs trade's flagging sails,
 Lauds without stint or strength, hats, boots, or coats,
 Contented if he earns his daily oats.
 And there are many in this "Gradgrind" age

Would rather see him harnessed to a stage—
Fourteen inside, and just as many more
As can squeeze in or hang upon the door—
Than have him from his slavery arise,
To range at will the unproductive skies.

Ours is a money-ruled, commercial age,
Its acts the substance of a ledger's page;
Its deeds by the prospective profits swayed—
The universal aim—*to make a trade.*
The world is one great mart—not over nice—
And nothing is but has its market price;
Fame, Power, Pleasure, nay, we *have* been told,
That even *Freemen's notes* are *sometimes* sold.
'Tis said—of course by some enormous blunder—
That *place* is but a synonym for *plunder*,
That politicians have been sometimes known,
To *public* welfare, to prefer their own;
And only fools, who don't know how to win,
Go out of office poor as they went in;
That to the understanding of the meanest
'Tis plain our city's ways are not the cleanest,
And spite of all the obloquy it meets,
Incapability still sweeps the streets.
'Tis hinted—but that must be defamation,
That even in the council of the nation
There are some statesmen who—the Press has said it—
Took shares in schemes not greatly to their credit,
And many long thought honorable names
Were prompted by disreputable *aims*.
In fine, did we believe what they impart, a
New Lycurgus rules another Sparta,
And the most honored in the common weal,
Are those who most successfully can steal.
No change there can be, while the money power
Tyrannic rules, the idol of the hour;
Each sordid worshipper his fellow mocks,
Nor counts his worth, except it be in stocks,
And to the glittering apex lifts his eyes,
Nor heeds the mud heap whence its altars rise.

Even Intelligence, to honor dead,
Shames not to dabble for its daily bread,
With sullied fingers in the fetid mire,
But loudly strikes its desecrated lyre
In praise of all that rectitude detests,
And in obedience to the vile behests
Of a degrading, vitiated taste,
Up from the blackest depth by vice disgraced,
Uncleansed, and reeking with infectious slime,
Drags foul licentiousness and brutal crime,
Veils their deformity in tempting guise,

And then exclaims, "See how the world belies
 Poor slandered infamy,—behold how rare
 And beautiful those lovely forms appear."
 Bedazzled by such meretricious gauds,
 The blind and unreflecting world applauds.
 Profitless Decency looks idly on,
 Grieving to see its occupation gone,
 A little envious, it must be allowed,
 To find its opposite so please the crowd.
 Now circumstance and its reflected page,
 The printed transcripts of the passing age,
 Are with the weird and terrible so rife,
 So filled with images of blood and strife,
 Each publication with its fellow vies
 Which shall most startlingly familiarize
 The general mind with scenes of the "*intense*,"
 That crime, made common, no more shocks the sense,
 But men the daily catalogue of vices
 Peruse as calmly as the market prices.
 Erewhile, in distant climes the trumpet's blare
 Wakes slumbering War up from his hideous lair,
 For cause most causeless, haply the desire
 To give some princeling baptism of fire,
 Or else some crafty knavery of state
 In wholesale carnage to obliterate;
 Meanwhile, as thousands upon thousands bleed,
 Religion's dignitaries bless the deed,
 Chanting Te Deums, too, from time to time;
 As though they'd fain, with impudence sublime,
 Make Heaven itself abettor in the crime.
 Thus, to *my* mind, the anthem's form should be—
 The real import of such blasphemy.

THE HYMN OF PRINCES.

LORD! we have given, in thy name,
 The peaceful villages to flame.
 Of all, the dwellers we've bereft,
 No trace of hearth, no roof-tree left.
 Beneath our war-steed's iron tread,
 The germ of future life is dead.
 We have swept o'er it like a blight,
 To Thee the praise, *O God of Right!*

We have let loose the demon chained
 In bestial hearts, that unrestrained
 Infernal revel it may hold,
 And feast on villainies untold,
 With ravening drunkenness possest,
 And mercy banished from each breast;
 All war's atrocities above,
 To Thee the praise, *O God of Love!*

Some hours ago, on yonder plain,
There stood six hundred thousand men
Made in thine image, strong and rife
With hope, and energy, and life,
And none but had some prized one, dear,
Grief-stricken, wild with anxious fear.
A third of them we have made ghosts;
To Thee the praise, *O Lord of Hosts!*

Thy sacred temples we've not spared,
For they the broad destruction shared,
The annals of time-honored love,
Lost to the world, are now no more.
What reck we if the holy fane
And learning's dome are mourned in vain?
Our work those landmarks to efface;
To Thee the praise, *O Lord of Grace!*

Secure behind a wall of steel,
To watch the yielding columns reel,
While round them sulphurous clouds arise,
Foul incense wafting to the skies,
From our home-manufactured Hell,
Is royal pastime we like well,
As momently Death's ranks increase;
To Thee the praise, *O God of Peace!*

Thus shall it be, while human kind,
Madly perverse or wholly blind,
Will so complacently be led
At our command their blood to shed
For lust of conquest, or the sly,
Deceptive, diplomatic lie;
To us the gain, to them the ruth,
To Thee the praise, *O God of Truth!*

Oh! age insensate, that for petty crime
Outwears with verbose laws the ear of Time,
But when self-gorged it swells to monstrous growth,
Law and the grovelling world, besotted both,
Hail it with frantic shouts, until the shame
Tossed upward on their breath mounts into FAME!

TIME yet, with tragic front that ever lowers,
Stabs his ensanguined record on the hours,
Leaving behind him, in his footsteps gory,
Subjects for many a dramatic story.
This would be terrible, did we not know
That much of the time's fierceness is mere show—
Bravado only, and the crimson taint

Is very often nothing but red paint.
 Just as I'm told, but can't believe it true,
 The soft and delicate carnation hue
 On beauty's cheek is sometimes but illusion,
 Produced by putting a slight tinge—confusion!
 This is high treason against all the graces—
 'Tis only savages that paint their faces.

It's clear to me, upon slight retrospection,
 That had I but indulged in due reflection,
 Or, as I should have done ere I began,
 Marked out the faintest shadow of a plan,
 I would not now be forced to the admission
 That I am in a perilous position.
 My mulish Pegasus, I grieve to say,
 Both blind and lame, has somehow lost his way
 Treading with me an unaccustomed road,
 Or tired it may be of the heavy load
 He has to bear—I'm over jockey weight—
 I cannot urge him into any gait.
 The fact is, when I got upon his back,
 I found him such a sorry, headstrong hack,
 I feared a most uncomfortable ride,
 So prone to bolt and shy from side to side;
 So let him have the rein, that at his ease
 He might jog on wherever he should please.
 For my bad horsemanship he pays me dearly,
 For having exercised me most severely,
 Galloping recklessly through field and flood,
 At last he flings me floundering in the mud.
 I lack the skill to manage him at all,
 And I don't want to risk another fall—
 That might, who knows, be in a harder spot;
 So now that off his back I've fairly got,
 With the rough beast no longer will I roam,
 But take him quietly and lead him home,
 Only resolving never such a step a—
 Gain to take or emulate Mazeppa—
 You probably have seen *his* "untamed steed"
 Up canvas hills, down painted valleys speed,
 Terrific wilds and trackless wastes explore,
 Through an extent of *thirty feet or more!*
 Doing, by force of concentrating power,
 His thousand miles or so within an hour.
 But when the curtain's down, the "fiery steed"
 Of such prodigious strength and matchless breed
 Turns out to be some poor old Circus hack,
 So long inured to the dull beaten track,
 That to his task he's disinclined to stir,
 Unless persuaded by the whip and spur.

I won't point out a simile so subtle,
But in the language of old Captain Cuttle,
Ask you to "overhaul the observation,
And when you've found it, *make the application.*"

Now to conclude my unambitious rhyme,
I think I hear you say—'tis almost time—
I've but a few more words to say, and those
Reserved, like sweetest morsels, for the close.
How beautiful, amid the cares of life,
The transient bitterness of party strife,
The thousand devious separated ways
Through which men journey in maturer days—
A scene like this, that for a space renews
On life's meridian the refreshing dews
Of its young morn. /To see hands grasping hands
With equal ardor, while the clogging sands
That time has heaped up since the days of yore
Are swept away, and we are boys once more.
What is the mystic power that can compel
Such joy as this? 'Tis FRIENDSHIP's sacred spell—
FRIENDSHIP! that death's keen arrow cannot quell;
For while the eternal stars night's purple robe
Begem, while swings in space the pendent globe,
FRIENDSHIP must live. Ah! may its impulse high
Still guard and guide the THETA DELTA CHI!

John Brougham.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH BY FRANKLIN BURDGE.

John Brougham began his life of seventy busy and, on the whole, happy years on the ninth of May, 1810, in "dear dirty Dublin." His father made a love-match against paternal wishes and though some branches of his family-tree, bore "golden fruit," none of it ever dropped into John's hands. It however enabled him to show a picture of Brougham castle, and he claimed facetiously to be "a gentleman whose carriage was known by his name." His mother was of a French family which the Revolution had caused to emigrate. She was left a widow and her property was gradually reduced by mismanagement until there was barely enough for her comfortable support. John Brougham was a lively boy and quick to learn and obtained a good education at the school of the Reverend Dean Hamilton, in the town of Trim of the County Meath. His departure was dramatic. His brother George, an amiable and

delicate boy, not able to learn his lessons was seized to be flogged when John knocked down the porter with a heavy slate and both brothers fled to Dublin. George died soon after of consumption, as also his sister Essie.

Brougham passed his examinations for entrance to Trinity College, Dublin, but did not continue the course. His impulses were not studious, and though he picked up a great deal of information it was by way of conversation and miscellaneous reading. His quickness of comprehension was astonishing. He tasted very lightly of Homer and Horace but devoured Scott and Byron and in after life made the best discovery for a literary man, the almost infinite superiority of Shakespeare to the greatest authors of antiquity and foreign lands. It is a curious speculation what would have been the effect on Brougham if he had taken faithfully the full course at the "College of the Holy and Undivided Trinity," and graduated with academic honors. He might have written better for it, and then again he might not have written at all, for this venerable university is styled by those of England *the silent sister*, alluding to the accusation that her best students study so severely that they rarely do anything after graduation but rest from their labors and try to recover their lost health and impaired talents. Indeed, collegiate study generally turns a man's attention so much from life and nature to grammars and dictionaries, that it may fairly be suspected everywhere of spoiling more literary ability than it imparts. Brougham was very fond of the Theatre Royal in Hawkins street, whose shilling gallery he patronized for the sake of both economy and the fun. He joined an amateur theatrical set, but was a victim of stage fright and had the courage to undertake only the smallest parts. Very unsuitably to his tastes and talents he endeavored to learn surgery and for eight months walked the Peter street Hospital. He had promise of a clerkship in the National Treasury, but when he went to London, failed to obtain it. An attempt to teach drawing to young ladies was unsuccessful, for his handsome face troubled their hearts so much that they made no progress in the way their parents desired. Pinched by poverty he applied for enlistment as a private soldier in the service of the East India Company. He was dissuaded and handed a guinea by the benevolent recruiting officer and then determined to try the stage.

He engaged in July, 1830, at a trifling salary at the Tottenham Court Road Theatre. His youth, good appearance, high spirits and fine manners made him an immediate favorite. Such was his

versatility that in the popular but rough play of *Tom and Jerry or Life in London*, he appeared in seven characters on the same night: a countryman, a costermonger, a sweep, a sailor, a jockey, a gentleman and a beggar—the last two characters he said, representing his own condition. In 1831 he joined Madame Vestris' company at the Olympic, in 1832 he played at the Haymarket, and in later years he was again at the Olympic and had occasional engagements in provincial theatres. To meet an emergency he wrote for William E. Burton, then an actor at the Pavilion Theatre, London, a burlesque that proved successful, and thus he discovered his literary power and secured some employment in preparing and altering small plays.

In 1838 he married Miss Emma Williams in Lambeth Church, London. She had great beauty of the Juno order, and considerable talent, and it is said no less temper. They had a son who lived seven months. Also in 1838 Madame Vestris married Charles Matthews, the actor, and went to America. Returning to London they opened the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, in September. Mr. and Mrs. Brougham were of the company and the wife had rather the better position in the theatre and was much admired.

In the summer of 1840 the Lyceum Theatre was managed by a "commonwealth" that is, an association of the principal actors and actresses. Brougham had the general control of the company which was not very successful. About this time he wrote his plays entitled *Life in the Clouds*, *Enthusiasm*, *Tom Thumb the Second*, and *Love's Livery*. In conjunction with Mark Lemon he wrote *The Demon Gift*. Later he was one of Madame Vestris' company at the Covent Garden Theatre. On March 4, 1841, appeared there the celebrated play called *London Assurance*. It was written by Dion Boucicault, but was given to Brougham for alterations. His chief contribution was the part of *Dazzle* written for Charles Matthews. The play was produced as the work of Mr. Lee Morton, but both authors were present to respond to the usual complimentary call. The dispute that arose between them was finally settled by an agreement to share the price, £350 to Boucicault and £150 to Brougham. In 1842 the management at Covent Garden was in arrears £14,000 for rent. The company took the Lyceum again for the summer. Brougham met Stephen Price the manager of the Park Theatre, New York, accepted an engagement and sailed from Southampton in September.

In New York Brougham lived at the Astor House, which was

always a favorite hotel with him and the elder Stetson and his sons (one a *Theta Jota X*) his dear friends. He was astonished at the American custom of beating a gong to call the animals to feed, and also at the variety of drinks copiously indulged in. He used liquor himself but always in moderation. He visited the Park Theatre and found more rats than spectators in the audience. The prices of those days were very moderate: in the first circle seats were seventy-five cents, in the second and third, fifty cents, in the pit thirty-seven and a half cents, and in the gallery twelve and a half cents.

Brougham's opening night was October 4th. The play was *The School for Scandal*, in which he was Charles Surface, and Mrs. Brougham a good Lady Teazle. Afterwards came the farce of *His Last Legs* with Brougham's fine acting, singing and dancing in his favorite part of *Felix O'Callaghan*. On October 5th, he played Sir Lucius O'Trigger in *The Rivals*, his finest impersonation. His excellent voice had a slight brogue in it and this, and a too vivid memory of his Irish parts, made his other characters a little unsatisfactory even when he played them perfectly well. His acting always had the delightful merit of naturalness. He yielded much to spontaneity, and some critics blamed him for it, and great actors usually refrain from it. But there is no way for art entirely to please except by concealing art, and there is no way for art perfectly to conceal art but to be partly without art. On October 6th, Brougham acted *Dazzle* in *London Assurance*. The after-piece was the *Irish Lion*, in which he played Tom Moore, a tuneful, travelling tailor mistaken in literary society for the distinguished melodist. He hit the fancy of the town by singing:

Och, Bryan O'Lynn had no breeches to wear,
So he bought him a sheepskin, and made him a pair;
The skinny side out and the woolly side in,
'Twill be cool and convaynient, said Bryan O'Lynn.

Brougham was at first delighted when the treasurer handed him a large roll of State bank bills, but it was "filthy lucre" and some of it subject to seventy-five per cent discount. Mr. and Mrs. Brougham played a few days in Philadelphia beginning October 31. In December 1842, on the way to Albany the steamboat stuck fast in the ice at Verplanck's ferry where Brougham secured a sleigh and started with the thermometer twenty degrees below zero. Half an hour after their arrival in Albany, Mr. and Mrs. Brougham appeared on the stage in *London Assurance*.

They went to Boston and in January 1843 at the Tremont Theatre he played the part of Dazzle and she was Lady Gay. The critical Bostonians admitted that Dazzle was very good but preferred to have him less Irish.

Returning to New York, Brougham went to Chicago in the summer. It was a small, rough and dirty place, whose future greatness Brougham anticipated and bought twenty acres of land for \$12,000. To pay for this land kept him in trouble for several years and legal expenses in curing a defective title, taxes and assessments bothered him until during the Secession he sold out for \$20,000. If he had kept the land a few years longer he would have been a millionaire. Mr. and Mrs. Brougham played at St. Louis and on November 1st, 1843, took passage on a Mississippi steamboat. It was on this trip that he acquired our national game of poker but it cost him all the money he had. He was well received at the St. Charles Theatre in New Orleans, and also at Mobile. Returning to New York, he played at the Bowery, Park, and Chatham Theatres.

Everybody had always thought Mr. and Mrs. Brougham an extremely well matched couple, but domestic troubles arose and they were divorced in 1845. She returned to England, married again, came back twice to New York to act, and died here in 1865. In February 1846, Brougham played a brief engagement at the Howard Atheneum, Boston, and in August and September he played at the Boston Theatre. He married in 1847 Mrs. Hodges a widow with two children. Her stage name was Miss Annette Nelson, and she had acted with him in London before his first marriage. She was a popular actress in America in singing and dancing parts, and was a graceful and beautiful woman with very small hands and feet. In later life she grew so stout that she had to retire from the stage.

In April 1847, Brougham opened the Adelphi Theatre in Boston with a poetical address in which he compared the State House and the play-house

Both houses therefore have this end and aim
The right to vindicate, the wrong to shame,
In each, with you, the gravest duty lies
To oil the wheels, by granting the supplies.

Brougham wrote a piece that did well here entitled *Tom and Jerry, or Life in Boston*. In November he produced his burlesque of *Metamora* in which he took the part of the last of the *Pollywogs*, a favorite child of the *Forrest*. He gave an amusing imitation of the appearance, heavy voice, and muscular acting of *Edwin Forrest*.

Mrs. Brougham was Tapiabee, a squalling squaw killed with kindness. In February 1848, for a benefit at the Boston Theatre he prepared "Living Pictures," in which actors represented Stuart's Washington, David's Napoleon and other celebrated pictures.

A large theatre called the Broadway was opened in New York in 1847. Here was produced in April 1848, Brougham's five act comedy called *Romance and Reality*, which has become a standard play. This year he also acted at the Olympic Theatre and filled an engagement in Albany. On July 10, 1848, William E. Burton opened his famous theatre in Chambers street. Brougham was employed as stage manager at fifty dollars a week, and appeared the first night as O'Brallaghan in the *Irish Dragoon*. The company made a hit on July 24, when was performed Brougham's drama of *Dombeey and Son*. He played in it both Joe Bagstock and Jack Bunsby, and Mrs. Brougham was Susan Nipper. Burton who was the funniest man that ever lived, was great as Captain Cuttle and Raymond perfect as Toots. For the use of this excellent play which filled Burton's pockets he paid Brougham ten dollars a night.

In October 1848, Brougham and Burton leased for a short season the Howard Atheneum, Boston, and secured the celebrated actor Macready to perform there.

In New York, April 1849, Brougham appeared as Fourier Grisley in the play of *Socialism* and made up in striking imitation of Horace Greeley. In December 1849, appeared for the first time that celebrated comedy, *The Serious Family*. Brougham played Captain Murphy Maguire one hundred and twenty-three times to Burton's Aminadab Sleek. While with Burton, Brougham wrote plays entitled *The Haunted Man*, Bunsby's Wedding, *The Irish Emigrant*, *The Confidence Man*, *Valentine and Orson*, *Vanity Fair*, *Temptation*, a burlesque on *The Tempest*, and *Don Keyser de Bassoon*.

In the spring of 1850, Brougham was one of the managers of Niblo's Garden, and wrote *Home* and *Ambrose Germain*. In the fall, he played at the Howard Atheneum Boston. On December 23, he opened Brougham's Lyceum which he had built on the west side of Broadway one door south of Broome street. For the first night he arranged a piece called *Brougham and Co.*, in which the whole company were familiarly introduced to the audience. In January 1851, he produced his drama of *David Copperfield*, in which he played the alternately sanguine and hopeless Micawber, and Mrs. Brougham was the good Peggotty. He enjoyed at this time an extraordinary personal popularity as "gen-

ial John Brougham." This had its drawbacks, as he found himself stared at and spoken to whenever he appeared in public. He was also expected to make a witty speech to the audience at the end of every piece he played in. But it enabled him to take acceptably extraordinary liberties with his audiences. In April he arranged a piece within a piece called *A Row at the Lyceum*, and stationed in the front row disguised as a Quaker he arose when Mrs. Brougham appeared on the stage and flourishing an umbrella claimed her as his runaway wife. Many of the spectators sympathized with the supposed Quaker and prepared to assist him to recover his wife, until an actor-policeman dragged Brougham on the stage and the joke was made plain. About this time he wrote a burlesque of *Sonnambula*, *Faustus*, *The Money Market*, *Spirit of the Air*, and *the World's Fair*. He had plenty of business enterprise as his engagement of the divorced wife of Edwin Forrest (Mrs. Sinclair,) proved; but he managed too expensively for much profit, and some of his capital was borrowed at high interest, and the demolition of the corner building gave the theatre an unsafe look. He surrendered the building in March 1852 to escape his financial troubles and Wallack afterwards secured it

Brougham then started a comic illustrated paper of the style of the *London Punch*. It was called the *Lantern* and proved brilliant but the Diogenes who carried it failed to find enough honest subscribers and the final explosion in June 1853, damaged him \$4000. After this he wrote plays entitled *O'Flannigan and the Fairies*, *The Game of Life, Love and Murder*, *Bleak House*, *Weeds and Flowers*, *Jane Eyre*, *Night and Morning*, *The Ruling Passion*, *The Irish Yankee*, *The Black Mask*, *Dred*, and *The Demon Lover*, (otherwise called *My Cousin German*.) In the summer of 1854, he earned over \$1300 in Philadelphia. About this time he hired the house numbered 502 Broome street, where he resided for several years. In December a charming little play was produced at Wallack's, called *A Gentleman from Ireland*, written by Fitz James O'Brien. Brougham put it in actable shape and took the principal part and proved capable of causing tears as well as laughter.

In 1855 Brougham acted at Wallack's Theatre and was paid one hundred dollars a week. He was in bad health in the latter part of the year but dictated from a bed of pain the wittiest and most popular burlesque ever written in America,—*Pocahontas, or the Gentle Savage*. It was first produced on December 24, 1855.

Brougham played the part of Powhattan, King of the Tuscaroras. Pocahontas was Miss Hodson. Out of revenge for some slight she thought she had received from Lester Wallack she suddenly started for Australia. Brougham proved equal to the emergency and that night played both Powhattan and Pocahontas—the latter part not artistically, but to the greater delight of the audience. Walcot assisted him. In the marriage scene Brougham extemporized Pokey out of a broom and handed her to Walcot (John Smith) as his bride.

Brougham frequently wrote short stories, and sometimes essays and poems for periodicals, and of such writings he made in 1855 and '56 two collections entitled *A Basket of Chips* and *the Bunsby Papers*.

In June 1856, he became the lessee of the Bowery Theatre. On the evening of November 13, he played here and then went by express train to Philadelphia, and began Pocahontas at 10.40 p. m. at the National Theatre. In December he gave a splendid representation of Shakespeare's King John, but it was too good for the place and emptied the treasury, and he stigmatized his Bowery patrons as peanutters. While at the Bowery he wrote the *Red Mask*, the *Gunmaker of Moscow*, the *Pirates of the Mississippi*, *Orion*, the *Miller of New Jersey*, and *Life in New York*. The latter play was a local adaptation of *Tom and Jerry* and Brougham made up in it to caricature Van Riper an ex-butcher and powerful ward politician. His enemies came to applaud and his friends to hiss and the riot was such that the play could hardly be heard. Brougham wrote at this time a historical drama called *Franklin-Benjamin* arriving in Philadelphia was personated by an actress, and in after acts in London and Paris by Brougham.

In the year 1856, a number of actors, dramatists and journalists formed a club called the Bees. Brougham was president or, speaking officially, the Queen Bee. Handsome George Jordan the treasurer was appropriately styled the Stinging Bee. Ned Wilkins was the Grand Scarabee. The Hive was on the south side of East Houston street, a few doors from Broadway. About the same time a graduate charge of the Theta Delta Chi Society was established in New York City, and Ned Wilkins, Fitz James O'Brien and Mark Smith were members of both organizations. Brougham was initiated about January 1857. Our rooms were the double parlor of a small house on Fourth street connected with the Waverly restaurant on the south east corner of Broadway. George Kellogg of the Gamma Charge presided at the ceremony. Brougham declared himself

delighted with it and thinking the usual badge not fine enough had one made for him by Tiffany for seventy-five dollars. The literary exercises of the *O A X* Convention of 1857, were on the evening of April 29 at a hall in Broadway called Hope Chapel. The orator was William H. Tefft of the Zeta. The poet originally selected was Fitz James O'Brien. He accepted but for some reason (perhaps caprice) concluded not to write any poem, but came to the Convention dinner and made a brilliant speech. The duty fell upon me to procure a new poet at a few day's notice and I went to Brougham. He protested that he had not the least idea what sort of poem the Society expected. I gave him a copy of Carman's poem delivered before the Convention of 1854, told him that it was much admired, and he thought then that he could prepare something of the same sort. He did so and recited for us "The Age of Gold." The entertainment was announced in the newspapers, and tickets for admission sent to our acquaintances and there was a crowded and enthusiastic house. Brougham could spare us that evening, as on that day he retired from the management of the Bowery Theatre.

During the spring of 1857 Brougham passed part of many of his evenings at our club rooms, playing whist and indulging in brilliant conversation. He was then at the height of his powers, full of vivacity and vigor, and had vast capacity for both work and pleasure. He stood about five feet nine and weighed about one hundred and seventy pounds, had fine mobile features and curly brown hair. He was a pleasant singer and a wonderful teller of humorous stories and very ready at puns and impromptu speeches. His great popularity was not confined to men, and he could have told many stories of honorable self restraint under strong temptation. John Brougham was a gentleman both on and off the stage. The gayety of his disposition was accompanied by mildness and refinement. His wit, however keen and extravagant, was free from coarseness, impurity, or malice; he made many a sharp cut but never a bruised or poisoned wound. He was very companionable to men much younger than himself; art teaches its votaries the secret of perpetual youth. When he was approached by a friend his manner was cordiality itself. A kindly smile spread over his countenance, his eyes sparkled with pleasure, his hand grasped yours firmly and warmly, and courteous expressions poured from his lips. His heart was tender to all, very forgiving to those who injured him and tortured when refusing exorbitant requests.

He was a man of great and even fatal generosity, too lavish, sanguine and benevolent to make a permanent provision out of his large earnings. The vice of avarice would have been more useful to him than many of his virtues. As for his faults, he is entitled to the benefit of a charitable statement he once made about Fitz James O'Brien: "His faults were inseparable from his super-Celtic temperament and for which he as an individual was not responsible." In literature his greatest fault was his over-facility. He readily secured a certain success and that disinclined him to submit to the drudgery of assiduous revision which is, however, the price of perfection even to a prodigy of wit and favorite of all the muses. It should perhaps be mentioned, that the plays named in this sketch comprise with a few exceptions only those that were produced on the stage. In most of them Brougham acted. He wrote many more that did not reach the footlights, and some of these he reconstructed under new titles. Some plays he wrote on orders. A five act comedy entitled *All's Fair in Love* he sent to New Orleans and was to be paid one third the profits, but he never heard of it again. He wrote a version of the *Actress of Padua* for Charlotte Cushman and another for Matilda Heron. Mrs. Baker paid him three hundred dollars for the *Bride of Lammermoor*.

The Convention of 1857 transferred the executive power of the *O A X* Fraternity from the Alpha of Union College to the graduate charge. This action, strictly speaking, required for its validity the subsequent assent of all the charges. The Alpha naturally tenacious of an authority it had often neglected or exercised injudiciously, threatened to secede if it was dethroned. Accusations were made that the graduate charge was flooding the Fraternity with new and strange members, though in fact only ten men in all were initiated. In this acrimonious state of things, for the sake of peace and the prosperity of the Fraternity, the graduate charge in the summer of 1857 voted to disband. The Bees survived some years but moved to Prince street.

In the fall of 1857, Brougham was engaged at Burton's new Metropolitan Theatre on Broadway, afterwards called the Winter Garden. He produced there in December his burlesque of Columbus, in which he played that illustrious filibuster and Mark Smith King Ferdinand. In this piece Brougham solved the disputed question of the land fall of Columbus, by putting him ashore at Coney Island. He afterwards brought him to New York City and ran him as the People's candidate for mayor. The play ended with the patriotic sentiment:

May Columbia's happy land,
Rifted by no traitor hand
United be
From sea to sea
The home of peace and liberty.

In August 1858, a grand pageant called Shakespeare's Dream, prepared by Brougham was produced at the Academy of Music for the benefit of the Dramatic Fund Association of which he was a founder. After this he wrote plays entitled a Great Tragic Revival, Art and Artifice, Neptune's Defeat, a Decided Case, Take Care of Little Charley, This House to be Sold, the Musard Ball, Flies in the Web, Slander, and Good-Bye. With the latter and other plays he made a farewell starring tour through the country.

Brougham went to England in September 1860 in the Scotia with Mr. and Mrs. Boucicault. He was heartily welcomed at the Haymarket Theatre, London. At the Princess Theatre in 1861, was produced Brougham's finest comedy, Playing with Fire, and he sustained in it admirably the principal character, Dr. Savage. Shortly before, it was played successfully at Wallack's Theatre, N. Y. In January 1863 Brougham joined Charles Fechter's company at the Lyceum. For the opening he wrote, after a French original, a romantic drama called the Duke's Motto, full of surprising incidents and exciting adventures. It was magnificently mounted and admirably played and drew crowded houses down to the end of the season in August. Fechter found this play very profitable but all he gave Brougham for it was a box of cigars. In October the house opened with another piece by Brougham, adapted from the French, Bel Demonio. It was not quite as successful as its predecessor but ran to full houses for several months. Brougham acted in both these dramas. Fechter afterwards produced Playing with Fire. In May 1864, Hamlet was performed with Brougham as Polonius. He acted at the Princess' Theatre in March 1865, as Colonel O'Grady in Boucicault's new drama of Arrah-na-Pogue. While abroad he visited Dublin, but apparently found none of his relatives living. He wrote plays entitled the Mystery of Audley Court, Only a Clod, the Might of Right, While there's Life there's Hope, and the Golden Dream. He also wrote three operatic librettos (Blanche de Nevers, the Demon Lovers, and the Brides of Venice,) some songs and poems, and the Bobolink Polka and other pieces of music. In October 1865, at the Winter Garden Theatre, as Dr. Savage, he returned

to the American stage, which had seemed to his friends vacant without him, though the great shock of arms proved drama enough for most people, and the theatres had been poorly supported. In 1867 he wrote for Lotta the drama of Little Nell and the Marchioness. Other plays written at this period are O'Donnell's Mission, Hearts, the Lottery of Life, the Christian Martyrs, (for Barnum) and the Emerald Ring.

In January 1869, Brougham became lessee and manager of the 24th Street Theatre, and opened with his new comedy entitled Better Late than Never. Another of his productions was the Dramatic Review of 1868—an allegorical piece in which appeared Manhatta and her daughter Brooklyna, who held *ferry* little intercourse with her Ma, and meant to *abridge* it. He then wrote the Irish Stew and a burlesque entitled Much Ado about a Merchant of Venice, in which he played Shylock, a persecuted old Hebrew gentleman, "whose character was darkened by his christian contemporaries simply to conceal their own nefarious transactions." The owner of this theatre was the notorious Jim Fisk. His interest in the dramatic art was too personal to suit Brougham's ideas of managerial honor, and he forced Brougham out and assumed the management himself, produced opera bouffe and made the Erie Railroad pay his losses. Brougham received some consolation by a complimentary dinner at the Astor House on April 4, at which Mr. Stetson presided, and a benefit at two theatres on the 19th of May which yielded five thousand dollars. At the matinee performance at Niblo's Garden the play was the School for Scandal, and Brougham acted Sir Oliver Surface remarkably well. He then went by way of Chicago to San Francisco. On his return to New York he lived at number 325 West 23d street. Here in 1870 his wife died. About this time some journalists, actors and musicians, like the ancient Bees, started the Lotos Club, a name suggestive of an amount of wealth and leisure the Bohemianish club of the Bees aspired to but never dared to claim. These Golden Bees, so to speak, made Brougham their vice president in 1872, and he served two terms as president. Their club house in Irving Place he made his usual resort in his few hours of leisure, and was familiarly called "Uncle John." About 1871 he wrote the plays entitled the Red Light, John Garth, and Minnie's Luck. In 1872 was produced his play called the Lily of France, on the story of Joan Darc. It was not a success and he afterwards reconstructed it under the title of the Witch of Domremi. Its main fault is that the Maid's visions are represented as a priest's trick, an avoidance of the

supernatural more commendable in a historian than in a dramatist. Again, the real catastrophe renders the subject unsuitable for representation: Schiller changes it and shocks our intelligence. Brougham preserves it and wounds our sensibility.

The Theta Delta Chi Convention dinner of 1873 was eaten at the Metropolitan Hotel on February 21st. After it, an oration was delivered by Jacob Spahn of the Chi Charge. Brougham played at Daly's Theatre in the early part of the evening, and was suffering from rheumatism, but came with William L. Stone and redelivered his poem on the Age of Gold. This poem was printed by the society in 1857, but Brougham made many omissions of things he said had lapsed into the limbo of forgotten events, and some additions of contemporaneous pepper to make the warmed-up dish more palatable. It is hardly doing justice to judge it by private perusal as it was not written with the elaborate rhetorical finish the tame reading of poetry demands, but *was* written for John Brougham's powerful delivery and dramatic variations of gesture and tone to suit the many changes of subject. He made it a very effective performance. I called on him afterwards about printing it. He lived very comfortably at number 139 East Seventeenth street, occupying the parlors. He had in James Ship a faithful servant and friend. I persuaded Brougham to restore several passages of the poem of 1857. He offered to write a song for the Fraternity and getting out a decanter of sherry, he drank ceremoniously to the perpetual prosperity of Theta Delta Chi.

The fourth of June 1874, is a red-letter day in the annals of the Lotos Club. At a banquet given to Brougham on his projected departure for Europe, William Winter, the accomplished dramatic critic of the New York *Tribune*, offered him a poetic tribute, two verses of which I insert amid the prose of these biographical details, like Persian merchants who set gems in lead.

If buds, by hopes of spring are blessed,
That sleep beneath the snow,
And hearts by coming joys caressed,
Which yet they dimly know—
On fields, where England's daisies gleam,
And Ireland's shamrocks bloom,
To-day shall summer in her dream
Be glad with thoughts of Brougham.

Grief may stand silent in the eye,
And silent on the lip,
When poised between the sea and sky,
Dips down the fading ship;
But there's one charm his heart to keep,
And hold his constant mind—
He'll find no love beyond the deep
Like that he leaves behind.

Actors are afraid of exciting sectarian and partisan animosity which would ingeniously vent itself by condemning their best performances. They rarely betray their religion and politics, even if they have any, and usually give little study to anything except their art. It is an unfortunate condition of great success that a man must so closely confine himself to the knowledge required in his particular career: learning outside of it is usually a burden, absorbing time and strength to acquire, diverting thought and feeling to retain. But an actor and especially a dramatist would cripple his power to please, not to accept in a general way the religious and political views of the public. Brougham's ideas on these subjects appear to have been vague, but his sympathies were wide. To John F. Flannagan who called upon him in 1879 to get particulars of his life, Brougham declared he believed in God and hoped for His mercy and thought he had never injured a soul in the world. The old age of actors is apt to be melancholy; their impulses remain youthful, appreciation of popular applause continues, and their beauty, grace and strength departs. Brougham's sufferings from rheumatism increased, Bright's disease developed itself, he was so accustomed to luxuries that they had become necessities, and he had saved very little money. The Hibernian carelessness of the future, of his earlier life gave way to apprehensions of final destitution, and he was about as unhappy as a man could be with his active, sunny, and unselfish nature. He exerted himself to become a lecturer, wrote plays with lessened ability, and seized every opportunity to go on the stage, where he was but the shadow of his former self. His last grand campaign against poverty was in its way equal to the heroic final struggle of General Lee against the irresistible force of the North. He collected what money he could and organized a company for a tour through the country. In September 1877, he played in Troy until he was found senseless on the floor of his dressing room. At Albany he was seriously ill, business was poor, and a valuable gold watch was stolen from him. In Auburn, at the end of the first act of *Playing with Fire*, he was unable to walk from the stage, and had to be carried off and a substitute provided. At Wheeling, West Virginia, he was reported as having died. In Columbus, Ohio, after a tolerable performance he was recalled and told the audience with his usual cheerfulness and courage that he had never felt so well in his life, but he fainted as soon as he passed behind the curtain. In Cleveland he broke down completely, disbanded his company and

returned to number 50 Irving Place, New York, with difficulty and in despair.

This severe blow to all his hopes, proved not entirely a misfortune, as it aroused practical sympathy. His fellow members of the Lotos Club and other friends, gave him a benefit January 17, 1878, at the Academy of Music which drew an immense audience and yielded ten thousand five hundred dollars. The money was paid to the New York Life Insurance Company for an annuity which came to twenty-eight dollars a week. This prudential arrangement was based on the hope that Brougham might reach his hundredth year, but the income was too little to secure for him that rest his condition required. He appeared at Niblo's Garden as Sir Lucius O' Trigger in January 1879, for the benefit of a murdered policeman's family, as the O'Grady with Mr. and Mrs. Boucicault in *Arrah-na-Pogue* in February, and in March he went to Boston, where he played several times in *Arrah-na-Pogue* at the Boston Theatre. On September fourth and thereafter at Booth's Theatre, he played the detective in Boucicault's drama of *Rescued*, thirty-seven times, and his heart was touched by the cordial greeting he received in his "sere and yellow leaf." Boucicault changed the play to *Louis XI*, on October 14, and gave Brougham the part of *Coitier*. After three representations the company played *Rescued* again eleven times to poor houses, and disbanded in disaster on October 25th.

Brougham wrote several dramas after this. One called *Home Rule* (patriotically Hibernian) begun in January 1880, he expected considerable pecuniary returns from, but he was unable to get it produced. He made several changes of residence in his last days, getting higher up in the world, he said, as his pecuniary condition lowered, and finally on April 29th, he took lodgings at number 60 East Ninth street. On the third of May, his physical state became so bad as to confine him to his bed and announce the approach of death. Among his sympathizing visitors were his fellow actors, Lester Wallack and John McCullough, and his physician Doctor Quackenbos, whom he affectionately called "Old Quack." He was tenderly waited on by Annie Deland, Laura Philips and James Ship. For twenty-four hours before his death, though conscious, he was unable to speak. It was on June 7th, a little past noon that the curtain fell and John Brougham was no more of the world he had enlivened so long.

The funeral was on the ninth of June at the Church of the Transfiguration, "the Little Church Around the Corner," which

actors love. Many members of the Lotos Club, Dramatic Fund Association, and the Theta Delta Chi Society were present, and the church and grounds were crowded. The burial was in Greenwood Cemetery near the corner of Grape and Fir avenues, by a neat monument Brougham erected for his wife. The third grave in this small lot he gave for a young actress who had died poor and friendless.

Mr. Brougham made a will a few weeks before his decease. He had very little of certain value to give, but his geniality prompted him to put in: "To all my friends I leave kind thoughts." Notwithstanding all the selfishness there is and there must be in this world, there are few legacies that have ever been received with more satisfaction than this unsubstantial one. His friends of the Theta Delta Chi Society are but a regiment of an army of friends in England and America who will all reciprocate John Brougham's kind thoughts until they, too, shall pass away, doubtless better for their acquaintance, be it great or small with that noble old actor.

The Old House on the Shore.

By Marc Cook.

Where beat the waves against the shore
 In solemn grandeur, all their own,
 And chant a ceaseless requiem o'er
 The sleepers, who shall wake no more
 To hear their surging monotone—
 Above the long, low reach of sands
 Atop the rock, an old house stands,
 All desolate, alone.

So like some spectre does it seem,
 Outlined against the western skies,
 Its rafters rotting on the beam,
 While forth from out its windows gleam
 Dim shadows as from faded eyes
 That long have closed in slumber deep
 And, waking now from out their sleep
 Gaze forth in mute surprise.

Old home! I pray you, tell to me
 Thou phantom of another day,
 What is the unwrit history
 That hidden long abides in thee?

What is the thing that thou wouldest say
If it were thine, old house, to speak?
Thou art so sad, so dumb, so meek,
So sorrowful, alway.

What wondrous tales thou couldst unfold,
What secrets of the buried years;
How once the lover, brave and bold,
Beneath thy roof the story told
Which still the maiden, blushing hears;
How voices echoed through thy halls,
And hope burned high within thy walls,
Where ruin now appears.

And where are they who gave thee life,
Whose ringing laughter smote the air—
The son and sire, maid and wife,
Who turned to thee when storms were rife
To find a shelter they could share?
For thou wast home, old house, to them
More precious than a diadem—
Than palace proud, more fair.

Methinks that thou art peopled still,
That ghostly occupants thou hast
Who, when the night grows bleak and chill,
In silence enter in and fill
Thy rooms, with shadows overcast.
They wear the garments of the dead,
And oh, so noiselessly they tread
And whisper of the past.

And so, old house, for evermore
Thou standest there, a spectre lone—
A spectre on this wave-washed shore,
A phantom of the days of yore:
Thou hearest ocean's monotone,
And gazest out upon the sea
That never shall bring back to thee
The glory which is flown!

NOTE.—This poem by Marc Cook, in the handwriting of Mrs. Cook, and evidently torn from a note book, Mrs. Cook gave, along with others, to T. H. Lee, Psi '83, shortly after Brother Cook's death. To my knowledge it has never appeared in print.

J. B. Lee.

The Conscience Stricken Knight,

A PASSAGE FROM FEUDAL LIFE.

"Go on! and thrive! Demurest of odd fellows!
 Bottling up dulness in an ancient bin!
 Still live! still prosel! continue still to tell us
 Old truths! no strangers though we take them in!"

Christmas, 1857, found me with Brother L. B. Stone of the Zeta, in the North of France exploring the ruins of an ancient castellated monastery, built just before the Crusades. While in one of the cells of a dilapidated turret, I chanced to lean against the wall, when, to my surprise, one of the stones seemed to give way under the pressure. Looking more closely, I perceived the stone was loose; and, on pushing it hard, it turned inwardly and disclosed a secret recess in the otherwise solid masonry. Within the recess was an old parchment manuscript covered with the mould and damp of centuries. The manuscript—the work, evidently, of some former occupant of the cell—was written in Norman French, and was beautifully and curiously illustrated. It was, however, in many places totally illegible; but as the fragments give us a little insight into those Feudal days I have translated it as a New Year's gift for the readers of the SHIELD putting * * wherever the writing is entirely effaced.

The parchment is endorsed in gold and purple on the outside as follows:

"**¶** Ye True Historie of ye Marvellous Doings at Castle Malvoisie, together with ye Dreadful Fate of ye Xtian Knyghte, Sir Renault who, led by ye Devil, did attempte soule murder, whom may God assoil. Scripta. Brother Eustacius in ye yr. 1245." **¶**

THE MONK'S MANUSCRIPT.

"* * * Fill your goblets, Sir Knights: drink to the health of our fair niece, the Princess Bertha, on this her bridal night. What! ho! Bertha, what ails thee child? Thou art not wont to look so sad; and on the night of thy marriage too!"

"Nothing, my good uncle. Thou art only too gracious to thy humble ward; but I was thinking of those who chance out on such a night as this."

"True, fair Bertha, may the Holy Virgin give safe carriage to any one caught in this fearful storm. Prythee, good Father Etienne, put up an *ave* or a *pater* for such an one. He must needs have the aid of all the Saints in the Kalendar."

"Marry, my good Lord Angilbert, thou speakest bravely; methinks he would fare but ill. Even now, the wind whistling around the Abbey brings to my mind that awful night when——"

"Fy! Sir Renault, to be scared by old women's tales! What has lately come over you, that should make you so chicken-hearted? Thou who were wont to do battle so valiantly against those dogs of Saracens. Methinks a cowl and rosary would better suit your present habit."

"Call it what you may, Sir Amaurie; but by St. Mauris! may the saints defend if I heard not a shriek!"

"Bah! 'Tis nothing save the blast rattling against the casements. Drink man, to the Princess Bertha; and let not the remembrance of Sir——"

"Confusion on the name," cried Sir Renault, dashing his cup upon the floor. "I tell ye——"

At this moment a loud knocking was heard upon the outer gates.

"Holy Saints protect! 'Tis he!" shrieked Sir Renault, springing up and drawing his sword.

"Tush! man, 'tis but some poor wight whom the storm has overtaken returning from the embraces of his Mistress. Hist! see if it is repeated."

The silence which now reigned in the banqueting hall formed a striking contrast with the revelry that had just preceded it, and was rendered more terrible by the raging of the storm without.

It was, indeed, an awful night. The wind whistled and howled around the quaint gables and lofty turrets of the castle; and again, as though desirous of expiating some crime, it vented itself in low moanings through the leafless trees; while ever and anon an autumnal blast more violent than the rest, would dash the rain furiously against the casements.

At this moment the knocking was repeated with redoubled violence.

"Sir page," said Sir Angilbert, the uncle of the Princess, to a handsome youth standing on the dais behind his chair, "command the warden to admit the stranger, and see that he is well cared for in the Jester's Hall."

"Does my lord mean, then, that he should be brought up here?"

"Out upon thee for thy wit for a false knave, but haste and do our bidding; and hark ye, see that the stranger wash the rain down his throat with a cup of old Rhenish."

[Here follows in the manuscript an exquisitely illuminated picture representing the hall in which the banquet took place. So full is it of detail that a description of it will enable us to obtain a glimpse, not only of the manners of those times, but of the actors in the scene so graphically depicted by the monk.

It is one of those long halls which every chateau contained in the feudal period, serving the double purpose of an armory and refectory or place of entertainment. The heavy wainscoting and oaken rafters seem to be stained black by the effects of time and smoke. Gorgeous tapestries cover the walls, representing in some places passages from Homer; and in others single combats with Infidels; while in still another place they depict a tournament in which is pictured a discomfited knight with vizor unloosed, being assisted by his squire; while, at the end of the lists, under a superb pavilion, the conqueror is being crowned by his lady-love. Around the hall hang suits of heavy armor, many of which give evidence by their innumerable cuts and gaps of hard encounters—some of which, with casques closed, seem so many knights gazing in mournful silence on the revellers, as they recall the time when they, also, were themselves actors in a similar scene. Ponderous maces and battle-axes, lances and cross-bows, rusty with blood, adorn the hall; while the baldricks and bugles, suspended from the gristly boars' heads that grin horribly with their shining tusks from over the doors, show that the lord of the chateau is not indifferent to the delights of the chase. The upper end of the hall is floored and raised several inches above the level of the ground. This was called the dais, and was designed for the lord himself, his family and such distinguished guests as chanced to be present. The benches on the dais were furnished with cushions and rugs, but those nearer the lower end of the hall, where the retainers and men-at-arms sat, were of unpolished wood and had no carvings. Bowls of gilded bronze, silver goblets, some razor-shaped knives of steel, and platters of white wood (called trenchers) scrupulously cleaned, also distinguished the aristocratic end of the board where the servants of every grade down to the ploughmen and stable boys tore their pork with greasy fingers, and drained pots full of hot fat broth. There being neither plates nor forks at that period, and knives being used merely for carving, the usual plan of dining

at the lower end of the board, was to hold a cake of bread in one hand, and a piece of meat in the other, proceeding by alternate bites. One, for instance, would help himself by the simple process of plunging his hand into the dish, and conveying its cargo of cabbage into his widely extended mouth.

At the upper end of the board or dais, where the lord himself was seated, more delicacy was observed; a boiled goose formed the dish there, having succeeded a platter of river-trout (*forellen*); and when the bird had been reduced to a skeleton with the aid of many horns of Malmsey and Rhenish, two retainers approached with long skewers, on which cutlets of venison had been roasted. Advancing first to the lord of the chateau with much ceremony, they knelt and offered him the smoking meat. From its wooden sheath he drew the dagger which hung at his girdle, and which, perhaps, had last been sheathed in the blood of a man, and with it hacked his portion off the spit. The spits were then offered to the male guests, and lastly to the ladies if any were present. At the side of the lord, the picture shows two magnificent stag-hounds seated on their haunches, watching their master as he proceeds with his meal, and disposing with a single gulp of the occasional scraps which he flings to them from time to time when his appetite is somewhat sated.]

“In the centre of the hall,” continues the monk’s manuscript, “a number of guests, on the present occasion, were seated around the board on the dais. Templars, bachelors and bannerets whispered soft tales in their ladies’ ears, who in turn blushed and looked pleased. Seated at the head of the board was the lord of the chateau, and uncle of the Princess Bertha, Sir Angilbert. The gold chain on his left breast, and his flowing robes of white indicated him to be Grand Master of Templars. Having acquired considerable fame in the Crusades, under Richard Cœur de Lion of England, he was now spending a little time at his chateau in Champany. On his right, sat Sir Renault, a valiant knight of the Holy Spirit, as the peculiarly shaped cross cut out of white cloth and suspended from his left breast proved. This person had formerly been accounted a jovial companion and a brave knight. Lately, however, his temper had suddenly changed for the worst. Becoming very morose, he would frequently remain silent for hours, starting at the least sound as has already been seen. This change in him was attributed to the fact that his brother-in-arms, Sir Gauquier, had mysteriously disappeared while on his return from

Palestine, having, as was supposed, been secretly murdere some roving band of Saracens. As the two knights had been brothers-in-arms and boon companions, the fate of his friend was deemed a sufficient reason for this change in his manner.

Other Templars of high rank, and knights of the orders of St. Michael, St. Mark, St. John, and the Holy Sepulchre, with fair ladies, also sat at the head of the board. At its head, as queen of the feast, presided the Lady Bertha. Her father had been slain, when she was quite a child, in an encounter with the Infidels ; and her mother dying shortly afterwards, she had been brought up by her uncle, the Grand Master, who had disposed of her hand in marriage to a noble knight. The ceremony had just been performed by Father Etienne ; and the feast now going on was in honor of that event.

But the page has returned and is about to speak.

“My lord, the stranger who claims our hospitality is a poor wandering minstrel, who is returning from the Holy Land to his home in England. He hoped to reach the hostel at the next village before nightfall, but losing his way, he was belated and caught in the storm. Deeming it impossible to proceed further to-night he craves shelter till the morrow.”

“And have you not admitted him?”

“Yes, my lord, and he is now refreshing himself in the lower hall.”

“My gracious uncle,” exclaimed Bertha, “an it please you, we pray that this minstrel may be summoned into our presence. Me-thinks he would enliven the feast, for, in truth, our spirits flag, and Maister Henri’s songs are like musty ale.”

“Well spoken, by the Mass! It shall be as you list, sweet Bertha. By my troth a greater boon than this would have been granted. Ho! varlet! bid the minstrel make ready his harp ; and when he is sufficiently refreshed lead him up.”

Meanwhile, the hilarity continued in spite of the storm. The Grand Templar swore by the beard of his father and the bones of his mother that his castle had never witnessed so jovial a sight. Jests and laughter circulated freely; old ballads were sung, and legends recounted of ye olden time. The knights pledged their lady-loves in bumpers of Rhenish; while the ladies, in their turn, amused themselves with imposing tasks upon their knights to be executed during the approaching crusade. One wished for a piece of the Holy Sepulchre; another longed for a branch of san-

dal wood; while a third charged her knight with an ironical message to one of the Infidel leaders—desiring him, during its delivery, to tweak his nose and pull three hairs from his beard!

In a short time the door opened, and the page entered followed by the minstrel leaning upon his staff. His beard, which reached below his waist, was turned to a silvery white by the snows of more than four score winters. Time and hardship had bent his once erect form, and had traced deep furrows in his countenance; yet still he possessed that noble carriage so characteristic of the Paladins and Troubadours of those days.

A careful observer might have detected a slight scowl passing over his face on his first entering the hall, but it vanished instantly, and addressing the Grand Master, he said:

“We would but ill requite your courtesy to a poor minstrel like ourselves if we did not comply with thy gracious request. Thou dost honor us too highly.”

The minstrel, having then tuned his harp with the wrest which hung from his neck, ran his fingers lightly over the strings, and sang in a rich full tone the following:

I.

“Sir Adomar struck on the gate with his good sword,
Ho! wardour, ho! but never a word
Returned the wardour from within.
“The storm is loud, the night is dark,
Up wardour, up! it were a sin
To turn a traveler from your bower
At such a lone and dreary hour,
A Saracen would let me in.”

II.

“The wardour was watching through the loop,
How many there were of the stranger’s troop.
Nor would he let the stranger in,
Till one awakened by the din—
One whom the wardour need obey—
Seeing a lonely knight stand there,
Bade the warden naught to fear.

III.

“The knight dismounted at this call,
The porter let him thro’ the wall,
In the lordly hall so wide and dim,
One drowsy squire awaited him.

The dreamy squire the stranger led,
(The warden to his post was sped)
They traversed the hall in silent march;
At the end was a door in a mitred arch;
The knight stood before that mitred door,
And gazed on a warriour shape above.

IV.

"Thus, while he stood in wonder trance,
The squire upheld the torch on high,
Viewing the guest with watchful eye,
And wondering what strange mischance
So checked his step and fixed his glance.
"Sir Knight why gaze you on that steel?
It is a baron's, good and bold,
Had he been here, no welcome cold
Would he have shown a stranger knight
Who trusted to his towers at night.'"
The knight returned a grateful smile,
And then, with thoughtful accent said,
The armour some resemblance had
To that of a dear friend, no more;
A friend! he paused—a friend long dead;
This, while he said, his colour fled.

V.

"The night cheer o'er, the page led on
The stranger to his resting place;
On the high stair he stood a space,
Waiting the knight's reluctant pace.
Then, with mute reverence, marshalled him
Thro' many a gallery, long and dim,
Where helmets watched in order grim,
Thro' many a chamber wide and lorn,
Where wintry damps had half withdrawn
The storied paintings on the wall.

VI.

"The knight would oft, as he strode by,
Cast on their shade a searching eye,
And start as though some peaceful knight
Passed along this gloom of night;
But at a lesser winding stair,
(The long drawn chambers under there)
When to that narrow stair he drew,
He thought a robe of mourning hue
Went fleeting up that winding way.

VII.

"The knight he stood on the step below,"
"Whither, my young page, dost thou go?
Who dwells within this lonely tower—
Passing with speed in sable weed;
Passing with speed at this dread hour?"
"Nobody save the raven crow
Dwells within this lonely tower,
And here, Sir Knight, is your resting bower!"

VIII.

"This chamber was the resting place
Of our dear lady baroness
Before she went to stranger land;
My Lord yet stands on foreign strand.
The chamber has another stair
Leading to many chambers fair;
But no step goes by night so far,
Since my lord baron went to war."

IX.

The page stepped on with torch before
Far as that stately chamber's door.
"Page, lift that light—fain would I know
Whither that second flight doth go."
"It goes to a battlement up on high
And to a turret perching by."
"Doth none keep watch in that turret high?"
"None but the raven with his cry!
Your rest in night he will not break,
To traitors only doth he speak.
They say he scents the new spilt blood."
Upon the stair the raven stood!

X.

He turned his dark eye on the knight
And screaming upward winged his flight.
The wondering page looked back with fright;
"On," said the knight, "with torch before."
Scarce was the page the threshold o'er
When check he made and pale he turned
Dim and more dim the torch flame burned—"

"Hold!" here interrupted the Grand Master, "Sir Renault faints! Let our leech be summoned!" All eyes were now turned to Sir Renault, whose face had assumed an ashy paleness. That knight, seeing the attention of the entire company thus turned upon him, instantly recovered himself, and said, with an effort to

smile, that the close air of the hall had affected his head, but his faintness would soon pass away.

The minstrel thereupon resumed his ballad.

XI.

“His cause of dread,” the page then said,
 “Methought I saw within that chair
 The baron’s self, my very Lord;
 Yet now no living shape I see,
 And know that there he could not be;
 For long since he these walls forsook,
 Yet it is strange such visions pale
 Should in my waking sight prevail.”

* * * *

Here the manuscript was illegible, and several stanzas were completely blotted out by the damp mould.

XX.

“But the wolf bays in the blast afar,
 Sir Knight, how may you again escape such war?
 I hear him now—he nearer howls!
 Mercy! mercy! save his soul.”
 “Hark!” said the knight, and stood aghast;
 “It was no wolf-howl in the blast.
 It was a blood-hound’s dreadful bay.”
 The stranger heard with such dismay
 The blood-hound at the tower below,
 That over pathless hill and dale
 Had tracked a murderer in the gale,
 And came to claim his master’s foe.
 While listening to the lengthened yell
 The stranger seemed to hear his knell.”

* * * *

Here, again, several stanzas were illegible.

XXX.

“He heard not that deep, solemn groan,
 “He heard not the clang of the larum bell,
 Nor from the gates that horn blast swell,
 Nor heard the many trampling hoofs,
 Nor voices calling in the gale,
 And ringing round the castle roofs,
 Till they made the battle ravens quail;
 Nor heard the funeral shriek that woke
 Thro’ every hall and lofty tower.

XXXI.

"Nor saw he in the court below,
(By the torches umbered glow)
Borne upon his bleeding bier.
With wounds unclosed and open eyes,
A warrior stretched in death, drew near;
Nor heard the long and louder cries
This piteous sight of horror drew
From every friend and vassal true.

XXXII.

"But he knew that voice at his chamber door,
And straight the witch-veil of glamour
Falls and his wonder trance is o'er.
He hears his summons in that sound;
It is the bark of the true blood-hound.
True to his murdered lord is he;
He has traced the steps he could not see—
Traced them o'er darkened miles and miles,
O'er glen and mountain, wood and moor—
Through all their swift and winding wiles,
Till he stopped before his master's door,
And bayed the murderer in his bower.

XXXIII.

The castle's gates were straight unbarred
And he sprang before his bleeding lord.
He passed the page unheeded by
And tracked the stranger's steps on high;
And at the door that closed him in
Loud and dread became his din.
The doors are burst and the spectre light
Betrayeth the form of the blood-tracked knight.
"He was armed all over in coat of mail,
But nothing did steel that night avail.
He fell a torn corpse beside that chair,
Where unto the page did late appear
By the dark glamour—act revealed,
His murdered lord with lance and shield.
The murderer fell, and his death wound found
In the terrible fangs of the true blood-hound."

As soon as the minstrel ceased, the attention of all the guests was once more turned upon Sir Renault, who, with his eyes starting from their sockets, was writhing in agony. His eyes glared wildly and fixedly at some object apparently in front of him; and the company turning their eyes in the direction indicated by those

of the affrighted knight, beheld no longer the minstrel, but the long lost Sir Gautier, who, having pulled off his minstrel's guise, now appeared standing erect with the jewelled cross of his Order glittering upon his breast.

"*Avaunt Satana!*" shrieked Sir Renault, tossing his arms wildly about, "fiend from Hell leave me. Damnation, where's my lance! He comes! *Sancta Maria ora pro—*"

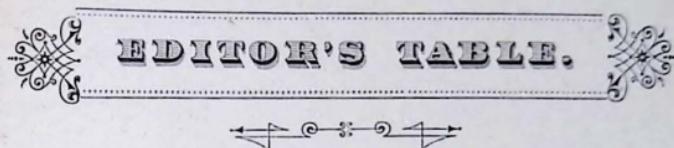
"Hold!" cried Sir Gautier, stepping forward, "take not that holy name upon thy impious lips. 'Tis mirth for the fiends when hypocrites talk of Heaven. You little thought," continued the Templar to the guilty wretch now cowering before him, "when, like a dastard as thou art, thou basely stabbed and left me in the ruined vault of the Moorish castle, that we should meet again on earth. But thanks to an old crone, who lived among the ruins, I yet live to expose thy foul treachery. She found me; bound up my wounds; and now thou beholdest me here. Most Worshipful Grand Master," he continued, turning to the head Templar, "knock off this craven's spurs, and let him no longer disgrace our Brotherhood."

The Grand Master, snatching a battle-axe from a retainer standing near, turned to do this; but the soul of Sir Renault had already passed to a higher tribunal. The excitement caused by this sudden exposure of his villainy had been too much for—"

At this point, the manuscript ended abruptly.*

William L. Stone.

*Had the minstrel not lived in the thirteenth century we should think that he copied the verses of his song from Mrs. Radcliffe.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

A NEW YEAR'S GREETING!

With the present number **THE SHIELD** begins its second year of work. With this year, too, an important change begins. No longer published by the Kappa Charge, **THE SHIELD** is at last the official organ of the Fraternity and its officers are the appointees of the Fraternity. To those of our readers who are unacquainted with the work of the Convention in this regard we will say that, with the full consent and approval of the Kappa, the Convention took **THE SHIELD** into its own hands to be hereafter published by the Fraternity. For its conduct during the coming year the Editor and Business Manager who have controlled its course through its first volume were selected and they will therefore continue their work. It was found that the magazine was forced to run very close to the financial wind under present conditions and, believing that there should be some surplus to recompense the editor and manager for the time necessarily taken from other work, the delegates decided that the price should be raised to one dollar and seventy-five cents per year. The present advisory board was re-elected to supervise the publication. The decision of the editor against regularly exchanging with similar publications was approved and becomes for the present year the policy of the Fraternity. This much by way of statement.

And now a word for ourselves. For the warm approval and sympathy accorded us, and for the endorsement of our past work conveyed in our appointment under the new conditions, we tender our heartfelt thanks to the brotherhood and to the members of the Thirty-Eighth Convention. It is indeed extremely gratifying to receive this recognition of duty well performed from a body so keenly critical and so fastidious as the members of a first-rate

college order. But there is more in this case than mere intellectual satisfaction. Your editor has labored, with all his power to do something in an humble way for the Fraternity he loved and when the approval and good wishes of the "boys" were poured upon him in such liberal measure, it went straight to the heart, and it has stayed there ever since. We have but little more to say. We thank you one and all. We promise you, in return for your confidence in us, the best work of which we are capable for the Fraternity and for the special object of our attention during the coming year. May it may be a prosperous year for both.

NOTES.

Next year we are to enjoy in New York the hospitality of Psi.

We see by Mr. Baird's excellent little book that President White of Cornell is claimed both by $\Sigma\varphi$ and $\Psi\tau$. This puzzles us as the former order has no honorary members and, we supposed, did not allow its members to affiliate with other orders. We should really like to know of which order President White is a *bona fide* member. Can any one tell?

As there is some misapprehension in regard to the editor's address, we would say that it is, at the time of writing, 5 Walnut Avenue, Cambridge, Mass. Graduation and one or two changes besides have made some confusion in this matter but for the present the above address holds good. When doubt exists, letters may be sent to Brother Powers' office in Boston and there will be but slight delay in reaching the editor.

The praiseworthy plan of having $\Theta\varDelta X$ represented in the masonry of the Washington Monument was pushed very nearly to realization by Brother Echeverria at the Convention. It is well. We, who are associated so intimately with the massive masonry of Cheops' mausoleum, should continue to perpetuate the memory of our Fraternity in stone to the end of time.

The adoption of an official stationery cut for the Fraternity is on many accounts a good move. No more beautiful or symbolic design could be chosen than that presented to us by the Sigma Charge in their convention printing. Henceforth the official correspondence of the Fraternity and such of their private correspondence as the brothers may desire to have so distinguished will be marked by this beautiful design. For those who have not seen it we will give a brief description. On a clouded background, something over an inch in diameter, is a perfect representation in fine engraving of the shield and beneath it are crossed branches, the whole effect being symmetrical and beautiful. The engraving which forms the frontispiece of the 1875 catalogue was also adopted as the official plate of the Fraternity and the Treasurer of the Grand Lodge is authorized to furnish stationery and impressions from the plate to the charges and brothers.

With this year **THE SHIELD** will open at the request of the Convention a business and professional directory of the Fraternity. This seems called for as the brothers often have business to transact and various connections to form in other cities than their own, and they would prefer to form these connections with Theta Deltas. It would be a great assistance to them to know where to apply and this directory is intended to furnish the desired information. Owing to the extra expense incurred by this addition to our pages, a moderate charge will be made for the insertion of names in this directory, which will be classified and contain under each head simply the names and offices, no cards or advertisements being inserted. It is hoped that Theta Deltas everywhere will respond freely and make this department worth the attention we wish to have given to it.

THE PAST CONVENTION.

In our October number we wrote of the "Coming Convention." It is meet that something be said of it as past. Everything that we wished for the Thirty-Eighth has been fulfilled in letter and spirit. Following with conspicuous care the "long-loved traditions of the past" the delegates still remembered that the present lays its demands upon us, and they met those demands in the true

spirit which can but result in success. Every charge was represented and well represented. Pi and Rho Deuteron reported brightening prospects for which we would rejoice with them, while reminding them that "eternal vigilance is the price of safety."

There met with us graduates whose hearts go out to the dear old Fraternity with an unfailing love. As we predicted, the three days of the session were busy ones for the delegates and their work was of the greatest importance to the order. The demands of the time were met by carefully considered legislation and the positions taken were examined in able and searching discussions. No abatement of interest among our graduates, no abatement of energetic work among our undergraduates, was apparent. We seem rather to have advanced, if that were possible, in both these regards.

"Honor to whom honor is due." The roll of our Grand Lodge officers is a noble one. Never have these positions been entrusted to faithless or inefficient hands. The work has become better each year as each succeeding grand officer has built on the solid foundation laid by his predecessor. We do not believe in indiscriminate praise of what is our own, simply because it is our own but when grand work has been done we believe it should be recognized, and we deem the hearty endorsement accorded Brother Simons for his year's work to have been merited by his faithful efforts and successful accomplishment of the tasks taken up. With rare ability he has combined careful thought and energetic action and inspired both by his deep interest in the work.

Nor should we do justice to our own feelings or those of the brotherhood at large if we neglected to speak of the able work of Brother Taft and the diligence and efficiency which he has brought to the part assigned him in the affairs of our executive body. His retirement this year is cause for regret. Brother Lawyer, we are glad to say, gives us another year of service and so, by Brother Simons' re-election, we shall have the work for another year of two of a Grand Lodge which will become historic.

Glancing over the measures of this assembly and carefully regarding the spirit manifested, one is able to look with prophetic vision far into the future life of our order. We can see it more closely united than ever, its graduates active and fully informed of its affairs, working together as one man and uniting states and sections in a bond which time cannot wear in the least degree and which no shock can sever. It is a pleasant picture and the sunlight of promise gives it an unrivaled glory. When the Thirty-

Eighth Convention shall have passed into history and its members have gone beyond the dark portals and been forgotten, save as their names are unearthed with some little tribute to a brother's worth in the archives of the Fraternity, the work they accomplished shall live and form the foundation of greater prosperity in years to come. We look forward to the time when *ΘΑΞ* shall be an acknowledged power in the land; when others shall recognize, as we do now, that the placing of the shield upon the young student's breast is the accolade of a grander knighthood than the Age of Chivalry ever knew. There must be no hesitation, no relaxation of purpose; above all, no departure from the principles which have stood the "test of years." To us a trust is given. We must guard it with heroic manhood.

RETROSPECTUS COENAE.

We fully believe that the above is execrable Latin, in fact, so execrable that it is not Latin at all. The idea we intended to convey was that we were about to give shape to the pleasant memories which the *menu* card of November 21, 1884, evoked. We dimly recollect learning in Freshman days that banquets (Lat. *coena*.) were a favorite recreation of the old tipplers of the palmy days of the Roman Empire when prohibition of anything was a thing unthought. We wonder if Cheops, our revered founder, established the annual banquet in those old days at the dawn of history when the charges of the Egyptian universities sent their delegates to the conventions in the Great Pyramid, that magnificent monument to our order. If he did, his memory should be doubly blest. We know at least that those whose memory is so dearly loved, the brothers who first introduced *ΘΑΞ* to American soil in the twilight of three decades ago, have handed down to us traditions of this annual festival of brotherhood, and one of the pleasant things to us in looking back to our last banquet, will be the memory of the presence there of one of those who assisted in guiding the councils of the Fraternity in its earliest hours. Brother Beach hardly dates back to Cheops' time but we have to throw mythology out of account and begin with recorded history.

As we look back we hear again the earnest, eloquent words of that political chieftain whom we all, irrespective of party, delight to honor. Brother Stone's earnest tribute to the Fraternity and to Brother Lockwood came back in retrospect, Brother Simons'

eloquent prophecy, Brother Kellogg's memories of Delta, and Brother Burdge's antiquarian discussion, all like a pleasant dream we find stored up as harvest treasures in the granaries of memory.

And then we have to lean back and laugh again as we think of our toastmaster and his unappreciative audience. We should not dare to repeat to Brother Hetherington the remarks made to us by some of his "unappreciative auditors" lest he might think he had been appreciated. Brother Hetherington made the special request that we should publish in *THE SHIELD* the vote of thanks which was given him and in order to give it prominence we thus mention it editorially. Long will the recollections which we have hinted at in that outrageous Latinization continue to form a kind of oasis in the desert waste of our mind and the jovial companionship and the deeper feelings that it stirred will linger among the pleasantest incidents of the past.

• The Library •

We acknowledge gratefully the receipt of the January number of *Beta Theta Pi*.

A work on the "Banking Laws of New York," by Brother Willis S. Paine will appear the coming month. We hope to give a more extended notice of it hereafter.

The following poetic tribute to Brother Cook appeared with the note here appended in the Alumniana of the *Hamilton Literary Monthly* a short time ago.

"The life of MARC E. COOK, '74, was a "pendulum betwixt a smile and a tear," and it seemed not wholly out of keeping with his career as a brilliant journalist to find this pathetic tribute to his memory, by John E. McCaron, framed in by *Puck's* comic illustrations."

It was not meet that I should pay
A tribute to the gentle dead
Of whom I write this August day,
For whom warm hearts and true have bled
Until the ones he loved in life
Had laid their tributes on his breast;
Until his loyal, royal wife
Could say: "A year he's been at rest."

But as the year has passed away,
And as I loved the poet living—
And as a something seems to say:
"Give what you think is worth the giving
In memory of the gentle soul
Who crossed the River in his prime—
Before he'd reached Ambition's goal"—
To give him I'll give my tenderest rhyme.

His mind was like a crystal stream
That softly runs o'er pebbly beds;
But life is not a pleasant stream
To one who on the morrow dreads
To leave this world for some unknown,
Some vast impenetrable sphere;
Ard so he lived, and made no moan,
And toiled for those he held so dear.

And many a time he tried to trace,
By midnight oil or waxen taper—
When scalding tears ran down his face—
The phantoms of his brain on paper;
For well he knew his race was run,
That all his youthful dreams were over—
That perhaps to-morrow's dying sun
Would kiss above his grave the clover.

I never walk along Park Row,
Or through the streets he loved to wander
And watch the human ebb and flow,
But o'er his life and death I ponder.

I think of all his boyish dreams—
 His airy castles and quaint fancies—
 His fight for life—until it seems
 As if all our lives were sad romances.

I never sit alone at night,
 And look out o'er the sleeping city,
 But he of whom I sadly write
 Fills all my heart and soul with pity.
 I never look up to the face
 Upon me calmly looking down—
 So full of sympathetic grace—
 But what I say: "Dear Vandyke Brown."

TWELVE YEARS AMONG THE COLORED PEOPLE, a record of the work of Mount Calvary Chapel of St. Mary the Virgin, Baltimore. *By Calbraith B. Perry, priest in charge.* 16 mo. (Pott & Co.,) N. Y., 1884.

Mr. Perry was a member of the Zeta Charge of Θ Δ X, class of 1867. While in the Theological Seminary in Rhode Island he delivered a sermon which had some strong expressions on the "Real Presence." Furthermore, he and some classmates entered in "retreat" that is, a season of meditation and prayer. These things excited horror in Low Church circles and Mr. Perry was refused ordination. He finally obtained it in Baltimore. He devoted himself to the colored people and the book whose title is given above is a record of his labors from 1873 to the present time. It contains some interesting statements about the character of the colored race. He acutely points out that the negro's faults are generally considered in comparison with the peculiar excellencies of the Anglo Saxon race, and hence he is so freely set down as unchaste, dishonest and untruthful. A fairer judgment would be by comparison with the white race as it is found in Southern Europe, where it is not markedly superior in these unpleasant traits to the American negro. On the other hand, the negro has peculiar virtues which with many count for little, simply because they are not English virtues—such as gentleness, endurance, gratitude, affection, amiability, peacefulness, devoutness. Mr. Perry thinks separate churches for the negro are best, as then the instructions can be adapted to the condition and wants of the race. Also such churches can be free, and this attracts the negro who is hostile to paying pew rents, and yet naturally objects to being put out of sight in inferior positions. Negro churches also enable the negroes to engage freely in church work and take prominent positions and this gets them interested in the church. Mr. Perry thinks that colored clergy could best enter into the negro's heart sanctuary and be free from the suspicions that the most devoted white clergyman cannot entirely overcome, but at present the latter are necessary as there are so few colored clergy of proper education and character. If the white clergyman wishes to be of any use to the colored race he must follow St. Paul who became a Jew to the Jew, and a Gentile to the Gentiles, and be a negro to the negroes. Mr. Perry has laughed in their joys and wept in their sorrows, eaten with them, slept with them, and has feared no loss of social position.

Thirty-Eighth Annual Convention.

On the morning of the 19th of November, 1884, the Thirty-Eighth Annual Convention of the Theta Delta Chi Fraternity opened at the Windsor, New York City. It is not invidious to previous conventions to say that as a working body, the Thirty-Eighth has never been surpassed. Its work, while adhering strictly to our traditional conservatism, has considered the demands of new conditions and the need of progress and its measures look toward the attainment of this in accordance with the spirit which has always animated the $\Theta\Delta X$. Every charge was represented, the delegates being as follows:

BETA. $\begin{cases} F. E. Wadham, '73, \\ Harold G. Simpson, '85, \\ E. D. A. de Lima, '86. \end{cases}$

[alternate.]

DELTA. $\begin{cases} Warren F. Kellogg, '61; J. F. Echeverria, '84, \\ J. van W. Reynders, '86, \\ Herman Rosentreter, '87. \end{cases}$

ETA. $\begin{cases} W. W. French, '78, \\ F. W. Davis, '85, \\ L. Turner, Jr., '86. \end{cases}$

THETA. $\begin{cases} Samuel Huntingdon, (\text{Alpha } '61),^* \\ S. B. Davis, (\text{Zeta.})^* \\ W. E. Grant, '86. \end{cases}$

IOTA. $\begin{cases} Horace Howland; J. D. Cary, alternate. \\ E. J. Sartelle, '85, \\ H. F. Lewis, '85. \end{cases}$

KAPPA. $\begin{cases} Edwin A. Start, '84, \\ H. E. Taylor, '85, \\ S. W. Mendum, '85. \end{cases}$

LAMBDA. $\begin{cases} F. N. Upham, '83, \\ L. H. Dorchester, '86, \\ C. D. Jones, '86. \end{cases}$

XI. $\begin{cases} Pierre Cushing, \\ W. A. Howe, '85, \\ E. P. Pearson, '85. \end{cases}$

OMICRON DEUTERON. $\begin{cases} S. T. King,^* \\ H. D. Foster, '85, \\ W. P. Kelley, '86. \end{cases}$

*Appointed by Convention to fill vacancy.

Pr. DEUTERON. $\begin{cases} W. A. Henna, '84, \\ F. I. Valdes, \\ F. Jones. \end{cases}$

Rho DEUTERON. $\begin{cases} F. van B. Goodwin, '82, \\ R. J. Mahon, '83, \\ W. G. Mangold. \end{cases}$

SIGMA. $\begin{cases} J. M. Curtis, '86— \\ L. W. Magee, '85, \\ W. W. Salmon. \end{cases}$

PHI. $\begin{cases} I. P. Pardee, \\ G. L. Taft, (\Lambda\mu\delta\alpha,)^* \\ S. Patterson. \end{cases}$

PSI. $\begin{cases} N. W. Cadwell; J. D. Cary, alternate. \\ F. J. Swift, \\ W. G. Mulligan. \end{cases}$

Nu DEUTERON. $\begin{cases} A. L. Bartlett, (\Lambda\mu\delta\alpha, '84),^* \\ C. A. Luckenbach, \\ C. E. Thomas. \end{cases}$

Three days the Convention was in session and during this time a great amount of business of the utmost importance was transacted. Most of this it is, of course, impossible to report. There are certain things, however, which we may speak of here. To Brother Simons of the Grand Lodge the Convention tendered the thanks of the Fraternity for efficient work during the year, and a similar recognition was given to the Kappa Charge and to Brothers Start and Powers for their conduct of THE SHIELD. Brother Seward A. Simons of Buffalo, was re-elected President of the Grand Lodge, Brother George Lawyer continues in his position, and Brother Carl A. Harstrom of the Xi, was elected to the vacancy on the Grand Lodge, Brother Taft's term expiring by limitation.

THE SHIELD will hereafter be published by the Fraternity, this being the wish of the Kappa Charge, which has established the magazine on a firm basis. The subscription price was raised to \$1.75 *per annum*; and Brothers Edwin A. Start and E. W. Powers were chosen to fill the positions of editor and business manager for the coming year.

The other business of the Convention was necessarily secret in its nature but some of it will be apparent by its results in due season. Among those visiting the Convention during its session many of whom were present at the banquet, were President Capen of Tufts College, F. W. Stewart of the Phi, ex-president of the Grand Lodge, G. B. Markle, Jr., and Alvin Markle of the Phi, F. W. Eddy and D. R. Brown, M. D., of the Kappa, J. H. Conklin of the Kappa, and many others well known to the Fraternity by reputation.

*Appointed by Convention to fill vacancy.

THE BANQUET.

Friday evening about one hundred wearers of the "shield" sat down to the banquet at the Windsor Hotel and consulted the exquisite *menu* cards bearing the name of Sigma. The *Sigma* should be congratulated on these beautiful souvenirs. The front of crimson plush bears in gilt letters the words THETA DELTA CHI and SIGMA, with embossed designs of owls and roses. On the heavy gilt bevel cards within were the inscription appropriate to the occasion, the beautiful steel cut, just adopted as the official stationery cut of the Fraternity, and the *menu*. The back was banded diagonally with black, white, and blue satin, and bore a small card with the names of the committee of arrangements. After the usual gastronomic discussion Brother Albert G. Hetherington of the old Upsilon, and later of Sigma, took charge of the proceedings. From that moment we enjoyed a flow of wit and eloquence seldom equalled, never excelled.

The toasts responded to were as follows:

- "Our Founders," by Abel Beach of the Alpha.
- "Our Fraternity," by Seward A. Simons, President of the G. L.
- "The Alpha Charge," by the Hon. Daniel N. Lockwood.
- "The Delta Charge," by Warren T. Kellogg.
- "The Zeta Charge," by Wm. L. Stone and Franklin Burdge.
- "The Omega Charge," remarks by E. J. Sartelle of Iota.

The speakers were received with wild enthusiasm, while the most earnest attention was given to their remarks. The thoroughly fraternal and Theta Delt-like address of Brother Beach brought vividly before us the close bond of union between our brothers of the early days of the order and those of to-day. Here was a brother of the class of '40 and near him brothers of the class of '88. Is not this a testimony to the strength of well-guarded friendship? Brother Simons made an eloquent and stirring address, prophetic of the Fraternity's future, and paying high tribute to its past. The Alpha Charge was nobly represented by Hon. Daniel N. Lockwood of Buffalo. He made an earnest and noble appeal to the manhood of $\Theta\Delta X$, to the deepest and strongest feelings of the brotherhood, and the appreciative attention of the listeners gave evidence that an answering chord in their hearts had been struck by the speaker's inspiring words. The remarks of Brother Kellogg were full of interesting reminiscence of the old Delta and gave a good account of the young Delta and the promise it gives of a lusty manhood. The old Zeta Charge was, as usual, grandly represented. Its speakers need no introduction. They are with us always. Their loyalty needs no gilding of statement, for it is pure gold. Brother Stone spoke to us as always right from a big, warm heart with lots of $\Theta\Delta X$ in it. Perhaps if we were to mention one part of his speech that gave us special pleasure, as it seemed to give the others present, it would be his eloquent tribute to Brother Lockwood, a tribute well deserved, and beautifully given. Brother Burdge gave, in pleasant vein, an account of his finding some years ago, in one of the most inaccessible of the inner chambers in the great Pyramid of Cheops, the cabalistic signs of our order, traced on the walls of

the chamber. He then drew an interesting picture of the antiquarian researches which would finally prove that Θ Δ X antedates Masonry or any other known organization, that Cheops was one of its founders, and his Great Pyramid, instead of being erected for any of the many unimportant objects usually named, was the first Charge House of the Fraternity. The slight doubt now resting upon this bit of history will undoubtedly be dissipated when a careful search by a well-equipped Egyptian expedition shall have unearthed the archives of those early days and disclosed the names of the spirit-embassy to Union in 1846. The usual reverent regard was paid to the memory of the dead.

We should not do justice to our own feelings if we did not speak of the presiding of Brother Hetherington, whose wit amused and whose eloquence thrilled us as we listened.

At last, when all was said, silently and reverently, the brothers, representing colleges from North and South, East and West, joined hands about the board and trolled out the grand old song of "Auld Lang Syne." Then came the partings, many of us to meet again, some—and may they be few—to gather with us no more at our annual feast, but all to carry with them in their hearts, however far the world may take them from us, the same unfailing devotion to Θ Δ X. *Auf wiedersehen.*

The following from among the letters and telegrams received may be of some interest to our readers. Regrets were also received from Bros. L. D. Maurer, E. W. Huffcut, and others.

Oxford, New Jersey, Nov. 20, 1884.

I. P. PARDEE, Θ Δ X,

My Dear Friend:

I confidently expected to attend the dinner on the 21st, but the orders from our company to "blow out the furnace immediately," coupled with this decided hint of the near approach of winter will prevent my doing so. I know you will appreciate my situation and also the regret I feel at not being able to attend, and I rely on you to explain to the committee of arrangements. I am seldom permitted to attend these Conventions but I don't want to be *counted out* because of this. The pleasantest recollections of my life are associated with the Θ Δ X and while it has been my misfortune to meet so few of the younger members yet I feel it would be very easy to get acquainted with them and I would find them the same type of men that made ours the foremost of college societies twenty-five years ago.

I envy you the pleasure of to-morrow night.

Truly yours in Θ Δ X,

W. H. SCRANTON.

Latrobe, Cal., Nov. 21, 1884.

SEWARD A. SIMONS:

Excuse for absence to-night in Luke, fourteenth chapter, twentieth verse.

N. L. F. BACHMAN.

(Luke xiv. 20. "And another said I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come.")

Pittsburg, Nov. 19, 1884.

DEAR SIR:

Many thanks for the card of invitation to the Convention of Theta Delta Chi to be held at Windsor Hotel, Friday of present week. Be good enough to present my regards to the gentlemen of assembly and express my regrets at my inability to be with you upon so joyous an occasion.

With many kind wishes for a "royal good time" such as is eminently characteristic of our boys when they get together, I am, sir,

Fraternally yours,

To Secretary of Convention.

H. LONG, Phi.

Boston, Nov. 20, 1884.

SEWARD A. SIMONS:

Express to the Convention my gratitude for re-election and regrets that I am not with you.

E. W. POWERS.

Theta Delta Chi.

Established at Union College, 1846.

1885.

GRAND LODGE.



President.

SEWARD A. SIMONS, - - - Buffalo, N. Y.

Secretary.

CARL A. HARSTROM, - - - Geneva, N. Y.

Treasurer.

GEORGE LAWYER, - - - Clinton, N. Y.

Charge Roll.

1870. *Beta*, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.
1853. *Delta*, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N. Y.
1854. *Eta*, Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Me.
1854. *Theta*, Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio.
1855. *Iota*, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.
1856. *Kappa*, Tufts College, College Hill, Mass.
1876. *Lambda*, Boston University, Boston, Mass.
1857. *Xi*, Hobart College, Geneva, N. Y.
1869. *Omicron Deuteron*, Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H.
1881. *Pi Deuteron*, College of City of New York, New York City.
1883. *Rho Deuteron*, Columbia College, New York City.
1861. *Sigma*, Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa.
1866. *Phi*, Lafayette College, Easton, Pa.
1867. *Psi*, Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y.
1884. *Nu Deuteron*, Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pa.

* * * * *

Central*New*York*Association*
OF THETA DELTA CHI.

* * * * *

Officers for 1884-5.

GEORGE D. COWLES, *Alpha*, President.

SELDEN GILBERT, *Kappa*, Vice-President.

GEORGE LAWYER, *Psi*, Secretary.

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New*England*Association*
OF THETA DELTA CHI.

* * * * *

Executive Committee for 1884-5.

E. J. SARTELLE, *Iota*, President.

GEO. R. KEENE, *Lambda*, Vice-President.

EDWIN A. START, *Kappa*, Secretary and Treasurer.

L. B. FOLSOM, *Eta*.

C. S. THOMPSON, *Iota*.

H. E. TAYLOR, *Kappa*.

A. L. BARTLETT, *Lambda*.

JAS. HOUSTON, *Omicron Deuteron*.

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THE SHIELD.

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CORRESPONDING SECRETARIES.

If the charges will kindly send us the names and exact addresses of their corresponding secretaries the list will hereafter appear in this place.

Among the Charges.

Beta.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

It does not require the optimism of a Franklin or a Strauss for a Beta man of Theta Delta Chi to feel that his fraternity world is on the highway to perfection. With all modesty we may say, and keep quite within the bounds of the decalogue, that Theta Delta Chi has plucked the fairest and the ripest blossoms which lifted their heads above the monotonous waste of green in the largest Freshman class at Cornell since 1870. Not only is this a fact firmly believed by all of Beta's members but it is also recognized by her leading rivals and frankly confessed by the more ingenuous among them. Since it has been finally settled that THE SHIELD is not to be allowed to fall by any chance into the hands of the Philistines, I may say for the benefit of our own family that Beta owes her success in "rushing" in great measure to her want of formality and conventional pretence. It is one of our maxims here that we had rather lose a man than win him by deceit or cajolery. The perfect equipoise between action and reaction being sustained here as elsewhere the system results in giving us a new set of men each year who are fitted by character and training to continue the work on the same lines. Hence no scrap of "tinsel" ever appears on the shield in this quarter. Perhaps after this little disquisition I ought to spare the blushes of our new members, but the stern duties of the historiographer cannot bend even to the demands of modesty. Following are the names of the men who have been initiated since the beginning of the present college year:

Perry B. Roberts, '87,	Ithaca, N. Y.
Herman K. Vedder, '87,	St. Johnsville, N. Y.
James T. Howes, '88,	Utica, N. Y.
John S. Hyatt, '88,	Lansingburg, N. Y.
Henry C. Roess, '88,	Oil City, Pa.
William H. Stratton, '88,	Circleville, O.
William M. Stockbridge, '88,	Washington, D. C.

It gave us unbounded satisfaction to have with us at our initiation and the banquet which followed, one of our respected founders, Brother Beach, of Alpha. His reminiscences of the beginning of our Fraternity and his pleasure in its sturdy and honorable growth were to us both interesting and profitable. All in all the event is one long to be remembered by those who participated in it.

But one social event has especially interested Beta during the past term, and that was the informal reception given by Theta Delta Chi to

the ladies of Kappa Alpha Theta. This, if we may judge from the enthusiasm of the ladies, was a complete success, and it certainly proved very enjoyable to the gentlemen concerned. For the benefit of our unfortunate brothers who are not acquainted with the practical workings of co-education, I may say that the ladies show quite as much enterprise in the matter of fraternities as do the gentlemen, and it is easy to see that their resources in the matter of "rushing" must be vastly superior. Two fraternities (as the ladies prefer to call their societies) already exist at Sage College and others are casting their eyes seriously in this direction. These fraternities, or sororities, make very agreeable social circles to which the more fortunate among the gentlemen are admitted.

It is with sincere regret that we contemplate the loss of Brother Howes, '88, who has been with us only one term, but during that short period has proved himself in every way worthy of respect and fraternal affection. Our regret is deepened by the fact that he is not only a royal Theta Delt but also a most excellent student who would have reflected great credit upon the Fraternity in intellectual as well as social circles. His plans for the immediate future are yet uncertain, but he expects to engage actively in some business pursuit.

Brother Smith, formerly '83, who for two years past has been managing editor of the Ithaca *Daily Journal* has severed his connection with that paper and will probably locate in New York City. Brother Smith has had a very brilliant career as editor and is widely known throughout this region as one of the most effective speakers who participated in the late campaign. Beta has always been justly proud of him and our regret at losing him yields only to our hearty wishes for his continued success in broader and more important fields of work.

Brother de Lima, '86 has been honored by an election to the Board of Editors of the *Cornellian*, our college annual, which promises to maintain this year the standard which it assumed upon its transfer to the charge of the Junior class two years ago. Brother Hyatt, '86, is chairman of the committee on the Junior ball, the great social event of the next term. Both Brother Hyatt, '86, and Brother Hyatt, '88, are members of the college glee club; Brother Hyatt, '88, is precentor at the university Sunday services in Sage Chapel; and Brothers Simpson, '85, and Curtis, '87, are members of the stringed quartette. Thus it will be seen that Beta has a fair share of musical talent.

Although the subject will doubtless occupy much space in the current number of **THE SHIELD**, I cannot close this rather discursive communication without adding Beta's hearty congratulations to the Fraternity at large upon the excellent work done at the last convention and upon the earnestness of purpose and devotion to the highest interests of our Fraternity, which our delegates assure us were everywhere displayed. We would also extend our hearty congratulations to Brother Simons upon the success of his work during the past year and the ample and gratifying recognition of it by the convention.

In every respect, it seems to us here, our Fraternity is making steady progress toward a higher conception of its duty and a better understanding of how it may best fulfil its mission as the guardian of true brotherhood and disinterested friendship.

Delta.

RENSSELAER POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE.

Since the October number of *THE SHIELD* appeared, there have been no very exciting events at the R. P. I.

After the cane rush on September 22, we settled down to work, although at first we had rather an easy time of it. About a week after the term opened, the class of '86 began a hydrographical survey of the Hudson River between Troy and Albany. This survey is always looked forward to with pleasure by the Juniors, and this year they had at least as much fun as previous classes have had. The class was divided into six sections and each section had a chief, who was appointed by the Director of the Institute. Brother Hawley was one of the chiefs. The hydrographical survey was finished in about two weeks.

The chemical laboratory, which was burned down last summer, is being rapidly rebuilt and we already occupy part of it.

The class of '88 is not so large as we expected, as several men who tried the entrance examinations did not stay at the Institute. We have initiated but one '88 man so far, as it is hard to find men who are entirely up to our standard, but we have several men under consideration and we hope to be able to give a favorable account of some of them before long.

We have no Seniors in the Delta Charge now, but as an offset to that disadvantage we do not expect to lose any of our active members until June, 1886.

Brother Hawley is our editor on the '86 *Transit*, which will be published next spring and which we hope will be a great success.

Brother Juan F. Echeverria brought his brother Ricardo to Troy shortly before Convention and we had the pleasure of initiating him into the mysteries of Theta Delta Chi. Ricardo is the third Echeverria who is a Theta Delt; he is an '88 man at the Stevens Institute of Technology. His brother Emilio is a member of the Rho Deuteron Charge in New York City.

Brother Aguayo, '84, expects to leave Troy before long to go to his home in Porto Rico. We hope to have him with us again next spring. When we first occupied our new rooms he worked hard, helping us to put them in order. He also made a fine oil painting of the Theta Delta Chi cut in last year's *Transit* and presented it to the Delta Charge. It now hangs in our room and it is a great ornament.

Among other pictures in our charge rooms we have a portrait of Captain Joseph James Henry, a Delta man, who was killed at the battle of Roanoke Island, February 8th, 1862. We have also a portrait of Brother J. F. Bellieni's father, who was a general in the Brazilian army.

Most of us were at the Convention banquet and it is unnecessary to say that we had a remarkably good time. Of the thirteen members of the new Delta, eleven were at the Windsor Hotel on the evening of Friday, November 21st. We were all well satisfied with the work which was done at Convention.

It may interest our brothers in other colleges to learn something of our system of government at the R. P. I. We students have just adopted

a new Constitution. Our presiding officer is the Grand Marshal, who is elected on the last Friday in May each year. On that night we all assemble at a large hall and after the Grand Marshal is elected we march around town, headed by a band of music, the Seniors going first and the other classes following in order, the Freshmen bringing up the rear. We all carry heavy canes and wear our respective class hats. After marching around for an hour or so we return to the hall and have a grand time.

The Grand Marshal appoints a secretary and a treasurer and these three are the only regular officers.

Unfortunately we have not much opportunity for athletics in Troy. We have leased the old Troy club's base-ball grounds at West Troy, but they are far from the Institute and we seldom get over there except on Saturdays. Several of the Delta men play foot-ball and we are trying to awaken some interest in that game at the R. P. I. We may have a field day next spring and Delta hopes to win her share of the events.

The old Delta men were general favorites at the R. P. I. and in Troy and there are many good stories told about the high old times which they used to have.

Walter C. Childs was a member of the class of '66, and he was a good example of an old Delta man. He sang and played on the guitar; he planned and executed some remarkably good practical jokes and I suppose, got into scrapes occasionally. He is now in business in San Francisco with a class-mate of his, John Gillespy, also a Theta Delt.

While the old Delta was here, the Troy Female Seminary was in a prosperous condition and some of the Theta Delts were on very good terms with the seminary girls. In fact, some of the girls there had a society which they called the Chi Delta Theta and they wore pins very much like ours, except that they were smaller.

Brother Frederic E. Wadhams, of Beta, who lives in Albany, has been to Troy and has seen some of us since Convention. He has always taken a great deal of interest in the new Delta and he even calls himself "Delta's wet-nurse."

Brother Eugene L. Peltier, Kappa, '78, is practicing law in this city. We did not make his acquaintance until early last spring, but since then he has assisted us in various ways and we feel very grateful to him for his kindness.

Brother J. F. Echeverria, '85, is making us a visit at present.

We think of having a reunion of the members of the Delta Charge next spring and if it does take place we expect to have a glorious time. Our charge rooms are number 8, Hall Building, First St., and four of us room at Baltimore's, 7 First Street, just across the street. If any Theta Delts come to Troy they will probably find some of us at either one of these places.

Brother J. F. Bellieni, of Rho Deuteron, who made us a long visit last spring is now in London, England; and if any person knows of any other Theta Delts who live there, he will confer a great favor on the members of Delta by sending their addresses to John Van W. Reynders, Post Office Box 96, Troy, N. Y. If we hear of any Theta Delts living in London we will write to Brother Bellieni as he is anxious to meet them.

We send our best wishes for the New Year to all Theta Delts.

Iota.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

An unfortunate misunderstanding caused Iota's letter to be lacking in the July number of **THE SHIELD**, much to our regret. It was due to the fact that just before the July **SHIELD** was published, at our annual election of officers, our associate editor was changed, and the newly elected one did not understand that his services began immediately, so no letter was written.

The absence of a letter in the October number was brought about by the circumstance that the college year at Harvard begins later than almost everywhere else—about the first of October—and at the time the letter should have been written Iota was just assembling after the long vacation, and was looking about for a house for the coming year, having been obliged to give up the meeting-room of last year. We trust that in the future nothing will prevent her regular appearance in **THE SHIELD**.

We number now fourteen active members. We have received a strong accession in Brother John D. Cary, graduate of Hamilton College, class of '84, and a member of Psi Charge, who is in the Senior class here. He is a host in himself, enthusiastic, loyal and progressive, and is doing good work both with us and in the college.

We have initiated three men: Lewis P. Frost, '86, George E. Ladd, '87, and V. M. Pierce, '88. Our immediate prospects of accessions are exceedingly bright. Brother Waterman is not residing in Cambridge, this year though still connected with the university; he is therefore unable to join with us in the active duties of the charge. We miss his presence at our meetings and in the work. Though we shall graduate six men this year, we already have a good nucleus ready for the next year, and before '88 departs we expect to be able to leave at least, a dozen behind us. We have a convenient and pleasant meeting room (corner of Brattle street and Harvard Row) where we shall always be pleased to see friends from other charges on Wednesday night of each week.

Brothers Batten, Winslow and Lewis are on the list for Commencement parts, and another brother will be there later on in the year. Iota maintained an ambitious, but not otherwise remarkable, foot-ball team, who several times covered themselves with glory and mud the past autumn. Brother Lewis was manager and captain.

Iota appears in the Harvard *Index* this year for the first time, not giving the list of members, however, for reasons which need not be specified here. Our delegates to the Convention returned filled with the spirit of the fraternity, and they can hardly say enough in praise of the brothers they met there. Iota congratulates the other charges on the success of the Convention. Too much praise can not be given Brother Simons for his work during the past year, particularly in the line of bringing about uniformity in all the furnishings and in the work of the different charges.

We promise a catalogue of members for the next number of **THE**

SHIELD together with a few "Fratriana;" but owing to the fact that our living graduates are few in number we cannot possibly contribute interesting notes to this department regularly.

With best wishes for the prosperity of THE SHIELD from Iota;

E. J. Sartelle.

Kappa.

TUFTS COLLEGE.

Since the last letter was written for Kappa, when the Hill was described as yet fresh and green, the mellow autumn breezes sporting with the still unfallen leaves, a change has taken place: the leaves are fallen, and are blown in long windrows under the shelter of the campus and buildings; the grass has faded to a dingy brown and old winter has not even covered it with its accustomed mantle of snowy white. At the present writing, too, most of the students are at home spending the holidays and the deserted halls and fireless rooms seem lonesome enough to an occasional visitor.

But Kappa has the advantage of her surroundings and has experienced no change except that of growth and advancement. She rests upon a firm foundation and the superstructure, though changing from year to year, maintains the same characteristics and individuality and the best endeavors are made to have it improve as time goes on. The invisible bonds of friendship that unite us have already entwined themselves about the hearts of the new brothers, and hold them willing captives, drawing them closer to each other and to us, each passing month increasing their love for the principles of Θ Δ X.

And the process of assimilation which goes on every year naturally brings the Convention to mind. As an educator in the methods and aims, the scope and power of the Fraternity the influences of this meeting can scarcely be overestimated. However proud a man may be of his Fraternity in college, and however much he may feel honored in being one of that Fraternity, he cannot fail to have his respect increase and his pride intensified when he meets with representatives from every charge, sees what kind of men they all are, and understands what plans are there devised and what efforts are put forth to maintain and advance the high standing of the Fraternity and to work out the highest good to every member. Let the delegation to our Conventions be as large as possible, and let no brother think, until he has attended at least one representative meeting, that he is enjoying the full benefit of the Fraternity.

One of the above statements must be modified a little. Kappa has met with one reverse this fall, but one of such a nature and of so little disastrous results that its repetition would be a matter of pleasure rather than regret. It came in the field of sports. Iota having played two games of foot-ball in her life felt that she ought to show her friendly regard to Kappa—who hardly knew a "Rugby" from a goal-post—by challenging her to a contest in the much abused sport. Kappa nothing

daunted accepted and after enjoying it in anticipation for two or three days met her opponents on the cold and rugged campus. The suits on Kappa's side were as diversified in color as was the texture of Joseph's coat and of as many styles as there were men, and while Iota's presented a rather more *uniform* appearance more than one expedient for patching up a suit was shown. There is not space for a detailed description of the game but let it be said that the antics of the Kappa boys to make fun when they didn't know what else to do, and the event of "Boots" running from one goal to the other with the ball, and the dense ignorance of the game that was manifested, are only a few samples from many of the amusements that were furnished to the "brothers who battled" and the spectators who gathered in quite large numbers to witness the game. The score was more than 20 to 0 but nearly all the scoring was done in the first half showing that Kappa's boys were tractable and "got on" to some of the points. Some of the "sluggers" who engage in this sport ought to have been present and witnessed this demonstration that there can be a game of foot-ball played in which the utmost harmony and true enjoyment prevails throughout and in which the referee listes to no "kicking."

Speaking of sports reminds us of the gymnasium. Nearly all the students have recently been examined by Dr. Sargent of Harvard, under whose competent instruction they will soon begin a course of gymnastic training.

Professor Marshall already holds his recitations in the Barnum Museum, where the specimens now on hand are being rapidly put in place.

Three buildings, the gymnasium, the chapel and the college building will be furnished with gas from the pipes recently laid on the Hill.

Lambda.

BOSTON UNIVERSITY.

The glad new year smiles upon prosperity and happiness in the halls of Lambda. We now number twenty-seven men, true, staunch, Theta Delt every one, and are soon to initiate another as a brother, a member of '88. Speaking of '88, it is a wonder to me, Theta Delt enthusiast though I am, how it is that almost every one, in his first few weeks as a member of our fraternity, becomes so vitally interested in its welfare and so thoroughly enkindled by the flame of its fraternal sympathy and affection. But so it is, and eighty-eight's contingent is a shining example of this truth. The following is a list of our members.

Foy S. Baldwin,	Liverus H. Dorchester,
William M. Brigham,	Frank L. Goodspeed,
Charles A. Brick,	Arthur M. Heard,
Fred M. Brooks,	Frank E. Hopkins,
Albert Cudlin,	Charles D. Jones,
Andrew L. Chase,	George R. Keene,
William E. Chonery,	Emerson A. Kimball,

Wallace M. Leonard,	Frank. R. Magee,
Charles D. Meserve,	Frank J. Metcalf,
Warren J. Moulton,	Arthur H. Noyes,
Orville C. Poland,	George T. Richardson,
Albert B. Shields,	Irving Smith,
James A. Stockwell,	William A. Sullivan,

Arthur H. Wilde.

The name of Brother C. P. Hutchinson will be missed from the above list. He is rusticating at Nowhere, seventy miles from Somewhere, or, in other words, is in the far wilds of Maine. We hope sincerely, however, that he may yet return to our midst.

Our delegates to the Convention, Brothers Dorchester and Jones, returned to us with such Munchausen-like tales of the wondrously Theta Deltan "good time" that they had, that we poor stay-at-homes would have envied them their good fortune most vigorously if it hadn't been wicked; as it was, however, we "grit our teeth" clenched our hands and "swow'd" that we'd "go next year" if it "cost every cow in the barn." So may it be.

A group picture of the Convention delegates has excited some interest and admiration lately. On seeing it for the first time the mental query naturally arises whether our brothers standing as they did on the steps of a building in a conspicuous locality, were not so much "the observed of all observers" as to attract such a concourse as election bulletins are wont to call forth. Not being one of them, we can without hesitation pronounce the group of as fine an appearance as any it was ever our delight to look upon. May the custom of having such a picture taken be perpetuated.

"For goodness sake don't say I told you," but there are some hopes that before another year has rolled away Lambda may have a whole house of its own. Our present quarters are to say the least, none too large, and as we lose no brothers by graduation this year and as we expect and with good reason, to get one or two, if not more, from '89 a change will be necessary sooner or later. There are so many of our brothers whose homes are so far distant from the city as to oblige them to reside here that it is our intention as soon as possible to rent and furnish some desirable building for the sole occupancy of Theta Deltas. When this is done let all Theta Deltas throng to the "house-warming."

We were much pleased recently to receive a visit from Brother Thompson of Harvard together with a newly initiated brother. Let some of the other boys of Harvard emulate Brother Thompson's example.

Brother Taft's smiling face is so often amongst us that we can hardly realize that he is gone from active life in Lambda.

Nu Deuteron.

LEHIGH UNIVERSITY.

The Convention has come and gone. When our delegates returned and spoke of the enthusiastic reception they had met with, of the perfect gentlemen with whom they had come in contact, of the unanimity

which marked the proceedings of the Convention, it served but to increase the zeal heretofore shown by our members and dispelled any doubts they may have had regarding the results of their joining Θ Δ X. The charge is especially pleased with our representative as graduate delegate.

We have so far initiated but two men, F. S. Bates, '88, and H. L. Bowman '85, of Millersville. A third man will be initiated upon the return of the brothers from their vacation. According to the new register just issued, the university has three hundred and seven students on its rolls, twenty-five states being represented, besides a number of foreign countries. The Freshman class numbers one hundred and thirty and from this number we shall certainly be able to pick the needed quota of loyal Theta Deltas. We have two men pledged but we do not care to take in new men in too great a hurry. We prefer to wait a reasonable time, keeping our eyes on the progress and general bearing of the new men. Good fellowship, brain, and congeniality must be shown to our satisfaction.

Nu Deuteron is about taking possession of two rooms on Main Street, Bethlehem, and we are making endeavors to have them finished in good style as soon as possible. This is a necessity on account of the constant quiet rivalry going on among the various fraternities represented at Lehigh. We shall be obliged to show men whom we are rushing that N Δ is not behind the other fraternity chapters as regards headquarters. It is by no means behind in the quality of its men or in standing in the college but is quietly tracing its way to first place.

The following fraternities beside Θ Δ X are represented at Lehigh: X Φ, Δ T Ω, Δ Φ, Ψ Υ, Δ T Δ. The two last named have chapter houses. The *Epitome*, our annual, will be out the latter part of January and promises to be the best one ever issued. N Δ is represented on the editorial board by Brother Bowman.

Lehigh University is rapidly taking a high position among the colleges of the country as is shown by the great number of applications for admission that are received every year. In consequence the authorities have been obliged to increase the number of the educational buildings. The new laboratories, which have been built at a cost exceeding \$150,000, are probably the finest in the world. The building is fire-proof, built of sandstone, and is two hundred and nineteen feet in length and forty-four feet in width, with a wing ninety-five by fifty feet for the Department of Metallurgy. There are two principal stories and a basement. There are rooms for all branches of chemistry. Ground will be broken early in the spring for a new chapel, to be built of sandstone, with a seating capacity of twelve hundred.

These facts have been given as a slight hint of the great progress Lehigh has made towards becoming what its founders intended it to be, *the University of the country.*

The members of N Δ would be greatly pleased to receive visits from any of the brotherhood. A good time is promised to all. The following is the roll at present of the charge.

'85.

H. L. Bowman,
C. E. Thomas,

Millersville, Pa.
Pottstown, Pa.

	'86.
C. A. Luckenbach,	<i>Bethlehem, Pa.</i>
H. A. Luckenbach,	“
John H. Spengler,	“
	'87.
M. D. Pratt,	<i>Carlisle, Pa.</i>
E. P. Van Kirk,	<i>Elizabethtown, Pa.</i>
	'88.
Fred. S. Bates,	<i>Titusville, Pa.</i>

Xi.

HOBART COLLEGE.

Xi still continues to take the lead among the fraternities of old Hobart and will doubtless continue to hold her own for years to come. While we were compelled to suffer the loss of six good men in '84 yet the remaining members have caught up the banner and are gloriously bearing it forward to success.

Old Xi has been fortunate in securing among its good men those who possess fine voices and our charge contains the only Glee-Club extant at the college. Its first appearance in public was at a concert given at Watkins, October 22d, for the benefit of St. James' Church, where it won for itself well deserved laurels. The concert was under the direction of Brother Harstrom, '86, and to his ability and experience much of the success was due, as also to Brother Watson, '85, leader, who performed his part very neatly and whose untiring efforts to make it a success were well repaid. A pleasing part of the programme, was a violin solo admirably rendered by Brother Simpson, '85, of Beta. The next one of the series was given at Suspension Bridge, Friday evening, November 21st, for benefit of Sunday School of church of the Epiphany. Here, as before we met with success. Brother Pearson, '88, who kindly acted as business manager had arranged things very pleasantly for the boys and after the concert all were entertained by Mrs. Pearson and different families at the Bridge. Suspension Bridge is blessed with some buxom young lassies and we fear some of our fellows ere the last farewell was said were a little "broken up." The third was given at Phelps, December 6, which, however, owing to the very unfavorable condition of the weather was not as great a success, financially, as we had expected. A violin solo rendered by Brother Simpson, '85, and two songs, one by Brother Hyatt, '88, the other by Brother Watson, '85, were prominent and enjoyable features of the programme, and were all encored. The brothers of Xi desire to extend through the columns of *THE SHIELD* their hearty thanks and appreciation for the valuable services rendered us at these concerts by Brothers Seymour, '84, of Psi, Simpson and Hyatt of Beta.

The following are the members of the Glee Club.

FIRST TENOR.
C. H. Chace, '86.
J. H. Foss, '88.

FIRST BASS.
C. A. Harstrom, '86.
J. S. Hyatt, '88.

SECOND TENOR.

R. A. Watson, '85.
W. A. Howe, '85.
E. W. Jewell, '88.

SECOND BASS.

R. B. Seymour, '84.
T. M. Partridge, '87.

DIRECTOR, S. A. Watson.

MANAGER, A. M. Rich.

Xi feels proud of the honor of having among its members the treasurer of the fraternity. The incumbent a few nights after his election celebrated it by an oyster supper for the charge.

We have leased for three years the magnificent rooms on the third floor of Dowe Block, where a large streamer of "Black, White and Blue" is seen flying, and I think they are by far the finest rooms in Geneva for a society or club-room. They are being fitted up for our special use and ere THE SHIELD has left the printer's hands we shall have occupied them.

The Reverend G. E. Gardner, '80, now assistant rector at Trinity Church, Utica, N. Y., paid us a visit the latter part of November.

Bro. William H. Chace, '84, has entered the Buffalo Medical College where he intends to spend one year after which he will take a two year's course at Columbia Medical College, N. Y.

Bros. Frost, McKinney and Fessenden, '84, made us a flying visit Thanksgiving.

Bro. Whitecomb, '85, of Dartmouth spent a few hours with us the middle of October.

Bro. James Hazlett, '85, of Medical College, New York, visited with us and with his friends near Geneva, the first of December.

Eta.

BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

It is useless for me to say that we are still prospering, for no company of true Theta Deltas will ever be denied success. We now number thirty-one active members. I do not wish to convey the impression that society interests are wanting among any of the upper class-men in our society, but I cannot help saying that the regular attendance at meetings of our new delegation, is a marked feature of our charge. I believe that this is one of the vital principles of our fraternity, for without a regular attendance at meetings during a college course, no one can engender that fraternal love so manifest among many of our graduate members.

Our '85 members are still adding to their already good reputation. O. R. Cook, F. H. Alexander, C. H. Wardwell, L. B. Folsom, and J. F. Libby took part in the Senior and Junior exhibition at the close of last term. Two of the four Junior appointments were from our society. The thirteen members whom we have in the class of '88, are exceeding our high expectations when we got them. Many of them are standing at, or close to the head of the class.

All Thetas who know Eta now and have understood her record in the past, have no reason to be ashamed of her. Of the fourteen prizes given by the college at the close of last year, six and a half were won by

Theta Delt; of the twelve students who received honorary appointments to our last Senior and Junior exhibition, seven were from our society. For more than a year past we have had nearly half of the trained muscle in college, taking more than half of the prizes for athletic contests at our field-day exercises last June. We are, also, proud of our position in regard to hazing. From beginning to end, we have unanimously opposed a custom so barbarous and inhuman, one which has done Bowdoin so much injury in the past. Last term, the Sophomores came around to see our Freshmen, but because of the firm resistance of our older members no one was molested. This is but a brief outline of our record of success in the past and our future prospects now seem brighter than ever.

Rho Deuteron.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

The Rho deuteron sends greeting. The college year has opened, and opened with bright prospects for all New York Theta Delt. Soon after the opening of college we commenced to increase the ranks of O Δ X, depleted by last year's graduations. Brother Fajardo has gone, is now busy killing patients in Porto Rico; Bellieni is no longer with us; Loubriel is launched upon the world and Govin is nothing but a "7th" man. The recruits of this year promise to more than take the place of their departed brethren both in zeal and in "staying power."

It has been the desire of the charge to change its *locus* to the *Arts* entirely, a scheme at once difficult and slow-moving.

The Convention and dinner, for which so much praise is due the Σ, gave many pleasant hours. Old familiar faces that had stood around the cradle of the Pi Deuteron, from which we sprung, were there; fathers of the Fraternity were there and there also were Nu brethren.

There was nothing, absolutely nothing, to mar the enjoyment of the yearly reunion. The exploits of Brother French of Eta, on Wednesday night and "grand time" that Patterson of the Φ had fully confirmed the good opinion we have of those charges.

The one thing that troubles us is the present catalogue of the Fraternity. It needs many things but above all to be brought up to date and to have an alphabetical index. Some weeks ago one of our brothers called on Brother Curtis, and, after seeing an attempt that he had made in that direction about 1865, broached to him an idea, carried out by Brother Henna. It is this: That each charge shall make and keep an alphabetical index of the whole Fraternity with liberal spacing between the names to allow interpolation. Rule the pages to allow the following items room: Name, charge, class, residence, occupation, honorable notes. Let this be a list of the whole Fraternity, not of the charge merely; let each charge faithfully search for new information to enable them to fill out their book, not only from the other charges, but from independent sources, nay, rather from such sources; let the entries be

faithfully kept, and, at the end of one or two years we will have material for a catalogue that will be, as was the present catalogue, at the time, "an easy first." To members who are out of the active ranks and who have not been able to keep up with the changes necessary in address and title in the old catalogue, it is a mass of error. To newer members the labor necessary in correcting up to date is greater or at least as great as that necessary to carry out the proposed plan. You will see that the plan proposes that each charge should keep an index. The reason is that thus one charge would serve as a check on another—an error would be more readily detected and the committee set on the track of truth.

The charge is much interested in the formation of an association like the Central New York and the New England. The Nu, Phi, Sigma, and the New York charges, Pi Deuteron and Rho Deuteron are admirably situated for such an association. For a central meeting point either New York, Philadelphia or Harrisburg might be chosen. The genial brothers of Phi, the hearty and energetic men of Dickinson would mix well with the newer charges and make a central rallying point for the worship of our household gods.

The charge takes this happy opportunity to introduce to the Fraternity Brothers Emilio Echeverria, (brother of Echeverria of Δ .) W. George Mangold, Carl Krause, Edward Conway, and George K. Cummings, formerly of the Pi Deuteron. Brother Henna has been quite ill but has now recovered. Valdes, also, is quite ill.

Any information as to members who may be in or around New York will be of use to us in constructing a "local" catalogue.

⇒:FRATRIAN:⇒

Delta.

'55. James Watson Webb, Jr., a nephew of General James W. Webb, died at Duluth, Minnesota, April 7th, 1860.

'57. William Smith Kimball is a manufacturer of tobacco and cigarettes at Rochester, N. Y. He advertises in *THE SHIELD*.

'57. Pearce Horne has just been heard from. He is a planter at Dalton, Georgia.

'61. Warren T. Kellogg, of Lansingburg, N. Y., was our graduate delegate to the last Convention.

'64. Drake Whitney is the corporation engineer of Niagara Falls, N. Y.

'65. John C. Thompson, now dead, was formerly assistant engineer of the Croton Water Works, New York City.

'66. Walter C. Childs and John Gillespy are in business together in San Francisco, California.

'66. Charles Dauchy is in the wholesale oil and paint business in this city. He has taken an active interest in the new Delta.

'66. Edward M. Greene is in the iron business in this city.

'73. Frances Shippen lives in South Orange, New Jersey, at present. He is doing some engineering work in Hoboken.

'77. Julius Christian Schreiber is for the present in business with his father in New York City.

Eta.

'64. Joseph Bennett is chairman of the finance committee of the Massachusetts Republican State Committee.

'83. J. B. Reed is teaching in Gorham, N. H.

'83. H. E. Cole was elected first assistant of the (Bath Maine) High School immediately after leaving college and at the close of his first year's work in that school was elected principal. This is one of the largest High Schools in the state.

'83. W. C. Winter is principal of a school at Keewaune, Wisconsin.

'84. L. W. Kemp is principal of the Norway High School.

'84. W. H. Cothren is in business at Farmington, Me.

'84. L. Barton is at present first assistant in the Bath High School. He will represent his native town, Naples, in the state legislature this winter.

'84. F. P. Knight is principal of the Topsham High School.

'84. C. W. Longren is taking the theological course at Andover.

'84. M. H. Orr is teaching in Benicia, California.

Kappa.

'58. A. E. Scott has just entered the Massachusetts Senate. He is chairman of the joint standing committee on cities and a member of the standing senate committees on judiciary and bills in third reading. He is a Republican in politics.

'61. Adna T. Dennison is the head of the Dennison Paper Company, Mechanics' Falls, Me.

'63. The Rev. Selden Gilbert was installed September 18, 1884, as pastor of the Church of the Messiah (Universalist,) in New Haven, Conn.

'66. The last name in this delegation as previously published should be James Madison Schumacher, not James W.

'67. Byron Groce is a councillor of the Massachusetts Teachers' Association.

'68. Prof. C. E. Fay lectured in North Cambridge, January 24th on the *Nibelungenlied*.

'68. Roland Hammond now resides in Campello, a part of the city of Brockton, Mass.

'70. The Rev. J. C. Adams assumed September 1st, 1884, the pastorate of St. Paul's (Universalist) Church, Chicago, Ill. His residence is on Prairie Ave. Brother Adams' salary is \$6000.

'80. George A. Gardner is in the piano and organ business in Clinton.

'81. C. G. Leonard has an orange grove at Limona, Florida.

'83. Hubert F. Edwards is curator of the Barnum Museum of Natural History, Tufts College. Brother Edwards is studying for the degree of A. M. B.

'84. W. L. Marvin is night city editor of the *Boston Daily Advertiser*.

'84. Edwin A. Start is attached to the *Boston Daily Advertiser*, and *Boston Evening Record*.

'84. W. M. Ballou is secretary of the Massachusetts Trust Company, at Devil's Lake, Dakota.

'84. Charles P. Stevens is a clerk at the Loon Lake House in the Adirondacks.

'86. F. B. Wilson has been elected surveyor of Claire County, Mich.

Lambda.

'77. F. C. Meserve is a lawyer and editor in Lawrenceville, Ill.

'84. G. L. Taft, having spent the past summer at Block Island, R. I., is at his home in Cambridge.

'87. F. L. Goodspeed has left college temporarily on account of ill health.

'87. F. E. Hopkins is preaching at Ashland, Mass.

'87. C. P. Hutchinson has left college, and is now studying law in Maine.

A catalogue of Lambda is in progress of compilation, and it will materially aid in the work if the whereabouts of the following brothers can be ascertained. Information of any kind from any source will be thankfully received by the charge editor. Facts in regard to deceased brothers are especially valuable. Address 29 Pemberton Square, Room 17.

John W. Collier, '77.	George M. French, '80.
Saxton B. Conant, '81.	Hiram Griffen, '82.
William C. Curtis, '81.	Pleasant Hunter, '80.
Charles S. Davis, '81.	Dennison G. Hunt, '81.
Elwin L. House, '86.	Edward B. Lane, '81.
Emory W. Lane, '82.	W. Frank Morrison, '80.
Abner M. Osgood, '78.	John Q. Pettingill, '80.
Porter R. Stratton, '78.	N. W. Jordan, '81.
Mortimer H. Bowman,	Fred J. Brockway.

Psi.

'69. Eugene B. Cheeseman is pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Mount Pleasant, Michigan.

'69. Jere. M. Chrysler is pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Stillwater, N. Y.

'69. J. H. Ecob, D. D., and wife, of Albany, N. Y., were among the guests at the reception given by Grover Cleveland, at the Governor's mansion, Albany, on the evening of December 23, 1884.

'70. John L. Bachman, Sweetwater, Tenn., is principal of Sweetwater High School, which position he first occupied in 1873.

'70. John McLachlan, Waterloo, N. Y., recently received a call to the Central Presbyterian Church of Buffalo, N. Y. The pastorate now held by Brother McLachlan is the second since his graduation from Auburn Theological Seminary, in 1873, his first charge having been at Pleasantville, Pa. Should Brother McLachlan decide to accept the call to Buffalo, he will have a firm ally in Brother Rufus S. Greene of the Lafayette Street Presbyterian Church.

'70. Thomas D. Jester is pastor of a Presbyterian Church, at Elwin, Pa.

'74. Frank H. Robinson is a settled pastor at Anaheim, Los Angeles County, California, and a supply at Westminster.

'76. N. W. Cadwell, Westfield, N. J., was graduate delegate from Psi to the recent ΔX Convention.

'77. William C. McAdam, a graduate of Hamilton College Law School, '78, is now a lawyer at Albert Lea, Minn.

'79. James S. Spencer is editor of the Staten Island *Gazette and Sentinel*, at New Brighton, Staten Island.

'79. The following clipping from the Richfield Springs *Mercury* explains itself: "H. H. Getman, a promising young lawyer of this village, and supervisor of this town is, we understand, to leave here about January 1st, with a view of locating for the practice of his profession at Kansas City. Mr. Getman and his estimable wife are very highly esteemed by a large circle of friends and acquaintances, all of whom will learn with regret of their intended departure."

'80. Charles M. Parkhurst, Duluth, Minn., came East a few weeks ago to be treated for a tumor on the neck. We learn that the operation was entirely successful. He has returned to the West.

'81. J. Corwin Jacks is a pomologist, florist, and breeder of Holstein cattle at Batavia, N. Y.

'81. Joseph W. Nichols is general manager of Johnson's Encyclopedia and is now at Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

'83. C. L. Bates, Rome, N. Y., has just returned from a holiday visit to his home, Titusville, Pa., where for the first time he "held a $\Theta \Delta X$ reunion" with his brother who is a member of $N \Delta$, Lehigh University.

'84. R. B. Seymour has recently accepted a position as professor of Ancient Languages in Freehold Academy, Freehold, N. J.

'87. R. I. Davis leaves college this term, and takes possession of his farm at Little Falls, N. Y.

Will any brother knowing the address of Frank R. Bradt, Canajoharie, N. Y., class of '80, Hamilton College, who left college at the close of his Freshman year, to study law, please forward the same to J. B. Lee, Jr., Clinton, N. Y.

Various Items.

Abel Beach, (A, '40,) is the inventor of a most useful article for literary men and those who have clerical work requiring the handling of much paper. It is a black walnut writing tablet, of convenient size for use on a table or in the lap. Sliding in a groove on the left side is a spring holder which keeps the paper firm and parallel, thus saving the left hand which usually has to perform this office. On the right side two little brass movable clips hold a blotting pad which can be thrown over the paper and thus forms a rest for the pen hand. The paper holder can be moved towards the end of the tablet by the free left hand so that the paper will be in the right position without disturbing the writing hand. Simple as it is this arrangement is a great boon to those who have to handle manuscripts to any extent.

John W. Griggs, (Phi, '68,) the orator of the Thirty-Seventh Convention, one of the young members of the New Jersey senate, was the candidate of the Republicans for president of that body, but an ambitious New Brunswick lawyer, Schenck by name, also a Republican, opposed his own ambition to the will of the majority and accepted the Democratic nomination to accomplish Brother Griggs' defeat. By the votes of the Democrats, assisted by one other disaffected Republican, Mr. Schenck was elected by a majority of two, the senate being nominally composed of eleven Republicans and ten Democrats. Brother Griggs was nominated by his associates because he had shown eminent qualifications for the position.

We clip the following interesting item from a recent number of the *New York Tribune*. We do not need to introduce the subject of the item.

"The Earl of Carnarvon, late Colonial Secretary of Great Britain, recently sent to William L. Stone a tiny gold slipper that was worn by his ancestress, Lady Harriet Ackland, while she was with Burgoyne's army during the American Revolution. The note accompanying the gift, referring to Mr. Stone's memoir of Lady Ackland, said: "It is a matter of no uncommon pleasure to me to see my family history thus preserved and valued on the other side of the Atlantic. It renews a feeling that very often comes across me, that the identity and sympathies of race remain wholly untouched by a hundred years of separation — perhaps are all the stronger for the nominal differences. Last year when I was in America, I only felt that I was in another and distant part of England."

The connection of Brother Stone with the Saratoga Monument Association and the national interest in the association's work well justify us in mentioning it here. We have received copies of the speeches of the Hon. Edward Wemple and the Hon. S. S. Cox in the House of Representatives, December 4, 1884, when a bill was passed to provide statuary and historical tablets for the monument. Brother Stone is mentioned among the leading workers in behalf of this national memorial.

Statues seven feet in height of Generals Gates, Morgan and Schuyler will occupy niches on three sides of the monument, while the fourth will contain a vacant niche to commemorate Arnold's treason. There are to be eight fine bas reliefs in two series. The monument is to be a graceful and imposing shaft.

While we are writing of Brother Stone we must mention a fine tribute from his pen to the late Orsamus H. Marshall of Buffalo, which appeared in the October number of the Magazine of American History. Mr. Marshall was well known as a student of Americana and in this article Brother Stone with fine literary skill pays him the warm tribute of a friend and co-worker.

TO CIGARETTE SMOKERS.

RICHMOND STRAIGHT CUT

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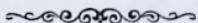
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Vol. II. SEPT., 1885. No. 3.

THE SHIELD

MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED

QUARTERLY

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Entered at the Boston Post Office as second class matter.



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THE SHIELD.

Vol. II.

No. 3.

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THE SHIELD.

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SEPTEMBER, 1885.

No. 3.

A Memphis Idyl.

1878.

Poem delivered before the Associate Alumni of the University of Rochester at the commencement exercises of 1879.

PICTURE a dot of cloud, the gath'ring gloom,
A flash, a peal—the storm!
Picture a desert as the winds entomb
In shifting sands each form.
So stole hot pestilence last Summer time
Into the sunny South,
Cried havoc! and the soft luxurious clime
Succumbed to plague and drouth.

Who will describe the misery they wrought
As Woe crept in their train:
The days with pain, the nights with prayer fraught
And the ungarnered slain?
The father bending o'er his pallid child
As ebbs its little breath
By prostrate mother, wrings in anguish wild
His hands before grim Death.

Who will describe the stricken sick, some left
As from the leprous sped
Men in the Bible days, and thus bereft
Were hunted 'mong the dead?
The wretch who fled his fever-spotted wife,
Joins him who flies his sire,
Impelled by coward love of sordid life
Before the fever's ire.

Who dared to stay—shall verse to one be raised,
 For one descend the tear?
 A woman yet unsung in poet-phrase
 Who knew not craven fear,
 Whom Heaven sent as skies vouchsafe the rain
 To lave a sickened field,
 Who took the nurse's cross and bore the pain
 And bade the panic yield.

When every other door was barred and fast
 Against the roofless sick,
 And these uncared for breathed their hapless last
 Alone 'mid horrors thick,
 Her door-posts bore a welcome, and from there
 Rang as from bell of gold
 The cry: "*This house is free and I shall care
 For all that it will hold.*"

Why have the bards been silent on the deed?
 Can any creature give
 In nobler mood to pay for poet screed
 In memory to live?
 And yet this is not all, but with her gift
 She placed, to make it rife,
 One other, as the scourge enlarged its rift;
 She gave her own young life.

When she was dead and lying unentombed
 Amid the pest-struck dead,
 It seemed her deed starlike the sky illumed
 And men to duty led;
 The weak returned, nor one refused his part,
 And Heaven's blessing went
 From God direct to nerve each southern heart
 Till the plague's force was spent.

Who was this woman, lavish of her all—
 Where are her kith and kin?
 Alas, the answer hinteth at a fall;
 Not she nor they may win
 A kindly glance from any honest eye
 A sympathetic tear.
 Great was her fault. Though her deserts be high
 Her forfeits are severe!

Why sombre raiment clothed a soul so fair,
 Is it momentous now?
 Her sacrifice was sweet as it is rare,
 Encrowned behold her brow!

Once unregretted 'mid the throes of pain
A mother gave her birth;
Loved, mother-like, the suckling there to claim
Its little share of earth.

Loved the round infant and its dimples knew,
Weaned it from mother food;
Heard its soft prattle while its heart was new
And its young life was good.
Ah, good abided, spite the flow of years,
Could sacrifice so pure
From evil spring? Then shed, then shed your tears
For wayward Annie Moore.

Oh, may the memory of her deed keep green
In every kindly place;
Sweet lesson it whence all the world may glean
One jewel of the race.
The ill-starred hour should never be at hand
When such a deed is lost,
Like stranded treasure swallowed in the sand—
Lost as it's shoreward tossed.

Jacob Spahn.

A Story of Pete Francis.

"His net old fisher George long drew,
Shoals upon shoals he caught,
Till Death came hauling for his due,
And made poor George his draught.
Death fishes on through various shapes,
In vain it is to fret;
Nor fish nor man escapes,
Death's all-enclosing net."—*Old Epitaph.*

"It is a good thing to laugh at, at any rate: if a straw can tickle a man, it is an instrument of pleasure."—*Dryden.*

Peter Francis—or, as he was familiarly called, "Pete" Francis, one of the old landmarks or rather institutions of Saratoga *par excellence*—was a half breed Indian of the St. Regis Tribe. He lived in a small cottage on the southwest shore of Lake Saratoga, and to this little cottage it was the custom of epicures to make regular pilgrimages; for no one—so they all agreed—could cook a fish as delicately and serve it as temptingly as "Pete." When

Pete Francis cooked the Lake Saratoga bass, fresh from the cold, translucent depths whence he had lured them with a skill that none could equal, criticism became dumb, and the appetite enjoyed a feast that lingered long like the pleasant memory of some indescribable ecstasy. "Pete," like all great geniuses, was eccentric and peculiar. With strong likes and dislikes, he had a keen perception of character, and was a great favorite with his distinguished patrons, among whom he numbered governors, judges, members of Congress, and hosts of connoisseurs of all degrees of note and prominence. Pete was started in business some thirty years ago by the father of a Theta Delt, and though he was handsomely remunerated for his many years of catering, yet, like one of his patrons, Daniel Webster, he never knew what it was to be wealthy. No bass ever escaped his clutches when once it was hooked, but dollars somehow slipped through his fingers with marvellous celerity. Upon first coming into this region he was, when quite young, employed by that renowned French caterer and keeper of the old Sans Souci Hotel at Ballston —Andrew Berger—and by him he was taught to prepare fish in a manner, in which, I believe, he has never been excelled. But to my story.

It was in the early dawn of a delicious summer morning in 1855, that a party, among whom were Brother Clarence S. Bate of the *Zeta*, Brother George E. McOmber of the *Delta*, and the writer drove up to the cottage of Francis, with the intention of first breakfasting with him, and afterward trying their luck with that prince of game fish—second not even to the trout—the Oswego or black bass. Pete was delighted with his visitors; and with the exception that he waited on the party barefooted—a peculiarity which, I believe, will be remembered by many—did the honors of host, cook and waiter in the most approved style. The plentiful breakfast of corn-bread, bacon, and bass, garnished by a tin coffee pot of ample dimensions, being over, Francis reached down a long bass rod from the rafters, and began certain preparations fraught with danger to the finny inhabitants of the lake. The reel was carefully examined, the screws tightened, the cogs oiled; and the keen eye of the veteran fisherman glittered with an ominous lustre as its glance rested on the destructive engine. While he is still intent on his work, let me sketch a few of his characteristics gathered in an observation of many years.

His wiry hair, tall form, and bony limbs indicated an active frame, innured to hardships: his piercing eye and high cheek-bones

evinced the keenness and resoluteness of his mind. He was adventurous, frank, and social—boastful, credulous, illiterate, and at times wonderfully addicted to the marvellous. His imagination was a warm and fruitful soil, in which “tall oaks from little acorns grew,” and his vocabulary was overstocked with superlatives. Pete was generally friendly, courteous, and considerate; and a better tempered fellow never handled a fishingpole. But occasionally he would dwell upon his own prowess with the enthusiasm of a devotee; and at the climax of his oratorical display, he would spring into the air, and after uttering a yell worthy of the stoutest Winnebago, swear that he was “the best man in the country,” and could whip his weight in wild-cats; that he was “not afraid of no man,” and finally he would urge, with no gentle asseveration, his ability to “ride through a crab-apple orchard on a streak of lightning.” For the most part, however, Pete was a quiet, good-natured soul, strolling about with a subdued aspect, a drawing and deliberate gait, in a state of entire freedom from restraint, reflection and want, and without any impulse strong enough to call forth his latent manhood save—and with this solitary exception—when he had hooked a five-pound bass at the end of his line. Then, presto, what a change! His muscles would stiffen, his nostrils dilate, and his whole frame fairly quiver with emotion.

Breakfast over, we sallied forth to the lake. Here, however, ensued a council of war. As the reader doubtless is aware, a light wind is considered a *sine qua non* for good fishing, especially that of bass—the fish we were after. But during our meal the breeze, which at first promised so finely, had died completely away; and the sun now shone out hot and beat down fiercely upon our heads and the glassy waters at our feet. Pete at once declared that it would be useless “to try our luck” under the circumstances, at least with any prospect of success; and, accordingly, we voted to return into the cottage and listen to a continuation of the stories of adventures with which our host had regaled us at breakfast. We therefore resumed our seats; and while Pete wove a fyke-net for himself, he spun for ourselves the following story of how he once fiddled to a party of wolves in the St. Regis country many years before. Brother Frank Burdge will, I know, appreciate the story, as he, together with Brother Thomas Simons was once lost for two days in these same St. Regis woods. The language of the narrative is of course our own.

“Wolves, gentlemen,” said Pete, “are ugly customers, especially when prowling around in packs or pressed by hunger. They are

surly, unsocial, and untamable animals; and under even the most favorable circumstances, rarely associating together unless compelled through hunger or for offensive war—and for the most part living singly, like bachelors—forming no attachment and sharing no kindness to any one.* But whether alone or in troops, when their necessities are urgent, they become reckless, braving every danger and unflinchingly facing certain destruction. The black wolf of America is the most ferocious—the stoutest bulldogs being no match for it; and not only women and children, but men have fallen victims to its rapacity."

It appeared that on one occasion "Pete," who, though by no means a Paganini or an Ole Bull, was a tolerable fiddler, had been kept out rather later than usual at a winter dance, and was wending his way homeward just in the gray of the morning. While crossing an old "clearing" near the edge of the woods, bounding which stood an old and dilapidated log-house, he was set upon by a large pack of wolves from all directions, like a swarm of Cossacks upon a straggling platoon of Napoleon's grenadiers. He rushed with all speed into the cabin, the door of which was wide open to receive him, but positively refused to shut out the foe, who now pressed so closely upon him, filling the air with their howlings, that he was obliged to spring upon a beam overhead to prevent being torn to pieces. But the wolves, sorely pressed for a breakfast, were not slow in climbing up the logs after him; and he would most assuredly have formed their morning banquet but for a bright thought. He had somewhere seen the hackneyed rhapsody of the poet—"Music hath power to soothe the savage beast"—or, perhaps, he had heard repeated the message from Prior's Solomon:

"Often our seers and poets have confess
That music's force can tame the furious breast,
Can make the wolf, or foaming boar, restrain
His rage,—the lion drop his crested mane,
Attentive to the song."

Thus beleaguered, Pete determined to try the effect of sweet sounds upon their unsophisticated ears, and thereupon struck up the brisk tune of "Yankee Doodle" on his Holland fiddle. The effect was magical! The party of Chateaubriand were not more successful in charming the rattlesnakes with a flute at Niagara.

*Pete's estimate of a wolf's character seems to throw discredit upon the story of Romulus and Remus! Which is the most worthy of credence, Pete or Virgil? Perhaps one is as good as the other!

The wolves were no longer bristling and howling with rage ready to devour him, but became as silent as so many Scotchmen at the ballad of "Robin Adair." But poor Pete! He would much rather have fiddled for forty contra dances than a single party of wolves, since no sooner did he cease to fiddle than they recommenced their hostilities. The weather was cold and his fingers were too much benumbed to allow them to traverse the strings. But no matter. His unwelcome audience were inexorable, and he was obliged either to allow himself to be eaten or to keep on fiddling. I have heard mention of the weariness of the fiddler's elbow; but never did elbow ache like Pete Francis's on that morning; and what added to his perplexity was the giving way of his instrument. Catgut and horsehair will not last forever; and string after string had snapped asunder, until the bass was the last remaining, and the wolves began to manifest less satisfaction for the one note, so long drawn out but not "in linked sweetness." Just at this interesting crisis, however, a neighbor and some lumbermen appeared with an ox-team, and the wolves thereupon beat a retreat—equally precipitate and welcome to their prisoner.

This adventure of Pete had made us as "sharp-set" as the wolves; and after discussing another bass—caught from a tank near the cottage—we returned to Saratoga.

Years after, in the summer of 1860, I met Bate in the depths of the Mammoth Cave. "Don't you wish," he said to me, "that our friend 'Pete' was here to fiddle for us now? what echoes he would awaken!" Alas! Pete will fiddle no more!*

William L. Stone.

* Peter Francis died in the Spring of 1874. If those readers of the SHIELD, however, who are in the habit of visiting Saratoga during the summer season, will drive over to "Pete's Cottage," they will still find Mrs. Francis on hand ready to wait on all who may favor her with a call. I will venture, moreover, to say they will not go away hungry; while, at the same time, they will help feed the widow and the fatherless.

Administrative Reform.

At the commencement of Hobart College, June 25, 1885, the following address by Brother Edward O. Graves, chief of the bureau of printing and engraving, was read, the subject being "The Meaning of Civil Service Reform." Brother Graves was not present to deliver his address in person. The full text is given herewith and great interest will attach to this presentation as Brother Graves is himself a shining example of the principles he sets forth.

Mr. President, Fellow Alumni, Ladies, and Gentlemen: I must ask your permission to preface my remarks with an apology for the topic which I have chosen for to-day's address. I know that the practice of occasions like this requires that a literary subject should be selected; but in asking you to bear with me for departing from this time-honored custom, I beg you to remember that ever since leaving college more than twenty-two years ago, my life has been spent in the public service of my country. The welfare of that service has grown to be the great absorbing interest of my life. At this time especially, when I am trying to settle some of the problems of administration arising in a branch of the government which had been long regarded as the special preserve of patronage and political influence, I am impelled to present to you some convictions about the public service that long experience and observation have impressed upon my mind. And yet in another view no apology is needed, for there is no topic that should interest educated men more deeply than the working of the government under which they live. Our institutions of learning have failed in one of the highest duties if they have not trained their graduates in the science of government, and awakened in them an interest in the practical operation of our democratic system.

There is now going on throughout the United States a most momentous political revolution. This revolution has nothing to do with the mere change of parties to which the administration of the government is for the time intrusted. It concerns rather the fundamental principles on which the government is to be carried on. It has no party significance; it seeks to lift all parties up to a higher conception of public duty, and to restore the government to the principles and practice of its founders. This great movement, which appeals to the sympathies and support of all educated men, is known as "civil service reform," or better still as "administrative reform." But even the larger of these titles gives a very narrow idea of the real scope of the movement. Although its methods affect only that part of the government known as the civil service, its indirect effects are aimed at our entire political

system, and at every department and agency of our government, Federal, State, municipal. To say that it relates merely to the way in which the clerks in the public offices are chosen is to ignore its chief purpose, which is to free our politics from the degrading methods which now infect them, and from the ignoble purposes for which they are used.

More than half a century ago there was introduced into our political system a most pernicious theory. The theory was summed up by one of its most distinguished adherents in the declaration that "to the victors belong the spoils of the enemy." It assumed that the public offices of every grade were prizes to be fought for at every election, and that the victorious party was to take possession of them as if they were the spoils of a barbarous conquest. The application of this theory has wrought the most deplorable consequences, not only upon the public service, but upon our whole political system. It has taught our people to think that public officers are not the servants of the whole people, but of the majority that is for the time in power, and that as a consequence the public offices are to be bestowed, not upon those who have proved their ability to render efficient service to the people whose taxes they consume, but as a reward for service to the victorious party. Under this vicious doctrine, character and fitness have been ignored in the selection of public officers. The Jeffersonian test, "Is he honest? is he capable? is he faithful to the Constitution?" has been supplanted by the query, "What service has he rendered to the party? How many speeches has he made? How many voters has he influenced or corrupted? How much money has he contributed to the campaign fund?" The effects of this theory upon the public service are just such as a thoughtful student of political science would have predicted. The public offices have been crowded with incompetents, sinecures have been multiplied, useless and superfluous offices have been continued, wasteful and roundabout methods of doing the public business have been devised, and the cost of public administration vastly increased; and for what? Not that the public interests might be subserved, not that the public business might be done, but that the henchmen of a party might fatten at the people's expense.

But even these evil consequences are by no means the chief or the worst results of the doctrine that makes partisan spoils of the public offices. The wasting of the people's money on incompetent and useless officials, though vast in the aggregate, only adds a few

dollars, more or less, to the taxes which each citizen pays for the support of the government. The inefficiency of the public servants directly affects only those who have to do business with them. Even open corruption and demoralization in the public service have a direct influence on the relatively small proportion of the people who are brought in contact with them. But there is another effect of this system which touches every American citizen. As soon as it was decreed that the public offices should be the spoils of party victory, it became apparent that the President and his advisers could not of their own knowledge decide to whom the spoils should be allotted. The theory required that the offices should be given to the men who had rendered the most efficient service to the party. But these men were scattered throughout the United States; the President and his advisers were shut up in Washington, with no direct means of knowing who the most efficient party workers may be. But there was at hand one class of men through whom this information might be got, to whom the services of every political worker were known, and who were only too willing to communicate their knowledge. These were the senators and representatives in Congress. Being in close contact with the very sources of political activity, it was natural that presidents and cabinets should turn to them for advice and aid in the vast work of distributing the patronage. It was at this point that there was introduced into our democratic political institutions a most dangerous innovation, an evil which has grown with the growth of the country and of the public service until it has become so intolerable that the people have at length revolted against it. The turning over of the patronage to members of Congress put in their hands an instrument which they were quick to learn could be used to their own advantage. This weapon has grown more and more powerful as the public service has increased in extent and importance. The man who has the bestowal of the public offices, who can make and unmake postmasters, collectors, inspectors, and government clerks, and the thousand other officials of the government who have been created in the last twenty-five years, has the working of the party machinery almost in his absolute power.

The primary meetings or caucuses are centers of political power in this country. He who can control them can control the whole machinery of politics. The delegates whom they select constitute the conventions by which the nominations are made. After their work is done for each party, the voters' choice is limited to the two men they have set up. Both may be utterly unfit, both may

be equally obnoxious to the honest voter, but he must cast his ballot for one or the other, or throw away his privilege by "voting in the air," or by not voting at all. The decision at the primaries is, in truth, of vastly greater importance than the decision at the polls. The choosing of the two men out of the whole community for one or the other of whom every voter is to vote is a function more delicate and responsible than that of deciding between the two after they are set up. But it is just at this point where the vital preliminary choice is made that the ordinary voter is powerless. If he attends the meetings, he finds the whole programme arranged, and its performance intrusted to a set of professional politicians or place men. Instead of the thoughtful, responsible men of the community calmly meeting and intelligently choosing the man best representing the higher interests of the party he too often finds a crowd of political workers and office-holders registering the decrees of the "boss" or agent by whom the machinery is controlled. I need not point out to you how un-American, how undemocratic, how subversive of the rights of the people the system is. It robs every honest voter of his political rights, perverts our whole political system, and destroys the true democratic theory of government.

The spoils system is not even consistent with itself. It assumes that the offices are to be bestowed as rewards of service to the party. In nine cases out of ten they are not so bestowed in fact. The services which they reward are not rendered to the party, but to the man who for the time being controls the patronage. More often than not the interests of the party as a whole are injured by the appointment. How can it be otherwise when the patronage is intrusted to men who are under the strongest temptation to use it for their own advantage? The shrewdest politicians have doubted whether in the long run the patronage does not do more harm than good to a party. Numerous as the places now are, they are too few to satisfy all who think that their services to the party entitle them to reward. Every place bestowed on a party worker is a death-knell to the hopes of a score of others who think that their deserts are equally great. It is poor consolation to the seeker after a place to know that some other man has carried off the prize. Broadly speaking, the only men who are gratified by the bestowal of the public offices as the reward for party services are the comparatively few to whom the prizes fall, and their zeal is likely to be relaxed as soon as they have gained the goal for which they have been struggling. The unsuccessful contestants are disappointed—perhaps alienated.

All party history shows that the heart-burnings, and disappointments, and animosities growing out of the distribution of the offices often pave the way to a party's downfall. Twenty-five years ago the Republican party without an office in its gift, struck the country like a whirlwind, because it seemed to represent a vital principle; a few months ago with a hundred thousand offices in its hands, it was driven from power, because many of its former followers thought it had proved untrue to the principles of its founders.

Another result of this system has been to create a class of professional politicians. It has come to be a common notion that politics are a dirty trade, with which self-respecting men can have nothing to do. Does it not point to something radically wrong in the workings of our institutions when the highest and most sacred function which a man can exercise, that of governing his fellows, is looked upon as low and degrading? Is it the spoils system alone which has brought our politics into this evil repute? There is nothing apparently low and vicious in politics that they should repel honest and self-respecting men. Certainly a nation of free-men ought to be able to choose their representatives and carry on their government without all this filth and scandal. The only trouble is with the patronage. High-minded men shun political life because of their unwillingness to engage in the business of office-peddling and to resort to the tricks and arts by which the hack politician thrives. Multitudes of men have gained high political prominence through their skill in using political patronage, who would never have been known outside the paths of private life had they gone before the people simply on their merit and character.

As soon as his election is assured the new fledged congressman turns up in Washington demanding that the campaign promises made for his own advantage shall be redeemed by the administration for the pretended benefit of the party. In such a game of bargaining men of keen honor will not engage. This system not only saddles the people with incompetent public servants; it too often introduces a distinct element of corruption into public office. The income of the office being regarded as the reward of services rendered to a party or to a party leader, rather than as the pay for work to be done for the government, there is the strongest temptation to swell it by improper means. Extravagant salaries are maintained in order that they may be bestowed on party workers or be drawn upon to replenish the party treasury. Not only offices,

but contracts for furnishing the public supplies are used as the rewards for party service and a source of revenue for the party's finances. On every hand the public interest suffers in order that the interests of party may be promoted.

The influence of the spoils system on legislation is especially pernicious. It fills Congress with men who have got into power, not through their knowledge of principles or their capacity to frame laws, but through their skill in manipulating the patronage. It converts congressmen into office brokers, and robs them of the time and energies which should be devoted to their legislative duties. Above all, it establishes a relation between the legislative and executive departments which destroys their constitutional independence. The congressmen who have saddled their dependents or their henchmen upon a public department dare not refuse their vote when the head of that department demands appropriations from Congress. And the head of the department who has extorted from Congress an appropriation to maintain a useless number of office-holders cannot deny congressmen who demand appointment from him as the pay for their votes. Extravagant establishments are kept up in order that the patronage may not be diminished and the patronages surrendered to Congress in order that the extravagance may be maintained. The Constitution intends that the executive and legislative departments shall be separate and independent. The founders of our government would have been shocked by the proposition that the law-makers should dictate the appointment of the Executive Department; nay, should virtually demand places as the price of their votes for measures for the support of that department. Such a system destroys the checks and balances of the Constitution, and involves all the departments of the government in a mutual surrender and usurpation of functions. I speak within bounds when I say that the scandals and defalcations, the abuses, the extravagance, the incompetency, the laxness of administration, the neglect of important questions of legislation which are the reproach of all branches of public administration in this country, are chiefly due to the wretched, barbarous system of spoils.

There is not a word in the Constitution on which a congressman can hang a right to dictate an appointment to the Executive. True, certain appointments are to be made "by and with the advice and consent of the Senate," but this indisputably means the advice and consent of the Senate acting in its aggregate capacity; not the advice and consent of individual senators engaged in a greedy

scramble for appointment. The very fact that the Senate is to pass upon the nomination in this solemn manner after it is made furnishes the strongest reason why senators should not dictate nominations. The Constitution plainly means that the action of the President and the Senate should be independent, each acting within its constitutional sphere, and with a sense of responsibility that the performance of a constitutional duty should impose. But if the nomination is made at a senator's request, the separate responsibility is destroyed; the senator is, instead of acting as an independent check on the President, engaged in an unconstitutional alliance with him; and the system reaches the last stage of departure from the constitutional intent when senators enter into an alliance with their colleagues to confirm the nominations dictated by each other.

The whole system is a monstrous perversion of the Constitution. It is at war with both the letter and the spirit of that instrument and the theory of the division of powers among the three great departments on which it is founded. The President is robbed of a solemn constitutional function every time an appointment is made at the dictation of a congressman, and the Senate surrenders an equally solemn constitutional duty whenever it confirms or rejects a nomination at the instance of a senator from a State without the exercise of that independent judgment which the Constitution imposes upon him. "The advice and consent of the Senate" in making an appointment is as solemn a duty and involves as grave consequences as the decision of a court. An improper appointment may affect the rights and property of the people as disastrously as an unjust judicial decision. The inquiry into the fitness of a nominee for the place should be conducted in as judicial a spirit as the deliberations of a court. So far as the principle of the thing goes, it would be as proper for a court to permit its individual members to enter into a secret and corrupt bargain with litigants, and then to permit its decision to be governed by those individual members, as it is for the Senate to permit its members to enter into secret bargains with the appointing power and then ratify those bargains under the guise of "the courtesy of the Senate." It is only because the evil practices of a century have blunted the moral perceptions of the people that both are not involved in the same condemnation. It goes without saying that if the patronage were placed beyond the reach of scheming politicians, they could no longer retain their power. The army of mercenaries would be disbanded and the control of political affairs would revert

to the people. Patriotic and respectable citizens who should attend the primaries would no longer find things "fixed" by a gang of political Janizaries. Ring rule would be broken up, and the nominations for elective offices, instead of being dictated by a knot of office-holders, would become in practice what they are in theory—the free choice of free men. I can imagine no greater or more beneficent reform in our political methods than this. Entirely irrespective of the methods of choosing the public servants adopted, it would purify our politics, elevate the character of our elected representatives and rulers of every grade, and restore to the people the power of which they have been so long robbed.

The change would work little less than a revolution in our political method. The reproach so often cast on democratic institutions that they reward the demagogue and exclude able and noble men from political power would no longer be heard. There is nothing in the nature of our institutions which should prevent the better class of men from obtaining either representative or executive places. There is every reason why, where the choice of the people is untrammelled, they should recognize and reward ability and character. The earlier history of our country proves this beyond question. No nobler galaxy of men ever honored the service of any nation than those who filled the Congresses and Cabinets of the United States during the first half century of her history, before the spoils system had poisoned the very fountains of political life. It is only since the key to office has been proficiency in the art of distributing political plunder that the highest order of men have as a class been driven out of public life. It would be a gross exaggeration to say that there are no men of a higher type in public life, but it is true that they belong to a class that is less potential than in the earlier days of the republic, and that even they in order to sustain themselves are compelled to resort to arts and practices which must be humiliating to them. "The machine" has no love for them, and only consummate ability and great personal popularity enable them to hold their own. Bitterly as they must detest it, they dare not openly defy it.

I beg you to remember that it is not the national government or national polities alone that this position affects. It contaminates every agency of government, national, State, and municipal. The extravagance and corruption of municipal administration, which are growing to be an almost intolerable evil, the inhumanity and ignorance constantly coming to light in the management of prisons, almshouses, and insane asylums, the general inefficiency and bru-

tality of the police of large cities, are all the direct consequences of this vicious theory of polities. In more than one great city political influence invades even the sanctuary of justice, and demands protection for its henchmen from the tools it has placed upon the bench. It throws its brazen shield over rum sellers and gamblers and protects them from arrests and punishment. In the Federal service it has persistently attacked that noble organization, the life-saving-service, and attempted to degrade into political workers the heroic men who compose its trained corps of life-savers. No place is too high or too low, no duty too sacred or too responsible to be made the prey of its rapacious greed.

Happily the public conscience has been awakened to the enormities of this system. A little more than two years ago the people rose in revolt against the tyranny of machine rule and gave the politicians a warning so emphatic that even their hardened senses could not refuse to heed it. Blind and undiscriminating though this rising may have been in its methods, unjust though it may have been in the choice of its victims of indignation, its motives were sound and true. The wrathful echoes of the people's voice penetrated the marble walls of the Capitol. The men who up to that hour had nothing but jeers and gibes for the very name of "reform" suddenly saw a great light and fairly jostled against each other in their eagerness to vote for whatever measure of reform the people might demand. The experiment which nine years before congressional hostility or apathy had allowed to come to an ignominious end, with scarce a corporal's guard to do it honor, was not only eagerly revived, but extended in its scope. A civil service reform bill drawn up by a committee of reformers, but left to slumber for two years in a committee room, was speedily taken up and passed by an overwhelming majority in each house.

This act provides that admission to the purely clerical places in the departments at Washington and in the chief custom houses and post offices shall be gained only through the gateway of impartial competitive examinations. So far as these minor places are concerned they have been put without the pale of political influence or personal favoritism. Every American of the requisite age, health and character may enter the list on equal terms. The advocates of civil service reform do not assert that there is anything magical or intolerable about competitive examination. The old system had utterly broken down as a means of selecting fit public servants, to say nothing of its demoralizing influences in a thousand other directions. A long trial had proved that the power

to appoint at discretion is sure to be abused. What should be set up in its place? Plainly some impartial system of selection that should leave no chance for discretion or favoritism. The only system of that kind that can be imagined is some sort of competition; and what is more rational than that the competition should be upon those subjects of which every one who enters a public office should have a knowledge? This nation boasts much of its system of popular education, and spends much money upon it. Every thoughtful father strives to give his son the best education his means can command. Such a nation should welcome a system which gives every citizen a fair chance to win a place in its service, in an impartial competition in the subjects taught by its public schools. The competition may not always bring the best man to the top of the list, for no system is perfect. But it does furnish an assurance that the successful candidate has won his place by his own merits. It is a contest of merit, not influence. Formerly the doors of the service were closed against the most deserving, unless they could command a congressman's magic, "open sesame." Now they open wide to the son of the humblest and most obscure if he can but exhibit a talisman of superior merit. No currying of influence is needed. The politician's favorite and the friendless son of the humblest citizen enter the contest on the same footing. Only the blindest bigotry or selfishness could denounce such a system as aristocratic. An aristocracy is hereditary, self-perpetuating: the reform service is neither. It is constantly receiving accessions direct from the people, possessing no influence but their own merit and no tenure but their good behavior. Superior merit being the only passport to the service, its members cannot perpetuate their power by the appointment of their relatives or friends. In one sense only can such a system be termed aristocratic; it is governed by the best.

Following the example of the general government, the States of New York and Massachusetts have applied the reform system in both their State and municipal services. All the testimony agrees that wherever the new system extends, whether in the Federal, the State, or the municipal service, its application has been followed by the happiest results. Better public servants have been obtained, pressure and importunity for place have come to an end, the cost of the service has been diminished, arbitrary removals have ceased, and a purer and a healthier atmosphere surrounds the public offices. In the departments at Washington, the clerks and others protected by the civil service rules are going on with

their daily duties, undisturbed by the change in the administration. Although the civil service act places no restriction on the power of removal, there is no incentive to get them out, even if the desire existed, for their places could be filled only from the list supplied by competitive examination. From that ordeal the ordinary office-seeker shrinks. As soon as he finds that the place is protected by the civil service rules his desire for it vanishes. The lazaretto's yellow flag could not more effectually warn him off.

But, unfortunately for good administration, all the higher places that most excite the cupidity of the office seeker have been excepted from the civil service law or regulations. Only a small corner of the great preserves of patronage has been reclaimed by the merit system. Of 110,000 Federal offices only about fifteen thousand are subject to the civil service regulations. The heads of bureaus and divisions and the chief clerks in the Washington departments, and the host of postmasters, collectors, marshals, attorneys, agents, inspectors, officers of custom and internal revenue, and other officials of a hundred grades throughout the United States are still fair game for the politicians. Upon all of these places a flock of office seekers has swooped down like vultures on a carcass. The offices and ante-rooms of the President and heads of departments are constantly filled with streams of applicants for place. Though nearly four months of the new administration have passed the crowds show no diminution. The real business of government is subordinated to the business of distributing the offices. The fault lies, not with the men who are administering the government, but with a system that turns loose upon them the struggling applicants for a hundred thousand offices, and requires them to decide, unaided, to whom the place should be given. Had partisan greed been permitted full play, the change of parties in the administration would have been followed by a slaughter of the public servants whose disastrous consequences would have exceeded that perpetrated under Jackson in the same degree that the public service has grown in numbers and importance. The only barrier against it is the fidelity to principle and the unyielding firmness of the President. True to his convictions that "public office is a public trust," he has kept at bay the crowd of office seekers, while he has patiently and judiciously inquired into their fitness. No one who knows him or his methods will deny that he has conscientiously tried to do his duty, both to the great party that he represents and to the public service. But the task which he has taken upon himself transcends human capa-

city. For one man personally to decide upon the merits of the hordes of applicants for the thousands of offices within the gift of the President, and at the same time to discharge the great executive functions of the place, is a simple impossibility. It is a degradation of the great office of President to make of him a mere balance in which to weigh the claims of rival applicants.

There is only one remedy, and that is to apply to all official places of every grade, the few great offices by which the policy of the government is shaped alone excepted, the rule of impartial selection. Let there be admission to the lowest grade only on impartial tests of merit and promotion, grade by grade up to the very top, and the whole business of office-making and office-peddling will be at an end. Before this remedy can be applied, the notion that any office, high or low, can properly be bestowed as the reward for party service must be rooted out of the public mind. The great administrative offices by which the policy of the Government is controlled should be awarded to representative party men, not to reward them for services to party, but to give effect to the popular will. As to all places below these it is a matter of utter indifference whether they are filled by members of one party or the other. The only aim should be to get the best service that the money will command.

To be permanent the civil service must be non-partisan. A public service recruited from one political party by whatever method of selection cannot survive a change of party in the administration of the government. There is no more reason why the subordinate clerks and officers should be in accord with the party in power than that the officers and privates of the army should be, or that the clerks in a mercantile house should vote the same tickets as their employers. The public servants are the servants of the whole people. Members of all parties are equally interested in the honest and economical despatch of the public business. It is only a vicious theory that makes it a peculiar property or care of one political party. The doors of office have been shut in the faces of one-half of the people. The most radical reformer could not demand that the opposition on coming into power should take this partisan service unchanged from the hands of its predecessor. Changes are inevitable, but when the offices have been divided with some approach to equality between the two parties, there will be the best opportunity that has ever occurred to put the whole service on a permanent non-partisan footing, by bringing it within the operation of the civil service law. Before the reform

can have its perfect work every subordinate administrative office in the land which is filled by appointment must be taken out of the hands of the politicians and restored to the hands of the people. This restoration can be accomplished only by giving every American citizen the right to compete for public appointment on equal terms. Nor would I urge this so much on the ground of the right of the people to compete for office, for that consideration affects only a small fraction of the whole, but on the ground of their right to have the best possible service from their public servants, a consideration which affects everybody. A great beginning in the work of reform has been made. A revolution has begun which can never go backward. The public conscience is aroused, and it will not sleep again until the reform has purified our whole political system. The tone of our public service and of our politics has been greatly elevated during the last eight years. To insure the final triumph of this great movement, it is only necessary for the people to take in its full meaning. Civil service reform means that the public business shall be conducted on business principles. But it has a far deeper and grander meaning than this. It means that self-seeking, unscrupulous men shall no longer, through their control of the patronage, put and keep themselves in power. It means that no bands of mercenaries hired with the people's money shall be used by political bosses to defeat the wishes of the people at the primaries or the polls. It means that the election shall no longer be a wild struggle between the ins and outs for 200,000, or 300,000 State and local offices, in which all the unholy passions aroused by the clash of selfish interests are let loose. It means that men shall vote according to their calm convictions on public questions, uninfluenced by any hopes of gaining office or any fear of losing it. It means that political parties shall no longer be looked upon as hostile armies, but simply as means for expressing the opinions of the people on public men and measures. It means, in brief, a new declaration of political independence for the people of these United States, "in order that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, may not perish from the earth."

Edward O. Graves.

Meerschaums.

Although the services of that celebrated young man who "devoted his whole attention to coloring his meerschaum," are not in such requisition as formerly, yet the importation and use of that article have become, within the last few years, so extensive as to justify an inquiry into its nature and origin.

Meerschaum is a compound German word, signifying "foam of the sea," *meer* "sea" *schaum*, "foam." Hence has arisen the very general belief that it is a substance which, like amber, is washed up on the banks of the inland European seas. This impression, moreover, has doubtless been confirmed by the poetic fancy of the Germans, who have woven into their smoking songs the history of its origin as follows. Venus, beholding on one occasion her father, Jove, smoking a clay pipe, descended into the depths of the sea, the home of the sea-nymphs, and shortly after returned, bearing in her hand a beautiful meerschaum, shaped after her own features, which she presented to the Olympian Jove, with these words :

"Oh father," cried she, "not that common earth!
Shall the base product of the peasant sod
Share the affections of Olympus's God?
Thy favor for my living gift is claimed
Behold this meerschaum, from the sea-foam framed!"

A serious objection, however, to this story is, first, that authorities are generally against the supposition that the heathen gods were addicted to smoking; and secondly that the meerschaum is not a product of the sea, but of the land. It is a white flakey kind of clay, composed of hydrate of magnesia and silex, and is found in small quarries in various parts of Europe, but particularly in Switzerland, and in Natalia, Asia Minor. When first taken from the quarry it is soft, and with water makes lather like soap. From this latter circumstance it is often used in washing by those who live in places where it is obtained. The best and purest meerschaums have a blueish tinge, and their surfaces are covered with small star-shaped flecks. Besides this, there are seven other inferior qualities, all of which, however, are genuine meerschaum. A peculiarity of the first quality, which is well known to smokers, is its capacity for receiving a high polish. Hence the name has been given to it of *spiegel* meerschaum—"spiegel" being the German word for mirror. Until lately the high price of this particular kind has prevented its general use; but large quantities are now imported into this country in the "rough," overcoming in a great measure that objection.

After the pipe has been carved out of the original clay, it undergoes what is called "the boiling process." Until this has been done the pipe cannot be smoked to advantage, as it will neither color or take a high polish. The reason of this is readily explained. Like all varieties of clay, this peculiar kind called meerschaum when exposed to the air becomes dry and hard, thus preventing the absorption of the nicotine, or oil of tobacco, which gives it that rich, dark chestnut color that smokers so highly prize. When boiled in oil or wax the particles of clay are forced apart by the heat, and the oil or wax, introducing itself between them, retains its position when the pipe is cool. Again when the pipe is heated by smoking, the particles of the meerschaum separate; the oil or wax, becoming melted, exudes, and the nicotine takes its place and imparts to the meerschaum its own rich color. This is the whole philosophy of that which is called in common parlance "coloring a meerschaum."

It is this power of absorption which makes smoking from a pipe composed of meerschaum less injurious than from one of ordinary clay or wood. The oil of tobacco, or nicotine, is equally deadly being almost as rapid in its action as strychnine. Nicotine, it will be remembered, was the awful agent chosen by Bocarme for poisoning his brother-in-law, a few years since in Belgium, because it killed and at the same time left no sign whereby to convict him. At each whiff of smoke a large drop of the oil of tobacco circulates through the mouth. Indeed, it is quite a trick of smokers to blow the smoke out of their mouths through a white handkerchief, thereby condensing the nicotine on its surface. Five drops of the oil of tobacco will kill a large dog; and it is said, can be so highly concentrated that a single drop can kill an elephant. This poisonous element of the tobacco-smoke the meerschaum absorbs in large quantities, thus preventing it from passing into the mouth of the smoker. For this reason, from a sanitary point of view, a meerschaum is much less injurious than a cigar—a notable example of the evil effect of which is found in the lamentable case of General Grant.

The genuine and imitation meerschaum so closely resemble each other that even connoisseurs are sometimes deceived until the clay is heated, when the genuine is easily distinguished from the imitation. This latter is generally composed of the parings of meerschaum, called "chips," moulded together into form. When heated, however, a pipe composed of these "chips," being unable to contract and expand uniformly, usually cracks, and the wax in

it, not being equally absorbed, slowly burns, emitting at the same time an offensive odor. Although the mania which prevailed in this country a few years since among our collegians for coloring meerschaums has in a great measure die'd out, yet the pipe of that material, for the reasons just mentioned, is still popular, and will doubtless remain so until a better material shall be found to supersede it. Until comparatively recently, Vienna was the only place where meerschaums were manufactured. Lately, however, that city, after having enjoyed the monopoly for more than two centuries, has found two rivals in Paris and New York. Large quantities of the meerschaum clay are now yearly imported into the latter city and placed in the hands of skilled artisans, who turn them out finished specimens of art. Kaldenberg and Sons are the chief importers and manufacturers of meerschaum in this country. Their show window on Fulton street near Nassau, in New York, is a perfect museum of pipes worked into all kinds of beautiful, as well as fantastic and grotesque shapes. One pipe, in particular—valued at \$1500—is six inches high by twelve inches long, and represents in alto-relievo a forest filled with deer pursued by huntsmen on horseback preceded by their hounds. For a long time past smokers have been divided into two classes—the admirers of the pipe and cigar; and the war between these two has raged as fiercely as the war of the Roses. Previous to the events of the last few years, cigars were gaining ground. But the sudden rise in value and the high taxes and duties upon tobacco have greatly advanced the prices of real Havana cigars, pipes have been in the ascendant, and probably will be for some time to come.

William L. Stone.

Life and the World.

The authorship of the following attractive verses is in dispute,—claimed by both Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Col. John A. Joyce:

LAUGH, and the world laughs with you.
Weep, and you weep alone;
For this brave old earth must borrow its mirth,
It has trouble enough of its own.

Sing, and the hills will answer;
Sigh, it is lost on the air!
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you,
Grieve, and they turn and go;
They want full measure for all your pleasure,
But do not want your woe.

Be glad, and your friends are many;
Be sad, and you lose them all.
There are none to decline your nectared wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded;
Fast, and the world goes by.
Succeed and give, and it helps you to live,
But no man can help you to die.

There's room in the halls of pleasure
For a long and lordly train;
But one by one must all file on
Through the narrow aisles of pain.

I will venture to supplement with the following stanzas:

Hope may illumine the future,
Doubt will soon drive it to flight.
Greet the glowing dawn of the rosy morn,
For darkness envelops the night.

Seek hidden treasures in nature;
Come with the lessons they teach:—
Stray summer winds ripple the waste waters fickle,
Bright stars shine in realms beyond reach.

Rush, with the throng for a phantom;
Pause, it has vanished away.
There is little on earth of lasting worth
When best friends last but a day.

The story of labor is wasted;
The fruit is all that men seek.
When no longer you give they'll not ask you to live,
They have use for the strong, not the weak.

Fame, for the slayer of thousands;
Shame, for the slayer of one.
A monument grand to the hero shall stand,
When rivers of blood have run.

Slow in the field of duty,
Intent in error's bayou;
O that men heard the Saviour's blest word:
"Do as you'd have others do!"

Weep in the world, poor pilgrim;
Faithfully having striven,
You will understand in a better land
Why tearful trials were given.

Life and the world! what a struggle!
Death! 'tis the portal of rest.
But the higher life has no worldly strife,—
The peaceful abode of the blest.

Abel Beach.

A Historical Sketch of the Eta Charge.

A history of Eta was read at the convention of 1877 by Brother John G. Libby. The following paper is an amplification of Brother Libby's, brought up to a later date and was read at the thirtieth anniversary of the charge by Brother F. W. Alexander.

The history of the Eta Charge of Theta Delta Chi naturally divides itself into two periods; the first embracing about nine years, from the establishment of the charge till the surrender of its charter; the second extending from its re-establishment to the present time, the twelfth anniversary of that event. There is a lack of information concerning the early history of the charge, for unfortunately the records were destroyed some years ago, and the historian has only a few college traditions and the testimony of those who were members of the charge to rely upon, and the facts to be obtained from these sources are necessarily somewhat meagre and unsatisfactory. From what can be learned of the condition of the charge at that time, we are led to the conclusion that its career was one

of glory, and that its reputation for character, scholarship, and other qualities belonging to the best society, was an enviable one. Many who during their college days labored faithfully for the interests of the charge testify that at the time of their graduation it was in a flourishing condition, and that its members generally stood high in the college, as they have since in the world. Among the members of that period were men prominent in all the walks of life, such men as Colonel F. Davis, '56, of Philadelphia, B. B. Kingsbury, professor of Greek in the University of Missouri; the Rev. Cyrus Stone, D. D., '57, of Farmington, Me., General H. G. Thomas of Portland, and Colonel F. M. Drew, '58 of Lewiston, ex-treasurer of Bowdoin College and ex-secretary of State of Maine; the Hon. W. W. Thomas, '60, of Portland, minister to Sweden; and M. C. Fernald, '61, president of Maine State College of '61. With such men as these for its founders, how could a charge do otherwise than flourish.

The charge was first established in June 1854. At that time, there were in college a considerable number of "oudens" as they were called, that is, men who were not "fished"—or refused to be—and were not taken into the then existing Greek letter societies, *AKE*, *A&Phi*, *X&Psi*, and *ΨT*, but who in elections for chief officers of the general societies, Peucinian and Athenaean, held the balance of power between the secret societies, and used this potent political factor to dictate that some of the officers should be given to the "oudens." Finally, in the spring of '54, the "oudens" of '56 and '57 concluded to see if they could not procure a charter from some college fraternity, and set up for themselves. Accordingly, B. B. Kingsbury, '57, wrote to a friend, P. O. Edson at the University of Vermont, making known his wishes, and he, being a Theta Delt, sent the request to Union. The application was granted, and three members from the Zeta at Brown, were empowered to establish the charge. The ceremonies incident upon the initiation were performed in a hall opposite the church by the delegation of three from the Zeta: Franklin Burdge, an enthusiastic Theta Delt, Henry Brockmeyer, late lieutenant governor of Missouri, and George Upton, lately on the Chicago Tribune. The charter members were; Davis, Johnson, Thompson and Watson of '56, Bean, Chadwick, Hilton, Kingsbury, Little, Nichols, Newvegin and Stone of '57. Brother Burdge writes that he and his associates were much pleased at their reception, and well treated. Instead of the usual supper, the new charge took them down to the sea-shore, where a sloop had been obtained for the occasion,

and they "went fishing." Whether this was in anticipation of the work to be done by them in becoming "fishers of men" for their new society, history does not inform us.

The new society at once took up its quarters in a small hall in a building next south of Dr. Palmer's residence on Main street. So far as I have been able to learn, this was the only hall occupied by the society up to the time of its dismemberment.

We have positive assurance that literary exercises constituted a leading feature of its meetings. The intellectual, as well as the social faculties, were thus receiving their due amount of training. In short, the charge had noble objects in view, and in the attainment of those objects it was guided by right principles. By means of a strict discipline its members guarded carefully their social circle, and sought to realize the ideal embodied in our constitution. The younger members of Eta will always look back with pride to the illustrious record of their predecessors. The society at once became a prominent factor at Bowdoin. In '58 it makes its appearance in the first 'Bugle" ever published at Bowdoin, with a full representation of twenty-two men. There were then five secret societies, and one anti-secret confederation, which did not seem to prosper very well, only one freshman being found on its list. No doubt the rivalry among these societies was very sharp; and there is nothing like rivalry to keep a college society alive and prosperous. We have evidence that the Eta was not a whit behind her rivals in securing a good share of the best men; for she was always well represented in college honors, and many of her members have risen to positions of eminence in state and nation.

The ties of friendship, too, were very close between the brothers of Eta, uniting them in the warm social intercourse of their common brotherhood. Brother M. C. Fernald writes: "My memory of the brotherhood is a pleasant one, and notwithstanding nearly a quarter of a century has passed since my last meeting with it, it gives me no little satisfaction to send my cordial greetings to the brothers who constitute the membership of the Eta Charge of the present day." The Rev. Cyrus Stone, a zealous society man while in college writes: "I have very pleasant recollections of my connection with the charge while a student, and cherish the warmest wishes for its continued success. Some of the most delightful friendships of my life were formed by this agency, and I can but hope that other under graduates will get as much benefit and enjoyment as I did from the brotherly associations." And many others testify to the same effect.

At the breaking out of the Rebellion, Bowdoin was at the height of her prosperity. She had excellent professors and facilities, and the largest class in her history. Her secret societies had full ranks, Theta Delta Chi among the first. Then came the call for men to defend their country from the ruin which seemed impending. The response was prompt and hearty, and as might be expected, those whose appreciation of the situation was most keen were among the first to volunteer their services to aid their country. The change in Bowdoin was a sad one. Many of her best and ablest students doffed the gown and donned the garb of strife. Her halls, which so lately had resounded with the shouts and songs of their happy occupants, were now almost deserted. Grave apprehensions were entertained for the life of the institution. So universal had been the response to the country's call that but few young men were left to pursue the peaceful path of literature.

On account of this great drain upon the college, the Eta suffered severely. Her numbers necessarily became small, but this was not her only misfortune. If it had been, she might have survived the shock. But the time honored adage that "misfortunes never come singly," was destined to fill another fulfilment in the condition of Eta. In this time of national rebellion and treachery in high places, the Theta Deltas of Bowdoin had unwittingly admitted to their company two or three traitors who were base enough to violate their solemn vows and betray the confidence imposed in them. How doubly false must have been their natures to betray their friends in the time of weakness and peril! How doubly deserving the oblivion to which their names are dedicated. Their after course was characteristic of the baseness which their first acts evinced. They joined another society, in which they may have divulged the secrets entrusted to their keeping. Ere this remorse must have seized upon them for the treachery of their college days. The case of these individuals, affording as it does an illustration of the fatal power wielded by a few worthless and vicious fellows, shows us the vital importance of guarding jealously the mystic bonds of our sacred friendship. The lesson to be learned I cannot better express than in the words of our honored brother, the historian of '73, who said referring to a similar case among the founders of our fraternity: "The headlong rivalry of college societies often leads to taking a well appearing young man without sufficient investigation of his character, and hence every society is occasionally, though very rarely, of course, disgraced by a member who is either a sot, a liar, or a cheat. For such a dis-

tressing case there is but one efficient treatment, the bold surgery of expulsion. One bad fellow, if allowed to remain in a chapter, will frighten more than one good fellow from joining, and in after life his unscrupulous friendship will prove a terror to the graduates. The Theta Delta Chi Society is not a church to demand ascetic morality of its members, but there is a certain reasonably indulgent standard of honorable living that not any member should be allowed to fall short of. It is much more important to guard our membership than our secrets. If any excommunicate reveals anything, it is an annoyance, but not a disgrace except to himself, for we have no secrets discreditable either because evil in themselves or because useful for the world to know."

The Eta yielded to the frowns of fate, and in the summer of '63 a vote was taken to disband. The society had ever been remarkable for the sterling worth in the character of its men, and this event was regretted by all. The Bugle of that date expressed the feeling in college thus: "The Theta Delta Chi no longer appears in our columns. We understand the chapter have discontinued their charter, desiring no longer to retain here their active relations towards the general fraternity. We are sorry to be obliged to chronicle the event; to know that hereafter the lithe and majestic Minerva, which has so long been at the head of their society list, will no more add grace and beauty to our columns. Graduates returning to celebrate Triennial will learn with surprise of the movement, and older members will wish it had not been thus. So do we, and we feel that we utter the sentiment of the whole college in so saying."

Time passed on, and the college began to rally from its embarrassment. Prosperity in the form of increased classes and enlarged means of instruction, once more smiled upon it. In 1871 an unusually large class entered, and soon after the question of forming another society began to be agitated. Several meetings in the form of caucuses were held to discuss the matter. Some wanted to resurrect the old anti-secret confederation, some favored the Chi Psi, while a few preferred the Theta Delta Chi. At length, after many stormy debates, the Theta Delta Chi faction withdrew from the rest and decided to carry out its plans alone. A leader was chosen to carry on the correspondence and arrange the preliminaries. After various discouraging delays, the grant of a charter was procured, and April 30, 1872, was appointed for establishing the new charge. Three men from the Kappa came to administer the oath and deliver the secrets and constitution of the

society. The visitors were cordially received and hospitably entertained. At the appointed time they betook themselves to a hall which had been procured for the purpose, and there the initiation took place. Over the festivities of that occasion we must draw the veil. Suffice it to say that in its details it was much like other occasions of the same sort. The charter members were seven: Stone of '72, Boothby of '73, Hobbs of '74, and Deering, McPherson, Pettingill and Smith of '75.

The first meetings of the charge were held in private houses in the vicinity, where the important question of ways and means was discussed. There, too, the campaign against the incoming class of '76 was planned. One of the seven, recalling at a subsequent time the experiences of those days, said: "We soon realized that in truth it was with us to do or die, and we chose the former." Considering the odds against them in the shape of opposition by the other societies and their small numbers, they foresaw that it was only by their earnest and united efforts that success was possible. So they went to work with a will, and "where there's a will, there's always a way." The circumstances of the first initiation were peculiar and worthy of mention. By careful manœuvring they had pledged their first man, and proceeded at once to initiate him. A hall was engaged for the occasion,—they had as yet no hall of their own—and at 10 p. m. the "seven," in charge of their candidate, gaily took their way down town. But their joy was quickly turned to dismay on discovering that the hall door was locked and the key could not be procured that night. Instead of giving up in despair, they explained the matter as best they could and betook themselves to the kitchen of one of their members, who lived in town, where the ceremony was performed. It was their first experience in initiation, and the scene was ludicrous in the extreme. The peculiar habiliments and sepulchral tones contrasted strangely with the surrounding kitchen utensils, and no doubt the impression imparted was one of terror. Soon afterward, a hall was obtained for the permanent use of the society, so there was never any necessity for a repetition of the back-kitchen initiation. This hall on Cleveland street, lately occupied by the G. A. R. was in Eta's possession until Nov. 1874, when the society removed to the hall now occupied by *ZPsi*. This change was necessitated by the rapid increase of membership. The addition of the three large delegations of '76, '77, and '78 and the loss of only three men by the graduation of '72, '73 and '74, had so greatly enlarged the charge that its accommodations in the hall first leased

became cramped and a change was imperative. Accordingly early in the winter of '74-5 we find the Eta snugly ensconced in as fine rooms as those occupied by any society in college, with a membership of twenty-six able, loyal men, and every indication of solid prosperity.

The annual fraternity convention and banquet held under the auspices of Eta at the Revere House in Boston, February 8, 1877, was an occurrence which must not be overlooked. Judging from the records of that time, this event, so eagerly anticipated and keenly enjoyed, was of great benefit. This convention, being the only one held under the auspices of Eta since her re-establishment, deserves more than a passing notice. A fine oration by Horace J. Canfield, a poem by Augustus S. Miller and the history of the Eta charge by J. G. Libby, '76, were the prominent features. The zeal and enterprise of the members of Eta at that time seem to have been unbounded. Nothing in their power to do for their beloved charge was left unattempted. No sooner was one improvement perfected than another was undertaken. The records of that time make frequent mention of the purchase of new furniture and decorations. When we take into consideration the fact that very nearly all of our members since the re-establishment of the charge, at any rate, have been men of very limited means, men who were compelled to work their way and economize in every particular, we can appreciate something of their unselfish devotion to their society. One of the greatest monuments to their generosity, and one that the undergraduates especially can appreciate, is the fine commodious hall, prepared under their direction and furnished at their expense.

In 1879, this building was remodelled and the third story fitted up for our use under the supervision of a committee from our men then in college, in accordance with an agreement made with Mr. Martin, the owner. From that time till the dedication in June, 1881, our brothers exerted themselves to the utmost to procure the appropriate furnishings and dedicate the hall free from debt. Scarcely a meeting was held during this time at which the subject of the hall was not brought up and discussed. In order to make the dedication an event of great interest, the anniversary exercises were postponed till such time as the hall should be ready. Finally the long-expected occasion arrived and confessedly the finest society hall at Bowdoin was occupied by old Eta. Doubtless some members of our '84 delegation remember the festivities. Our society, at that time had become one of the largest and strongest in col-

lege, a position which she has since nobly maintained. Without doubt, among disinterested people, the faculty, towns people and all who have dealings with us, the Theta Delta Chi has a standing equal to that of any society in college. By its scholarship, its record in sports, its generous support of all movements tending to benefit the students and college, its decided stand in opposition to hazing, that old-time curse of Bowdoin and its noble course in all crises, it has won a high place, and is proud of it. It has gained the respect and envy of the other societies, yet they have no reason to regard it with other than friendly feelings, for its relations with them have ever been fair and honorable.

The addition of the '85 delegation of thirteen, the largest ever initiated by the charge, swelled our numbers to thirty-three, an under-graduate roll never surpassed in our history. But while our numbers have been large, the greatest care has been exercised in the selection of men. In not a single instance has a man been taken merely for the purpose of enlarging our number. On the contrary, we have taken only those whose character and habits were good, and with whom we could associate on terms of closest intimacy. The best proof of this is found in the perfect unanimity of feeling which has prevailed. From the first the distinguishing characteristic of the charge has been the close union of its members. All have had in view the same purpose, have been actuated by the same motives. Every man has been loyal and true, and has considered it his highest privilege to do something to advance the interests of the Fraternity. Such men cannot fail of making life a success, and nobly are they doing it. Though our alumni of the last twelve years are necessarily young men still, many have already attained positions of great honor and trust. We know that only time is necessary to place our brothers in the Theta Delt's proper position, at the top.

To close a history of our charge without mention of our brothers who have passed on before would be an inexcusable neglect of duty, painful though it may be to recall those sad hours. It seems to me that our visitations of this nature have been singularly few. Only three have died before completing their course, Brothers Smith, '75, French, '81, and Chase, '85, while two have been called away since graduating, Brothers Andrews, '76, and Metcalf, '77. This small number from our large society roll for the last twelve years seems to me to furnish cause for gratitude that the ranks of our recent brotherhood are as yet comparatively unbroken. Much might be said of these brothers, their

fraternity record, and noble work until death took them from us, but I feel that this is no occasion for sad thoughts, and after all, our best tribute to their memory is the statement that they were true, noble Theta Delts. The azure portals of the Omega Charge have opened and they have passed in. "Peace to their ashes,— and until we each in turn shall pass the gates of death, and in the great 'Hereafter' shall grasp their hands again, farewell."

Thus I have endeavored to bring out what seemed to me the salient points in Eta's history. Looking at our record, we see nothing for which we should blush, but much in which we ought to take great pride. With such a record and standing, our outlook for the future ought certainly be bright. That our future will equal, if not surpass our noble past, we firmly trust and believe. What more can we say?

F. W. Alexander.

Heroes of Delta.

In the library of the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute are six windows to the memory of sons of the Institute who gave their lives for their country in the late civil war. One of these windows commemorates a $\Delta\Phi$ and three brothers of the $\Theta\Delta X$. The window of the $\Delta\Phi$ contains the Maltese cross of that order, and two of the three to our own brothers bear the shield of $\Theta\Delta X$. At the semi-centennial of the Institute in 1874, Professor Nason read memorials of the six men commemorated by these windows, and among them the following sketches of Major Cromwell and Lieutenants Fisher and Merian of the Delta Charge.

MAJOR JAMES CROMWELL, C. E.

"The good die young, but they whose hearts,
Are dry as summer's dust, burn in their sockets."

James Cromwell was born at Cornwall, N. Y., January 4, 1840. He was of Quaker parentage, and remained himself a member of that society until he joined the army. Some men are not made of common clay; and whatever may be their rank in a social point of view, God writes *noble men* on their brows, and all men pay involuntary respect. This was especially true of James Cromwell.

He entered the Institute in May, 1858, and graduated June 3, 1861, in advance of his class, in order to enter the service of the country he loved so dearly, that glorious cause for which he ultimately sacrificed his life. We, who knew and loved him, are able to contemplate his student life with unalloyed satisfaction. Not

only did he stand high in the prescribed studies of the Institute course, but those same qualities which won him respect and esteem amid the noise and bloodshed of war, made him first in the affection of his fellows in the peaceful pursuits of science. He was elected to the most popular office among the students, which he retained as long as he remained in Troy. Better than all, his character stands out prominent in its moral purity, unstained by any of those youthful excesses which are too often the accompaniments of college life. He was a gentleman in the truest, noblest acceptation of the word.

The firing on Fort Sumter aroused in James Cromwell, all the indignation natural to a heart so full of truthfulness and patriotism. He would, by entering the army, oppose the teachings of that religion under whose tenets he had been educated. Nothing bade him go but the call of duty; to him that call was more than all else. "Bid me stay," he told his friends, "and there is an end of the matter, but remember, that while I obey you I will be neglecting a solemn call from God and my country, a course which would sadly affect all my after life." One answer could come to such an appeal, and one only: "Go, and God bless you." He did go; and of all our noble martyrs that have been called from "works to rewards," none went with more Christian purpose or with braver heart than James Cromwell.

He was engaged in various skirmishes, among others at Manassas Gap, November 6, 1862, and in the more important conflicts at Fredericksburg, Va., December 14 and 15, 1862, at Chancellorsville, Va., May 2, 3, and 4, 1863, at Beverly Ford, Va., June 9, 1863, and at the decisive battle of Gettysburg, July 2, 1863, in which he lost his life, at the early age of twenty-three. Throughout his career as a soldier his courage was conspicuous even in that army of brave men, who purchased peace for us at such a costly price. James Cromwell seemed fully to illustrate in his brief life the familiar lines —

"Where duty calls or danger
Be never wanting there."

Thus responding to the call of duty and liberty among the first, he was true to their promptings to the last; and at the age of twenty-three he had attained a position commanding the respect of all. How grand his tall figure looms up amid the smoke and blood of the battle! Patiently and heroically he had borne the heat and burden of the fight with his men — stubbornly they had held their

ground amid an iron storm, till the enemy wavered and were giving way — then riding forward, he turned to his men with a grand smile, and called upon them to advance, shouting *Victory!* At that moment the fatal shot struck him, but “he came a conqueror to his rest.” Though he then departed, the glad smile still remained upon his features — victory remained; and his noble memory remains, and will ever be one of the most cherished traditions of his alma mater. In our memories he will ever be enshrined, as he last stood on that great decisive battle-field of the century — a smile upon his face, his sword waving high, and shouting *Victory!*

LIEUTENANT OTIS FISHER.

Otis Fisher was born at Newport, Me., December 5, 1840, but at the time of entering the Institute, was a resident of Trenton, N. J. He came to the Institute in the fall of 1859, and remained until after the commencement of war in 1861. The first gun of Sumter set fire to his patriotism, and the desire to serve his country grew stronger as every appeal for soldiers came from our Capitol. He talked, dreamed, thought of nothing but the army until he received his commission. A letter written home, making known his desire, brought his father to Troy. Never can I forget the morning they came together to my room. The aged father, quite infirm, his head bowed, and his face speaking louder than his words the deep sadness of his heart, told me that, while one son was in the navy, it seemed too much to give another for the army. After stating all the case, he raised his eyes, full of anguish, and said, “Oh! can you not, by the affection he bears for you as well as for me, influence him to remain at home, at least until the need of men is greater than now?” And then came the answer that neither of us could well meet: “When will the need be greater than now, and if it is the duty of any one to go now, why is it not mine? Father, I *must* go.”

He soon after sought an appointment in the regular army, and by the influence of Hon. John C. Ten Eyck, United States Senator, received a commission as lieutenant in the Eighth United States Infantry. He was for a time on duty at Fort Columbus in New York harbor, and recruiting at Scranton, Pa. His regiment

being ordered to Virginia, he joined them. Being desirous of more active service, he sought and obtained a staff appointment.

About the time of the second battle of Manassas, he was taken prisoner by accident. Being sent with an order, and returning to the position of his brigade, he found himself surrounded by rebel forces, who captured him and took him to Richmond, where he was confined for several months in Libby Prison. Upon his release he returned home, with very evident appearance of privation and suffering from his treatment in captivity. When he had sufficiently recovered he joined his regiment in Virginia, and was afterward put upon the staff of General Wilcox. At the battle of Gettysburg, General Archer's brigade was captured by our army, and the Eighth United States Infantry were detailed as a guard of prisoners. General Archer had captured Lieutenant Fisher, and his regiment were much inclined to return in kind the severe treatment their beloved young lieutenant had received from his troops. In the advance of General Grant upon Richmond, he was in all the battles, and constantly under fire, commanding the praise of his superiors and the respect of the whole corps with which he was connected, by his gallantry. He received a slight wound, which did not disable him, and continued on duty. At the explosion of the mine before Petersburg, among other dangerous duties, he carried an order from the Fifth to the Ninth corps, crossing the space between them, which was swept by the artillery and musketry of both sides, and narrowly escaped with his life, a bullet passing through his hat. When the last advance was made, on Friday, September 30, below Petersburg, he volunteered to take command of a battalion of the Fourteenth New York Heavy Artillery, under Major Randall, and was wounded in the charge of the regiment, but kept command until they came out of action. For this gallant act he received the praise of all who witnessed his bravery, and the warmly expressed admiration of the soldiers he had led. The wound was in the head, and although serious, it was hoped he would recover; but on the evening of October 3 he died in hospital, and his body was forwarded to his home in Trenton.

His disposition was kind and affectionate; his manner modest and unassuming; his will firm and courageous. With such qualities, it was the fond anticipation of his many friends that he would attain the highest military honors. He has, however, fallen young, but not without leaving his record as a true soldier and patriot. Such is the brief sketch of his military life.

LIEUTENANT HENRY W. MERIAN, C. E.

Henry W. Merian was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., December 31, 1839. He entered the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute in 1856, and graduated in 1858. On returning to Brooklyn he entered the engineer department of the Ridgewood Water Works, in Brooklyn, and was actively engaged in surveying, &c., until the beginning of the civil war, when he joined a New York volunteer regiment for three month's service on the upper Potomac.

After his return he was admitted to the United States Navy, engineer's department, in 1862, and after some service in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, was appointed Third Assistant Engineer to the United States Monitor Weehawken, and left in her for Port Royal, S.C., on the 19th of January, 1863; thence for Warsaw Sound, Ga., where, on the 17th of June, 1863, the Weehawken had the good fortune, single-handed, to capture the rebel ram Atlanta. In July, 1863, she proceeded to Charleston harbor, and for four months was actively employed in shelling Forts Sumter, Moultrie, and others. On the 6th of December, 1863, while at anchor in the bay, she foundered, and three of her engineers then on duty in the engine-room, one of whom was Henry W. Merian, lost their lives. He died in the service of his country, at the age of twenty-three years and 11 months, universally regretted by all who knew him. In 1872, some of the remains of the lost ones on board the Weehawken were recovered, brought by order of the Navy Department to the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and there committed to earth with military honors.

Fraternity Hymn.

LOVE CANNOT DIE

Thuringian Air: — "How Can I Leave Thee!"

Joyful we greet you,
 Brothers beloved and true,
 'Neath our Black, White and Blue
 Banner we love!

Raise now the chorus high,
 Praise Theta Delta Chi,
 Bright shine our stars above,
 Love cannot die!

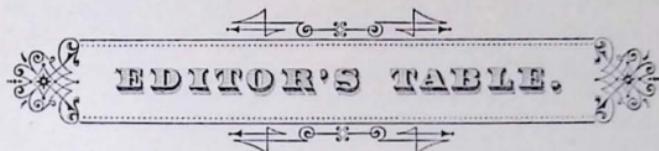
Raise now the anthem,
 Of our Fraternity,
 Praise Theta Delta Chi
 In heart and song.

Let every Shield rejoice,
 Join every Theta's voice,
 The chorus loud prolong:
 Love cannot die!

Fate soon may sever,
 Fond hearts must say "Farewell!"
 Time sadly tolls the knell
 Of happy hours.

But we shall meet once more,
 United as of yore,
 Amid Omega's flowers,
 Love cannot die!

Lewis Halsey, XI.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

We present in the usual place some extracts which still seem to be worthy of note of a communication from the Iota Charge which, although received some time before the delayed number actually appeared, was somewhat too late for a place in the forms. This letter was one of great interest at the time and we regretted our inability to use it when the various matters referred to would have been of immediate interest.

In the published extracts of the letter above referred to will be found notice of the expulsion by the Iota of Shirley R. Snow of the class of '87. Unpleasant as are these passages in our fraternal life, the words of Brother Burdge, quoted elsewhere in this number, are full of truth. There are, indeed, many cases in which the only remedy for a mistake is the "bold surgery of expulsion." It is indicative of the spirit which seeks to nourish and perpetuate our Fraternity, that the Iota Charge has overcome the natural repugnance to such action and has cut off the unfruitful limb. If we rightly apprehend the circumstances, the spirit shown by Mr. Snow, which brought about his expulsion, was that which, if allowed to enter a fraternity chapter at Harvard, will cause that chapter's death. It is the most fatal seed that could be sown in the soil which *ΘΑΞ* would cultivate and to cast it aside was the only safe course to be pursued.

The receipt by the editor some time since of an article signed only with a *non de plume* leads us to remind contributors that we cannot use manuscript unless we have, for our own information, the true name of the author. A little thought will show any one

that this demand is a reasonable one. In the case referred to the article consisted of reminiscences, very pleasant, indeed, which we should have been glad to use, but there was no guarantee that we were not being imposed on by an outsider and that the publication of the article would not be displeasing to the persons referred to in it. We were thus placed in the unpleasant position of being unable to use a contribution and also of being unable to explain to the author. If he sees this, it may be agreeable to him to know that the manuscript is still in our hands and when we have his name as a guarantee of reliability and a place for the responsibility to rest, we shall be glad to use a part or all of it. The name, of course, will not be published unless it be desired.

EDWARD O. GRAVES.

No appointment of President Cleveland has attracted more general approval, or been considered more as an earnest of his adherence to the principles of reform in the civil service, than that of Edward O. Graves to be chief of the bureau of engraving and printing. Brother Graves is a noble example of the living principle of that reform. He is an example in his own person and in his official practice. On his merited promotion, friend and foe, the organs of both parties, and the free lances of journalism, which own allegiance to no party, have alike set the seal of their warmest approval. It is a good example in these supposedly "degenerate days" of politics, that an absolutely stainless integrity in official life and the carrying out of the vital principle of civil service reform by the executive of the nation, silences carping tongues by the absolute force of truth, while an appointment of the other kind is sure to raise a cry of opposition from one part of the people or the other. In this is evidence of the way in which the bitterness of party strife may be cleared away and the "old gods" return. It is a source of especial gratification to us that this man, who is assisting so materially to light a new lamp to illumine the path of our political progress is a member of *O A X*. The position of our brotherhood to-day in public or private life may well give us a sacred pride and confidence in the nobility of our order, for that lives in the nobility of its sons. Lockwood, a Democrat, by the power of his influence and his oratory seats a president and loses, without a sign of disappointment, through loyalty to his friend, the honor to which he was

richly entitled. Graves, a Republican, wins a high position before the Nation as the representative of all that is pure and noble in our political institutions, and the determined foe of all that is evil and pernicious. These are but two examples of note through recent events. With a small membership, we find an unusually large proportion of our brothers holding responsible positions in public and private life. Comparatively few are obscure and it is the rule with these that they are found to shine in their own circles through the finer qualities of head or heart. The success of our younger brothers in these days of over-crowded professions and failing business is remarkable. Only here and there is one left by the wayside and in canvassing the records of the classes of the more recent years we find nearly all filling positions of unusual prominence and responsibility for young men. Is it that we are especially fortunate in our choice of men in their freshman days or is it that the noble and ennobling principle which our fraternal life presents to the neophyte gives him an incentive and an example to live a true, a useful, and a manly life? We believe it to be both these things that make the Fraternity what it is, and we are certain that in the latter cause is found the truest answer to the question.

THE YEAR BEFORE US.

The convention of this month and the year of work which is to follow it will be of great importance to the Fraternity and its welfare. We are reaching the age as an organization when we are peculiarly susceptible to the "dry rot" which has a fatal effect on so many societies, while as an offset there lies before us the wide field of effort, with every promise guaranteed by our past for success in the future. To avoid the disease and to attain the highest degree of health is the effort which must be made in all the charges and by all the brothers. An effort must be made all along the line.

There is something which we would impress most forcibly upon our readers. It is the necessity that this effort be united effort, that each one shall do his share that the burden may be made light. This is impressed upon the writer by the fact that several enterprises in which he has been interested, enterprises fraught with the utmost importance to the Fraternity as well as to certain component parts, have been at a standstill for a long time past when everything was favorable to success, because too much de-

pendence was placed on a few and they were not able to carry what was given them. It is impressed upon him because THE SHIELD has been infected with the "dry rot" of which we write, and has labored and blundered in its course when everything seemed to promise prosperity, solely because there has been a lack of united effort and a hesitation in sharing responsibility. If the work of a fraternity is to succeed it must be fraternal, spontaneous, hearty and united. There is no promise of gain in it. There is no question of fame. There is absolutely no reward except that which the love of the fraternity and love of the men who compose it gives. The stockholders of a corporation may place their responsibilities upon the shoulders of one man or a few men who are paid for assuming the burden. We cannot do this. We can offer nothing to compensate any one for the sacrifice necessary to assume the labors which must be accomplished. We must therefore do together, each in his place, the work it is necessary to do.

The time is full of promise. Our charges are in good condition. The ro'l of colleges is an excellent one, to which we are now able to proudly welcome the honored name of Amherst. After much delay the lately chartered Boston Graduate Charge has been organized under most promising auspices, and there is every prospect that the convention of '86 will see not only this but other graduate charges enrolling our alumni and making more available the full strength of the Fraternity. Of THE SHIELD we shall have much to say to the convention. Its affairs deserve and should receive the earnest and thoughtful attention of the delegates. Many matters which cannot be ignored will also claim the attention of our legislative body. But it is the months that follow the convention which most need attention, for it is becoming axiomatic that the conventions of *O.J.X* are successful working bodies. It is to the duties of charge life in the college that the undergraduate most needs to turn his attention and to his duty and obligation in the world to the fraternity to which he has sworn allegiance that the alumnus should most devote himself. Until a system of graduate charges is thoroughly developed and established it must fall much to the active members to keep the alumni of the respective charges in connection with the working body so that their interest, sympathy and support may be counted on. This the young member too often forgets, expecting from the graduate, immersed in the cares of life, the same spirit with regard to

the work of the Fraternity that he finds among his younger associates. This is manifestly impossible, but if the under graduate members, those who are in the harness, will rightly approach the older men, they will find it not difficult to see the same spirit, the same willingness to do all it is in their power to do, which was characteristic of the boys of twenty years ago.

Brethren, the fields are white for the harvest. It is our boast to have perpetuated, by the induction of worthy men into our circle, the spirit which founded our Fraternity and placed charges in the face of obstacles in the leading colleges of the country. We are under obligations to prove to those in whose foot-steps we follow that the boast is not an empty one. *Noblesse oblige.* We have reached the noontide when the sun either burns to death or nourishes into life. To show a robustness of life which defies its brilliancy is the duty before us.

The Thirty Ninth Convention.

The Thirty Ninth Annual Convention of the Theta Delta Chi Fraternity will assemble at the Windsor Hotel in New York City on Wednesday, November 18, and will continue in session on the Thursday and Friday following. The banquet will as usual take place on the last evening of the session. The Mu Deuteron Charge of Amherst will be represented for the first time and it is hoped that the new graduate charge at Boston will also send a delegate.

Brothers Taft, Dorchester and Wilde are to represent the Lambda Charge.

The affairs of THE SHIELD are commended to the consideration of delegates as a careful report will be presented and the resignation of the editor will be presented.

Theta Delta Chi.

Established at Union College, 1846.

1885.

GRAND LODGE.



President.

SEWARD A. SIMONS, - - - Buffalo, N. Y.

Secretary.

GEORGE LAWYER, - - - Clinton, N. Y.

Treasurer.

CARL A. HARSTROM, - - - Geneva, N. Y.

Charge Roll.

1870. *Beta*, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.
 1853. *Delta*, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N. Y.
 1854. *Eta*, Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Me.
 1854. *Theta*, Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio.
 1855. *Iota*, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.
 1856. *Kappa*, Tufts College, College Hill, Mass.
 1876. *Lambda*, Boston University, Boston, Mass.
 1857. *Xi*, Hobart College, Geneva, N. Y.
 1869. *Omicron Deuteron*, Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H.
 1881. *Pi Deuteron*, College of City of New York, New York City.
 1883. *Rho Deuteron*, Columbia College, New York City.
 1861. *Sigma*, Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa.
 1866. *Phi*, Lafayette College, Easton, Pa.
 1867. *Psi*, Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y.
 1884. *Nu Deuteron*, Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pa.
 1885. *Mu Deuteron*, Amherst College, Amherst, Mass.
 1885. *Boston Graduate Charge*, Boston, Mass.



••Central•New•York•Association••

Theta Delta Chi

BETA.

XI.

DELTA.

PSI.



••New*England*Association••

OF THETA DELTA CHI.

ETA.

IOTA

KAPPA.

LAMBDA

OMICRON DEUTERON

Among the Charges.

Delta.

RENSSELAER POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE.

Although Delta graduated few men last year, most of the members stayed for the Commencement exercises and afterwards attended the hop given by '86 to the graduating class. Brother Reynders was one of the hop committee, and thanks to their efforts, the hop was a complete success.

Since Delta's last letter to *THE SHIELD* we have initiated William George Preston, '88, into Theta Delta Chi. Not long after he joined us he had trouble with his eyes and was obliged to give up study and go to his home in Buffalo, New York.

Brother Seward A. Simons paid us a short visit on April 16. He stayed at Brother F. E. Wadham's house in Albany, and in the evening we all went down to see him and enjoyed ourselves very much in Brother Wadham's "pool parlor."

Brother John Hyatt, of Beta, called on us several times last spring and we are always glad to see him. Brother Morris Sherrerd was away from Troy for a short time in May, and when he returned he brought Brother George N. Grass up from New York with him. Although Brother Grass did not stay long, yet while he was here we had a very lively time. We expected him to come again with some of the New York boys to spend Decoration Day with us, but for some reason he was unable to do so.

In *THE SHIELD* for October, 1884, the engagement of Brother John M. Sherrerd, of Phi, to Miss Carrie F. Hawley, was announced, and on the 21st of last May they were married at the First Presbyterian Church of this city. The active members of the Delta were all there, and we afterwards went to the reception at the house of the bride's parents. Three of the ushers at the wedding were Theta Deltas: Brother Israel P. Pardee of Phi, and Brother Morris Sherrerd and Brother W. C. Hawley of Delta. On the evening of the wedding day we took advantage of Brother Pardee's presence to have a little jollification and the time passed very pleasantly, Brother Pardee's jokes and anecdotes being extremely entertaining. Brother Aleck Sherrerd of Phi, also came to Troy to attend his brother's wedding, but he left too soon to take part in our evening's fun.

The annual spring meeting of the R. P. I. Athletic Association took place on Wednesday, June 3. Theta Deltas won three events and were second in five. Brother Blandy was first and Brother Cuntz second in the one hundred yards dash. Brother Reynders was second in the football kick. Brother Cuntz was first in the standing broad jump and the standing high jump, and second in the running broad jump, the hop, step and jump and the running high jump.

The R. P. I. base-ball nine did very well last season, winning five out of the eight games played. Our last game was with Lafayette, and as we had been beaten by them once at Easton, we were naturally anxious to return the compliment. After an exciting contest our nine was victorious by the close score of ten to nine. Brother D. L. Emanuel, of Phi, who is one of the Lafayette base-ball directors, came to Troy with his nine and made us a short but pleasant visit.

Brother Rosentreter attended the annual banquet of the Phi in June, and was very well entertained by the brothers at Lafayette.

Iota.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

An accession to Iota's rank not hitherto announced in **THE SHIELD** is Brother T. C. Von Storch, '87, who was initiated into the mysteries of Theta Delta Chi, February 18, 1885. On the other hand the charge has been called upon to part with one of her members, S. R. Snow, who was expelled from the Fraternity March 18. The action was taken by and with the advice of the Grand Lodge.

Harvard's new departure has called out a good deal of discussion from all quarters. According to the new regulations, after '87, a young man may enter Harvard College and become a candidate for the degree of A. B. without having spent a single hour on any one of the Greek authors, or, in fact, without having learned a single Greek letter. But let him not think that he has thereby shortened, by so much as a single week, the term of his preparation for College, for in order to omit Greek he must be prepared on some other subject considered a full equivalent. As for example, in mathematics he may offer Algebra (complete), solid geometry, trigonometry and analytic geometry, together with original work in physical experiments actually performed by the student. That is to say, he must be prepared in all the mathematics required at many colleges for graduation, while in modern languages he must be able to read readily and to write, with some considerable degree of fluency, either French or German. He may omit Latin in place of Greek if he prefers, but he must offer its full equivalent.

The idea prompting the change seems to be that the time has come when a young man must know something well, and in every great branch of knowledge there is room for life-work. He has not time to get a smattering of everything, and, if he be inclined to any of the natural or exact sciences, he had better spend his time on these subjects which will have a bearing on his future work. Most of us here believe that the measure is a good one and in favor of sound scholarship.

Psi.

HAMILTON COLLEGE.

The college year of 1885 was one that Psi can look back upon with just pride. Our '85 brothers were: George Lawyer, E. W. Ruggles and F. J. Swift. Although represented by only three men, $\Theta\Delta X$ led the Hamilton fraternities in taking commencement prizes. The honors taken were as follows: Brother Lawyer, $\Phi B K$, first debate prize; Brother Ruggles, $\Phi B K$, third honor, and Clark prize appointment; Brother Swift, Kellogg commencement prize, which, when placed beside his first McKinney freshman declamation prize proves Brother Swift the best speaker in the class of '85. Brother Timerman, '87, added to the list a first McKinney sophomore declamation prize. Of the term prizes, Brother Lee, '86, received a Hawley scholarship medal, and Brother Perine, '87, a first sophomore essay prize.

At the intercollegiate contest in athletics held at Geneva, May 30, Brother Ayres, '88, captured two gold medals, a first prize for throwing the hammer and a second prize in putting the shot.

But Psi has captured other prizes than these and wishes to introduce them to $\Theta\Delta X$ as worthy bearers of the "Shield." First we introduce Brother Benjamin G. Robbins, '87, Sandy Creek, who after being two years among the Hamilton fraternities thus acknowledges $\Theta\Delta X$ to be in the van. Next Brother J. H. Pardee, '80. Lysander, a nephew of Brother A. G. Benedict, '72, prepared at Clinton Grammar School, where he took second place in a large class and first declamation prize; Brother J. D. Rodgers, prepared at Utica Academy, and Brother L. B. Williams, prepared at Rome Academy under Brothers Sherwood, '82, and Bates, '83. Both Rodgers and Williams were graduated with high scholarship honors. With such a record Psi feels satisfied with the past and confident of the future.

Brother Perine, '87, will succeed Brother Powers, '86, as editor of the *Hamiltonian*, and Brother Lee, '86, will succeed Brother Lawyer, '85, as editor and business manager of the *Literary Monthly*. Brother Brown, '87, has been elected Psi editor for THE SHIELD, and Brother Squire, '87, to control the finances. Charge correspondence should be directed to Brother M. E. Powers.

Commencement brought to Clinton a number of Psi alumni. Brother J. H. Cunningham, '66, of the Utica *Morning Herald*; R. C. Briggs, '73, Rome; S. W. Petrie, '76, Little Falls; H. H. Getman, '79, Kansas City, Mo.; J. P. Olney, '79, Rome; L. N. Southworth, '79, West Winfield; W. B. Morrow, '80, Walton; B. W. Sherwood, '82, Rome; A. N. Shaw, '82, Orchard Lake, Mich.; J. D. Cary, '84, Richfield Spa; I. N. Gere, '84, Syracuse. Before commencement Psi was visited by Brother J. Wilford Jacks, '67, Romulus; F. D. Westcott, '81, Utica; and C. L. Bates, '83, Rome.

There is little of importance to be written in regard to the charge house for Psi. We are anxiously awaiting the report of the trustees who are raising the money necessary. By the payment of \$300 by the

active members of Psi a lot has been secured. The purchase price was \$550 and the remaining \$250 is covered by a mortgage. The deed is held in the name of Psi Charge. It is expected that work will begin upon the house as soon as sufficient money is raised by the trustees. The lot is half way up the Hill, immediately below the "arbor" and above the lots owned by the Δ Υ and Ψ Υ .

We cannot close this letter without a short reference to two pleasant receptions, lately tendered the members of Psi. The first of these, June 20, was by Mr. and Mrs. Westcott of New York Mills. There are few of our alumni who do not know Mrs. Westcott, with whom the brothers of Psi boarded for fifteen years. One of the boys remarked that "Mrs. W. boarded Theta Deltas so long that she knows just what Theta Deltas like," and the royal spread given the boys proved the truth of the statement, making us wish we had been in college years ago. A pleasant evening was passed in singing, etc., and with a rousing cheer for our host and hostess we took carriages for Clinton.

A week later, June 27, the brothers were the guests of Professor and Mrs. Benedict at Houghton Seminary. Everything was prepared for our entertainment,—including ladies. We know of no brother who did not enjoy the afternoon. Evening had fallen before the company separated, wishing Brother Benedict long and continued prosperity in his work.

Eta.

BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

Eta has initiated eleven fine men from the class of '89: J. L. Bodge of So. Windham; F. M. Russell, Lovell; J. R. Clark, New Portland; F. J. C. Little, Jefferson; Herbert Merrill, Gray; S. G. Stacy, Kezar Falls; C. F. Hersey, Waterford; F. C. Russell, Centre Lovell; C. L. Mitchell, Freeport; C. H. Harriman, Fryeburg; C. H. Hill, Cape Elizabeth; Five of the ten commencement orators last June, were Theta Deltas, F. W. Davis, W. R. Butler, F. W. Alexander, L. B. Fulsom and J. F. Libby. Bowdoin won the intercollegiate four oared race at Worcester last July, with three Theta Deltas in her crew, F. I. Brown, F. W. Davis and F. W. Alexander. Of the seven prizes given to the graduating class, four were won by our men, F. W. Davis winning the sixty dollar prize for the best written commencement part and the first prize of thirty dollars for extemporaneous composition, F. W. Alexander, one of the first prizes for English composition and J. F. Libby, a second prize for the same. The charge now numbers twenty eight active members, all of whom stand high in the college.

Lambda.

BOSTON UNIVERSITY.

Brother Richardson, our former correspondent, has found a new journalistic field in the sanctum of a Lowell paper. Four staunch Theta

Delts have decided to transfer their allegiance to our sister charge at Amherst. Mu Duteron is to be congratulated in obtaining men of such royal Theta Delt spirits as Brothers Moulton, Heard, Buck and Leonard. Brothers Meserve and Smith have also left college. But Lambda is not so badly off, for with the new year a new class has come, and with it good material for our fraternity. We have already initiated nine new members. The present list of our active membership is as follows:

Foy S. Baldwin,	Albion W. Hobson,
George C. Benedict,	Charles D. Jones,
Charles W. Blackett,	Emerson A. Kimball,
William M. Brigham,	Frank R. Magee,
Fred M. Brooks,	Frank J. Metcalf,
Andrew L. Chase,	George W. Newhall,
William E. Chenery,	Wales R. Stockbridge Jr.,
William H. Clifford.	William A. Sullivan,
Liverus H. Dorchester,	Frank L. Wheat,
Luther Freeman,	Arthur H. Wilde,
John C. Ferguson,	

=>:FRATRIANH:<=

Delta.

'61. Warren T. Kellogg is corresponding secretary of the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute Alumni Association.

'84. Juan F. Echeverria is in business at his home in Costa Rica.

Lambda.

'84. A. L. Bartlett was the Republican candidate for representative in Ward 22, Boston, at the late election. Unfortunately the district is hopelessly Democratic.

'86. George R. Keene is teaching in Lyman School at East Boston and an evening school at Roxbury.

Kappa.

'58. A. E. Scott, whose election to the State Senate of Massachusetts has been chronicled, held a permanent position in that body during the recent session, and has been re-elected this fall.

'60. It is reported that President Capen, with several others, has purchased a considerable tract of land on the shore at Boothbay, Me., for the erection of summer residences.

Oscar G. Sawyer is not in Portsmouth, having given up his secretaryship. When last heard from he was expecting to go to New York, to take a correspondent's position on the *New York Herald*.

'67. Byron Groce has been enjoying an extensive European tour during the past year.

'74. Fred W. Eddy is a journalist in New York city. He has acted in the capacity of correspondent for various papers in that city and is now doing the same service for the Associated Press. He was at Mt. McGregor during the closing weeks of General Grant's illness.

'77. F. B. Harrington has already attained a high rank in his profession, that of medicine, and has a large and growing practice.

'80. E. E. Davis is meeting with great success in the practice of dentistry. With his partner, Dr. Wills, he has offices at Quincy, Mass., where he resides, on Warren Street, Boston Highlands, and at No. 44 Boylston Street, Boston.

R. H. Eddy, brother of F. W. of '74, has begun the practice of medicine with excellent prospects. His office is on Temple Street, Boston.

'82. George R. Howe is connected with the London White Lead and Color Company in Hartford, Conn.

'83. Charles H. Puffer has removed to Kansas.

'84. W. L. Marvin is at present acting on the editorial staff of the *Boston Daily Advertiser*. Edwin A. Start occupies the position of night city editor of the same paper. Brother Start's address is now Suite 5, Hotel Aldine, No. 561, Columbus Avenue, Boston.

'85. William H. Gould has entered the Tufts Divinity School.

Herbert E. Taylor will go into business.

S. W. Mendum received the first prize for the seniors in the oratorical competition at Tufts, in June. This makes Brother Mendum's record in three contests two first prizes and a second.

'87. Charles Henry Patterson is to be added to the list of the brothers in this class.

MARRIED.

'84. In Portsmouth, N. H., June, 1885, Winthrop L. Marvin and Miss Nellie McLoon of Portsmouth.

'84. In Windsor, Conn., September 9, 1885, by the Rev. William A. Start, '62, father of the groom, Edwin A. Start of Boston and Miss Julia E. Moor of Windsor.

Psi.

'79. The name of a new law firm in Kansas City, Mo., is Getman and Palmer, their office being at No. 117 West Sixth Street. We are glad to see the brothers keeping up college and fraternity relations in so commendable a manner.

'82. A. N. Shaw has resigned his position in the Academy at Orchard Lake, Mich., and has entered Columbia Law School.

'84. J. B. Hastings has accepted the position of principal in the academy at Southampton, L. I.

'84. E. H. Jenks expects to return to college in the fall and finish his course, which was interrupted by sickness.

'85. E. W. Ruggles has chosen medicine for his profession and will attend lectures in New York.

'85. F. J. Swift has accepted the position of professor of elocution in Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute.

'87. C. H. Timerman concludes his collegiate course with the past year, to enter upon a law course in the law school.

IN GENERAL.

WILLIS S. PAINE.

At its last commencement Manhattan College bestowed upon Willis S. Paine of the Chi Charge, superintendent of the banking department of the State of New York, and author of "The Laws of the State of New York relating to Banks, Banking and Trust Companies," the merited degree of LL.D.

GEORGE P. UPTON.

Mr. George P. Upton, Zeta 1854, has prepared a book on "The Standard Operas" which will shortly be published by Jansen, McClurg & Co. It is intended for the constant use of opera-lovers, and will contain a sketch of each of the modern operas, with a recapitulation of its plot, an analysis of its music, an account of its composer, etc.

EDWARD O. GRAVES.

Brother Graves, whose address before the alumni of Hobart is given elsewhere, is a native of Herkimer County, N. Y., and the son of Judge Graves, a man well known in his state in private life and as a public official. Brother Graves entered Hobart College in the class of 1864, but did not graduate. He has since been made an alumnus of the institution, however, by the bestowal upon him of the degree of A.M. He has become thoroughly identified with the cause of good government and the organization of an efficient public service. Some time since he was made a lecturer of Trinity College on the "Science of Administration," so that, with President Smith at the head of that institution, Θ Δ X may well claim some influence in Trinity. At the time of his recent appointment to the position of chief of the bureau of engraving and printing, Brother Graves was filling ably the office of assistant treasurer of the United States. He succeeded in his present position Mr. T. M. Bur-rill, an appointee of Secretary Folger. From a Washington despatch of May 9, to the *New York Times*, we take the following interesting account of Brother Graves's career as a public officer :

A history of Mr. Graves's career in the government service would include a history of the civil service reform movement in the national government, as he had been identified since 1873 or 1874, with every attempt made to supplant the spoils system with the merit system. Coming into the government service as a clerk in 1863, he rose steadily in position and in the estimation of the successive heads of the department. Unlike many government officers, he did not succumb to the influences in the government service which tend to protect and strengthen useless forms, but maintained a clear perception of the imperfections which constantly attracted his attention, and endeavored from time to time to do something toward simplifying the business methods of the different branches of the treasury. The confidence manifested in his judgment was a strong testimonial. He has repeatedly been called upon to make investigations into different subjects connected with the service, and a collection of his reports would make a large and interesting volume. He has several times examined the office of the assistant treasurer in New York,

the last time when it was transferred to Assistant Treasurer Acton. In 1878 he made an examination into the report about the condition of the sinking fund of the District of Columbia. In 1881 he prepared for Secretary Windom a history of the civil service experiment, with which he was perfectly familiar. When, in 1881, Mr. Casilear, the late chief engraver of the bureau of engraving and printing, preferred a claim against the department for the use of certain patented devices employed in the preparation of the Government notes, Mr. Graves made a report on that subject severely criticising the inartistic results of the employment of the designs for which Mr. Casilear asked payment. In 1882, when Mr. Folger was in search of information to enable him to prepare special estimates of appropriations for the Customs Service, Mr. Graves made a minority report in which he opposed the recommendations made by Messrs. James, Treloar, and Brackett, his associates, as involving too extravagant a scheme for expanding the New York service.

His most interesting report is that made in 1877 on the bureau of engraving and printing. Mr. Graves was chairman of a committee consisting of Edward Wolcott, E. R. Chapman and E. O. Graves. These gentlemen were directed to pursue their examination with reference to ascertaining the efficiency of the service, the number, character, and compensation of its employes, the comparative cost of work done in the bureau and in private establishments, as well as to inquire into any matter affecting its management and any means of promoting its economy and efficiency. The report was unfavorable to the bureau. "The looseness and extravagance which have marked its management, and the scandals to which it has given rise," said the report, "furnish the strongest possible argument against the engagement of the government in branches of industry which are ordinarily left to private enterprise." The committee suggested that a better system of appointment, the exclusion of political influence, and the exercise of closer supervision over the management of the bureau might go far to redeem its reputation, but it was still of the opinion that bank-note engraving and printing was essentially a private industry of a peculiar and technical nature, to which the ordinary methods of public administration were not applicable. It declared it to be its judgment that it would be a wise measure to relegate to private hands the printing of public securities, confining the functions of the bureau of engraving and printing to imprinting upon Government securities and money the seal of the department as the final authentication of genuineness. This report produced a good effect. The bureau is in much better shape than it was before the report was made, largely through the impulse of reform given by the uncovering of many abuses that had too long gone unchecked.

The information obtained by Mr. Graves at the time he made the examination and report was complete, as his investigation extended into all the branches of the bureau. Mr. Manning chose him to take charge of it, with full knowledge of all that he had said and written about it, and after frequent consultations with him, in which the two have had opportunities of thoroughly understanding each other. If Mr. Manning had any other aim than the improvement of the service he could very easily have found other men than Mr. Graves to suit him. He could have chosen no other who possesses the necessary knowledge and the disposition as well to make a creditable record.

A special despatch from Washington to the *New York World*, dated May 10, says :

Mr. Graves' appointment as chief of the bureau of engraving and printing is a very important one, when all the facts connected with it are understood. He will have at his disposal the appointment of 1,200 subordinates. This bureau is outside of the civil service law, and has for a long time been the resort of senators and members to place their favorites when they found them shut out from the other departments. Mr. Graves is one of the best business men in the treasury. Under Secretary Folger he was repeatedly asked to dismiss some of his best men to make way for the favorites of politicians. This he has steadily refused to do. On account of his high reputation in the department he was never forced to comply. He was not an applicant for the position of chief of the bureau of engraving and printing, and had not the remotest idea what Mr. Manning wished of him when he sent for him to come and see him last Friday.

TO CIGARETTE SMOKE $\ddot{\text{R}}$ S.

RICHMOND STRAIGHT CUT
NO. 1,

Are made from the brightest, most delicately flavored, and highest cost GOLD LEAF grown in Virginia. This is the *Old Original Brand of Straight Cut Cigarettes* (and was brought out by us in 1875).

Their great popularity, which has been fairly won by the **Superiority** of the **Stock** from which they are made, has tempted certain parties to place a base imitation on sale, and the public will observe that the genuine brand of **RICHMOND STRAIGHT CUT** Cigarettes bear our signature on every package.

ALLEN & GINTER,
Richmond, Virginia.

Also manufacturers of Opera Puffs, "Little Beauties," "Richmond Gem," etc., Cigarettes, and well-known brands of smoking Tobaccos, viz., Gem Curly Cut, "Richmond Straight Cut," Perique and Turkish mixtures, Old Rip Long Cut, etc.

ROBERT A. HEGGIE,
JEWELLER,

AND

Manufacturer of College Fraternity Badges.

ITHACA, N. Y.

H. B. SHIELDS,
Crayons,

—PORTRAITS IN CRAYON.—

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NO. 31 PEMBERTON SQUARE, . . . BOSTON.

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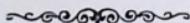
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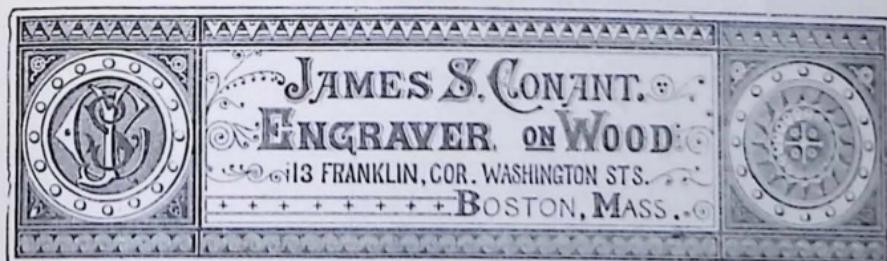
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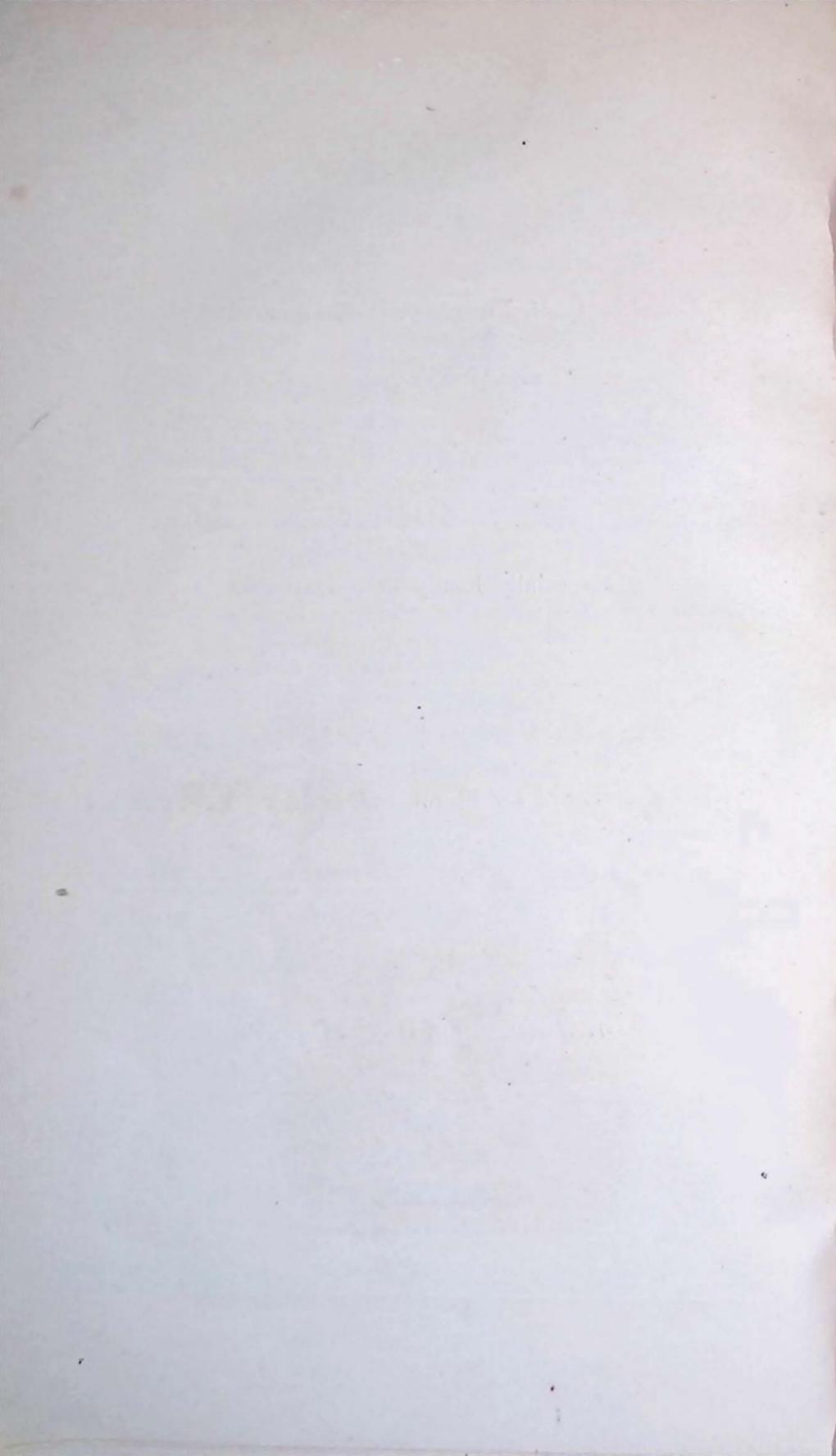
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