“NOTHING could have been pleasanter,” the Lounger was saying on Saturday afternoon as the speedy locomotive approached the city, for which enunciation, however, he modestly declines to receive the credit, although firmly believing it to accurately express the feelings of emulation everywhere apparent on the faces of the fair companions of Technology rooters. It was a great victory cleanly cinched, as we say, and the Lounger feels duly proud of the gentlemen, now presumably sporting fresh laurel wreaths, who were kind enough to win the events they did. Equally thankful is he to those other valiant gentlemen, who, though less fortunate in placing good medals in their pockets, did work with equally good aim and intention. To them the Lounger wishes better fortune another time. And surely it was as fair an afternoon as one would wish to meet on a summer’s day. There was abundance of good yellow sun, which did make itself fully apparent to those not blessed with the gaudy parasol, one of which articles, by the bye, was at the Lounger’s service, and which he believes he manipulated with some skill, considering the multiplicity of rude observers, who would intrude upon a little hard-earned privacy. A skillful manipulation, in truth, is a practice deserving of much esteem, and one which has been found to repay the careful student with no little self-satisfaction.

But to return to our mutons, as they say, there were many enjoyable features of the situation. In addition to the fair sun, there was the river with canoes in great numbers, which latter by a mere oversight were unfortunately debarred to most of the spectators. On this point, however, the Lounger means to retaliate at an early and convenient date, when no doubt he will enjoy the pleasures of beholding the texture of a bonnet and a pair of gloves in the far end of his craft. But then, were we not privileged in viewing, together, for a whole afternoon very many fine young men of the order of the “Red Badge of Courage,” neatly dressed in the latest thing as to color in golf stockings? It was, indeed, a rare opportunity of comparing the relative merits of a greenish purple with yellow frieze, and a Harvard pink with indigo dots staggered. It is estimated that one third of the total company present consented to flaunt a patch of red cloth on their manly breasts for the sake of the effects on the ladies. Needless to say the same were sufficiently astounded. Then there was the assiduous gentleman with the tripod, who was frequently observed taking superb exposures of air in his frantic efforts to catch the athlete en passant. He, also, almost as numerous as the gentlemen of cloth, made the landscape altogether entertaining, for, in truth, one could not tell when he himself should be included within the picture, and consequently appeared continually at his best. Altogether, we may remark a highly commendable scheme on the part of the management. More than this, did we not have displayed before our eyes “a banner with a strange device,” couched in all the beauties of fair lettering, “Amherst vs. TECHNOLOGY”? It is understood that our energetic manager prepared this trophy. We congratulate him on his success in the use of capitals. The opportunity, it seems, was too good to be missed, yet would it have been unfortunate had our opponents carried the day. The victory being ours, it is only a pity that the letters cannot be further magnified. With all respect, therefore, the Lounger would suggest a rewriting.

Gentlemen, what is this? Has the Secretary of our esteemed Yacht Club indulged in another cruise to the cheering inn, or is it a poetic license of the “Technique” Society editor? Within that volume we note a worthy list of ships, many of beautiful dimensions. But lo, here is a craft of truly wonderful proportions, reading 18 feet 2 inches, from stem to stern, 9 feet beam, and 23 feet draught! Can it be? Is it a boat or diving bell, or a wrecking tug in disguise? And on perusal, do we discover many other good ships of almost equal depth? Is it a new design of our valiant XIII. Architects to insure against sinking? Do the Spaniards know of such craft? Will some one of authority in such matters, the Admiral or some other high officer, please inform the Lounger and an anxious public upon this point?