

architecture; but I was shown into a hall, and could proceed no further, because, as I was informed, the men were unwilling to have their privacy disturbed by visitors. The rules were strict, attendance at prayer morning and evening being compulsory, the system dictatorial, like everything of the kind, in a country where the labouring class are supposed to be incapable of managing for themselves, and are to be kept for ever in a state of tutelage. With room for 700, they had not above 100 in the house. At New York, the moment I entered the reading-room of the establishment, the Captain Superintendent, whom I had inquired for, came up, shook me by the hand, and said, "We are all sitting down to dinner, will you join us?" with a frankness that reminded me of the times of ancient Greece, when the poet told them they "should exercise hospitality, for by so doing some had entertained the gods unawares." There was no jealousy of a dominant class here. All dined together, one or two captains, and one or two mates with their wives, who boarded in the house, among them. Why, in England, the very same folks would have been as fidgety about their respective "dignities" as a parcel of Chinese mandarins. Like Nupkins's servants, they would have "the boy and the gal as does the dirty work to dine in the washus," and not sit at table with them. I went all over the house, which was clean and comfortable. In the reading-room was a collection of voyages, sermons, and essays, principally upon intemperance. Prayers morning and evening, but attendance not compulsory. Liquor not allowed to be brought into the house. Inmates 50, there being