

scientific nor rhetorical, but of the very mother-soil of the subject, awfully sound and to the point—at times with a directness so drolly excruciating as to make the squirming hearer feel as though he were a full bottle of “S. T.—1860—X,” and the spiral horror of an analyzer’s corkscrew, with its cold, critical intelligence, were slowly but surely grinding into his head.

Thursday night of each week is devoted to a “dramatic reception,” to which ladies and gentlemen of Binghamton are invited by complimentary cards. We have a compact and pretty little theatre, well equipped, the scenery very cleverly painted by one of ourselves—an artist of no mean powers for a gentleman amateur—and the furniture in as good taste as the abundant stores of the house can afford; for orchestra, a piano, occasionally supported by a violin. An amateur company of fair talent, and the most accommodating versatility, has been mustered from the full roll of the house, whosoever can do a funny or a fearful thing being eagerly invited to come forthwith and do it; and if the purpose and the effect do now and then get transposed, that very circumstance but serves to impart to the performance somewhat of the desired “professional” illusion. These receptions are our pet vanity; they often draw “select” audiences from the town, making our bachelor halls bright with the presence of pretty women; and the moral influence in our household is notably good.

Tuesday and Saturday are club nights—meetings of the Ollapod Club, so called; a literary and social organization, founded on the 18th of November last, and of quick growth in intellectual and moral force. The proceedings of this club are conducted with exemplary decorum. At the close of the literary exercises, it resolves itself into a free, social circle, when the members gather about the little round tables, reading, chatting, or engaged in games of chess, whist, euchre and cribbage. The monthly “receptions,” to which an appreciative public is invited, are polite reunions of the most pleasant character.

An Inebriate Asylum, of course, requires a considerable outlay of money, both to establish and to support it. It can not be self-supporting, for many of its patients will be unable to pay anything. But, at the same time, there are many who can and will readily pay for the benefits they expect to receive. Government aid might be granted, but it would be more advisable to have it depend on the voluntary support of the Christian public. Especially might the help of professedly temperance people be expected. Large sums are freely contributed by the members of temperance societies to the support of their various institutions. The personal contributions of those who feel an interest in the reclamation of the inebriate, supplemented by appropriations from their societies, would