

photographs on the wall, are my own, and impart to my lodgings a home-like aspect. But in all other respects the appointments of my room are in the uniform style of the house, and I enjoy no favours not granted to my fellows.

With the final clang of the rising bell, the halls are awake and astir. Time enough for our toilet, and then again the tintinabulary Ethiopian; eight o'clock and away to breakfast! A spacious hall serves us for a refectory, abundantly lighted from rows of tall windows on two sides, and at present accommodating ninety-six guests, in messes of twelve, at eight tables symmetrically disposed on each side of the room; to each table, a neat-handed Phyllis, more or less expert in the catching of eyes and shifting of platters; of course separate tables for the superintendent, his family and friends, but not separate fare; they sit down with us and fare as we do.

Breakfast over, is followed by prayers in the chapel. Then some to billiard-tables, some to the bowling-alleys, others to the more muscular *certamina* of the gymnasium; while a few, older or less vigorous, more studious or more pensive, or more lazy, betake themselves to the quiet solacements of library or reading-room. This is the usual distribution of those who keep in-doors; but unless the weather be positively forbidding, there is a considerable company who ramble over the hills, or, by carriage or railroad to Binghamton. For it must be borne in mind that the corner-stone of the theory upon which this experiment rests is *confidence*—the largest liberty reconcilable with the safety of the subject.

At one we dine, and at six we sup—quite substantially still, for our appetites are such as belong to lusty stomachs, cocktailed by gay, hopeful tempers. And these our prattling re-unions in the refectory are our occasions of most genial companionship, breaking, as they do, the monotony of a routine which, diversify it as we may, is yet not without its irksomeness. They constitute to us, likewise, a sort of dress parade in which we are careful to make a handsome appearance; for it is here that we are oftenest cheered by the presence of the fair. After dinner to our pipes (which are free), and to our naps, which might be wholesomely reformed. But as at the table we meet as ninety-six cheerful gentlemen, pleasantly familiar, might sit down together in a genteel hotel, so, in our rooms and everywhere, we are much given to taking our ease in our inn; for are we not here for *rest* most of all—rest from the racket of our own excitements, and all the wearisome wear of our alternate recklessnesses and remorse? God knows we were tired enough when we came!

Our evenings are—according to the day. For Mondays we have provided readings in the chapel, from the poets, the dramatists, the novelists; and our readers are whoever can and will read.

On Wednesday evenings, Dr. Day talks to us about Temperance with all the plainness and good-humour, and much of the drollness of the familiar "Dutch Uncle." Pithy performances these—neither