The Lounger, availing himself of the leisure that the mid-term recess gives to those who have to remain in Boston, has been making a tour of observation and inquiry in the precincts of Winslow's Rink and the Art Museum. The object of his inspection was the latest addition to Tech.'s "houses of industry," the future home of the Mechanicals and the Civils. Passing up a stairway, which was left outside for a sample of others within, and opening the outer door, the Lounger at once found himself at the head of one of those charming corkscrew stairways, a fac-simile of the one in Rogers. He wound himself down its helical incline in a very serpentine manner, and had only taken a half-score of steps before he found another of the spiral ingenuities; and conjecturing that it might serve to destroy the torsional strain produced by the first one, he proceeded to wind himself up in the direction reverse to that in which he had descended. When he had arrived at the top he found that in thus straightening himself out he had made no advance, and was practically where he had started. It then occurred to him that a slight twist might be essential to the true understanding of Mechanical Engineering; so he proceeded to the turret at the southeast corner of the room, and descended to the basement once more.

The Lounger is the merest novice in the science of machines, and begs to refer you to other sources of information for a professional description of what he saw. There were certainly a great many wheels and pulleys and belts, in position and out, and a boiler-iron tank that looked like a town reservoir, and a multitude of pipes and machines and unknown apparatus, all of which no doubt is accurately mentioned in the catalogue. There was a row of heavy iron columns extending through the centre of the building, as there is in many mills, and altogether the place had quite the air of a combined factory and machine shop.

The Lounger now imagined himself in the place of a third-year Mechanical, who wished to visit his Course I. friend in his drawing room among the clouds. He began the climb, and after lifting himself over one hundred and fifty steps, more or less, he found there were no more stairs to conquer; he also found that he had come a flight too far by mistake, and was in a kind of cupola or deck-house, from which a door opened out on the roof. The weather was not favorable for promenading, and he felt no longing to walk around the battlements or lean over the parapet. He contented himself with looking through the unwashed windows at the roof of the Skating Rink, three stories below, and the switch engines in the freight yard, as much farther beneath his point of observation.

Leaving the extended prospect of roofs and steepleys, the Lounger returned to his purpose, and went down one flight. He opened the door at his right, which admitted him to one of the Civil Engineering drawing rooms. The cross-legged tables and the high stools were in no way different from those with which he was familiar. In the corner was a glass enclosure or cage for the instructors — an arrangement that prevails throughout the building. At the rear of this floor, as on the two under it, are placed the recitation rooms. The Lounger noticed that the blackboards were made from substantial slabs of slate,—the only case of extravagance that he had seen in the building. The library was situated on the fifth floor, or thereabouts, and contained a great many bookshelves not yet filled with books.

Everything was in a state of preparation and confusion, and most of the rooms were given up to the painters, the carpenters, or the machinists. These artisans seemed to regard the Lounger with suspicion and disfavor as he pursued his investigations, and evidently much preferred his room to his company. He also was becoming wearied by the succession of drawing rooms, recitation rooms, and laboratories, and resolved to defer his further researches until things should be in running order. He proceeded, therefore, to the circular turret which is so prominent on the exterior of the building, and by carefully curling himself around the central column, was rapidly projected to the bottom with a whirling motion which produced a dizziness, of which this memoir is only an inadequate exponent.