

like manure, could be carted away, and if good air, like fresh, clean straw, could be brought in its stead, surely one of the simplest luxuries which wealth could offer to society would be to effect this sanitary operation; and thus, instead of offering a set of lovely women ices and unwholesome refreshments, to spend the money these would cost in pouring upon their heads, necks, and shoulders a continual supply of that pure, fresh, exhilarating, oxygenous mixture, which would give animation to their hearts, and colour to their cheeks. But is this expensive, troublesome, complicated, horse-and-cart mode of purifying the horrid atmosphere we are breathing necessary? No; everybody present knows that *outside* the shutters and plate-glass windows of the rooms in which we are suffering, there is at this moment in waiting, not two inches from us, an overwhelming supply of pure air, just as desirous to rush in as the foul air we have been breathing and re-breathing is eager to rush out.

The laws of specific gravity, ordained by Nature to ensure for us the performance of this double process, are in attendance; indeed so great is the supply of spare air in her laboratory, that the proportion of oxygen consumed by animated beings in a century is said not to exceed $\frac{1}{7200}$ of the whole atmosphere; and yet, as though the demon of suicide had prevailed upon us to thwart these beneficent arrangements, we close our doors, bar our windows, stuff up by curtains and drapery every crevice, as if it were the privilege of wealth to feed its guests on foul air!

If any one of our readers, who, like ourselves, has