

monds;—that slight, lovely being leaning on her arm has the pearls of India wound around her brow;—those statesmen and warriors are decorated with stars;—the dense mass displays flowers, ribbons, and ornaments of every colour in the rainbow; but among them all, is there, we ask, a single one who for a moment has thought of bringing with him upon his back, the hogshead of air per hour necessary for his respiration? And if every guest present has neglected to do so, in what manner, it must be inquired, has the noble host provided for the demand? Alas! the massive, pictured walls around us, and richly-stuccoed and gilt ceiling over our heads, answer the question; indeed one has only to cast a glance at them to perceive that the five hundred persons present, like those in the Black-hole at Calcutta, are conglomerated together in a hermetically-sealed box full of vitiated air.

Every minute a thousand gallons of air pass into the lungs of those present, from whence, divested of its oxygen, it is exhaled in a morbid condition unfit for combustion or animal life; every respiration of each elegant guest, nay, even our own contemplative sigh, vitiates about sixteen cubic inches of the element; and yet, while every moment it is becoming more and more destructive to health; while the loveliest cheeks are gradually fading before us; while the constitutions of the young are evidently receiving an injury which not the wealth of Cræsus will be able to repay; what arrangements, we repeat, has the noble host made for preventing or repairing the damage he is creating? If foul air,