

ing stale, pent-up, corrupt air, which an ounce of science could have dispersed by circulation. Even the hollow square of the Royal palace is made to retain its block of the stagnant fluid, while several others of our public buildings, like the offices in Downing-street, and like the numerous high "dead" walls enclosing property of the Crown, etc., seem to have been purposely planned to act as tourniquets upon those veins and arteries which, if unobstructed, would give health and ruddiness to the population. Instead, however, of philosophizing any longer in the streets, we will invite our readers to enter with us for a moment into one of the splendid mansions of our Metropolis; and accordingly, ascending its spacious staircase, let us take up our position in the doorway of the second of the suite of drawing-rooms, beyond which, the assemblage, being under high pressure, makes it evidently impossible for us to advance.

We here see before us, a dense phalanx, of both sexes, amongst whom are conspicuous persons of the highest rank, beauty, and wealth in Europe. Upon their education no expense has been spared;—money has done all in its power to add to Nature's choicest gifts the polish of Art. Their dresses are importations from every country of the civilized world. The refreshments are delicacies which it has required months, and in some cases even years, of unremitting attention to obtain. The splendid furniture has every comfort that ingenuity can devise. And yet within this painted sepulchre, what, we ask, is the analysis of the air we are breathing? That lofty duchess's head is sparkling with dia-