

Michigan Argus. Vol. XXIV. ANN ARBOR, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1870. No. 1301

The Michigan Argus

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A. WIDENMANN, REAL ESTATE AGENT, ANN ARBOR, MICH. OFFERS FOR SALE: 55 acres of land, within one-half mile from the city...

W.M. SINCLAIR, COMMISSION MERCHANT IN GRAIN AND FLOUR, 150 1/2 N. LA SALLE STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

MACK & SCHMID, 24 N. MAIN STREET, ANN ARBOR, MICH.

C. A. LEITER & CO., 150 1/2 N. LA SALLE STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

A. WIDENMANN, FOREIGN EXCHANGE BROKER, ANN ARBOR, MICH.

TRACY W. ROOT, 150 1/2 N. LA SALLE STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

MORRIS HALE, M. D., 150 1/2 N. LA SALLE STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

R. W. ELLIS & CO., 150 1/2 N. LA SALLE STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

JOHN KECK & CO., 150 1/2 N. LA SALLE STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

J. Q. A. SESSIONS, 150 1/2 N. LA SALLE STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

W. H. JACKSON, 150 1/2 N. LA SALLE STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

W. F. BRADY, M. D., 150 1/2 N. LA SALLE STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

F. J. JOHNSON, 150 1/2 N. LA SALLE STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

SUTHERLAND & WEDON, 150 1/2 N. LA SALLE STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

W. D. HOLMES, 150 1/2 N. LA SALLE STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

LEWIS C. RESDON, 150 1/2 N. LA SALLE STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

BACH & ABEL, 150 1/2 N. LA SALLE STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

SLAWSON & SON, 150 1/2 N. LA SALLE STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

S. SONDELM, 150 1/2 N. LA SALLE STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

WM. WAGNER, 150 1/2 N. LA SALLE STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

GILMORE & FISKE, 150 1/2 N. LA SALLE STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

FINLEY & LEWIS, 150 1/2 N. LA SALLE STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

R. TARRANT, 150 1/2 N. LA SALLE STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

WOCKERY, 150 1/2 N. LA SALLE STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

BASSAWAY & GROCERIES, 150 1/2 N. LA SALLE STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

J. & P. DONNELLY, 150 1/2 N. LA SALLE STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

From the Atlantic Monthly for January. DOROTHY G.—A FAIRY PORTRAIT. BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Grandmother's mother: her age, I guess, Thirteen summers, or something less; Girlish bust, but womanly air, Smooth, square forehead with aprotuberant hair.

Who the painter was none may tell,— One whose best was not over well; Hard and dry, it must be confessed, Flat as a rose that has long been pressed; Yet in her cheek the hues are bright, Dainty colors of red and white;

What if a hundred years ago, When forth the tentious question came That cost the maiden her Norman name, And under the folds that look so still, The body dwelt, and the bosom's thrill Should I be, or would it be One tenth another to nine tenths me?

It shall be a blessing, my little maid! Will the light gossamer stir with less; And freshen the gold of the tarnished hair, And glid with a rhyme your household name: So you shall smile on us brave and bright As you greet the morning's light, And live untroubled by woes and fears Through a second youth of a hundred years.

From the Englishman's Magazine. THE PINK DOMINO. Or a Masked Ball at Versailles.

A light cloud had just partially hidden the brilliant rays of the moon, when a shadow passed rapidly along the wall inclosing part of the park belonging to the high and powerful Duke of—, and stopping at a low arched door (almost invisible, shaded as it was by the long, thick branches of a neighboring oak), put a key in the lock, and sallied forth, after closing it carefully. A carriage was in attendance, a man opened the door without uttering a syllable, and, jumping on his seat, drove with all speed toward the Palace of Versailles.

The drive was not a long one, and yet seemed interminable to the fair occupant, whose excitement had lulled the fears which for days had been almost intolerable. At last a string of carriages appeared, the coachman drew up, and, as if by a law, the Domino stepped out of the carriage, following the crowd of masks entering the *cour d'honneur* of the palace.

The Domino put her hand to her heart as if to stay its beating; then taking courage, ascended the grand staircase and soon found herself in the gallery, resplendent with lights, which led to the saloon where Louis XV. and his Queen, the good Maria Leszczinska, sat on a magnificent throne, surveying the galaxy of beauty that stood before them. Most of the women were without masks, but all the men, with the exception of the King, wore them.

turned the slight pressure of the unknown mask. "Methinks the heat is very great here; would you not like to leave this crowd for some quiet nook on the terrace?" "With all my heart, for I only come here to see the king, and, as he is gone, I feel no more interest in the pageant."

"Oh! the king! Do you like the king, *ma tante belle*?" "No, I do not like the king but I worship him, and I would die at his moment for one look from his beautiful eyes!" "It is not flattering to me, this speech of yours; do you know I had begun to think you were in love with me, and now you coolly tell me you would die for my majesty's eye. Why then did you accept my arm? You should have waited in case Louis XV. should return, as of course he is sure to do."

"Let us go back and show him to me, then I can go and speak to him. Next to the king, I feel I trust you. Quick! let us return, that I may see him again."

"What if, instead of leading you back to the crowd, I were to conduct you where you would see his majesty face to face; would it not be a nicer plan?" "Could you, would you, do this for me, unknown as I am to you?" "To please you, my fair one, I would do anything. Come, and in a few minutes Louis XV. will appear to you."

Both masks left the terrace, and, winding their way through various passages, came to a dark, narrow staircase which they ascended, and the Black Domino pushed open a door, leading his companion, who, from the subdued light of a small lamp, saw at a glance they were in an apartment probably seldom occupied. The Black Domino touched a large picture, and it slid away slowly into the wall, the Pink Domino was ushered into one of those delightful retreats that the magnificence of a king could alone devise.

The picture had returned to its place, and, after leading the unknown to a sofa, the Black Domino slowly divested himself of his disguise, and discovered to the bewildered eyes of his visitor the beautiful features of the king!

As quick as lightning the Pink Domino was on her knees with outstretched hands, as if to ask mercy for her temerity; but with a bewitching smile, Louis XV. took her hands, and raising her from her kneeling posture, said: "Now that your wish has been gratified, will you not in your turn gratify mine? And, without waiting for an answer, he threw of the domino, and, unfastening the mask, beheld a face such as all his dreams, any rival never could have contrived. A flood of golden hair had fallen on shoulders whose whiteness realized the snow. The eyes were dark, but with the sweetness of these of an antelope; the mouth and the nose were faultless—in a word, all in the vision that appeared before him was perfect.

"Who are you?" said the king, drawing her toward him, and looking in her eyes with a gaze that made a thrill of delight pass through her whole frame; "who are you, my beautiful angel? Oh, tell me at once who you are!" "Sire, I cannot; press me not, do not ask my name, for to-day, for the first time, I am dishonored. Let me only say once more that for your love I would lay my head at your feet and die happy!"

"What! so young and lovely, and yet speak of death? And could you—could you leave me, never to meet again?" "I do not know about death, but I am sure that this will be our first and last interview; a strange presentiment tells me so."

ly; she tries to rise, and, after a painful effort, she reaches the chair where the clothes have been left; it reminds her she may be searched if she delays in changing her dress, and slowly and with sighs she throws off her mundane attire for the religious one; she shudders in putting on the sombre garb; she feels so faint (for she has tasted nothing since she entered her prison) that the effort she has made is too much for her; however, she accomplishes the task; she has torn off a knot of ribbon the king has touched, and places it with the miniature, and then, groping her way to her pallet, she lays one more down her weary head and sleeps.

"Her slumbers have not lasted long. A sudden flash of light passes over her eyes; she wakes and sees standing before her a man dressed as a Carmelite monk; she fancies she must be dreaming, but a low mellow voice undoes her fears; she looks into the face, whose features she recognizes, and she is startled by the light of the lamp, and she ceases to fear; the answer look vanishes to make room for one of deeply felt compassion; there is sweetness in the gray eye, and much sympathy on the half-opened lips, ready to utter words of comfort to her desolate soul.

"Do not be afraid, my daughter. I do not come to upbraid, but to pity; not to chide, for there is one sinner here who shall judge both you and me at the last day. I come only to you to say have confidence in me. I will not betray your trust, but try to bring peace to your afflicted heart."

"Alas! I am dumb, but in vain, two, then tried to speak, but in vain, her exhaustion was too great, and the monk perceiving it, left the cell and returned with a phial containing some cordial. He poured it into a glass and made her drink; it soon revived her, and she thanked him with her lovely, but now sorrowful, smile.

A profound silence reigns in the cell; the monk seems plunged in deep thought; a vision has passed before him, a vision of the past, when he too loved, perished, and passionately as the victim, now before him; but he is strong, he shakes off the tempter, he calls to his aid his good angel, and has gained the victory. And now he speaks to Alix as a kind, fatherly word to his child. She listens, she is moved by the deep earnestness of his words, and when he has finished she feels she can speak, not to divulge her secret entirely, but to speak of her love, for he will listen to her, and she unfolds to him the yearnings of her passionate soul; she tells how much she has loved, how much she loves still, how she is prayed, and how she who has suffered so much for sinners looks down upon her with pity, not with anger, and the monk listens and pities, and prays inwardly that she may have peace.

"He rises to leave; she begs he will return again; he promises to do so, and with his blessing upon the fair, desolate sinner, he disappears.

Every night the same torments are inflicted by the cruel abess upon the young girl, and every day the Carmelite monk comes to pour balm into the deep wounds of the soul of the heart-broken Alix.

At last a change takes place; he obtains permission that she shall be released from her prison, and she is conducted to a lighter cell; proper food is given to her; she rallies, and now and then the monk is seen to walk with her in the garden, from which height the great city can be seen. He shows to her the monuments her young eyes can easily discern; she carelessly asks him where the Tuileries and the Louvre are, and from that moment her gaze is constantly fixed on the distant spot.

Under the custody of the abess she goes to chapel every day, but otherwise is entirely separated from the other nuns, as it has been decided between the archbishop and the abess that the rules must be broken once upon her account, to please the duke, and it is announced to the sisterhood that a descendant of the noble Duke of— is going to take the veil.

forever to the remains of the beautiful Alix.

INTERESTING STORIES OF THACKERAY. In the January number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, JAMES T. FIELDS tells the following stories of THACKERAY:

THACKERAY AS A LECTURER. The most finished and elegant of all lecturers, Thackeray often made a poor appearance when he attempted to make a set speech to a public assembly. He almost always broke down after the first two or three sentences. He prepared what he intended to say with great exactness, and his favorite delusion was that he was about to astonish everybody with a remarkable delivery. It never disturbed him that he commonly made a woful rature when he attempted speech-making, but he sat down with such cool serenity, if he found that he could not recall what he wished to say, that his audience could not help joining in a smile with him when he came to a standstill. Once he asked me to travel with him from London to Manchester to hear a great speech he was going to make at the founding of the Free Library Institution in that place. All the way down he was discoursing in certain effects he intended to produce on the Manchester done by his eloquent appeals to their pockets. This passage was to have great influence with the rich merchants, this one with the clergy, and so on. He said that although Dickens and Bulwer and Sir James Stephens, all eloquent speakers, were to precede him, he intended to beat each of them on this special occasion. He insisted that I should be seated directly in front of him, so that I should have the full force of his magic eloquence. The occasion was a most brilliant one. Tickets had been in demand at an hour of the price, several weeks before the day appeared. The great hall, then opened for the first time to the public, was filled by an audience such as is seldom convened, even in England. The three speeches which came before Thackeray were called upon were admirably suited to the occasion, and most eloquently spoken. Sir John Pender, who presided, then rose, and, after some complimentary allusions to the author of "Vanity Fair," introduced him by ringing plaudits. As he rose he gave a half wink under his spectacles, as if to say: "Now for it! Thackeray has done very well, but I will show him a grace beyond the reach of their art." He began in a clear and charming manner, and was absolutely perfect for three minutes. In the middle of a most earnest and elaborate sentence, he suddenly stopped, gave a look of comic despair at the ceiling, crammed both hands into his trousers' pockets, and deliberately set down. Everybody seemed to understand that it was one of Thackeray's signs of surprise and discontent among the audience. He continued to sit on the platform in a perfectly composed manner, and when the meeting was over he said to me, without a sign of discomfiture: "My boy, you have my profoundest sympathy. This day you have accidentally missed hearing one of the finest speeches ever composed for delivery by the great British orator." And I never heard him mention the subject again.

THACKERAY'S PLAYFULNESS. Thackeray's playfulness was a marked peculiarity; a great deal of the time he seemed like a school-boy just released from his task. In the midst of the most serious topic under discussion he was fond of asking permission to sing a comic song, or he would beg to be allowed to divert the occasion by the instant introduction of a brief double entendre. Charles Lamb told Barry Cornwall, when they were once making up a dinner party together, not to invite a certain lugubrious friend of theirs, "because," said Charles, "he would cast a damper over a general." I have often contrasted the habitual qualities of that gloomy friend of theirs with the astounding spirits of both Thackeray and Dickens. They always seemed to me to be standing in the sunshine, and to be constantly warning other people out of cloudland. During Thackeray's first visit to America his jollity knew no bounds, and it became necessary often to repress him when he was walking the streets. I well remember his uproarious shouting and dancing, when he was told that the tickets to his first course of readings were all sold, and when we rode together from his hotel to the lecture hall he insisted on thrusting both his long legs out of the carriage window in defiance, as he said, to his magnanimous ticket-holders.

One of the most comical and interesting occasions I remember, in connection with Thackeray, was going with him to a grand concert given fifteen or twenty years ago by Madame Sontag. We sat next an entrance door in the hall, and every one who came in, male and female, Thackeray pretended to know, and gave each one a name and brief chronicle, as the presence fitted by. It was in Boston, and as he had been in town only a day or two, and knew only half a dozen people in it, the biographies were most convulsing. As I happened to know several people who passed by, it was a great pleasure to hear this great master of character give them their dues. Mr. Choate moved by in his regal, affluent manner. The large style of the man, so magnificent and yet so modest, at once arrested Thackeray's attention, and he forthwith placed him in his extemporaneous catalogue. I remember a pallid, incisive-faced girl fluttering past, and how Thackeray exulted in the history of this "frail little bit of porcelain," as he called her. There was something in her manner that made him hate her, and he insisted she had murdered somebody on her way to the hall. Altogether this marvellous prelude to the concert made a deep impression on Thackeray's one listener, into whose ear he whispered his full insinuations. There is one man still living and moving about the streets of Boston occasionally, whom I never encounter without almost a shudder, remembering as I do the unerring shaft which Thackeray sent that night into the unknown man's character."

THACKERAY ANNOUNCES AN "AMERICAN SYSTEM." Thackeray announced to me that he had determined to visit America, and would sail for Boston by the Canada on the 30th of October. All the necessary arrangements for his lecturing tour had been made without troubling him with any of the details. He arrived on a frosty November evening, and went directly to the Tremont House, where rooms had been engaged for him. I remember his delight in getting off the sea, and the enthusiasm with which he hailed the announcement that dinner would be ready shortly. A few friends were ready to sit down with him, and he seemed greatly to enjoy the novelty of an American repast. In London he had been very curious in his inquiries about American oysters, as marvellous stories, which he did not believe, had been told him of their great size. We had taken care that the largest specimens to be procured should startle his unweaned palate. He came to the table, although I blush to remember the enormity of it now, we apologized in our wretched waywardness to him for what we called the extreme smallness of the oysters, promising that we would do better next time. Six bloated Palastafan bivalves lay before him in their shells. I noticed that he gazed at them anxiously with fork upraised, then he whispered to me, with a look of anguish, "How shall I do it?" I described to him the dining-room propriety which the free-born children of America are accustomed to accomplish such a task. He seemed satisfied that the thing was feasible, selected the smallest one in the half dozen, and then bowed his head as if he were saying grace. All eyes were upon him when he watched the effect of a new sensation in the person of our English author. Opening his mouth very wide, he struggled for a moment, and then all was over. He forgot the comic look he had despised in the other five oyster-occupied shells. I broke the perfect stillness by asking him how he felt. "Profoundly grateful," he gasped, "and as if I had swallowed a little baby."

At this season of the year, when so many persons suffer from colds, coughs, and the necessity for avoiding the causes of such ailments cannot be too strongly urged. A cough may seem to be but a trifling affair in itself, but frequently repeated attacks of it will lead to more serious consequences. A proper observance of the laws of health will prevent the occurrence of such ailments while a continued disregard of such laws will, in many cases, result in troublesome, if not fatal, disorders of the system. It is a popular notion that it is the exposure to cold weather alone which produces inflammatory diseases of the throat and lungs. That this is not true is abundantly proved by the fact that those who are most exposed to the inclemency of the weather are in general least liable to be affected by it.

We are indebted to the inventive genius of man for the most fruitful causes of bronchitic and throat affections. A man, or in most cases, it is a delicate woman, sits for two or three hours in a crowded theatre or church, breathing an atmosphere tainted by the exhalations from the lungs of hundreds of other people; his system is exhausted, his skin is excited to unwholesome action, and when he leaves the building and goes out into cold air his blood is suddenly driven to the interior of the body, and then ensues a more or less permanent congestion or inflammation of some of the internal organs—usually the air tubes in or leading to the lungs. This process being repeated many times, a chronic bronchitis is finally established in persons otherwise healthy, and life is ever after rendered miserable by this periodical overheating and sudden chilling of the body.

A still pernicious effect follows from the so-called modern improvements in heating houses and public buildings. Instead of the old-fashioned fireplaces, which consumed a large amount of fuel and caused a current of fresh, pure air from the outside to rush into the apartment through every possible avenue, we now have stoves which burn but a small amount of fuel, and the necessary heat is gained by tightly closing the doors and windows to prevent the access of air; or, what is far worse, heated air from the furnace is conveyed to the rooms and there confined. The result of this effort to economize fuel is painfully manifest in the pallid cheeks and excitable nervous systems of those who are continually subjected to its influence.

Many families sit during the long evenings of winter in what is considered a warm and comfortable apartment, the windows of which are cautiously closed, and every aperture for the entrance of fresh air carefully sealed up. The fire in the stove, the burning gas and six or eight pair of lungs soon consume nearly all the oxygen in the room, and the air within becomes very impure and utterly unfit for the purposes of respiration. When this is continued not only during the evening, but all day and perhaps all night, for many sleep in rooms that are warmed, and a constant state of ill-health is the result. Headache and languor are among the early symptoms; dyspepsia comes next, especially affecting the female members of the family, and nervous and hysterical symptoms follow in frequent, because such persons must inevitably be exposed at times to cold drafts of air from an open door or along the passages, when the whole surface of the body, which has just been preternaturally heated, is chilled, the inducing internal congestion of the blood.

It is not always that the result of this ignorance of sanitary laws is felt immediately, and, for this reason, many persons are led to believe that they can indefinitely continue to defy these laws; but sooner or later, they will suffer the inevitable consequences. When persons remain for a long time in such highly-heated apartments, the heat producing function of the blood is not brought into action. It is necessary in order to maintain the natural heat of the blood that the waste material of the system should be consumed, and unless this is the case the impure matters are retained, and the blood is constantly loaded with them. The blood is thus continually deteriorating, until, at last, it arrives at a condition favorable for the development of tubercle. The mischief goes on increasing by slow degrees, as the same habits of living are persisted in, until the changes are so great that no alteration in the mode of life can have any effect, and so our mortuary lists are being continually defiled with numerous victims of consumption.

The righted to the habit of living in insufficiently ventilated apartments, nor does this disease always arise in those who are accustomed to such injudicious exposure, but, nevertheless, as most physicians will testify, whole families of girls have frequently thus been carried off, the boys escaping, because they are more in the open air.

Every measure should be adopted to have the air of rooms in which people would sail for Boston by the Canada on the 30th of October. All the necessary arrangements for his lecturing tour had been made without troubling him with any of the details. He arrived on a frosty November evening, and went directly to the Tremont House, where rooms had been engaged for him. I remember his delight in getting off the sea, and the enthusiasm with which he hailed the announcement that dinner would be ready shortly. A few friends were ready to sit down with him, and he seemed greatly to enjoy the novelty of an American repast. In London he had been very curious in his inquiries about American oysters, as marvellous stories, which he did not believe, had been told him of their great size. We had taken care that the largest specimens to be procured should startle his unweaned palate. He came to the table, although I blush to remember the enormity of it now, we apologized in our wretched waywardness to him for what we called the extreme smallness of the oysters, promising that we would do better next time. Six bloated Palastafan bivalves lay before him in their shells. I noticed that he gazed at them anxiously with fork upraised, then he whispered to me, with a look of anguish, "How shall I do it?" I described to him the dining-room propriety which the free-born children of America are accustomed to accomplish such a task. He seemed satisfied that the thing was feasible, selected the smallest one in the half dozen, and then bowed his head as if he were saying grace. All eyes were upon him when he watched the effect of a new sensation in the person of our English author. Opening his mouth very wide, he struggled for a moment, and then all was over. He forgot the comic look he had despised in the other five oyster-occupied shells. I broke the perfect stillness by asking him how he felt. "Profoundly grateful," he gasped, "and as if I had swallowed a little baby."

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It is not always that the result of this ignorance of sanitary laws is felt immediately, and, for this reason, many persons are led to believe that they can indefinitely continue to defy these laws; but sooner or later, they will suffer the inevitable consequences. When persons remain for a long time in such highly-heated apartments, the heat producing function of the blood is not brought into action. It is necessary in order to maintain the natural heat of the blood that the waste material of the system should be consumed, and unless this is the case the impure matters are retained, and the blood is constantly loaded with them. The blood is thus continually deteriorating, until, at last, it arrives at a condition favorable for the development of tubercle. The mischief goes on increasing by slow degrees, as the same habits of living are persisted in, until the changes are so great that no alteration in the mode of life can have any effect, and so our mortuary lists are being continually defiled with numerous victims of consumption.

The righted to the habit of living in insufficiently ventilated apartments, nor does this disease always arise in those who are accustomed to such injudicious exposure, but, nevertheless, as most physicians will testify, whole families of girls have frequently thus been carried off, the boys escaping, because they are more in the open air.

Every measure should be adopted to have the air of rooms in which people would sail for Boston by the Canada on the 30th of October. All the necessary arrangements for his lecturing tour had been made without troubling him with any of the details. He arrived on a frosty November evening, and went directly to the Tremont House, where rooms had been engaged for him. I remember his delight in getting off the sea, and the enthusiasm with which he hailed the announcement that dinner would be ready shortly. A few friends were ready to sit down with him, and he seemed greatly to enjoy the novelty of an American repast. In London he had been very curious in his inquiries about American oysters, as marvellous stories, which he did not believe, had been told him of their great size. We had taken care that the largest specimens to be procured should startle his unweaned palate. He came to the table, although I blush to remember the enormity of it now, we apologized in our wretched waywardness to him for what we called the extreme smallness of the oysters, promising that we would do better next time. Six bloated Palastafan bivalves lay before him in their shells. I noticed that he gazed at them anxiously with fork upraised, then he whispered to me, with a look of anguish, "How shall I do it?" I described to him the dining-room propriety which the free-born children of America are accustomed to accomplish such a task. He seemed satisfied that the thing was feasible, selected the smallest one in the half dozen, and then bowed his head as if he were saying grace. All eyes were upon him when he watched the effect of a new sensation in the person of our English author. Opening his mouth very wide, he struggled for a moment, and then all was over. He forgot the comic look he had despised in the other five oyster-occupied shells. I broke the perfect stillness by asking him how he felt. "Profoundly grateful," he gasped, "and as if I had swallowed a little baby."

At this season of the year, when so many persons suffer from colds, coughs, and the necessity for avoiding the causes of such ailments cannot be too strongly urged. A cough may seem to be but a trifling affair in itself, but frequently repeated attacks of it will lead to more serious consequences. A proper observance of the laws of health will prevent the occurrence of such ailments while a continued disregard of such laws will, in many cases, result in troublesome, if not fatal, disorders of the system. It is a popular notion that it is the exposure to cold weather alone which produces inflammatory diseases of the throat and lungs. That this is not true is abundantly proved by the fact that those who are most exposed to the inclemency of the weather are in general least liable to be affected by it.

We are indebted to the inventive genius of man for the most fruitful causes of bronchitic and throat affections. A man, or in most cases, it is a delicate woman, sits for two or three hours in a crowded theatre or church, breathing an atmosphere tainted by the exhalations from the lungs of hundreds of other people; his system is exhausted, his skin is excited to unwholesome action, and when he leaves the building and goes out into cold air his blood is suddenly driven to the interior of the body, and then ensues a more or less permanent congestion or inflammation of some of the internal organs—usually the air tubes in or leading to the lungs. This process being repeated many times, a chronic bronchitis is finally established in persons otherwise healthy, and life is ever after rendered miserable by this periodical overheating and sudden chilling of the body.





