

pastoral in the immortal *Messiah*: Weber was brimful of romantic melody, yet he owes many of his charming melodies in *Préciosa* to the vocal performances of Spanish soldiers: Scotch melodies abound in Boieldieu's *La Dame Blanche*: Spohr—and how fertile he was!—has written a violin concerto upon a Spanish air: the lovable Mozart stops the current of his heavenly muse for the sake of reverting to some national melody dear to him: the king of composers—Beethoven—turned to Russian melodies whereon to base the quartets he dedicated to a prince of that country—his patron Rasumowsky: Rossini—politest of composers—to flatter a Russian lady acquaintance, took one of her country's national airs as the text for "Il Vecchiotto" in *Il Barbieri*—in short, the range of music abounds in instances of the kind; and since men to whom it must have proved more irksome to copy a melody than to compose one, have not disdained the source, fledgling composers of to-day may perchance be emboldened to glean betimes in the wide and many-coloured field which folk-music opens out. A few lines of such spontaneous art may, perchance, give wings to a whole mass of inert music, as the interpolation of that beautiful melody, "The Last Rose of Summer," has done for Flotow's feeble opera, *Martha*.

It was the minstrel in England, the minnesinger in Germany, the troubadour in Southern France and Provence who added grace and romance to the folk-song by their polished singing and delicate accompaniments—using the popular melodies to carry stories of romantic and historical interest; and it was this form of art which stood for many centuries between the old folk-song and that which a scientific art eventually created. The Norman Conquest gave a great impulse to this improvised music, and since it occupied the attention

of men of high estate and low, it constituted often a much-needed social link; but the troubadour's greatest service, as we view it, was in moving the art a step onwards—taking the folk-song out of uncultured mouths, and stamping its natural beauty and freshness with the additional charms of fancy and romance, which were the characteristic of the Norman age. Such a song—in modern notation of course—is the following by Thibaut, King of Navarre (1201—53)—



With these born singers who lent their aid towards making the old folk-song into the song creation in its best form—as we know the song—I must leave the subject. One is loth to leave so many-sided a phase of art, and I commend it to the study of the music student and loving amateur as one of the least considered, yet most beautiful fields of study.

FREDERICK J. CROWEST.

VENTILATION AND HEALTH.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.



LET us take a walk down Fleet Street."

The great big author who, in days long gone by, used to make this remark and proposal to his friend, no doubt needed a breath of air after dining well, if not

wisely, and talking for hours in a stifling little inn-parlour. On emerging, the atmosphere of even Fleet Street must have felt comparatively fresh and invigorating. No more unwholesome habit could, methinks, be indulged in than that of occupying, for a certain number of hours every day, a badly-ventilated, perhaps smoke-filled room, and—talking all the time. Yet this is just what thousands and thousands of our city men do. The results are a congested brain; a weakened, flabby, or even fatty heart; dis-

organisation of the liver, and consequent dyspepsia. It is the liver, indeed, that gets all the blame.

"What's up to-day, Jackson?" (N.B.—This scrap of conversation between a medical man and his friend is from the life—such life, I mean, as the friend possessed.) "What's up to-day, *mon ami*? You don't look your old self."

"In what particular?"

"Well, Jackson, if I must speak plainly, you look rather pale and quivery about the cheeks, rather fishy as to eyes, the upper lids of which seem a trifle œdematous, while——"

"Oh, stop your searching analysis. Not that you're not right, for I was too long in the billiard-room last night; and the smoke, and perhaps the soda-water, didn't agree."

"Soda-water? Yes."

"I feel as nervous to-day as an old cat. I don't feel good enough to meet my mother or sisters. No appetite; acidity of the stomach. Doctor, my liver is all to pieces. You must send me some of your pills."

"No, I won't. Just take a run down to Ramsgate. Lie down on the cliff, breathe the fresh ozonic air, and do a bit of solid thinking. You'll come back a new man."

"You don't think it is the liver?"

"It is liver, lungs, heart, brain, stomach, and all combined."

"All on strike?"

"All on strike. But there is truth in what you say about the billiard-room. Here is how the matter stands. If billiards could be played without the aid of fluid accessories, in a large room with currents of fresh air to carry away the carbonic acid and the fumes of nicotine, there could not be a more healthful, wholesome indoor pastime. Cue in hand in a room like this, all the cares and worries of business and the bygone day are forgotten; one is happy for the time, and happy with a minimum of excitement. On the other hand, given a low-ceilinged, badly-ventilated room, filled with reeking, smoking men, and over-heated with flaring gas, that not only helps to burn the little oxygen there is, but poisons the air as well, then I say only evil can follow to the occupants."

"And liver pills would do no good?"

"Liver pills, as you call them, would relieve congestion and clogging, and thus give temporary relief, but they cannot remove the cause. They are, moreover, always followed by a reaction of functional inactivity, if that isn't a paradox. Besides, my friend, you should remember that to a greater or less extent all aperients debilitate. You pay for your relief bodily. You are lighter in spirits and easier after their action, but you are a degree lower in physical strength."

Well, reader, there is food for thought in even that wee bit of conversation. I do not suppose, however, that a large number of my readers spend many hours a week in billiard-rooms. I should earnestly advise them not to, if they desire to be healthy and happy. Seek rather for recreative exercise in the tennis-court, out on the lawn, in the cricket-field, on the river or road, bounding along or lounging along on a speed-some cycle—*tri* or *bi*. During these exercises you *do* breathe fresh air; and I believe it is this fact, as much as the muscular action, which makes them so health-giving.

No, we do not spend many hours in billiard-rooms, but we do in bed-rooms and in drawing-rooms. I must have a word or two to say about both. Concerning the ventilation of workshops and school-rooms I must at present be silent, although the number of constitutions ruined in both during a single year appals the mind to think of. Thanks to science, both teachers and superintendents of workshops are beginning to believe that free air-currents rightly guided, and passing through their establishments, are conducive to the successfulness of the work done. School children will learn far more, and be more in-

telligent and active and pleasant, in a properly ventilated room than in one where they breathe and re-breathe their own carbonic acid and exhalations. The glad shout that youth sets up when just beyond the school-yard gate is born quite as much of the magic influence of oxygen as of joy at being free. For the same reason young men and young women would be more cheerful and attentive to business if there were a scientific system of ventilation in the rooms where they work. Yes, and they would do ten per cent. more work, and do it better. Banish carbonic acid, foul air, and dust from your workshops, and introduce oxygen from the outside, and you at the same time banish lethargy, and introduce calm, peaceful, happy activity. Apart from all regard for the health and comfort of their people, it would pay millowners, manufacturers, and others, to devote a little more attention to the purity of the atmosphere in which the work is carried on.

But as regards our own houses—here we have the ball at our feet.

It is surely unnecessary to descant on the importance of breathing fresh air. Every schoolboy knows, or ought to know, that pure air is as necessary to healthful life as either pure water or wholesome and sufficient food. Some might add that it is more so. One can live long without either food or water, but the abstraction of air for but a few moments results in the death of the subject. It is equivalent to placing a piece of cardboard over the chimney of a naphtha lamp. You at once deprive it of the ascending current of oxygen, the carbon is no longer burned, the flame is extinguished. And so it is with the lamp of life.

Society rooms of an evening are nearly always vastly overcrowded; this in itself, though tending to inconvenience, would not be so unhealthful were the rooms, as a rule, better ventilated.

We may, in some instances, put the blame upon the builder or architect. But it is the duty of every paterfamilias to see that there is a scientific plan of ventilation of his house *all through*.

Every room should be ventilated thoroughly, and with due regard to the rest; else the air of one may poison that of another. It is poor economy, for instance, to have a ventilator in the door of a bed-chamber, if the atmosphere of the passage or hall beyond is in itself impure.

Not only should air of sufficient purity be admitted into the rooms, but the vitiated air must find exit.

In winter the air must be sufficiently warmed as well as pure, and it should never be too dry, nor over-hot. The overheating of bed-rooms and living-rooms is a fertile source of much of the chronic and acute lung-troubles, from which the people of these islands suffer so severely in winter and spring. * Going right out from a room which has a temperature of probably 75° to the open air, in which the thermometer stands at freezing-point, is an ordeal that the lungs of very few delicate people can undergo with safety.

The air in living-rooms should be always in gentle motion; and this, remember, does not mean a draught.

In winter these rooms have a better chance of being ventilated, because the fire causes a current, burns or carries away the vitiated atmosphere, and causes the entrance of fresh air from without. It is in summer that people are apt to suffer in these rooms. Probably the chimney is stopped. At all events, it is blocked by some species of ornamentation. Now, please remember this : if such a room is to be healthy, there must be an incoming and an outgoing current of air. The simplest way of securing this is to have the window open at the bottom as well as at the top. Or, better still, have a ventilator in the door—a simple arrangement will suffice—and have the window wide open. *It is a slit that brings a draught.* Out of doors in summer, with the air circulating all round you, you might sleep soundly and well in a hammock and never catch cold ; but indoors you may catch cold, and inflammation also, by sitting opposite a window not opened generously wide.

What is called Sherringham's valve is an effective method of ventilating a room. As an opening must be made through the wall, it is builder's work. I therefore do but mention it.

In ventilating—say a bed-room—by means of the window, what you principally want is an upward-blowing current. Well, there are several methods of securing this without danger of a draught :—

I. Holes may be bored in the lower part of the upper sash of the window, admitting the outside air.

II. Right across one foot of the lower sash, but attached to the immovable frame of the window, may

be hung or tacked a piece of strong Willesden paper—prettily painted with flowers and birds if you please. The window may then be raised to the extent of the breadth of this paper, and the air rushes upwards between the two sashes.

III. The same effect is got from simply having a board about six inches wide and the exact size of the sash's breadth. Use this to hold the window up.

IV. This same board may have two bent or elbow tubes in it, opening upwards and into the room, so that the air coming through does not blow directly in. The inside openings may be protected by valves, and thus the amount of incoming current can be regulated. We thus get a circulating movement of the air, as, the window being raised, there is an opening between the sashes.

V. In summer a frame half as big as the lower sash may be made of perforated zinc or wire gauze and placed in so as to keep the window up. There is no draught ; and if kept in position all night, then, as a rule, the inmate will enjoy refreshing sleep.

VI. In addition to these plans, the door of every bed-room should possess at the top thereof a ventilating panel, the simplest of all being that formed of wire gauze.

In conclusion, let me again beg of you to value fresh air as you value life and health itself ; and, while taking care not to sleep directly in an appreciable draught, to abjure curtains all round the bed. A curtained bed is only a stable for nightmares and a hotel for a hundred wandering ills and ailments.

NELLIE'S TROUSSEAU, ARRANGED BY NELLIE'S MOTHER.



NELLIE was engaged to be married. In a little while she would leave the home where, ever since she could remember, she had been loved and cherished, and go away to spend her days with a comparative stranger. She was glad, of course, for a new love had entered into her life ; but also sorry, for she began to realise that marriage divides almost more than it unites, and her home folks were very dear to her.

Nellie was a little sad at the thought of the parting that was to be ; her mother was still more so. Mothers

are often credited by ignorant, heartless persons with wishing to get rid of their daughters. There may be such mothers in the world. Nellie's mother was not one of them. Nellie's presence was always a comfort and joy to her father and mother, and her absence was always a pain. But Nellie's mother knew that when children grow up, fathers and mothers have to step into the background, and be content to take a second place in the affections of their children. Thus it always has been, and thus it always will be.

To grant, however, that change is inevitable, does not quite rob it of its pain, and as Nellie's marriage drew nearer, both Nellie and her mother found it difficult to face the situation calmly. Under these circumstances, it was a good thing that the thought of the trousseau was borne in upon them, for the necessity of providing it diverted their thoughts, and gave them abundant occupation. They were both very anxious that this trousseau should be excellent of its kind, and quite a model for other brides similarly situated. And yet they were quite well aware that to make it so they would have to do a good deal of contriving, and