

For the long list of subjects to be studied we must refer readers to the printed copy of "Regulations," to be obtained from the Registrar of the University of London; we may mention that the Mus. Bac. Examinations include a knowledge of the theoretic physical basis of music, and the production of a composition in five-part vocal counterpoint, with accompaniments for a quintet string band, with the knowledge of the theory of counterpoint and musical form, a critical knowledge of the scores of standard classical compositions, &c. The Mus. Doc. examination goes further on the same lines, and, in fact, is obviously intended to include all that can, so far, be known about music; which, of course, is as it should be. One or two points in detail seem open to question. For instance, the candidate for Mus. Bac. who is told that he is to be examined in "the principles of the construction of chords" might very fairly retort "Whose principles?" And at all events it would be as well to give some indication whether any particular theory is favoured, or whether any adequate exposition by the candidate of the theory which he considers to be the correct one will pass muster. Among one or two subjects which the Mus. Bac. candidate may claim to be examined in for extra honours is "playing an accompaniment from a figured bass." Is it worth while to keep up examination in an art which the full writing and engraving of modern music has rendered superfluous? Among the Mus. Doc. subjects occurs "the principles of melodial progression." Here, again, there seems to be a begging of the question. Is every one agreed there are principles of melodial progression. And if so, what they are? What would Herr Wagner have to say on the point? On the other hand, there is one subject in the list of great value, and new (as far as we know) in such a curriculum, viz.: "the general distinction between physical and æsthetic or artistic principles, as bearing on musical forms and rules." If the London University can get any one to settle that, they will indeed have done something to speak of, something not a little significant towards parting the sheep from the goats in modern music.

There is one provision, however, in the Mus. Doc. regulations by no means novel, but to our thinking most undesirable—that, namely, which rules that the candidate, having written a test composition in eight-part vocal harmony, with full orchestral accompaniment, shall be required to conduct a public performance of his exercise at his own expense. The objection to this is not merely that, as an able critic in a contemporary has already pointed out, many men who are competent to pass the examination with honour may be very ill able to afford the expense of such a performance; the far stronger objection is that it is undesirable on artistic grounds to make public performances of music written to order and as an exercise. The whole object of such examinations as these is to give proof of proficiency in the scientific knowledge and handling of music; but that is only the means. The end of music is poetic expression, and in that no one can be examined; success or non-success can be estimated only by the emotion of the listeners, and that which is to produce emotion must be the product of emotion, which a composition made to order and to illustrate the scientific difficulties of composition hardly ever can be. Numbers of these test Cantatas are in existence somewhere, and whoever hears them, hears of them, or cares for them? The audience who hear them are only likely to feel, like the organist in Browning's poem:—

So your fugue broadens and thickens,  
Grows and deepens and lengthens,  
Till we exclaim—"But where's music, the dickens?"

No; let the candidate write his "exercise" in due form, satisfy the examiners, and then, if he be wise, put it in the waste-basket, and never think of it again.

The perusal of such a curriculum as this, after all, tends to make one melancholy. For, if all analogy in art-history goes for anything, this determination to "know all about it" is one of the strongest indications that what many of us sadly suspect is but too true—that music as an emotional and joyful art is "played out." It is with art as with an organism; you cannot probe and dissect it while it is living; it is only after death that there comes the investigation by the scalpel. Music has lived a short but happy life with the world, and now her heart has ceased to beat and her life-blood to flow, and we sit down before her dead organism to investigate the reason of it, and find out how it was all done, and why it affected us so powerfully. The study is not without interest, though we can never really fathom the mystery even by the help of Helmholtz and his compeers. But will all this learning give us one new emotion in music—one new symphony to speak to us with a voice like that of the Immortal Nine? We have here a splendid machinery for turning out musical professors; but who will turn us out a musical poet?

Messrs. Novello & Co. have probably done more to advance the cause of music than any other publishing house in the world. Their cheap and beautifully printed editions of the classics are so well known that it would be superfluous to describe them, whilst their theoretical publications are almost as widely and quite as favorably known. The latest additions to the latter are "Novello's Music Primers," which are edited by Dr. Stainer, organist of St. Pauls. Formerly, a person who could sing fairly from notes, or had acquired the mastery over the piano or other instrument, was dubbed an accomplished musician; and any one having a knowledge of harmony or counterpoint was quite a lion in musical circles. In these days, however, musicians must get to the bottom of everything in any way connected with the art, and we find "primers" issued at marvellously cheap rates, and evidently intended for the million, on subjects the very names of which were hitherto unknown, or at any rate unused by us. The reviewer of these works in the *Musical Times* says:—"Talk of 'greats' or 'smalls,' or Indian Civil Service examinations, they are nothing to what it is evident the musical student of the new generation may have to undergo. He will perhaps be expected to critically compare the Greek texts of the ancient harmonicians, and to be able to improve the Latin of Meibomius. He must be a fair mathematician, a consummate linguist, an acoustician, and tolerably well versed in the kindred physical sciences. When he has mastered his pianoforte as well as these acquirements, and has skimmed through harmony, counterpoint, canon, fugue, form, orchestration, and the history and literature of music, he will take Mr. Ellis's 'primer'—as the author tells us to call it—and learn 'glossic.' On this last account we congratulate all musicians who were born some years ago; for they are not likely to take to glossic now. Not that glossic or Mr. Ellis's book are unimportant—far from that. The new Primer is not only important, but of great interest. It is, however, immensely more difficult than the author thinks. He may add that it is we who are immensely more stupid than we think. That is possible—indeed, he has convinced us of it; for we leave it to any average intelligence to rise, as they say in reviews, from the perusal of this work, and confess if it does not feel itself considerably 'shut up.'"

We are afraid many of our musical amateurs (or professors, for that matter,) would feel completely "shut up" by some of the simplest of these primers; but we nevertheless recommend them as standard works, well written, beautifully printed, and so cheap as to be within the reach of all.

Dr. MacLagan is about to give another series of popular organ recitals in Zion Church, commencing on Monday, August 19th.

A feature in the Viennese section of the Paris Exhibition is a handsome bronze statue of Beethoven.

Madame Strauss, wife of the eminent composer of dance music, is dead.

A handsome statue of Balfe, the Irish composer, was unveiled in Dublin last month.

The vibration of the pendulum of controversy will depend on the momentum it receives from the mass of errors with which it breaks away and is driven to the other side; and these vibrations will only agitate it until it shall settle into the quietude of settled truth.—*Browning*.

The best recipe we know, if you want to be miserable, is to think about yourself, how much you have lost, how much you have not made, and the poor prospect for the future. A brave man with a soul in him gets out of such pitiful ruts and laughs at discouragement, rolls up his sleeves, whistles and sings, and makes the best of life. This earth never was intended only for the stronger and better for his adversities. Many a noble ship has been saved by throwing overboard its most valuable cargo, and many a man is better and more humane after he has lost his gold.

## CURRENT LITERATURE.

"HAVERHOLME; OR THE APOTHEOSIS OF JINGO," by Edward Jenkins, M.P. for Dundee.

Satire is the most powerful of weapons. It does in a flash what no amount of argument would ever effect. It has toppled over Dynasties, upset Ministries, abolished monopolies, and proved invincible against every kind of sham and iniquity. Society is greatly indebted to satire; the only drawback is that it has no guarantee as to how it may be used, and against what it may be directed. Experience has shown that the wisest and best of men, the noblest and most desirable of objects may become the aim of the satirist, and so lose, in the eyes of the contemporaries, all the nobler qualities obvious to posterity when the mist has cleared away. The satire, which the wits of the Restoration levelled at Cromwell, overclouded the Protector's character for two centuries; it needed, in fact, all Carlyle's genius and indomitable industry to "restore" the Protector, and to give him his proper standing in history.

The satires of Pope, again, were often cruelly unjust to men of the time, some of whom have never recovered from the obloquy unjustly cast upon them. And so it has been in our own times. Lord Byron lived to acknowledge the injustice he had been guilty of towards some of his brother poets, especially Southey, Coleridge and Wordsworth. But such acknowledgment avails little when the arrow has been shot and taken effect. So again, to come nearer to our time, Lord Lytton, in his "New Timon," attacked Alfred Tennyson with a venom which showed that he was utterly blinded to his merits. But his lordship had, for once, met his match, and Tennyson retorted in a style so scathing as to compel his lordship's respect for his ability.

Conscious of its uses and abuses, yet, on the whole, society is the gainer by good satire, and it is rather to be regretted that we have not any first-class specimens of the art in the present day. The "New Timon" was the last really vigorous effort, and there is nobody to wear the mantle of Dryden, Pope, and Byron. So we have to be content with a less ambitious kind of thing, and in the place of the old poetical satires, with their glorious ring and concentrated fire, we are fain to accept the prose and sometimes prosy lucubrations of Mr. Jenkins, M.P. These are always smart—sometimes striking; and if they do not fulfil the promise of "Ginx's Baby," there is spice enough to tickle the palate, and to give us the sensation of reading satire. Mr. Jenkins's latest Baby is called "Haverholme; or the Apotheosis of Jingo," and aims at a double purpose,—that of attacking the policy of Earl Beaconsfield, whom he rather happily calls "Benjingo," and showing up the Ritualists and their doings. With such popular materials to deal with, Mr. Jenkins ought to have made a hit, a palpable hit; but we fear it will prove a miss.

In one quality of a satirist Mr. Jenkins certainly is not deficient. He has the courage of his convictions. He hits as hard as he can—not always so hard as he fancies, perhaps. Still he does not flinch, and that is one essential for success. Though half England is ringing with the praises of Lord Benjingo, and the other half is steeped to the eyes in Ritualism, he spares neither form of superstition. He is indignant at the turning of the tide from the recognition of Mr. Gladstone's solid qualities to that of the Premier's more showy and theatrical claims to laudation. He does not hesitate to apply the term "Mephistopheles" to the successful minister, any more than Mr. Gladstone's opponents did to stigmatize that gentleman as "Anti-Christ," because he disestablished the Irish Church. But calling names is easy work. The greatest wits have been beaten at this—all except Daniel O'Connell, who struck dismay to the soul of the fishwife by denouncing her as a "depraved parallelogram!" Only extreme cleverness can make way with this sort of thing in the teeth of a nation; and though "Haverholme" may interest by touches of character and flashes of smartness, it will create no sensation, and have small chance of living beyond the hour of its birth.

Still, it will not be without its uses. It comes forth in the hour of Lord Beaconsfield's triumph, like the slave whose duty it was to whisper to the conqueror that he was mortal. This is one of the uses of satire. When the voices of the crowd blend in eulogy, there is danger that the object of the laudation will grow intoxicated with the incense of flattery. Satire is a sharp restorative and a good tonic where there is a tendency, as in the present case, to the theatrical and "high-fluting." Satire may be highly refined or exceedingly rough—it may be "like the razor keen," or effective in its very bluntness. Pope's satire was the perfection of the one; Cobbett's the example of the second. It would be hard to say which was more effective, the polished couplets of the one, or the blurted-out sneers of the other, as when in his famous grammar he gives examples of a noun of multitude in significant apposition, as "The House of Commons—a den of thieves."

It has not been given to Mr. Jenkins, M.P., to rise to the higher altitudes of satire. Nevertheless, he has a pretty knack as far as he goes, and there are indications of it in "Haverholme," which combines much cleverness with a fair proportion of salutary bitterness. Perhaps, had matters turned out differently at the Berlin Conference, the satire would have been more effective. It was to all appearance commenced in the belief that the Congress would prove a failure, and that the policy of Benjingo would have been defeated. In that case, the satire would have wound up with an appropriate sting in its tail. As it is, the author has been in the awkward position of having to waste his oil of vitriol, and the conclusion is lame and impotent. This has been awkward in two ways. It is annoying when your object of contempt comes home crowned with laurels. The satirist has a fair right to complain, if not to sue for damages. Then again, telling satire wants a divided public to give it vitality. It is out of the conflict of public opinion, as by means of flint and steel, that fire is struck, and though there are a good many people just now who are doubtful of my Lord Benjingo's policy, and even hint that a Cyprus may be bought too dearly, still the general tone is that of gratulation on the one hand and silent contempt on the other. This is not the fervid temper of the public mind favorable to great satiric efforts. However, as a whole, the work is interesting, if only as showing the stage which, in its decline, the art of satire has reached, and illustrating the utmost that the Opposition has to urge against "the worship of Jingo."

HOW TO TAKE CARE OF OUR EYES, by Dr. H. C. Angell: Dawson Brothers, Montreal.

Reprinted in part from *The Atlantic Monthly*, this little manual will prove a valuable help to those suffering from weak eyes, and the growing prevalence of weak sight would seem to make a wider knowledge of the eye, and how to take care of it, of the highest importance. The freedom from technical terms, and the simplicity of Dr. Angell's treatise should render it exceptionally popular.

THE MAGAZINES.—From want of space in our last week's number we were precluded from saying that we were in receipt of our monthly magazines, first stands *Harper's*, an exceptionally good number, the chief article, "The Golden Age of Engraving," by F. Keppel, with 13 illustrations, being very interesting, the number is besides filled with other good things. Of *Scribner's* too, we must not omit a word of praise. It is the usual "Mid-summer Holiday Number," and the illustrated article on the poet Bryant, and his home in Long Island, renders it attractive. Nor must we omit our own *Canadian Monthly*; the Rose-Belford Company seem resolved upon acting up to their promises of making the Magazine foremost amongst our Canadian serials. The article on "Edinburgh" is good; and the "Haunted Hotel," by Wilkie Collins, and the carefully written "Current Events" (which has always been a specialty with the *Monthly*) with other minor articles, serve to make up a very presentable number.

THE CANADIAN ANTIQUARIAN AND NUMISMATIC JOURNAL, published quarterly by the Numismatic Society of Montreal.

The first number of the 7th volume of this Magazine is just to hand, full of information and interesting *morceaux* of Canadian history, &c.; avoiding the rock upon which so many magazines of a similar nature have suffered wreck, the *Antiquarian* is not filled with elaborate treatises, hard words, and "dry bones," but the wonder is how so much varied information can be got into its 48 pages. We wish the Magazine long life, and success to the Society (necessarily small in numbers) which has the ability to conduct a journal of so much usefulness.

THE ACCIDENT INSURANCE CO. OF CANADA is now issuing Policies and Permits for Travel, covering all accidents by land or water—fatal or non-fatal—at the same rate which had hitherto been charged for Insurances covering accidental death only when beyond the limits of Canada. An Insurance of \$5,000 if killed, or \$25 a week if injured, for a three months' trip to Europe, costs now only \$25 in this Company. The Head Office at 103 St. Francis Xavier Street.—EDWARD RAWLINGS, Manager.—*Adv.*