to the south of them were 9,000 well-fed and well-clothed natives, with schools and churches, and partaking of the book-learning and civilisation of that white man whose ships they stared at in wonder. That the "President Land" of Hall should have been erased from our charts, is a matter of no surprise to those who know on what shadowy grounds Hall placed it there. Captain Hall—or rather Mr. Meyer —*thought* he saw land in the north. Sir G. Nares *was certain* that he only saw a cloud. Neither reached the spot. Accordingly those who still cling to "President Land" may do so on the ground that it has not been *proved* to be non-existent; and that, if Meyer did not see land, he saw a "water-sky."

Of the scientific results of the expedition it would be as yet unjust to say much. One thing we are certain of, that no opportunity was lost. Captain Fielden, R.A., proved himself a most accomplished officer; and his colleague, Mr. Hart, was also indefatigable in gathering up what little remained to be gleaned in a region which Dr. Bessels explored so well. We, however, know enough to say that no reasonable "scientist," acquainted with the Arctic regions and its scientific history, will have any cause to be disappointed. Coal in Smith's Sound, with the remains of an ancient flora, was perhaps the most popularly interesting discovery. Coal, however, is widely distributed in the Polar basin, and a fossil flora has been found almost as far north already—viz., in Spitzbergen.

The above, concisely stated, are a few of the most striking results of this expedition. But we have not yet finished with the Pole. To reach the Pole is, no doubt, a puerile ambition worthy of an Alpine tourist. It is only the spot on the earth "where the sun's declination is equal to its altitude," and *per se* is no more interesting than any other portion of the Arctic world. But it is a good goal to work to in the exploration of those two and a quarter million square miles of unknown sea, and let us even hope land, around the northern end of the earth. This expedition has demonstrated—if demonstration had been required—how useless ships are for the exploration of the Polar area, except to convey the workmen to the scene of their labours, and as a home to fall back on. We have the ships, and we have the men. England will be another England than it is to-day if six months hence we stand aside "baffled, but not defeated," and let another nation reap the reward of our sacrifices and toils. The Americans say that the Smith's Sound route has not been proved impracticable; but let us suppose it has; there are other routes. To use the language of one well qualified to speak "with authority, and not as a scribe:"—

"It would be desirable to connect Beaumont's furthest with Cape Bismarck, but this must be done by the east coast of Greenland. It would also be very desirable to connect Aldrich's furthest with North Cornwall, but this must be done by an expedition proceeding up Jones' Sound."

Shall it be East Greenland, Wrangell's Land, or Franz Joseph's Land which is to be the next base of operations, since land is pronounced as a *sine quâ non* for Polar expeditions? We shall see "what we shall see." Our sailors may not accomplish the "one good thing" of Arctic exploration, but they will add to the sum of human knowledge, fearless of "the spirit which dwelleth in the land of ice and snow."

ADELINE.

THE rose that blushes in the light,
The queenly lily proud and tall,
The violet shyly hid from sight,
All these are fair—I love them all.
But none so fair to me, I ween,
As Adeline!

The song of birds in summer bowers,
The music of the waterfall,
The balmy breath of fragrant flowers,
All these are sweet—I love them all.
But none so sweet to me, I ween,
As Adeline!

For myriad smiles are in her eyes,
A wealth of kisses in her lips,
And countless rosy blushes rise,
And flush her dainty finger-tips.
Ah! none so sweet and fair, I ween,
As Adeline!

G. W.

HOW MUSIC IS TAUGHT ABROAD.

BY J. W. HINTON, M.A., MUS. D., TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN; LATE OF THE CONSERVATOIRE, PARIS.

IT is interesting in the highest degree to compare the various modes of education in different countries, and their results. Were we to judge from the dearth of composers, and from the general tone of music written and published in England, we should be likely to conclude either that no opportunities were afforded for advanced instruction, or that as a nation we were deficient in the qualities necessary to produce composers and musicians of the highest class. Such, however, is not the case; and this is attested by the great development amongst us, and gradual reform effected, in musical education during the last twenty years.

Much still remains to be done, in order to give the more talented of our fellow-countrymen the special advantages afforded by the great Continental Conservatoires, which, besides having had the honour of developing the principal musical illustrations of the last and the present century, have moreover kept up a high standard of art all through the countries in which they exist. A detailed account of the history and distinctive peculiarities of all, or even most of the great Continental Conservatoires would, I think, hardly interest the general reader. I purpose merely to sketch out the principles common to all, and their mode of instruction, taking more especially the Conservatoire of Paris as an example, which (excepting in some trifling and quite unimportant details) illustrates the system of all the Conservatoires throughout France, Germany, and Belgium.

To enter the Paris Conservatoire the candidates must present themselves at the preliminary examinations (*concours d'essai*) either simply for the *Classe de Solfège* (*i.e.*, a preliminary class, in which time, vocal sight-reading, and similar rudimentary matters are taught), or *also* as an executant upon some instrument, or as a vocalist.

From the whole number of aspirants (often very considerable) a small number is selected—in order of merit—according to the amount of vacancies in the classes. These pupils, upon the certificate of their professor, progressively attend harmony, counterpoint, and composition (written and extempore) classes, &c., it being optional to the pupil either to proceed to the end of the curriculum, or stop at any point. Quarterly examinations take place to test and stimulate the progress of the pupils. That in June is the principal one of these ordinary examinations, its object being to eliminate those not qualified to compete for prizes at the Prize Examination held in July. Any pupil who for a space of two years has failed to take at least one prize, ceases by this fact to belong to the Conservatoire, thus making room for another.

Special facilities are afforded in the case of persons wishing to join the higher classes; but even in this case it will be seen that a man must be thoroughly grounded in his art, to be allowed to avail himself of them. The way this can be effected is as follows:—Upon presenting to the professor of the class he may wish to enter a certificate of some well-known master, the professor may—if satisfied, and if he have room in his class—admit him as an *auditeur*, or "listener," and after a certain lapse of time—should he have shown sufficient aptitude—present him as a pupil to the committee, when he comes under the same regulations as the rest of the class.

The principal scholarship connected with the Conservatoire is the Prix de Rome; though, more properly, the whole system is a course of instruction awarded to talented and hard-working students on the principle of our own university scholarships. To compete for the Prix de Rome the candidate must be of French nationality, single, and under thirty years of age.

The candidates pass two examinations—the first to decide upon those qualified to compete. This test consists in writing a complete fugue and chorus in *at least* five parts with band.

From these six are selected in order of merit, and enter upon residence in separate chambers for twenty-five days, at the end of which time they must have produced a cantata (the words of which are given) containing soli parts for each voice, a duet, trio, and quartet, or chorus, all accompanied by full band. These six cantatas are then performed free of expense to the candidates, first at the Conservatoire, and next day at the Institut de France. The author who obtains the majority of votes from the two juries gains the scholarship. Free maintenance is granted for a term of four years, two of which must be spent in Italy, and the other two anywhere at the option of the individual. He must, however, send up a cantata, symphony, or overture every year; and should his work give rise to doubt as to his industry in availing himself of his advantage, his funds may be stopped temporarily or permanently. He must also, for the last year, write a grand work for the French stage, which is performed free of expense to him when his scholarship has expired. If he has made a hit he has reached the top of the tree—thanks *only* to industry and talent.

Let me now sum up the advantages of this system. First, musical education is *gratuitous* from the rudiments to the highest point, and open *only* to those likely to *use*, not to abuse it. Secondly, it is progressive, and the prizes are absolute measures of merit in each several branch for which they are given, not being awarded "in the lump," as it were, for general knowledge, as is the case with our English university degrees, which, before the recent reforms—and more especially before the excellent innovations of Sir R. P. Stewart—meant so very little.

Until we ourselves have an institution of a like serious and thorough character, it will be useless to lavish money in collecting the best professors that can be got. So long as a pupil is left in a measure to his own discretion in pursuing his studies, nothing good can—at least, in most cases—ensue. To produce a musician so much hard work and drudgery has to be gone through, that people as a rule will not, or cannot of their own accord, go through it to the end; and even when, by dint of special energy and talent, the student has kept a good while on the right road, he then fails to find enough men who have gone as far with whom he can compare himself, and is apt to become self-satisfied—nay, to consider that his very crudities are the peculiarities of a new school.

I must here anticipate an objection. It may be urged that in dealing with the Conservatoire system I have only treated half of my subject; that I have only explained "how music is taught as a profession." This is true to some extent, but such as the master is, such will be the pupil. The Conservatoire of a country is the fountain-head of musical training there, and it seems most logical to commence with it. Moreover, we must remember that music is nowhere so universally taught as in England, and that in this respect we are far ahead of our Continental neighbours. Music, even in Germany (contrary to our preconceived notions that everybody there plays and sings), is not an indispensable part of a young lady's education. This is still more the case in Belgium and France. Music is generally taught as *an art* to those who have a gift for it. A young lady is not ashamed to say, "I don't play or sing," nor is she from that fact considered as necessarily not well educated. Not so in England. Every young lady must at least be asked to contribute to the "harmony of the evening." Many a one steps tremblingly up to the keys, conscious that her performance cannot possibly give pleasure to any, unless perhaps to her mother, who would probably, and (under the present condition of things) naturally, feel slighted if her daughter were not called upon to play. I must, however, pay a just tribute to our English courtesy and forbearance: the young lady is inevitably applauded, or at least thanked, by most of her audience. Were this in a German or French drawing-room, she might, on the contrary, possibly catch an audible "*Oh, cette pauvre demoiselle!*" or a good-natured "*Quel malheur tout de même;*" or if she did not hear it she would, with the quickness and delicacy of perception of her sex generally, feel that something of the kind was thought by the company.

This excessive indulgence of mediocrity is, perhaps, a very material cause why we produce so few thorough musicians. A something less than mediocrity is not tolerated in painting, why should it be condoned in music? Many a one who knows that his musical acquirements are but scanty, is yet satisfied that he can do "pretty well." Were he a painter, and had made no more progress in painting, he would shrink from showing his pictures by the side of others more advanced. This is surely a strange anomaly.

Among other reasons why this toleration of mediocrity is detrimental to true art, I would point out that it is so, first, because such exhibitions are not calculated to elevate the hearers, or to stimulate the performers; and, secondly, that they tend to produce a class of music-teachers who instruct merely for gain, feeling no pride or interest in their pupils.

To meet the requirements of people who learn the rudiments of music only because it is the necessary complement of their education, there are a whole mass of professors, whose acquirements are of the most meagre kind, and who have no love for their art—not one spark of *feu sacré* in their souls. All this acts as an incubus upon true art, and tends to degrade the standing of the teacher, even when he is a conscientious and thorough musician.

A SONG OF A LEAF.

I FLUNG a leaf on a summer stream,
  That I plucked from the alder-tree;
And I watched it dance in the sunny beam,
  Where the eddies played ripplingly.
"Oh! for a life like the leaf," I cried,
"Floating along on the sunlit tide."

Over the water came a breeze,
  And it hurried the leaf along;
Down to the margin stooped the trees,
  And they whispered a gentle song.
"Oh! for a life like the leaf," I cried,
"Ever in sunshine and song to glide."

Fast sped the leaf on its joyous way,
  Till it reached the rocks in the river;
Over the ledge, amid foam and spray,
  Went the leaf—and was lost for ever.
"Ah, me! Is life like the leaf?" I cried—
"*Like the leaf*," the echoing rocks replied.

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.