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HUGH A.
CLARKE..

The Doc's views is hopelessly ignorant of the
his reading has been bad and his reasoning
ability is worse. I hesitate to ^{call} ~~judge~~ his
presides in the above-mentioned indigence for fear
of ~~losing~~ his powers rashly. He is one of
those kinds of "musicians" who would be able to
write a ^{brass quartet} book on finger technique, and call
it a musical method; he would teach
unrelated movements and independent efforts
and independent ^{a fixed quartet} members - working, the
bitting of tones, exactly like in rapids, force
and all that sort of nonsense which goes
to antagonize every law of proportionate
relation and unit, and rhythm which
are the bases of truth measure and all art
and natural action. Doubtless he has
practiced fixed hand and independently hitting
strings for so many years that his brain
and very soul have become likewise
non-composite or decomposed by ~~such~~
that abnormal activity and therefore his
finger's tremor with unrelated contrabition
sayings. Of firm reasoning, I can find none
the arguments are never thorough and the
inferences are worth left ^{us} half suggestion

perhaps in every page of the
Calpurnio in Curio. The serpent may find
the spirit that transcends all laws! Alas this
just what Mr. Goddard does not do he
merely achieves a transcendent exercise of law
Law is rather the stronger working in
variety than in unity of strength in either! And
if the identity is not wholly lost the unity
is all the more fascinating for being veiled.
And this deeper more subtle exercise of
the law is deemed by such examples

~~And~~ a lawless run an indescribable
inscrutable something brighter than all
science and law. Who shall define
the tonality in ~~any~~ of these bars and what
the melody - it is a capricious string
with the least thread of identity in rhythm
* which shimmers and dazzles us
with a vitality (unfathomable) and evades
our penetration with ~~its~~ most vicious artful

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Music and the Comrade Arts: Their Relation

By

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of Pennsylvania



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the dreamer has an indefinite
gift, there is something wonderful,
miscellaneous, and unscientific
in his course. It shows that
now there is something behind
all laws which men have
- Confess to laws of society
- It is the best I can do
our doctor & these people
emulate nations - again I say
I cannot find the means of
the best course with the
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It matters nothing to me what
others may think they more false
and the nations in Dr. Clarke's
and false, and I shall not be
any body in any case get out
of them before I tell the
that the book is dangerous, false



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Music and the Comrade Arts : Their Relation.

CHAPTER I.

THE RELATIONS BETWEEN ART AND SCIENCE.

THE artist or teacher who confines his attention to the province of the art he practices or teaches is sure to miss seeing that art in its true proportions and in its relations to the sister arts, and, indeed, to all the other interests and efforts

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that make up the sum of human knowledge. Nor can he who is ignorant or unmindful of these relations be said to know his own art. There is a natural tendency in all of us to magnify our office, which is right and proper so long as we do not go to the extreme of holding it as the one thing in the world that is worthy of attention, or of depreciating the work of our fellows. All things in the universe exist in mutual interdependence. It is only by studying each thing in its relation to all the rest that a true conception can be gained of its place and office in the affairs of life.

In the study of the Fine Arts, namely, Poetry, Painting, Sculpture, Music, and Architecture, we will consider, first, the relations between Art and Science as of prime importance. It is the province of Science to treat of that which may be known, measured, or weighed; of those

operations and sequences in the world of matter which we call—for want of a better name—the laws of nature. Science, in other words, deals only with tangible qualities. Its appeal is made solely to the intellect. Even though the term, “scientific imagination,” has been used by one of the greatest of modern scientific men, it is an imagination so chastened and curbed by stern facts and rigorous logic as to bear about the same relation to the imagination of the poet or musician that the tamed lightning of the telegraph system does to the free bolts of Heaven.

Art, on the other hand, deals only with intangible qualities—qualities that may be neither measured nor weighed—the operation of which is subject to a far higher, because a spiritual, law. Art occupies a region midway between Science and Moral Law. It may be said, once for all, that Moral Law is, or ought to be,

the supreme arbiter in the mental hierarchy, controlling both intellect and emotion. Art, being rooted in the material world, has necessarily its scientific aspect; but, as its fruits are borne high into a spiritual atmosphere, its chief relations are with Moral Law. Still, being human and not divine, it rests with the cultivator whether it diffuse fragrance or poison in the moral atmosphere; it being unfortunately true that the most precious of blessings may be degraded into the most virulent of evils.

There is another very important distinction between Science and Art. In Science, results may be foreseen and foretold with absolute accuracy; as when the astronomer, after long pondering on the motions of the planets, said that by pointing a telescope at a certain part of the sky, a new planet would be seen; or when the chemist, after long study

of the atomic constitution of metalloids, prophesied the discovery of a number yet unknown—a prophecy which after-discovery confirmed.

In Art, on the other hand, the results can never be foreseen, and no direct connection can be traced between the cause and the effect; indeed, the effect is often out of all proportion to the cause. You listen to a succession of sounds, and they simply weary you; you listen to another series, differing in no material way from the first, and your pulse quickens, the deepest springs of emotion are stirred—the soldier will rush undaunted to certain death, the martyr go with a smile into the flame. How and why is this? Some claim that it is owing to the arousing of vague associations. This may be true as far as it goes, but it goes a very short way. Whence does the succession of sounds get the power so to awaken

associations ? What is the nexus between them ? On this side Art touches the infinite in man with a power second only to Religion.

Bearing this distinction always in mind, let us try to discover what the relation is between Science and each of the Arts. We will begin with Poetry, which is probably the oldest of the sisterhood. To what science is it related, and how ? Among the many wonderful discoveries of the present century, not the least wonderful is the discovery and formulation of the laws of language. The changes that words undergo, the inflections they assume, and the forms their combinations take are all found to be the results of inflexible laws, working through long periods of time.

The law which, at any given time, governs the idiom of a language—called the grammar of a language—is a scientific law

that has binding force on the poet, even although we admit the numerous departures from it found in the great poets. We are justified in calling grammar a scientific law, in spite of the seemingly capricious forms which language takes, because philology, although not yet as exact as astronomy or inorganic chemistry,—nor ever likely to be, owing to the multitude of factors with which it has to deal,—has still advanced far enough to enable us to state with precision the forms which a given word or grammatical construction will take in a given language.

It must never be forgotten, however, that Art is for the most part entirely unconscious of any relation to Science. No amount of philologic knowledge will enable one to write poetry, nor will ignorance of this knowledge disqualify one who is gifted with the poetic faculty. Yet the poet will gain, not lose, by being ac-

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quainted with philology, because no knowledge, if it be true, is ever wasted; and philology may make words disclose new beauties of which he had no suspicion.

Turn next to Painting. In its scientific aspect it is dependent on the laws of light, or optics; on the laws of chemistry, which supply it with pigments; and on the laws of mathematics, which treat of perspective, the form of shadows, angles of vision, and so on. The painter may be ignorant of optics and chemistry, but he must be familiar with the laws of perspective. Painting has therefore a more direct dependence on Science than poetry, since poetry may work in entire ignorance of Science, whereas painting cannot.

To the sculptor one branch of scientific knowledge is absolutely essential; that is, anatomy. This science is also of great use to the painter, but with him it is chiefly restricted to the surface. The

sculptor, however, must be as familiar with anatomy as the physiologist; indeed, even more so, since the physiologist is satisfied with determining the *function* of an organ, while the sculptor must know, in addition, the *action* of the organ in the performance of its function.

We come now to the art in which Science plays a larger part than in any other; namely, Architecture. Without constantly leaning on Science, architecture would be impossible. The scientific problems with which it has to deal are infinite and of great complexity. All these problems must be solved, and, in addition, architecture must satisfy all the conditions of the purpose for which the building is designed,—questions of strength, of material, strain, lighting, heating, economy of space, and a thousand others must all be solved before it can make any claim to being a fine art.

Hampered as the architect is by these things, and still more by the peremptory consideration of cost, it is not to be wondered at that the results of his work so often fall short of being "things of beauty."

Architecture would gain by frankly admitting that, for many of its purposes, the idea of beauty should be completely eliminated. The requisites of the factory and machine shop are strength, stability, and plenty of light. The very plainness of these homes of labor gives them a dignity that is utterly destroyed by any attempts at cheap ornamentation. From this severe simplicity there might come a gradual ascent, if we remember always that beauty in architecture depends altogether on harmonious design, not on ornament, until we reach the great public buildings: the capitols, public libraries, and so on. These buildings should be such as to

mark the place which the nation has reached in the evolution of civilization; they should be symbols of the wealth, power, refinement, and liberality of a people who would testify to future generations, by these structures, their pride in and love for their country.

Last of all we turn to our own art, Music. It will be necessary to enter into the relation between Music and Science somewhat more fully than we have into the relations of the other arts to Science, there being a widespread but erroneous impression on the subject, voiced in the term, "scientific music"; which, in the mouths of those who use it, generally means music they do not like. There is also an impression that Music is a sort of offshoot of mathematics,—than which I think there could be no greater mistake. Mathematics is the most exact—indeed the only exact science. Its laws are im-

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mutable. The relations of time, space, and number appeal only to the intellect, and are powerless to touch the emotions, in spite of the assertion of an enthusiastic mathematician, that a certain equation was like the "language of a seraph." Music, on the other hand, is like the wind which "bloweth where it listeth"; and so difficult is it to reduce its motions to laws, or to frame a satisfactory theory of music, that it is a common complaint of students that the "rules of music consist chiefly of exceptions."

Now there is a science of sound—acoustics; sound being a physical phenomenon, its laws may be investigated and ascertained like those of any other physical phenomenon. But the science of acoustics bears just the same relation to music that philology does to poetry. Let us briefly consider the relation between acoustics and music. From acoustics we

learn the nature of sound, and the distinction between musical and non-musical sound—that is, sound fit or unfit for the musician's purposes; we further learn the numerical ratios of the vibrations which produce sounds of different pitch and the sounds which result from the division of the vibrating body into aliquot parts; also much about the conditions upon which the quality of sounds depends. We learn, too, of the major chord, and of the chord of the 7th. *But*—and this is a very large *but*—the scale that Science gives us is not the scale we use. So of the intervals Science gives us, with the exception of the octave; so of the major chord, and of the chord of the 7th. As to the minor chord, Science has only an hypothesis to offer. The scale of Science is obtained by the division of a string into aliquot parts; the scale of modern music, by the division of the octave empirically

into twelve equal parts. True, there is a very close correspondence between the scales obtained in these two ways, and it *may* be that it is this close correspondence which makes our musical scale agreeable; but this is open to question when we remember that millions of people find a totally different scale agreeable.

Now the most distinguishing characteristic of music is melody; that is, a rhythmic arrangement of sounds of different pitch, all bearing a certain relation to one sound, called the key-note. All the mathematical and acoustical lore in the world would not endow their possessor with the ability to write one phrase of the *Last Rose of Summer*; even as a "speaking acquaintance" with all the languages of men since the dispersion at Babel would not enable one to write

"Hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise."

The science of sound treats only of the *material* out of which music is made, and can give no hint of how to use it; just as the chemist can produce every shade and tint of color, but can give no aid to the painter in their use.

The science of sound has aided music in another way. It has immensely improved all our musical instruments—except the violin family. We build better pianos now than were built at the beginning of the century. Yet we do not—in spite of scientific advance—write such music for them as Mozart and Beethoven wrote. Haydn or Mozart would be filled with amazement at hearing the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Such precision, such shading, such easy mastery of technical difficulties were not dreamed of in their day. Yet their symphonies still hold the foremost rank, though they never heard of Helmholtz or Koenig. All these gains,

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great as they are, are merely material, and can receive value only from the genius of those who can make of them means for the expression of thought, feeling, and emotion; things that may not be weighed, measured, or numbered, whose seat is in that mysterious realm of being with which man was endowed when made in the image of his Creator.

Human thought and speech have always recognized the fact that great works of art originate in a sphere far removed from the material. The poet, the painter, the musician, has in all languages been called *inspired*—as though he wrought under the influence of some power outside of himself. The old Hebrew in his simple faith, which was perhaps nearer the truth than we sophisticated moderns believe, spoke of all such work as the inspiration of God.

There is another part of Art to which

the term Science is often, but wrongly, applied; that is, the technical manipulation of the material with which the artist works when moulding it into art forms. The poet must master the various metres used in the language he writes, its variety of stanzas, its forms of verse,—as lyric poems, odes, sonnets, epics, etc. But these are not based on scientific laws; nature had nothing to do with the making of them. They are but artifices, whose only reason for existing is that they have proved agreeable to the ears or eyes of those whose ability and invention first made them current. If they were scientific they would be unchangeable; but they change with the literary or artistic fashions of the times.

The painter and the sculptor must pass laborious years in attaining the mastery of the technique of their arts before the hand will obey the mind, giving a free

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sweep to the pencil or brush on the canvas, or that curious play of the thumb with which the sculptor evokes the lifelike face from the lump of lifeless clay.

In our own art, Music, there is a larger amount of technicality or artifice than in any other. It is to this that many persons, some of whom ought to know better, refer when they speak of "scientific music"; or vent the foolish opinion that there is something akin to mathematics in music. Does experience prove that mathematicians are musically inclined as a rule, or musicians mathematically inclined? I venture the assertion that there is nothing so rare as to find these mental endowments combined in the same person. If even the closest-textured, driest fugue is mathematical in any just sense of the word, it ought to be possible to express it in algebraic symbols. If this can be done, it ought to be possible

to state a motive by a $+ x = y$, or some such cabalistic signs; then to give it to a mathematician or a Babbage machine, and have a Beethoven symphony turned out.

It may be that this notion about mathematics and music is a vague echo from the disputes of the Pythagoreans and Aristoxenians,—a dispute which was revived in the Middle Ages, and fought with all the pedantries and personalities which characterized the polemics of that period. The upholders of the Pythagorean side of the controversy contended that the arithmetical ratios of sounds and their resemblance to the relations between certain mathematical forms constituted the true art of music; while the followers of Aristoxenus maintained what their opponents considered the foolish, frivolous idea that the chief end of music was to be heard.

The artifices of music are many, but

*It is with shame and horror
that I must state that a
professor of music writes*

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the most important may be ranged under three heads: Harmony—which treats of the combinations and successions of sound; Counterpoint—which treats of independent movements of parts or voices; Form—which treats of the order and succession of themes.

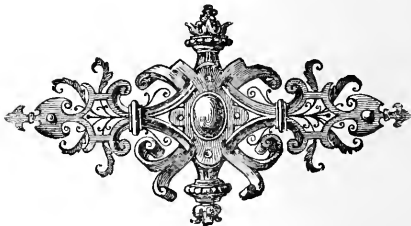
The rules that embody what may be learned of these things are not in any sense scientific. They have varied, and they may vary; they are merely the expression, at any given period in the history of the art, of what those engaged in it consider the best way to use its material.

To sum up, Science deals with the material. Upon this as a deep, firm foundation must all Art rest. Art must have a body, a means of manifesting itself. This it constructs for itself, not by means of scientific laws, but by æsthetic rules, which, like all expedients, are subject to change and decay. But this body of Art,

its technicalities, is a lifeless body until it is vivified by the spirit which comes from above. This spirit is not of it, but through it. Prisoned as we are in a material world, the soul within us cannot communicate with other souls except through the material. It is the error of materialism to identify the soul with the media through which it works; whereas, be the poem, the picture, the symphony, never so perfect, it falls far short of expressing the ideal that lay in the mind of its author. If the soul or spirit, or whatever name we choose to give it, were but the result or outcome of a "fortuitous concourse of atoms," it is certain that this dissatisfaction with our achievement could never come, for no stream can rise higher than its source. But in this very inability to realize our ideals we should find encouragement to persevere, not only in Art but in things of much greater mo-

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ment,—in right living, and in the effort to lighten the burden of other lives, a function which no art can perform so successfully as our own art of music, taking rank, as it does, only below religion.





CHAPTER II.

THE RELATION BETWEEN MUSIC AND THE OTHER ARTS.

HAVING considered the relations between Art and Science, it seems appropriate that we should next take up the relations that exist among the arts, especially the relation that Music bears to the other arts. It is only by looking at the art of music in this way that a true conception of its position and claims can be reached, and an intelligent defence of these claims can be urged. The first point to be considered in such a comparison is, the nature and limitations of the material with which the given art works;

next, the subject-matter with which it deals; then, the forms into which the nature of the material has compelled it to cast the subject-matter; and lastly, the nature of the appeal which it makes to the mind.

First, as to the material. The most striking characteristic of the Fine Arts is the apparent poverty and simplicity of the material with which they work their most wonderful effects, — words, pigments, sounds, clay. The commonest things in life supply all the needs of the artist. Yet, with these slight materials, he is able to raise the mind from the contemplation of the actual to the ideal; to play, as on some delicate instrument, upon the profoundest emotions; to lead captive and to sport at will with all the changing moods of the mind.

The material of Poetry is spoken language; its subject-matter those experi-

ences and observations of all past and present generations which are embalmed in language. In addition to these, a prophetic power gives the poet ability to forecast the thoughts and ways of future generations. These experiences and observations the poet so handles as to reveal deep, unexpected relationships and meanings, invisible to the ordinary eye, the profound truth of which the poet's language flashes on the mind with the vividness of lightning.

It is difficult to furnish any fixed definition of poetry. There is a gradual ascent from the baldest prose to the loftiest poetry. Poetry must be rhythmic, yet prose is often rhythmic; and lines of faultless rhythm are too often far from being poetry. The following lines, for example, are unobjectionable so far as rhythm is considered; they state a momentous fact; yet the most chari-

table interpretation could not call them poetry.

“ The world will disappear some day,
 And nothing will remain.
 The land, the sea, will pass away,
 And ne'er be seen again.”

Compare that stanza with the following lines, in which the same momentous fact is stated, but with a difference:

“ The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous
 palaces,
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
 And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
 Leave not a wrack behind.”

A volume of commentary could not exhaust the meaning of these words, which seem to unfold before the mind's eye a vast panorama of all the pomp, pride, and power of the world hastening to the “ inevitable hour ” of nothingness. For a vivid illustration of the poet's power of

bringing into close relationship things that to the ordinary mind have nothing in common, read Browning's poem on *A Toccata of Galuppi's*. In this quaint music the poet's eye sees, as in the magic crystal of the wizard, the whole life of Venice, with its intrigues and vanities, reflected.

The subject-matter of Painting is form and color. Being limited to a flat surface, the painter is compelled to express in two dimensions the forms which in the material world have three dimensions. This he does by applying to them the laws of perspective. But, as all these laws may be fulfilled as completely in a pen- or pencil-drawing as in a painting, the painter may say with some justice that color is of greater moment to him than form or drawing—although it is almost valueless without the latter. Just as in Poetry the poet has the whole experience

and observation of the race to draw upon, so, in Painting, the painter has the whole visible creation to draw upon for his pictures. But, if he be a painter worthy of the name, he looks on the visible creation with far different eyes from those of ordinary mortals. As the poet sees hidden relations in ideas, so the painter sees in form and color hidden relations to which ordinary vision is blind. A celebrated painter used to say, "Leaves may be green, but trees never are." To the ordinary observer this may sound absurd, but carefully examine a landscape under the guidance of an artist and the statement will be found to be true. Distance, light, shade, atmosphere, so modify the masses of foliage that grays and purples actually predominate over the greens.

Still, as perfect command of language and versification will not make a poet, so perfect command of the technic of form

and color will not make a painter. There must needs be that mysterious thing we call genius, which no one has defined and no one ever will define. It belongs not to the things that may be weighed, measured, or numbered; yet its strange power may be felt by even the dullest. It "cometh not by observation"; no one can say of it, "Lo! here, or lo! there"; even to its fortunate possessor it is often unknown. Through some impulse, he knows not what, he does his work, and awakes some morning to find himself famous; while the world takes his work to its heart and forever holds it as one of its most cherished possessions.

Some thirty or forty centuries ago an unknown Eastern poet summed up the monotheistic conception of the relations between man and his Creator; and the story of Job remains for all time the most perfect and the loftiest expression of these

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conceptions. About the same time a wandering Greek poet summed up the Aryan, polytheistic conception of the relations between man, the universe, and his fellow-man; and the *Iliad* lives to this day, although the conceptions on which it was founded have vanished. The genius of these two poets "mirrored the universe" as it existed for them; their work was not "make believe" or "art for art's sake," but was wrought from their profoundest convictions; therefore it endures.

We have no means of judging of the excellence of the paintings of the old-world artists, but it is safe to assume that it did not reach the high plane that was occupied by their sculpture and architecture. The story of the rival painters, one of whom painted a bunch of grapes so well as to deceive the birds, and was himself deceived by the curtain

painted by his rival, is not calculated to give us an exalted opinion of the way in which the Greeks looked upon the painter's art. It is to the Italy of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries that we must look for the culmination of this art. Like the poets just mentioned, these painters put great thoughts and sincere beliefs into their pictures with directness and simplicity, and thereby fixed the standards of excellence in Painting for all time.

The art of Sculpture deals only with form, and, in its highest manifestation, only with the human form. It is in some respects the most limited of the Fine Arts; but as it concentrates attention on form, to the exclusion of all other considerations, it is the most exacting of the visual arts in its demand for absolute truth in the forms it represents. The great period of Sculpture occurred at a

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time when there was every opportunity for studying the forms of the most beautiful race that ever existed. The games of the stadium, the exercises of the gymnasium, furnished a daily school in which were trained a people who summed up all their ideals of beauty in the perfect human form. But, as in Poetry and Painting, so in Sculpture there must be the "informing" light of genius, else it is dead and worthless. A life-cast of a face will reproduce every smallest feature with a fidelity beyond the reach of the artist, yet we regard it with little or no interest; while the first rough impression in clay of the same face, by an artist, will possess some quality which appeals at once to the imagination. It is as though the cast gave only the features, while the artist's work pictured the *soul* in the features.

Turn now to our own art, Music. Its

material is that intangible thing we call sound. To speak more exactly, sound is not a "~~thing~~," but is simply a mode of motion—so insubstantial is the material of music. As to its subject-matter, who will pretend to say what it is? Who will give even a satisfactory definition of music except on the physical side? To say that music is the combination and succession of sounds of varying pitch and quality is as inadequate as to say that *In Memoriam* is a succession and combination of the letters of the alphabet. One of the most philosophic of modern writers has defined music as "idealized motion." This has some appearance of truth, yet it is hard to conceive of any relation between "motion," however much idealized, and the rush of "thoughts that lie too deep for tears," which music can evoke.

All other arts find both their material

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and their subject-matter ready at hand. But although nature is full of sounds, not one of these natural sounds, save his own voice, is available for the musical use of man. To supply this need, he invented the pipe, the reed, the string. Then he had to reduce these sounds to order and system, in modes and scales; then to discover, after long experimenting, how to combine these sounds, and to make the combinations succeed one another agreeably; last of all, to invent the forms in which to mould his sound constructions. To what end? What do they mean? The mystery of music is insoluble. Hear what Browning, the greatest of modern poets,—indeed, the only great poet who has written understandingly of music,—says, in the words he puts into the mouth of Abt Vogler, as he sits absorbed in revery after extemporizing on his organ:

“ . . . Had I *Painted* the whole,
Why, then it had stood to see, nor the pro-
cess so wonderworth ;
Had I *written* the same, made verse—still,
effect proceeds from cause :
Ye *know* why the forms are fair, ye *hear* how
the tale is told.

But here is the finger of God, a flash of the
will that can,
Existent behind all laws, that made them—
and lo ! they are :
And I know not if, save in this, such gift be
allowed to man,
That out of three sounds he frame, not a
fourth sound, but a star ;
Consider it well : each tone of our scale in
itself is naught ;
It is everywhere in the world—loud, soft, and
all is said ;
Give it to me to use ! I mix it with two in
my thought
And, there ! Ye have heard and seen, con-
sider and bow the head.”

It is only when this last stage is
reached, viz., the development of *Form*,

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that any definite relation may be perceived between Music and the other arts. If there is any one principle that underlies all the arts it is that proportion between the parts, that due subjection of subsidiary themes to the principal theme, that freedom from diffuseness, which characterizes in the most striking way every great work of art. Hence the term "Composition" is used in all the arts to signify the way in which the artist presents his subject.

Every work of art has certain necessary limitations. The great poem of human action and passion began with the creation of man, and goes on forever. It is only here and there that the poet can dip into the mighty river and snatch some spoil from oblivion. So from sunrise to sunset, through change of seasons, the sun spreads an endless, ever-changing picture before the painter's eye, while his

rapid pencil can hardly seize one feature before it vanishes. Hence in comparison with what is possible in art, what is accomplished is almost nothing. Therefore, to avoid being lost in the infinite variety of nature, the artist has devised *forms* in which to present his work, that it may have the quality of completeness. The arrangement or determination of this form is called — as just remarked — the composition.

A Shakesperian drama, for example, is not biographical; it does not give the life-history of its chief character, but only one point in that life,—what may be called the crisis of that life. The composition of the play is such, that every subsidiary character and event is so contrived as to throw into strongest relief the fate of the chief actors, and to contribute in due degree to the shaping of that fate. So in the *Idyls of the King*,—although loosely

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strung together,—we see the doom that is to overtake the “blameless king”; and each successive Idyl seems to deepen the gloom in which the fair promise of the Round Table ends.

Composition in painting presents one of the most difficult problems the artist has to solve. He must so arrange his groups, his lights and shadows, his scheme of color, that there shall be no jarring note in his work. His picture must be dominated by one main idea; yet this domination must not be so complete as to cause the rest of the picture to fall out of sight. Da Vinci's celebrated picture of the *Last Supper* is often quoted as a masterly example of composition. At the first glance there appears to be an unstudied arrangement of the group, but closer attention reveals the fact that the heads of the disciples are grouped in threes, and the grouping is so contrived as to throw the

figure of the Savior into striking prominence, and that of Judas into deep shade.

If composition is difficult in Painting it is a hundredfold more so in Sculpture, confined as Sculpture is to a single theme, and that theme the human body; which, while it may assume a great many poses, has but a limited number that possess the element of beauty. In portrait statuary the composition is especially difficult, for the artist must so pose the subject as to avoid the commonplace without verging on the theatric. In a certain city, which shall be nameless, there are two full-length statues of a much esteemed citizen, long since departed, which illustrate the two extremes: one looks as though he had been "straked" for burial when he sat for the portrait; the other is very much alive, but with that accentuation or exaggeration in the pose that we are accustomed to see on the stage (where it is


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absolutely necessary), and to which we apply the epithet "stagey."

In Music the term "composition" has a twofold meaning. In its primary sense it means the invention of a melody, or the fitting of this melody with harmonic or contrapuntal accompaniment. In its larger sense its meaning is analogous to that which it bears in the other arts. In this sense it means the order, the key relation, succession, contrast, and development of the themes that make up the content of an extended movement. When these conditions are fulfilled we get the same impression of completeness, balance, and coherence that we get from the well composed drama, picture, or statue. We thus find that all the arts, although starting from different points, dealing with dissimilar materials, and differing totally in subject-matter, meet at last on this common ground of form or composition.

In Painting, the forms are infinite in number—every field and grove, every chance group of people, offering fresh possibilities. Poetry has many forms and an inherent capability for the development of new ones. But in Music the forms are very few and of singular rigidity. As yet, all attempts to develop or invent new forms have been unsuccessful.

United as are the arts by this physical bond, as it might be called, of form or composition, they are still more closely drawn together by a deeper, more important principle, one which may be felt but cannot be described; namely, artistic truth. It is on this principle that the permanence of any work of art depends. Sooner or later the world recognizes the truth of a work of art if it possesses any; although it frequently happens that great artists, like prophets, speak to future generations. Time is the sole test of this



artistic truth. Time, that should be represented with a sieve rather than a scythe, winnows out, slowly but surely, the chaff that makes so large a part of all human effort, carefully saving the few precious grains. Time eliminates the personal equation from the artist's work, thus distinguishing what is accidental or characteristic of his age from what is essential, which belongs to all ages.

The creative artist is rarely, if ever, conscious of the manner in which this principle works in guiding him. Nor is he always sure that he hears its warnings aright. False sentiment, exaggeration, or the glitter that simulates gold occasionally ensnare the greatest. Yet withal, every great work of art calls out an elevation of soul, a belief in truth and goodness, that stamps it as an emanation from the source of all truth and goodness. Thus, also, every great work gives con-

clusive proofs that, among the aids to the education of the race, none are entitled to rank higher than the Fine Arts, when pursued with due subjection to the higher considerations of the Moral Law.

“ Art for art’s sake,” to which I recently alluded, is a phrase current in many quarters, and held by many to embody the “ whole duty ” of the artist. But, as it teaches the exaltation of Art at the expense of things of greater moment, the tendency of this teaching is surely mischievous. Substitute “ Art for humanity’s sake ”; then Art becomes a precious boon to the world, while in the former case it is apt to result in that state of soul portrayed by Tennyson in the *Palace of Art*, that selfish indifference to all claims, human or divine, that finds expression in the words:

“ I take possession of Man’s mind and deed.
I care not what the sects may brawl.

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I sit as God holding no form of Creed
But contemplating all."

In that Book which is the storehouse whence all wisdom is drawn, there are two sayings which may direct us with un-failing certainty in our attitude towards Art, as towards all other things. The first is, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might"; in this is inculcated the earnestness and diligence that our duty to the world demands. The other is, "Do all things to the glory of God."





CHAPTER III.

THE PLACE OF ART IN EDUCATION.

THE first thing necessary in attempting to determine the place of Art in education is, a clear conception of what education means. Education is often confounded with training; but properly considered, training, however necessary and indispensable it may be, is a process much inferior to education. Training deals with the specialty which is meant to be the life-work of the recipient. Education is meant to make the life itself one worth living. Special training may, and too often does, exist side by side with the narrowest, meanest conception of what

life ought to be. The specialist ever has a tendency to grow into the belief that his specialty is the one thing in the universe to which all other things are secondary. I am afraid that the common report that we musicians are inclined to think thus of music has a good deal of truth behind it.

But the mere gathering of knowledge is only a small part of education. Education does not come from without, but from within. It is but another name for wisdom; its highest manifestation is that power of dispassionate, unprejudiced thinking which, seeing all things in their true relations, enables its possessor to rightly adjust his life to the moral, mental, and physical laws that make up his environment. These adjustments, even of the wisest, always fall far short of completeness, for the reason that universal knowledge is an absolute requisite to per-

fect wisdom ; yet even as knowledge may exist without wisdom, so wisdom may exist without knowledge. The most unlettered man, who orders his life according to his light, may be the possessor of a wisdom far surpassing that of the most learned savant who sets at defiance the plain laws of right conduct and moral living. But as the chief object of education is to enable us to form more and more correct conceptions of the duties that our environment devolves on us, it is evident that the wisdom of the educated man must be a more valuable possession to the world than that of the illiterate man. The wisdom of the one may suffice for his own guidance ; that of the other becomes a guide for others to follow.

It is the business of training to seize on whatever special aptitude the individual may possess and make of it the tool

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wherewith he can do his share of the world's work. But if education does not proceed step by step with this training, the man becomes merged in the tool, and fatally misses the highest uses of life; low, sordid aims gradually drive out every generous, lofty aspiration, and the life that was given to be a *light* becomes the mere *fuel* that drives the machine, until its cranks and wheels are stopped by death.

A scheme of education, to be valuable, must take into account the whole of the complex nature of the human animal, moral, mental, emotional, and physical. There is not one of these qualities that has not, at some period of the world's history, been considered as the *only* basis on which to build up education. Nor has there ever been a system of education based on *one*, to the exclusion of the others, that has not proven a failure.

Even morals, undoubtedly the most important department, will not serve alone as a basis for education. The most hopeful sign of the new pedagogy is, that it thoroughly recognizes this complexity, and bases its whole system of procedure on this recognition. Granting this, the next step is to inquire, to which of these attributes—moral, mental, emotional, or physical—does Art make its special appeal? I say *special* appeal because there is no such thing as an appeal to one of them to the total exclusion of the others.

The human mind, with all its diversity of endowment, is a unit; it cannot be touched at one point without giving a response from all in greater or less degree; still, each department responds in a special degree to special stimuli. Without question Art makes its first appeal to the emotional nature; next, to the mental; in lesser degree to the moral (all Art

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is, abstractedly considered, simply unmoral); and least of all to the physical. Looking at a great painting, the first impulse is to accept and admire, to sympathize with the artist. Then the critical faculties are aroused. We ask *why* has he done so and so, and look to see *how*. Then, if the picture be of a kind to have any moral bearing, this phase of it demands our attention. The physical effects are slight and obscure, but none the less real; the quickening of the pulse, the sudden tension of the nerves, may not be noticed, but the physiologist knows they are there.

It is well known that the emotions are the most rebellious part of our mental make-up; the most difficult to bring under the control of the will. That being so, it would appear that this was the place where education should make its first attack. Here again has modern pedagogy

displayed its wisdom. Time was, when educators looked on the emotions as dangerous wild animals, to be crushed or destroyed at all hazards; with the inevitable result that, like a pent-up torrent, they broke loose and swept away every mental, moral, and physical barrier. Just here we are confronted by a question of fundamental importance. What must be the character of an art to make of it a suitable means to train and develop the emotions, without destroying the balance between them and the moral and mental faculties? It is hardly necessary to say that everything that is obnoxious to pure morality should be rigorously excluded. It is one of the saddest facts in the history of the arts that there is not one of them that has not been made a pander to vice — Poetry, Painting, and Sculpture by direct incentive, and Music by being forced into connection with evil words

and actions. It is this that has made so many of the wisest and purest of men decry the study and the practice of Art in any form; forgetting or ignoring the other fact, that the love for Art is one of the deepest of human instincts, and that the part of true wisdom is to rescue it from base associations and make it what it ought to be,—the purest of pleasures and the most winning of instructors.

Next in importance to the moral, comes the mental aspect of Art. It is quite possible for Art to be unexceptionable as to morals, and yet utterly wanting in intellectual qualities. Such a form of art is called sensuous, and it is one of the most dangerous forms. Appealing as it does to the emotions, while the moral and intellectual faculties are untouched, it works like an insidious poison; exalting emotion until it overrides both the moral and mental faculties. The art that rises above

this must be such as to demand an active, not a passive, receptivity. The mind must be aroused by it to observe the " why " and the " how," not in the technical sense, but in accordance with that deeper principle of which I have spoken. It must look for the artistic truth, as revealed in the form, in the self-restraint, in the avoidance of false sentiment or meretricious display; above all in the evidence that serious thinking was brought to the making of the work.

Technical training is not by any means essential to the right apprehension of a work of art in this sense. There are multitudes who cannot write a verse, or draw an outline, or compose one bar of music, who are keenly alive to the highest excellences of a poem, a picture, or a symphony. These are they who are *educated* in Art.

Although the emotions are the paths

through which the Arts enter our consciousness, they also affect all the other mental attributes, though in very different degree. Poetry, dealing as it does with the experiences of the race, makes the strongest appeal to the moral sense; so much so that its emotional and intellectual aspects are often forgotten in the strength of this appeal. Then, as Poetry works with language, it can give a precision and definiteness to its conceptions that are entirely wanting in the other arts. It is this which makes poetry the most potent vehicle in the world for conveying moral instruction. It has been the means of the loftiest teaching, from the utterances of prophets and psalmists to the simple rhymes that are among the chief agencies for training the moral faculties of little children.

It is just at this point that Music steps in as an aid to moral culture. In itself,

music is neither moral nor immoral; it is only by association that it becomes so. But with its well-known power for intensifying and heightening the effect of whatever may be linked to it, and especially of the words to which it may be joined, music may be made a powerful aid to moral training. I suppose there is nothing that clings with such tenacity to the memory, even in extreme old age, as the songs learned in childhood. Who then can tell what good or evil results may follow, according as these songs are good or evil! These words grow to be a part of a child's nature, consciously or unconsciously influencing the whole after life. Hence if there is any one thing that demands the watchful care of those who have in charge the musical training of children, it is that the words sung shall be such that they may leave no shadow of evil effect. This is the only way to

stem the tide of vulgarity in the shape of variety theatre songs that are constantly being poured out and caught up by children; too often with the direct encouragement of foolish elders, who find something "smart" in hearing the nasty, slangy words from the mouths of children innocent of their meaning.

Painting makes a very strong appeal to the emotions, and an almost equally strong appeal to the intellect. As the moral quality, apart from the choice of a subject, is entirely absent, the critical faculty is left unimpeded in its action. Visual impressions are the most sharply defined of all our impressions; hence the easiest to correct, provided the eye has been taught to see correctly—a point to which I will advert shortly.

We may, therefore, safely conclude that the chief function of Art in education is to train the emotions in accordance with

the dictates of the intellect, but, above all, in subjection to the moral law and the will. The will is the supreme arbiter in the concourse of mental faculties. If the education of the emotions has been such that they look to the intellect for guidance; if the education of the intellect has been such that it looks to the moral law for guidance; and if the will has learned to merge itself in the "Eternal Will," the result will be in the highest sense an educated life,—a life, as nearly as human imperfection will allow, in harmonious adjustment with its environment.

Hitherto we have been considering the place of Art in education in a general way. It will be well to adduce some considerations of its value as a means of training. Not that amount of training which is necessary to make the specialist, but that which is sufficient to give the recipient an insight into its aims and

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methods, and serve the purposes of mental training.

To train and develop the mind no study is comparable to literature, yet he who is educated only in literature has but a partial, one-sided training, and is shut out from many pleasant fields bright with the flowers of human effort. It has become too much the fashion in our hurried, grasping modern life to decry all kinds of study that do not bear directly upon increasing the efficiency of the individual in the struggle for wealth, place, or power. Especially has the scorn of many been directed against the study of the world's great literatures. It is a sufficient answer to these objections to read over the roll of the great names of those who have changed the course of events and molded the history of the world, yet who derived their sole training from the study of literature. It has been well said,

that there is no estimating the power of a true thought. It may take it centuries to bear fruit, but it is sure to come to its full and complete fruition, which no entrenchments of error can finally retard. In the three all-important departments of human life, three peoples have each contributed a thought that has borne and will forever bear fruit. To the Hebrew the world owes the conception of pure religion; to the Greek, the development of the intellect; to the Roman, the conception of law and civil polity. Although these three nationalities passed away long ago, there is not a civilization to-day, worthy of the name, that does not owe its existence to the Hebrew, the Greek, and the Roman; none that does not draw its perennial inspiration from the literatures of these three great peoples.

Turn now to the pictorial art. What purpose does it serve as a means of

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training? One, certainly, of supreme importance. It teaches us to *see*. It is wonderful how little and how superficially we see. How many are there who could draw, with any approach to correctness, a human ear? Yet we see ears almost every moment of our waking lives. A curious illustration of the lack of seeing aright appeared at the Centennial Exposition. There was a finely carved ox-head, some six inches long; the lips were slightly parted, and the front of the upper jaw was *full of teeth!* Again, how many people can draw from memory the outline of a leaf?—no matter how often they have seen it. Surely if seeing aright is so rare in such familiar cases, it must be almost totally wanting when unfamiliar objects are in question; and no further argument is needed to prove the use of elementary training in drawing. Here, too, modern pedagogy displays its wisdom. I have

visited during the past two or three years many public schools in several cities, and have always been pleased to see simple outline drawings of leaves, flowers, fruits, and other familiar objects, decorating the walls of the class rooms.

Last of all, let us inquire whether Music furnishes any useful kind of training. We have not far to seek. There is perhaps no other study that produces such a state of mental alertness as singing or playing in concert. One may see it evidenced whenever music is being made, from the serious attention of the trained artists in a great orchestra, to the bright, eager faces of a primary school class. Quickness, watchfulness, and concentration are surely qualities worth cultivating. Another useful quality developed by the study of music is concerted action. The necessity of forgetting self for the sake of the result sought, of submission to

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authority, when the authority is exercised for our good, is one of the hardest lessons in life to learn; yet music pleasantly and persuasively insists on it, making a pleasure out of duty. It would be easy to advance still other claims for music as a means of training, but it might lessen the effect of those already presented. There are still further ways in which music has advantages not possessed by the other arts. It is, for instance, the social art, *par excellence*, the art for the people. Great paintings require long purses and rich galleries, but a company of a hundred or two hundred Pennsylvania coal-miners can get together and make the lofty choruses of Handel, Haydn, and Mendelssohn their own.

These discursive remarks about Art and education are meant to apply altogether to the education of children. Although education goes on as long as life lasts,

the Art education of adults is more likely to be a special training in one art than a general survey of all. It may seem to some that the views here given are too advanced to apply to the education of children. But it should never be forgotten that the *best* is none too good where the training of children is concerned; also that simplicity is not inconsistent with the greatest art,—is, indeed, one of its characteristics. Even if some of the things presented to the child are beyond his comprehension, we cannot tell what thinking processes, that adults cannot fathom, may be set agoing in the little brain.





CHAPTER IV.

THE RELATION BETWEEN ART AND RELIGION.

THE discussion of this subject in anything like an adequate manner would far exceed our present limits. I shall therefore have to content myself with giving you a sketch merely; my main object being to inquire as to the advantages of this connection, both to Art and to Religion. To prevent misconception, let me say that I here use the word Religion in its generic sense; that is, as including all the beliefs or quasi-beliefs which men may profess.

In every stage of civilization we find

Art and Religion closely united. In the earlier stages of Art this is preëminently true. The shapes of pottery, the colors and patterns of its decoration, the patterns woven into wearing materials, are all symbolic of some religious or quasi-religious ideas. The development of Architecture owes more to the religious idea than to any of the more practical needs of mankind. Men were satisfied to live in tents or in booths, or in very plain houses, as long as their gods and goddesses were housed in magnificent temples. Assuming, as seems probable, that Poetry was the first art to come into existence, and that it originated in the rude chant, reciting the deeds of the ancestors of the tribe, we have at the same time the beginning of Art and of one of the most wide-spread of savage religions, viz., ancestor worship. In conjunction with this ancestral worship we often find a deification of

natural phenomena. Sun, wind, rain, and so on, become objects of worship. As another step in advance, we find abstract qualities in the form of deities,—Hope, Fear, Love, Hate, and so on. The chant, originally the story of the prowess of some warrior ancestor, takes a milder form, becoming a hymn in praise of the deified force or abstract quality. It often rises to forms and expressions of rare beauty, as though the author got occasional glimpses of the great truth, that behind all these forces there exists a Power who has set them in motion and controls them.

This outline of the development of Religion is in accord with that generally given by anthropologists, and is founded on the assumption that man is physically, mentally, and morally the result of a process of evolution. Still, the fact that religious conceptions appear purer the

farther back we go,—for instance, in such old-world creeds as the Egyptian and the Assyrian, and in the Vedic hymns,—would seem to make the contrary assumption more probable, at least as far as Religion is concerned. This would lend color to the theory that Religion was the result of a primitive revelation which has been gradually forgotten and debased with foreign admixture. All the greatest poetry of antiquity is essentially religious poetry; that is, its main theme is the relation of man to the universe, to his God or gods, and to his fellow-men. The *Iliad*, the *Odyssey*, the great tragedies of the Greek stage, are all meant to teach right living and the certainty of punishment following evil-doing. These great truths they inculcate with a purity and loftiness second only to that of the Bible. It is only in the Bible, however, that we find poetry used as the vehicle for teaching a religion

that is never marred by the cruelty, coarseness, or puerility so often found in the greatest of the heathen writers.

We have very little knowledge of the practice of Painting among the ancients, or of the estimation in which this art was held by them. Doubtless the representation of objects by outlines was one of the earliest attempts at art. Witness that drawing of a mammoth, made (possibly with a sharp flake of flint) on a piece of his tusk, found in a bone cave in France. But in all likelihood the first use of drawing was to preserve a record of important events; for these pictorial outlines were soon conventionalized into syllables, then into alphabets. The oldest paintings extant are those found on the walls of temples and tombs in Egypt. With few exceptions these paintings represent either wars or banquets, or are curiously minute pictures of the daily avo-

cations of the people. One of the few religious themes pictured is the judgment of the souls of the dead by Osiris. Interesting as these pictures are historically, they have very little merit as works of art, because the rules of drawing and coloring seem to have crystallized at a very early period of Egyptian history into stiff, formal conventions.

On the other hand, the art of Sculpture has played a part of great prominence in nearly every ancient religion. There seems to be a strange inherent tendency in man to worship the "work of his own hands." It has been accounted for on the theory that the idol was at first merely a visible symbol of the deity, probably like the Teraphim that Rachel carried away from her father Laban. But it is more likely to be an outgrowth of that curious mental attitude of the savage which results in fetichism, a belief

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that the god or spirit does inhabit the idol. Be this as it may, the worship is transferred with fatal facility from the thing symbolized to the symbol. Among savages, and among many of the nations of antiquity, ugliness seems to have been the chief requisite in an idol. But the art-loving Greeks went to the other extreme, making the perfection of the human form and face the most fitting representative of their deities. The art of Sculpture reached its perfection in the "age of Pericles," when, as was said by a visitor to Athens, there were "more gods and goddesses than men in the streets of Athens." It seems like a confirmation of the fetichistic origin of idols when we recall that the "great Diana of the Ephesians" was a shapeless monstrosity, and the original *Aphrodite* a rude, conical mass of stone.

There are two significant observations

on the history of Art, the truth of which is confirmed by all national annals: First, each art, Music excepted, has reached its highest phase of development when it has been the highest expression of the religious belief of a people. Second, national decline has always accompanied and followed the blossoming of Art.

History confirms this by showing that the nations of the old world that were the conquering peoples were never at the same time the artistic peoples. These two statements taken together furnish much matter for serious reflection.

The explanation is this: Religion means duty, right living, noble action—as much to the heathen as to the Christian; not æsthetic raptures nor excited emotions that expire with the cause that gave them birth. “ Plain living and high thinking ” characterized the Medo-Persians when they swept the foul Assyrian Empire out

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of existence; and the Greeks, when they beat back these same Persians, become corrupt through their Assyrian conquests. It was the *virtue* (virtus) of the Romans, their religion, their lofty ideas of duty and patriotism that enabled them to conquer the world. In short, it is the *idea* a people form of right living that is the essence of their religion, not the number of gods and goddesses they profess to worship. It is to the same truth that St. Paul gives expression when he refers to those who "being without the law, yet do by nature the things of the law."

When Art becomes the highest expression of Religion, it is a sure sign that all which made the Religion valuable has evaporated.

With the fall of the Roman Empire ancient civilization came to an end and modern history began, bringing with it a

new force to act on the world,—the force of Christianity. Christianity came off the victor in its contest with heathenism, but suffered more from its victory than it ever did from its defeats. Ease and affluence wrought the same deadly work in it that they had wrought in Persia, Greece, and Rome; and had it not been that Christianity had in it a principle of life unknown to these ancient civilizations, it would have shared the same fate.

When Christianity was poor and oppressed it knew little and cared less about Art. Nothing can seem more devoid of Art than the early Christian hymns, when compared with the dainty, fantastic metres of Greek and Latin poetry. The few pictorial symbols which the Christians used were of the simplest, the most elaborate being rude drawings of the Good Shepherd with a lamb on his shoulders or in his arms, many of which are to be found

in the Catacombs. With the access of power and wealth a great change came. The first art to receive the impulse was Architecture. True to that instinct which makes man build temples for Him "Who dwelleth not in temples made with hands," stupendous cathedrals and churches began to spring up. New schools of architecture were invented, until the numerous constructions erected for the religion founded by fishermen, taxgatherers, and tentmakers far outshone the costliest of heathen temples.

But, in proportion as the ideals of architecture were perfected, the ideals of Christianity declined; until the awful climax was reached when the greatest of cathedrals was built by funds raised by peddling "indulgences" all over Europe. St. Peter's stands to this day a monument of the genius of Angelo, and not less a monument of the evil case in which

Christianity was when the strong wind of the Reformation blew away the mists and miasms that had settled on it.

The art of Painting was the next to arrive at its full perfection under the fostering care of Religion. We can hardly realize with what force the pictured representation of Biblical themes must have appealed to the beholders in an unlettered age. As the painters advanced in skill and knowledge these great altar-pieces and frescos grew more and more lifelike and impressive; until this phase of religious art culminated in the great Italian schools of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

It needs but a glance at history to discover what was the manner of life lived in Europe at the very time when the great painters were painting their Madonnas, crucifixions, annunciations, and all that long list of Biblical pictures which

remain to this day the admiration and despair of modern artists. Church dignitaries and nobles vied with each other in doing honor to the painters and sculptors who wrought these ideal saints, angels, and martyrs. But this was the age of the Borgias, the Sforzas, the Innocents; the age when deeds were done and lives lived that might have filled Nero and Tiberius with envy.

The art of Music was soon recognized by the Church as one of the most powerful aids in the great ceremonies of public worship, and was sedulously cultivated. Music owes a great debt to the Church. For nearly twelve centuries there is not a name to be found among those who reduced the practice of music to an intelligible system, apart from the studious monks and other churchmen who devoted their lives to its study. Their labors developed a kind of music that culminated

in the works of Palestrina. It differed essentially from our modern music, which began with Bach and Handel, although sporadic indications of its advent were not wanting before the appearance of these masters.

The discovery that music was a means of expressing thought and emotion which might be molded into great "art forms" is the contribution of the modern world to the sisterhood of the arts. In comparison with it, all that was called music from the beginning of time sinks into insignificance. The great works which saw the light in the eighteenth century and in the first half of the nineteenth, mark the point when the tide of musical evolution reached its flood. I do not wish to be understood as denying all merit to older church music; far from it. It possessed a solidity and solemnity that made it peculiarly appropriate to religious

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ceremonies. Only as a perfected "art form" do I claim superiority for modern music.

Although all the arts owe much to the fostering care of the Church, Music is the only one that has in any great degree repaid the debt. Religion could get on very well without Architecture, Sculpture, or Painting; but, from the time when its Founder sang a hymn with His disciples at the close of the Last Supper, up to the present day, Music has been the most powerful aid to Christianity. In every occasion of sorrowing or rejoicing, Music has its share in endless variety, from the simplest children's hymn to the Passion Music of Bach.

A general survey of the history of Art in its relation to Religion might seem to justify the opinion that it would have been better for Religion if they had always remained apart; but this hasty decision is

surely erroneous. The love of beauty in form, color, or sound is one of the deepest sentiments implanted in the human mind. It is one that man, in whatever condition of savagery or civilization, is unwearied in his efforts to gratify. This gratification is innocent so long as it is not secured at the expense of weightier matters. It is more than innocent, it is useful in the highest degree, if so pursued as to promote the soul's growth in these weightier matters.

There are two curious facts concerning the relation of Music to Religion. One is, that during the long period in which the other arts were being perfected, æsthetically as well as technically, it was only the technical part of Music that grew. The other is, that though the gradual declension of religious ideals did not affect the æsthetic development of the other arts, it did affect that of Music. The plain severity of the old modes proving

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distasteful, popular songs were taken as the themes for church compositions. It would seem as though the art of Music, lying, as it does, nearer to Religion than any other art, was bound to suffer deterioration when the religious ideal was debased. This fact may serve as a warning to us, to be pondered in relation to the vexed question of church music—a question, no solution of which can be reached that will be accepted universally. But charity compels the belief that all music may find its appropriate use in church, provided always that artistic display, or frivolity, or mere prettiness is carefully eschewed. A “gospel hymn” may mean just as much to one person as a chorus by Handel or a service by Barnby does to another. There is room for both forms of music if only the exponent of the one does not try to constrain the advocate of the other to his way of thinking.

Protestant Christianity long looked askance on the arts of Painting and Sculpture, and rigorously excluded them from its churches; perhaps this was originally the wisest course in view of the tendency to image worship. Nor did Protestantism for a long period cultivate Architecture or even Music very enthusiastically. This, too, may not be a matter for great regret. For, if Ruskin speaks from true observation when he says that he "never knew any one thoroughly in earnest in religion who ever cared a button about art," this very indifference to Art might be closely connected with the mighty aggressiveness of historic Protestantism. But we should be sorry to believe that now, at least, there are not thousands with minds well balanced enough to appreciate Art at its full value without detriment to their religion.



CHAPTER V.

THE POWER OF ART TO EXPRESS THOUGHT AND EMOTION.

HAVING treated in the preceding chapters of the relations of the Arts to Science, to each other, and to Religion, I shall attempt in this chapter to give some account of the power of Art to express thought and emotion. It will be at once evident that the Arts possess this power in widely different degrees; some appealing more to thought than to emotion; and some, the reverse.

Several meanings are attached to the term "expression" in its application to Art. It is often said of an art work that

it is expressive of the time in which it was produced, or that it reflects the spirit of the age. Thus it is easy to decide whether a work belongs to the fifteenth century or to the nineteenth, not only from its technic, but also from an indefinable character that we at once recognize as the outcome of a different manner of thought, or different ideals, from those with which we are now familiar. The art of Music furnishes the most striking illustration of this difference, owing to the rapidity of its development after its true basis was discovered. The music of the end of the last century might be separated by a thousand years from that of the end of the present century, so strong a contrast does it offer in every respect.

A work of art is often said to be expressive of national character; that is, it possesses certain qualities, also difficult to define, yet easily recognizable, which

enable us to say that it is German, French, Italian, etc. Of this kind of expression Music gives us a curious illustration. The distinctive characters of modern German, French, and Italian music are so strongly marked as to be easily recognized by those little skilled in Music. Yet, three centuries ago, it was impossible to tell from the character of a piece of music the nationality of the writer. English, Italian, and Belgian madrigals were as like one another as if all were the work of one writer.

A work of art may also be expressive of the individuality of its author. Thus, while we recognize the music of Mozart and Beethoven as German, we also recognize the individuality of each composer, so strongly marked in his music that the veriest tyro in music will hardly mistake one for the other.

But all these kinds of expression are of

comparatively little importance. They are what logicians call the "accidents." The important kinds of expression are the expression of thought and the expression of emotion. By expression of thought, we mean the following qualities, which we recognize in a work of art: *First*, the knowledge which the artist possesses of his material; *second*, the ability he displays in controlling his material; *third*, and most important of all, his choice of the best means for the presentation of his ideas. Music furnishes innumerable examples of this felicitous use of material and means: for instance, the startling pizzicato of the violas in the overture to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*; the use made of the drum at the close of the scherzo of the *Fifth Symphony*; and that glorious example in the *Hymn of Praise*, when, at the close of that troubled solo, "We called through the

darkness, ' Watchman ! will the night soon pass ? ' ' ' a soprano *unaccompanied* sings, after a pause, " The night is departing. "

These are all very simple things, yet it is just in this use of simple means that genius manifests itself. Take an example in Painting. How much would the Dresden *Madonna* lose if those two baby cherubs at the bottom of the picture were left out:—the one with folded arms, the other with chin resting on the palm of his hand; both looking up with a strange mixture of infantile and angelic wonder at that other Child whose face looks as if it already saw the long path of woe before it ?

The expression of thought is so blended with that of emotion that it is not possible to disentangle them. Each needs the other for its highest manifestations. By expression of emotion we mean the power, infused by the artist into his work,

of awakening that state of feeling which is the complement of his design; or, in other words, of arousing sympathy with his ideal.

Poetry possesses this great advantage over the other arts, that it can appeal at the same time and with equal force to either thought or emotion, or to both. Owing to the fact that it deals with the thought, feeling, and observation of the race, Poetry speaks to universal experience with a precision and definiteness that no other art possesses. It is the poet's privilege to see farther and deeper into the relations of things than ordinary mortals; and to express these relations in such forceful terms that they stamp themselves forever on the memory of the race.

The power of expression in Painting is much more limited than that of Poetry. But within these limits its precision is far greater, for visual objects are the clearest

and sharpest presented to the mind. Thus, the most exquisite and eloquent description of a landscape will leave a very hazy idea of it in our minds; while a rapid pencil sketch by an artist will put us in possession of every salient point at a glance. The expression of historical painting, or of painting representing action, endurance, or any easily recognized motive, speaks for itself. But a more subtle expression may exist in landscape painting. This may give rise to feelings of gayety, or sadness, or longing, or a multitude of hardly definable emotions. It is this quality which distinguishes the landscape of the artist from that of the clever but uninspired draughtsman. The draughtsman's drawing may be technically the more correct, but the work of the artist has always over it the glamour of "the light that never was on sea or land." A level plain with a

few trees, by Corot, will fill the beholder with tender melancholy; a hillside with sheep and cattle, by Troyon, with a feeling of quiet contentment, and gladness, and visions of rural felicity. On the other hand, what can exceed the sparkle and gayety of a landscape by Watteau; even if the fine ladies and gentlemen, masquerading as arcadian shepherds and shepherdesses, were left out?

Sculpture is still more limited than Painting in its expression, being restricted in its choice of themes to portraiture and allegory. Yet this very restriction demands from it an intensity and exactness far beyond that required of Painting. Hence a perfect piece of sculpture is, judged from the purely artistic standpoint, the most perfect example of "fine art" in the world. The indescribable beauty of the works that have come down to us from the great Greek sculptors are

of such ideal perfection that they seem to be realizations of the " Divine Idea " never attained in the living form.

In Architecture, so many and such diverse elements enter into the production of a perfect whole that it is very difficult to disentangle them sufficiently to say with certainty upon what the expression of Architecture depends. It is only after it has fulfilled all conditions of strength, adaptability, and so forth, that it begins to be beautiful. The expression of Architecture may be roughly divided into two kinds: one of lightness and buoyancy combined with stability; the other of weight and strength, yet without dullness. Magnitude has much to do with the expression of Architecture, so much so that even ugliness on a large scale may be impressive. St. Peter's in Rome reduced to the tenth part of its present dimensions would lose all its grandeur.

Possibly the very foundation of beauty in Architecture lies here,—that it gives to large constructions complex forms which we unconsciously compare with the amorphous masses in which Nature piles the same materials; also giving to these forms a permanence which outlasts centuries of change.

Antiquity and historical association sway the judgment powerfully in estimating the merits of architecture. It is very doubtful if a perfect reproduction of the Parthenon on one of our city streets would rouse us to enthusiasm. But let us view it where it has stood for more than two thousand years, looking down on that sea which “once resounded with the world’s debate,” and call to mind the world-moving events of which it has been a witness, from the time when it was the symbol of the most perfect intellectual and artistic culture the world

has ever known. There it stood when Greece declined and the spear of Athene promachos was lowered before the Roman Eagles. The great apostle of the Gentiles stood before it when he reasoned ineffectually with the frivolous Athenians. It saw the fierce wave of the followers of Mahomet; and it still stands, a witness to the last despoiling of unhappy Greece. Such thoughts and emotions must powerfully affect the beholder and unconsciously influence his judgment.

There is no form of art in which the power of expression is so completely out of all proportion to the means as in music. The material of music, as already pointed out, is sound; varied as to pitch and quality, and subjected to a few simple combinations. First among its means of expression ranks the rate of motion, called by musicians the tempo. The character or expression of a melody may be completely

changed by changing its rate of motion; for example, that wailing melody in the trio of Chopin's funeral march was appropriated some years since by a comic-song writer, and set to some vulgar "concert hall" words, with an Allegro instead of the original adagio movement. The metamorphosis is so complete that it is hardly possible to recognize the melody. There is a mythical story to the effect that when Queen Mary was led to execution, her vindictive enemy, Elizabeth, gave command that the musicians should play the "rogues' march." But the leader of the band, who felt some sympathy for the unfortunate Mary, made his musicians play it very slowly, thus changing it from a rollicking tune to a melancholy dirge.

Next to rate of movement, as a means of expression, comes force, or variation in the loudness or softness of the sound.

All the mechanical means of producing expression, indicated by the terms accent, legato, staccato, rubato, ritenuto, etc., are merely various applications of these two means. But, although we may specify in exact detail the technical means by which music gains expression, we are as far as ever from solving the problem of the power of music to express or excite emotion. The problem is, in fact, insoluble in the present state of psychological knowledge.

All shades and varieties of emotion are said to be modifications and blendings of the feelings of joy or sorrow, pleasure or pain. Poetry reaches these springs of emotion by presenting definite images to the mind; Painting and Sculpture, by presenting definite images to the eye. Music seems to go deeper than they do, because it makes its appeal to the emotions without the need of any concrete

intermediary symbols. For example, in Tennyson's exquisite lyric, *Tears, Idle Tears*, the poet by calling up several mental pictures gives vivid expression to that vague feeling of regret, half painful, half pleasant, which is caused by "looking on the happy autumn fields," "and thinking of the days that are no more." The beauty and the glory of spring and summer are gone, and winter is coming with the "Death of the year." Then the picture of a ship, "That sinks with all we love" below the far horizon, gives a more intense and personal interest, which culminates in the stanza, one of the most perfect in the English language, that pictures one dying at the early dawn of a fair summer morning, hearing for the last time the "earliest pipe of half-awakened birds," while to his fading eyes the "casement slowly grows a glimmering square," and he feels that, forevermore, his only part

“ In all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills,
Is—that his grave is green.”

It is hardly possible that language could give a more vivid expression to that vague sadness, “ Wild with all regret,” than is given in this short lyric. Yet this same emotion may be excited in even intenser degree by Music; as, for example, by the slow movement of Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony*. The poem is limited by its definiteness. The expression of the music is limitless because of its indefiniteness. One deals with a few striking manifestations of the emotion; the other, with the emotion itself. But it should never be forgotten that it is only in the widest, most general sense that music expresses emotion. The hearer gets from music only what his musical intelligence fits him to receive.

Without a language, Music yet speaks

to every hearer in terms which he alone can interpret; hence the danger of attempting to "read into" music a definite meaning. A hundred people may listen to, and equally enjoy, a symphony; and yet no two among them be affected by it in the same way. If it has a "motto" or "signpost," like the poor painter's "this is a horse," some among the number will imagine that the music and the motto agree. But those who are gifted with the true musical instinct forget, if the music is good, all about the motto, and judge the music on its own merits. Composers would do well to accept as an axiom, "Good music needs no motto, and bad music is not helped by one." This *ignis fatuus* of definite expression in music has proved a stumbling-block to even the greatest composers. The composer of the *Fifth* and *Ninth Symphonies* also wrote the *Pastoral Symphony*, with

its bird-songs and thunder-storm, which remove it at once from the class of great art works to the same category as Steibelt's *Storm Rondo*, *The Battle of Prague*, and that other " storm " piece which is a great favorite with many organists, in which thunder is imitated " to the life " by putting down several pedals together. Of course, anything done by Beethoven must be better than the same kind of thing done by another; but at the same time imitative music is a thing Beethoven should not have done.

It seems like a lame conclusion to an investigation into the power of music for expression, to say that it has no definite expression; but if the truth of this conclusion were as clear to composers as it ought to be, it would be the means of keeping them from falling into many lapses from the standard of true art. And, better still, it would serve as a

guide to their efforts, directing them to the true sources of musical expression,— noble, beautiful melody, perfect form, and the careful avoidance of even the least suspicion of the bizarre, meretricious, or commonplace.





CHAPTER VI.

VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

WIDELY separated as vocal and instrumental music now are in their chief characteristics, this difference is of comparatively recent origin. For a long period of time the instrumental was subservient entirely, or nearly so, to the vocal; serving merely as an accompaniment. For several reasons, vocal music had the start of instrumental in the race. First, because the voice is nature's instrument, and its use in song is almost as natural as in speech. Second, because there is an innate tendency to give rhythmic expression to intense or exalted emotion; and

rhythmic utterance easily glides into melodic. Hence the conditions from the beginning were favorable to the earlier development of vocal music. §

In early times the poet and musician were always united in the same individual. Tradition represents Homer as wandering through Greece, reciting or chanting the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* to the accompaniment of a lyre. This union of poet and musician lasted for many centuries. We meet with it again in the stories of Saxon and Celtic harpers, who were the chroniclers, in verse, of the history of their times; again in the troubadours and minnesingers, who, discarding, for the greater part, the themes of war and arms, sang of love and beauty, to the accompaniment of many now-forgotten instruments. But as all progress means the specialization of function, the time came when the poet and the musician

were no longer united in the same person. And, strange to say, the separation seems to have gone on with ever-accelerating speed, until it is now a rare thing to find a poet who knows anything about music; and, I regret to say, no rarity to find musicians who are ignorant of the rules of poetic metres, judging by the havoc they often make of them when putting music to words.

When the poet separated from the musician, the latter performed, for a long time, the functions of singer and player; either as the retainer of some noble verse-maker, or as a wandering minstrel. The next step in differentiation separated the singer from the player. In this case, also, the divergence has rapidly widened until in too many instances vocalists and instrumentalists have come to look upon each other as natural enemies.

These different steps in the progress of

Music have taken place very slowly. The art of Music, like the century-plant, grew a leaf at a time, for many years, until, having stored up all its material, it suddenly bloomed, a little more than a hundred years since,—and the world beheld the birth of a new “fine art.” Both vocal and instrumental music have, in their progress, gone through a process of further subdivision. Vocal music began as a rude chant with very little pretension to melody. Then the music gained a rhythm independent of the words; probably from the dance. Then musical learning, which for many years was devoted only to church music, was applied to secular music, and resulted in the production of the madrigal, chanson, etc. But as yet there was nothing in the character of these secular compositions to distinguish them from the church compositions. A sixteenth-century madrigal and motet

might change words and no one could discover it by any inappropriateness in the character of the music. Many of the most admired of the German chorals, tunes that seem to breathe the very spirit of piety, were originally secular songs.

So a further subdivision was necessary, into sacred and secular. The sacred music was already well established, but the secular had not as yet discovered its own character. This discovery was made by the invention of the opera. It was found that music possessed a dramatic power hitherto unsuspected; and from this time secular music was free to pursue its own path. It is matter for great regret that these paths have not always been kept severely apart. In the dramatic style the "art" will obtrude itself at the expense of the religious interest, and the performance of a fine choir becomes simply an æsthetic affair.

This confusion between sacred and dramatic music is responsible for many of the monstrosities we hear in "Choirs and places where they sing." Even in Palestrina's time they took secular songs as themes for masses. *Red Roses* and *Adieu, My Loves* were two favorites. Shakespeare tells of Puritans "singing psalms to hornpipes." And we have often heard *Jesus, Lover of My Soul* sung to *When the Swallows Homeward Fly*. This practice is frequently defended by the foolish saying that "the devil should not have all the good music"; a saying containing two fallacies—one, that all music which is not sacred music must of necessity belong to his satanic majesty; the other, that the term "good" can be applied to any of his property.

In the course of its development, vocal music has devoted itself at one time to quality of tone, at another to facility of

execution ; in both these aims it has worked wonders. It has, with few exceptions, never devoted itself to distinctness of enunciation. While this may sound uncomplimentary to many singers, yet I venture to say that one will hear better, clearer enunciation at the performance of a well trained troupe of "minstrels" than one is likely to hear at concert, opera, or church. The minstrels know that their success depends mainly on their words being understood.

All the possibilities of bravura singing were exhausted by the singers of the last part of the eighteenth century. Some of the examples of their powers in this respect, to be found in the writings of Porpora, are almost enough to make one doubt whether those songs were ever sung. Since then a better taste has prevailed, and it is now universally recognized that breadth, simplicity, and a "canti-

*Contraction
of Rhythm.*

lene" style are the things to be sought in vocal music.

There are several reasons why instrumental music was so far behind vocal, in its development: the inferiority of the instruments, the meagre skill of the players, and, more than anything else, the fact that the musical world had not yet discovered that music might have a meaning entirely independent of that gained by being associated with words. Before this fact could be recognized, it was necessary that the stiff, cumbrous scales of the church system should be supplanted by a more flexible system. This came about when the art of tempering the scale was discovered.

The earliest attempts at instrumental music were dance tunes. Then the madrigals, etc., written for voices, were played (without voices) on the "viols." Then the dance tunes were lengthened, and

several were collected into what were called "lessons," or "suites." Then the sonata form was invented, and after some experimentation settled into the form as we now have it.

The existence of instrumental music once established, there went on, along with the musical development just sketched, the study of the capabilities and tone qualities of each instrument, with the object of finding out the most effective way of treating each. Thus the complexity of instrumental music began to increase. Instrumental music was free to expand in another way, being no longer subject to the limitations of vocal music in compass or to the susceptibility of the performers to fatigue. A compass of about four octaves includes all that the human voice is capable of, while the orchestra has about double this compass. The throat and chest soon tire; the fin-

gers of the pianist or violinist are tireless. Fine voices, such as great singers must possess, are the rarest things in the world. Therefore their possessors are all soloists. On the other hand, it is comparatively easy to gather a company of trained instrumentalists.

The chorus, which affords by far the most impressive way in which the voice may be used, is always composed, even under the most favorable circumstances, of more or less untrained singers, and includes many inferior voices. Perhaps the world will never have a chance to hear the effects a chorus might produce if all the sopranos were Melbas, the altos, Carys, and the tenors and basses, De Reszkes, all trained to the perfection of a great orchestra, and—more utopian still—all willing, as the artists of a great orchestra are, to submit loyally to the control of a great leader.

Each kind of music—vocal and instrumental—has its special advantages and disadvantages. The special advantage of vocal music is that, calling in the aid of language, it is enabled to express with precision all shades and varieties of emotion, words and music aiding each other. On the other hand, its disadvantages are: its limited compass, its lack of tone color, and the limitation of its expression to that of the words which accompany it.

The advantages of instrumental music are: its practically unlimited compass, its exhaustless variety of tone color, and its freedom from limitation by the union with language. It possesses a much greater range of expression, greater because of its very indefiniteness. In addition, the executive powers of the instrumentalist are far in advance of those of the vocalist; and the character of each instrument has developed a mode of treat-

ment appropriate to each. So strongly marked has this become that, to the musician, the words "horn passage," "oboe passage," "piano passage," etc., convey a distinct impression of the character of the passage signified. But it is to instrumental music, above all, that the large complex "forms" belong—the sonata, in all its varieties, from the piano sonata to the orchestral symphony,—art forms in which we have what may be called a logical development of a few simple melodic propositions.

There will always be a difference of opinion as to which is the greater, vocal or instrumental music. It is a question that must be settled by each one's personal preferences. While it is true that the scope of instrumental music is greater, there is yet a something in the quality of the human voice, when at its best, that, even apart from the words sung, rouses a

*That is Greater which exercises
More Scientific and complex appreciation*

response in us which is beyond the reach of the instrument. We can give no higher praise to the instrumentalist than to say "he makes his instrument sing"; recognizing in the saying that the nearer the approach to the voice the greater the beauty of the performance.

Vocal and instrumental music have reacted on each other in several ways, but the debt of the instrumental to the vocal music is much the greater. In addition to teaching the instrument to "sing," the voice has taught it to "phrase." Phrasing, which in its origin was a necessity in vocal music, on account of the breathing, was soon developed into an art for the enhancing of the expression. The instrumentalist soon found that by applying this art to his performance he might greatly augment its effectiveness. The debt of vocal to instrumental music is very small, confined chiefly to the bor-

Phrasing originated by logic of idea - this developed, first thing

So important, wide rhythmic form

rowing of certain instrumental passages, such as extended arpeggios, and leaps of intervals that were at one time thought impossible to voices. In fact, the constant hearing of difficult melodic and harmonic successions in instrumental music has, unconsciously to themselves, made the singing of such passages easy even to ordinary singers.

The total emancipation of instrumental from vocal music has brought up an important question: What should be their relative positions when united? Which one should be subordinate? Or, should they be on a perfect equality? The terms of this union have changed materially during the last century. In Handel's time the old subserviency of the instruments still obtained in great degree. Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, —each mark a distinct step in the advance of the instrumental part of the combina-

tion. But with all these great writers there is constantly evinced a determination that if either one is to predominate it shall be the voice, *never* the instrument at the expense of the voice. Hence, although we find in these writers infinite variety and beauty in the accompaniments, their whole purpose is to add to the interest of the vocal part.

But "since these fathers fell asleep," there has grown up a school that seeks to exalt the instrument at the expense of the voice, working on the theory that to the instrument belongs the task of interpreting the deeper meanings of the words, which the voice declaims as a sort of commentary on the instrumental part—as it were—to let the hearer know what the "music" is supposed to mean. This view of the relations between the voice and the instrument has developed in Germany into a curious, mongrel sort of

performance, — the accompanying of a recitation by an instrumental “commentary.” Some of the foremost composers have written these hybrid affairs. These accompanied recitations are, for several reasons, a complete *reductio ad absurdum* of this theory. In attempting to recite with music, the reciter is almost certain to fall into a “singsong” monotone that is sure to be out of tune with the music. Again, musical sounds make themselves heard with much greater ease than spoken sounds; therefore the recitation must be very loud, or the music so soft that it loses all character. Finally, “speaking” and “music” are mutually destructive; they appeal to different departments of the mind, and it is impossible to carry on successfully at the same time two entirely unrelated mental operations.

The manner of combining voices and instruments in vogue during the great

period of composition should surely be recognized as the right one. The orchestra is a huge instrument of unlimited power. The voice is a tender instrument of limited power, quite unfit to cope with its mighty companion, but possessing an exquisite beauty of its own, to enhance which should be the sole object of the orchestra when they are conjoined. There is nothing more painful than to watch the efforts of a fine singer to make headway against the overwhelming sound billows of an orchestra, let loose by some frantic seeker after "effects." There is nothing more agreeable than to listen to the same voice when every word, note, and phrase is enhanced by well-designed accompaniment. The voice is then like the fine golden line which may sometimes be seen in the mazes of an arabesque. Without the background of tracery the gold line would be meaningless; without

the line, the tracery would be meaningless; but their union in due proportion means a perfect work of art. | 5.

This tendency to over-elaboration of the accompaniment is equally visible in the modern songs with piano accompaniment, which are often so difficult as to require a virtuoso for their proper performance. Without doubt the older forms of accompaniment, such as the "Alberti bass," are worn out and threadbare. Still that is no reason why the composers should rush to the other extreme—as though they wished to do everything in their power to distract the attention of the listener from the voice to the piano. The songs of Schubert are the most perfect examples of a just balance between voice and piano. The accompaniment always "means something," yet never overrides the melody, but rather sets it off to the greatest advan-

tage. The instruments have "ample scope and verge enough" in those great sound forms, of which I have spoken, without trying to seize the domain of the voice.

As the order of evolution is an upward tendency, and as in Music the last step was the evolution of these large forms of instrumental music, we are surely justified in calling them the highest development of the art of Music. They are the one contribution of the modern world to Art. Poet, painter, sculptor, architect, perfected their art long ago. But the perfecting of the art of Music was the work of three men (the greatest of whom died a little more than seventy years ago): Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven. I do not wish to be understood as exalting instrumental music at the expense of vocal.

There are no degrees in perfection, although "one star differeth from another

Instrumental music with its magnificence of form appeals to the highest faculties in Man and the voice speaks of quality which in the Song is immortal in the sense of personality and to the soul it belongs in its

*the degree of
degree with
degrees in*

in glory." The lily is as perfect as the oak; the song, in its degree, as fine as the symphony: the symphony is like the architecture which builds stupendous temples; the song, like that which builds for domestic uses. It is only on stated occasions that we visit the temples, but we live in the houses. The few may rise to the comprehension of the symphony, but all may take the song to their hearts.

*the body
lines in dom
the soul is
a temple*

I wish to add a few words about the singers and players. As the art of phrasing is the most essential element in performance, and as it had its origin in singing, it needs no argument to prove the necessity to all instrumentalists of a knowledge of singing; not simply the reading at sight of a vocal part, but a knowledge of the management of the voice. The pianist who knows how to sing will sing on the piano, with an expression far beyond that which results

from mechanically following the indications on the music, or the carefully iterated directions of a teacher. There are numberless shadings in force, accent, and tempo that it is not possible to indicate on the score without overloading it with directions. These things the trained singer does, guided by the meaning of the words, and transfers them to the piano or violin with infinite gain in the effect.

If players should learn to sing, singers should also learn to play. It is a common reproach that singers have very little idea of time. Many of them have an idea that it is the duty of the accompanist, even of the orchestra, to follow them in all their vagaries. Nothing will cure this notion like learning an instrument and playing in concert with other instruments. Many singers imagine that their disregard of time adds to the expression

of their singing; but any experienced orchestra player will testify that the greater the singers the easier it is to accompany them. Artists do not base their idea of expression on the notion that one bar may have three beats, another five, and an occasional bar be left out altogether. If they do make a change in the rate of movement it is done at a place and in a way that at once commends itself to the accompanist as appropriate, and he has no difficulty in following.

I remarked some time ago that the attitude of singer and accompanist towards each other was often that of natural enemies. Each is determined that the other shall not have his own way. The singer wants the accompanist to be a willing slave, the accompanist wants the singer to have some regard to the difference between a whole and a half note.

The result is that the song is a struggle, at the close of which each blames the other for its shortcomings. If singers would learn to play they would soon discover that an accompaniment is an essential part of the song. They would learn that the accompanist, who is generally a musician,—for it requires a musician to be an accompanist,—is likely to have some justification for the disdain in which he holds the musical acquirements of the ordinary singer.

Good musical work in any department necessitates a knowledge of every other department. It is a fatal mistake to neglect or underrate one, because you have made a specialty of another. Therefore, while opportunity affords, gain some knowledge of every department of the art; thus only may you attain a thorough mastery of the one you have chosen as the special field of your efforts.

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