

^{The story}
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teller's realm is the entire domain of human thought and knowledge, experience and emotion-- History, science, art, politics, religion, life, the past, the present and the future, the actual and the possible, are all included in his dominion. Nothing is too great and nothing too minute for employment in this art. The

earth the sea, the sky and the waters under the earth are subject to his will. "The purpose of fiction," we are told, "is to amuse sometimes to instruct." More frequently than either, it is to stimulate and inspire. Mere amusement is its lowest and meanest purpose. Fiction is but one phase of that vaguely defined appeal to heart and brain and sense, which we call "art". The sculptor or the painter are to a measureable degree governed by the same principles as the storyteller.

and that's true.

And first among these is truth.
Which at ^{or in} the portrayal of
actual fact is of small value, the
best is of the impression of reality
produced on the beholder. It is
of this that the critic must judge.
Beyond this he may ~~not~~ ^{cannot} go. He
may not prescribe a formula
for literary craft, nor say this may
be done, or this must not.

Motive in all the work of the
^{composition} world, ~~is~~ ^{is} a single human instinct
with realization of its truth. That is
art, because, ^{when facts are present} it
nature ^{is the verisimilitude of}

①

The soldier tells of war's alarms and dangers - like
we all "love him for the dangers he has passed". We
listen breathless while the sailor ~~tells~~ ^{speaks of} the perils
of the sea from storming tropic main to frozen pole.
We follow with delight the footsteps of the traveller
and listen with warm consciousness while he details
adventures him befell
what in foreign lands he ~~meets to him by food and~~
~~we listen while~~ ^{details from} the scientist ~~reports~~ the new found
ways by which he has crept nearer Nature's heart and
uplifted by a little more the curtain which has veiled
from man the mysteries of God. Our hearts grow warm
with admiration while the historian tells how he has
~~found~~ ^{forced} the dim and distant past to yield the secrets of
its life long hidden under shrouding dust and trodden
under foot by heedless and unnumbered generations. The
teacher of religious truth appeals in the last resort
to that personal experience which is the ultimate
test and incontrovertible evidence of faith. In every
phase of active life it is permitted to recount the
story of achievement or attempt, not for the donor's
sake, but because the world like good Brabantio's
daughter, such "things to hear doth seriously incline".

Imagination links the facts of science together and from unrelated grains of knowledge erects harmonious truths. Given a feather or a tooth it rebuilds an extinct species--not as vague guesswork, but force of imagination acting with logical persistence from premise to conclusion, and producing a result which may be verified in every line and feature by the discoveries of tomorrow. Such miracles have become ^{so} abundant in the scientific world that we hardly wonder at their recurrence. Nay, we read that from certain ^{marks found} ~~marks found~~ on fossil ^{bones} ~~bones~~ a naturalist declared the existence at a certain period of an animal of a certain type, size and relation, hitherto ^{unimagined} ~~unknown~~, the entire skeleton of which ^{was} ~~was~~ found ^{which} ~~was~~ he had delivered both in time ^{and} form of the thing, each word made true and good of its re-creation ⁱⁿ ~~in~~.

The novelist, given a few facts rebuilds an age--not on the sands of fancy, but on the ^{practical} ~~solid~~ rock of trained and true imagination. History gives at the best but a skeleton of the past. Fiction fleshes the skeleton and makes the past to live again. History tells us in a general way what was done, when and what ^{where} ~~what~~;

Therefore

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The true province of criticism as an artistic force, is the determination of effects - the analysis of results. Whether the outcome is praise or blame is of little moment. Why a work of art is good or bad in any particular respect, so far as art itself is concerned, is but a secondary consideration, and, so far as criticism has any potency to affect creative work, the reasons for praise are immaterial. The critic who counts himself a trainer or instructor of the artist has a most debased and unworthy view of his own art. The reasons which he gives for his approval or condemnation are not given for the artist's sake, but for his own. In them are to be found his own justification. His analysis is not so much of the artist's work as of his own consciousness ^{of their effect;} and the reasons which he gives ^{accounts} are less an epitome of the author's work than of his own mental processes, aspirations and desires. Honest, truthful criticism, therefore, is not a statement of principles which govern art, but ^{rather} the critic's argument in support of his views ^{of work}. It is the story which the reader tells of his own impressions, how they were produced and the reasons why he thinks them likely to be the general sentiment. Criticism notes the fact of success or failure in the field of creative art; but it cannot point out the way to success and does not presuppose the power to achieve. Halleck excelled as a military critic: Grant won battles, Jeffrey sneered at Byron and extolled Crabbe. Crabbe is forgotten and Byron is immortal.

~~Fiction. Province of the artist.~~

There is no doubt that out of the experience of the past may be evolved certain general principles which may be of infinite value to the creative artist of the future. They are but the faintest outlines, however, rather than specific rules or inflexible canons.

Truth and beauty are of no age or time, it is true, yet are they never mere abstractions ~~but~~. Greek art took its tone and character from the Greek life. What is the highest ideal of one age may be deemed trivial and mean by another. The highest art is always the exponent of the highest ideal. The heroic ardor that glowed in Homer's warlike measures ^{is a} ~~was~~ very different ideal from that haunting agony, that overwhelming burden of inevitable evil that pulsates in the strophe and anti-strophe of the tragedies. The fire of conquest that sheds its glare upon the early life of every people, had given place to philosophic speculations. The gods who linked their powers with human forces, had yielded to the Fates who mocked at human woes. The love of country and the impulse of renown had given way to speculations in regard to human destiny and individual welfare. The greed of achievement had

yielded place to the sense of human weakness and individual helplessness. The ideals of the Homeric age would have seemed ~~weak and vain~~ ^{and futile to childish} in that of Eschylus, ^{to which} ~~to this~~ succeeded, by ~~a~~ natural evolution, the mocking and critical. ^{After} ~~When~~ philosophy took the place of heroism Aristophanes laughed ~~at the gods~~. No doubt the agony of the tragedies seemed as overstrained ~~and immature~~ in those later days when the mask supplanted the mask, as Homer's heroic fire had seemed to the hopeless sophism of the age of Eschylus. Plato dreamed of Utopia, Aristophanes jeered at faith and Diogenes the cynic flung his bitter gibes in the faces of his fellows. It is called the most brilliant age of ~~the~~ Grecian thought. So no doubt it was. The form of expression had come to be of more importance than the matter. The noble ideals of the past were counted worthy only of ridicule. This was the ~~beginning~~ ^{beginning} of the critical age in Athenian literature. After that came decay, ^{degeneration.} Rhetoricians and epigrammatists took the place of storytellers and orators.

A like tendency is observable in every literature. When criticism flourishes originality dies. The literary vivisectionist is the enemy of the story.

teller. Little by little the web of imitation is woven about the wings of imagination; epigram usurps the place of incident; pettiness is preferred to strength; the commonplace ^{detailed} is preferred to the heroic. By and by some towering genius overthrows the factitious barrier and betakes himself to the study and delineation of nature untrammelled by artificial rule. A Balzac pictures ^{in fearful detail} a decaying civilization; a Scott discovers unsuspected romantic ^{opportunities} capability in a people so matter-of-fact that England's literary dons sneered, even after his marvellous success was assured; A Dickens finds amid the poverty and crime of the slums of the world's festering metropolis the material of fictitious narrative which melted the world to pity and awakened charity and justice to a consciousness of neglected duty. A Victor Hugo revived the ideal of the ^{grand} tragedians, only making his hopeless sufferers ~~and~~ the more pitiful because they stood as types of classes on whom the ages had ^{heaped} ~~heaped~~ curses until even the gods were powerless to relieve. Our own Cooper, in like manner brushed aside the cumbering canons and with a nature all on fire with patriotic ardor clothed hill and dale of a yet new world with a wealth of

romantic life for which we are only just beginning to
 render him due credit. Bunyan and De Foe were daring
 and ~~but~~ immortal innovators. Criticism is the ~~means~~ ^{means} of ^{the} ~~means~~ ^{the} ~~of~~ ^{of}
 skill but the foe of greatness.

But that ^{democratic} ~~calls~~ ^{calls} ~~scold~~ ^{scold} ~~Forney~~ ^{Forney}, Dickens vulgar
 and ~~poor~~ ^{poor}, Hugo - very good for his time and country
 but not to be emulated ~~in his times & practice~~ ^{in his times & practice}, the
 amusing but unstimulating John Austin, and the
 old maidish auster of "Crawford"

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not consistent with the attributes already assigned but giving to the combination a tone and character utterly at variance with what would before have seemed possible. Perhaps few readers of Daniel Deronda have failed to note a singular transformation in the character of the hero, which comes without apparent cause, is curiously harmonious with the revealed antecedents of the character and which yet wholly changes his nature and makes what up to that point is a labored delineation, from that onward a spontaneous and loving transcription. There is no doubt this came as a revelation of the character's possibilities at that point and flexed the course of the narrative very far from the channel it was before intended to follow. These things-- indeed all the processes of the novelist who delineates true character-- are probably done in most cases unconsciously. I doubt if George ^{Elliot} was ever aware of the transformation of her character. She ~~probably~~ probably only knew that she had changed the plot of her story remaining quite unconscious of the fact that the change of the hero's attributes made such modification imperative.

~~But let us not disparage criticism.~~

Criticism.

It has been called the science of the arts creative. It ~~claims~~^{proposes} to tell us how to do, but oftener shows how not to do. To literature it ~~claims~~ to stand in the same relation that architecture does to carpentry. The great difference is that the one is applicable before the house is builded; the other only after it is complete. It is the science of finding fault, and unlike all other sciences needs little knowledge and no experience to attain excellence in its application. The ~~critic's~~ critic's province is simply to show the artist's compliance or non-compliance with certain established canons. He is rarely one who does great things, but ^{always} only one who knows how great things ought to have ~~been~~^{should be} done--not one who builds or can tell another how to build, but only one who shows wherein another has builded amiss. It is a noble science.

The only difficulty about it being that it is somewhat ^{uncertain} doubtful of application. The rules on which it rests are somewhat flexible and there is always a doubt whether the man who applies them really knows their meaning. From age to age its canons change. It is like faith--

...^{It} Judged by ^{contemporary} ~~these~~
canons he was an innovator, and corrupter of French
classic models. The critics declared then, as now that
the novel was only a story of individual life; ^{that} The
question of cause and effect and the relation of man
to society, the formative influences of religious

"the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." It is a progressive science. If genius will not obey its behests and the world will not accept its verdict, it complacently allows genius to have its own way and points out that after all the fault was not in the artist nor in the science but in the critic who only half comprehended the science he sought to expound.

Criticism is the crudest form of knowledge. --

So far as art is concerned, it is the simplest exercise of imagination. The only man who boasts of his ignorance is ~~the man~~ who carps at ^{of} ~~others~~ ^{the} ~~efforts~~. The legal expert is required to show practical knowledge; the artistic expert becomes disqualified by the power to perform.

But is criticism vain? By no means. So long as it remains analytic of effects produced it is invaluable. For this, technical skill is in a measure unnecessary. It is by no means requisite that one should be an expert in prosody to know that a poem falls dead and cold upon the heart. The sculptor's skill is not needed to inform the eye that another's work is deficient in strength and life. It is only when criticism becomes constructive and attempts to define the cause and prescribe the remedy, that it is likely to be paralyzing and destructive.

^{what} were the foremost names connected with specific movements? What were the ultimate causes, what sort of ~~men~~ ^{they} were who stood behind the leaders, what sort of men were the bowmen and spearmen, the ranks and file of an age's progress, from what life they were springing, what influences shaped their natures and what aspirations governed their lives--all these things we look, and look now in vain, for the writer of fiction to tell us. As a matter of fact not one in a thousand knows anything of any life which is a century old except from fiction. Nay, even the types of the present, in the main, would be almost unknown to us were it not for the story-teller's magic art.

^{novelist's}
 The ~~story-teller's~~ province is to reveal the springs of action--to depict the life that underlies existence. It may be either constructive or analytic in its character. That is the story-teller may assume either incident or character. In other words the problem he has to solve may be to account for events by deducing from the events themselves and the known conditions of contemporaneous life be they few or many the motives, character and development of the actors who caused these events to come to pass. This may

be termed *analytic* or *deductive fiction*. It underlies all fiction in which known historical facts are used as part of the mechanism of the story.

On the other hand *synthetic* or *constructive fiction* proceeds upon the hypothesis of an assumed character, and deduces therefrom results. The analytic sets before the author this problem: Given certain specific acts--either individual or collective--produced at a stated period and under certain conditions more or less fully understood, what were the character, life and motives of the actors? History tells us who they were: the fictionist must demonstrate what they were. The synthetic simply reverses this procedure and says: Given a certain character--a man, a woman, or a people--acting under known and specific conditions, subjected to certain general and particular influences, what will be the result? Both are scientific processes. One deduces character from results, the other results from character. The one is precisely what the naturalist does when he reconstructs a defunct life from fragmentary fossil remains. The other is what the same scientist does when he predicts the extinction or modification of existent forms from co-

existent causes. They are not only scientific processes but they are scientific processes of a delicacy and difficulty hardly to be matched in the study of material effects. The material scientist has the subject-matter of his investigation fixed and determined. It lies before him in visible and unmistakable forms. He conducts his analysis with absolute certainty in regard to the quantity and quality of the material on which he operates and with no room for doubt in regard to the steps he has already taken. Not so with the novelist. He is held by the requirements of his art to a strictness of detail and an accuracy of result not less minute and reliable than that of the analytic chemist. His materials however are of the most stubborn and elusive character. Bound as he is by the just requirements of ~~the story-teller's~~ ^{his} art, he must first create his character, determine the social, moral and historic conditions under which it shall exist, then see to it that its action and development are strictly in accord not only with the natural laws of mind, but with the specific influences and conditions which surrounded the ~~past from which it~~ ^{age in} is to exist. The difficulties which these conditions present to a ~~convincing~~ con-

scientious worker are almost, if not quite, inconceivable to one who has not attempted the task. Take the initial step--the determination of what the character shall be, or what it shall be like--what does it mean? Simply the creation of a human being possessing certain attributes which must bear a certain distinct and positive ratio of potency toward each other. Whether we regard this character as a creation out of nothing, which is actually impossible, or merely as a mosaic or even as an imitation of some already existent and observed character, the task is almost equally difficult. It presupposes and depends upon that essential and fundamental power of the true story-teller to see, distinguish, and ~~discern~~ discern character. Painters and sculptors who have especially to do with the human countenance, tell us that ~~the~~ ~~only~~ very few people have the faculty of seeing faces. They see expressions, peculiarities, phases of the countenance, but of a face--its elements, character, shape, proportions--they remain forever ignorant. It is precisely the same with character. Very few people have the power of seeing, recognizing, analyzing and appreciating character. Most people ~~may~~ know another all the ir

lives and never see anything more than the outside of him. They see phases, expressions, emotional manifestations but of what causes them, from what sentiment, motive, or combinations of sentiments they arise - ^{because} ~~why~~ ^{of what} the individual does, suffers or enjoys, and to what extent, they remain forever ignorant. This faculty the novelist must possess in a preeminent degree. He must be able to see men and women - not only in their external forms and manifestations but their mental and spiritual elements. He must be able to ^{project} ~~trace~~ with certainty the effect of moral and intellectual forces and of physical ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ surroundings upon various types.

Even when the novelist has once determined his character // a difficulty ~~perhaps~~ ^{may} even greater ~~still~~ arises in the necessity of keeping him as he is thus created - ^{the task of} seeing that no subtle change of relative forces or characteristics occurs, which would destroy to the reader's mind the harmony and naturalness of the development. ~~In this respect the novelist labors under peculiar difficulties.~~ The painter fixes a face with a few strokes of his pencil or the sculptor by a few touches of his hand impresses upon the plastic

clay the essential features of his conception. This serves him forever afterwards as the starting point. It serves to rectify his future action and restrains his errant fancy. Not so the novelist. The pen cannot instantly outline for him his character. The most elaborate description is weak. He must carry the image he has created in his mind for days, weeks, months and perhaps years, yet it must not lose its characteristics nor change its ^{elements} ~~instruments~~. Very few are able to do this. Characters will change with the mood and tense of the creator. You will perhaps realize the difficulty of this requirement if you will but write out a description of your best friend to-day--throw it aside and a month afterwards write another. Many of the variations which we are accustomed to call discrepancies in the characters of even the best novels are in truth but indications of the completion of the character in the author's imagination. Some attribute essential to harmony and completeness is supplied and all at once the character, which had been a mere lay figure to the reader's mind hitherto becomes at once instinct with life. Or it may be that the change will consist in the bestowal of a quality

At the present time this curious theory has two distinct and separate examples ^{in literature}. In other words, it ^{may} be said to have resulted in two distinct and separate schools of fictitious narrative. The one consists of those novelists, chiefly French and American, who expressly avoid, or represent their characters as avoiding, all display of strong emotion, all expression of vigorous or unusual thought, and all manifestation of noble and heroic motive. This school has adopted as its controlling principle the idea that fiction must be merely, ~~merely~~, temporarily, pleasing ^{— that it} which should stir no strong passion, ^a waken no serious impulse in the reader's heart. Like a fragrant tepid lotion, it should be mildly exhilarating and, at the same time, soothing to the reader's nerves. ^{They show such writers show} ~~This school~~ ^{avoids} the heights and depths of humanity. The active forms of virtue and vice are too strong for the ~~kind~~ narrative which their idea of art requires, ~~at their hands~~. Virtue that exalts, vice that degrades, passion that burns, are all excluded from the ~~frigid~~ ^{the} ~~stagnant~~ ^{carefully} evenness which betrays only ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{carefully} modulated emotion which ^{that} common-place life betrays to the common-place observer.

This school does not permit any great or absorbing interest in the fate of the characters themselves, or

the outcome of the story, but only a transient and ephemeral interest in the question how ~~the~~ each particular character will bear himself under ^{various phases of the} the nicely adjusted chain of incidents arising out of the formalities and amenities of social life... incidents utterly insignificant in themselves and only given importance by a sort of mild hysteria which seems to affect all the characters of this school, ^{and by} which the natural order and tendency of human thought is reversed. —

Trifles light as air being deemed by them matters of infinite consequence, while affairs of pith and moment are regarded ~~only~~ with smiling scorn.

In their anxiety to depict with accuracy what they term real life, the ~~writers of this school~~ ^{Realists} have excluded from ~~all~~ consideration the greater part of life. Only a few of the ~~great~~ mass of toilers who bear the world upon their shoulders, are counted worthy of consideration ~~by them~~. The trifler and the trifler's views constitute a life which they seek to portray. Only the weakness, ^{and} the irritating pettiness which displays itself in other forms of life is sparingly used ^{sparingly} as a foil for the imperturbable self-control of the calm and placid divinities to

whom ~~the serious things~~ of life ^{is} ~~are~~ but a jest, and ~~the~~ ^{passion a crime} petty trivialities of polite society, ^{the} only things really ^{serious} worthy of consideration ~~and effort~~.

Their construction of the canon which demands that fiction shall amuse the reader is not that it shall move, interest, stimulate, mould, shape his sentiments, thought and character; not that it shall set before him noble ideals worthy of the imitation of the best; or moral obliquities, vices to be abhorred and shunned but only that a story should present a pleasing panorama of scenes familiar to the reader's eye bound together with a thread of incident hardly important enough to waken a smile or extract a tear even from the over-wrought sensibilities of their social heroes and heroines ~~to whom life is a pastime, and passion a crime.~~

To ~~this~~ ^{regard} class of fictionists, ^{social life,} polite society, ^{is} the only true field of fictitious narrative. Business, politics, science and religion are ^{in the narrative} ~~admissible~~ ^{when} elements only as seen through the ^{lens} glasses of ~~fashion~~. Its men are ~~all~~ gamblers; its women all slaves. ~~All~~ display of feeling is forbidden. ~~Its~~ Nature is externally an iceberg on which emotion

shows itself only by ~~an~~ subtle and ~~earnest~~ ^{irresolute} ~~figure~~.
 Lips quiver, lips tremble, cheeks flush almost
 imperceptibly. Pauses tell more than words. Men and
 women play eternal games of hide and seek with word
 and look. Hearts throb with agony over a misfitting
 coat, and beat placidly in the hour of shipwreck.
 Fair cheeks grow ashy pale with agony at the remem-
 brance of ~~a~~ mismatched stockings, while fair lips
 jestingly tell of shattered fortune. The maiden
 hardly wastes a tear over love's unfaithfulness, and
 the wife smiles placidly while the world descants
 upon her husband's infidelity.

Hero and heroine twitter mildly of science or ~~art~~
 religion, but he who worships truth cannot be heard to
 utter her name except it be ~~to offend~~ ^{as a} but for the
 ridicule of ~~these characters whom these false realists~~
~~take as~~ types of life. Deluded cynics mock and jeer
 at politics, but no statesman's voice can be heard in
 their pages. Earnestness, except in the pursuit of
 social pleasure, and in the attainment of fashion-
 able elegance in language, attire and demeanor, has no
 place in that which they are pleased to ~~discuss~~
~~and~~ mock with the designation of real life. In-

stead of depicting ^{the} truths of life, they give us only ~~these~~ falsehoods ^{which had} ~~that~~ have transplanted to our shores, the ~~conventional~~ heroes and heroines which a tame and pervert idealism had fastened on other lands a century ago, and have clothed these ~~really~~ fictitious lives with the outward garb of American existences and christened these furious results of imagination,

Realism.

Realism

The other extreme of this school of thought is represented by a name which it requires some courage ~~at this time~~ to speak, ~~unless it is coupled with~~ ^{unreserved} ~~condemnation~~. While ^{the} Realism has been forcing ^{ed} our American fiction away from the strong lights and shadows which go to make up every day life, while it has led the American novelist to ^{select for} ~~restrict~~ his field of observation ~~to~~ the narrow circle of ~~weak and fashionable~~ ^{which} ~~able lives which~~ vainly calls itself our "best society," and to those feeble contrasts which arise between the natural and inherited sang froid of the really best, and the spurious imitations of those who only wish to seem to be the best, ~~the~~ ^{of} ~~very~~ same impulse ^{has driven} ~~away~~ M. Zola, ~~away~~ from conventional types, ^{has compelled him} to scorn professional methods and to seek amid the

highest and lowest forms of life the lights and shadows of mighty passion, heroic purpose, measureless ~~woe~~, ~~to~~ avoid ^{the} unnatural effect of the ^{uniform} social toga ~~he has~~ ^{he has} drawn his characters, so to speak, in the nude. He has not restricted himself to fashionable society, and called that ~~living~~ life, in a world where only a hundredth part of its ~~existence~~ ^{men and women are} is for an hour incolor'd by the struggle ^{for mere existence}. How the highest live and how the lowest exist, is forever ^{the} theme of his mighty pen which shrinks not from the ~~most~~ ^{most} however terrible its deformity. He does not ~~picture~~ ^{paint} life as a ~~part~~ ^{part} of ~~the~~ ^{the} earth's ~~secret~~ ^{secret}, when its real elements are wormwood, gall and gin. He does not think shadows should be always lightened, ~~and the~~ warmer tints toned down to a universal, decorous drab. Let it be said of this wing of the school of Realism that it always paints the devil black, and does not consider good clothes an essential attribute of the saint. It may not always be as pleasant as a cooling draught upon a hot summer's day, but it touches, moves and leaves its impress upon every nature. It may sometimes awaken disgust by the plainness of its delineation, but it never excuses crime, nor exalts the appearance of virtue above

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reason the fact of N.

~~the~~ Both these schools of fiction are in a measure, at least, at fault in their idea of the purpose and scope of the novelist's art, ~~and~~ ^{each} the school of M. Zola is the exponent, is far nearer the truth than ~~its weak and tepid successors,~~

That the branch of the Realist, has been susceptible to tragic influence, has dignified ~~to~~ ^{at} the hands of men and women. Truly, but the ~~truth~~ ^{absence} of ~~truth~~ ^{truth} is not surprising. Through this motive is a decidedly good, the same inability to appreciate the beauty of prose, the same eagerness to depart from what is considered a ~~strait~~ ^{strait} hierarchical cause that brought me ~~camp~~ ^{camp} to ~~sublimity~~ ^{sublimity} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~pettiness~~ ^{pettiness} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~obscure~~ ^{obscure} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~less~~ ^{less} ~~unintentionable~~ ^{unintentionable} because presents in the ~~line~~ ^{line} of a ~~novel~~ ^{novel} lesson.

Not many years ago there arose in the world of art and still later in the world of literature a rage for what was termed "Realism." In ~~material~~ ^{plastic & graphic} art this fantastic school established itself upon two basic principles, first, and most important, was its opposition to the school of the Impressionists, who professed to represent things as they seem and not as they are. The Realists demanded a return to nature and the reproduction of ~~the~~ ^{the} nature with all her faults. This theory was right except that it did not allow the artist to select from Nature her best works; choose among her variant moods and combine them in his picture. It carried always the vices of the world into the work of the imagination.

It was also a principle of the Realists, that Nature must be pictured for itself, and not for any story that the ~~world~~ ^{de} might tell. They taught that as nature and beauty were universal and immortal it was a debasement of art to charge it with the utterance of a merely human story. They insisted that the forms and harmonies of nature were the highest inspiration of artistic purpose. Their special ^{aim} purpose was to dehumanize art - to establish the rule of the abstract, in place of the concrete.

To their minds all the ^{artistic} treasures of art which are are instinct with human story, were artistic not be.

cause they told that ^{human} story well, but merely they so they represented form and figure with realistic accuracy.

By ~~the~~ their fundamental maxim, the pursuit of art for art's sake" ~~the~~ meaning always material art. -- They deitalized and impersonalized art. The human form divine, was not made to them diviner still by any fond or noble association. Nature's placid moods were the acme of artistic opportunity. They sought by robbing art of human associations to exalt it to a superhuman ideal.

This peculiar theory ~~of modern art~~ ^{of art} had its counterpart ^{in literature} ~~found~~ in that school of fictionists, who laid down for themselves ^{the} basic principles.

- 1.- A story must be told simply for the story's sake and not for any ulterior purpose or effect.
- 2.- The object of fiction is simply to amuse.
- 3.- The highest art is the depiction of everyday life.

The fallacy of these dogmas is found partly in themselves and partly in their mistaken application.

There is no doubt that a story must be told for its own sake. When an ulterior purpose is sought to be

effected by it, it becomes, so far as that purpose is concerned ~~is~~, not a story but an argument. A fable is a story. The moral is an argument. Don Quixote is a story ^{none} ~~not~~ the less because it carries, like a wasp, a sting in its tail. Many of us can attest by sleepless nights how beautiful and how thrilling is the story of the Pilgrim's Journey, ^{if} though ~~though~~ ^{its} argument for holy living may have been wasted on us.

^a ~~The~~ story is ^{not} ~~none~~ the less, but rather ~~at~~ the more told "for the story's sake" when its purpose is a noble ~~rather~~ ^{than} ~~trivial~~ ^{one}. In the name of reason and ^{of} the noble dead ~~to~~ protest ^{must be made} against ~~the~~ debasement of the story-teller's art. Even that marvellous array of ever attractive tales, that wonderland in which the young of a thousand generations have delighted, had something more of interest than the mere unrelated tales could give. The fate of the fair Schenazeraide is the string which ^{finds} ~~them~~ ^{beautiful} ~~tales~~ to our hearts.

Again, a story may be told no less for the story's sake when predicated on noble and heroic impulses, or when involving the illumination of history, or the exemplification of great political or social forces, than when limited to merely common-place views of

common-place life. By "telling a story for the story's sake", I suppose is meant the effect of the story on the reader's mind. ~~The purpose~~ being to interest, stimulate, and fix the attention of the reader, not on the ~~story~~ writer's skill, but on the incidents and characters of the story itself. The story which fails to do this, no matter how brilliant its verbiage, how fervid its imagery, how scintillating its humor or how epigrammatic its dialogue, must always fail of a story's truest purpose. So too, a ^{novel} story the execution of which is so seemingly brilliant as to take the reader's attention from the characters themselves, their respective feelings, sentiments, and the fate that waits on each under the chain of incident ~~that a story involves~~ evolved, and keep it fixed upon the manner in which specific characters will be represented as bearing themselves under certain circumstances, is never told for the story's sake, but rather to display the author's skill in dialogue. The fact is that life is not all talk. In their anxiety to assimilate the novel to the lightest kind of dramatic literature, our modern theorists have forgotten that even on the stage it is not the amount of brilliant conversation that occurs

is only proved again by "to draw"

between the characters and their interest to a ^{man} class of drama, ^{when}
 but the relations of the ^{characters} to the action. It is, ^{when}
 much applauded by critics, but little ^{admired} by dramatists.
 in other words, the interest awakened in the characters
 themselves and not the interest of what they im-
 agine in, that makes the drama. The novel must awaken
 the same interest, not in the writer's art, but in
 the characters who figure in the story and the ~~story~~ ^{action}
~~story~~ ^{action} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~novel~~ ^{novel}
 mind except that of ^{truly} ~~telling~~ ^{the} ~~story~~ ^{story} of these charac-
 ters of his imagination ^{truly}

~~This story may influence the fate of empires, &c.~~