

Let us not disparage Criticism.

But it would be the supremest folly to dis-
parage criticism. We all know it to be the

work of arts. It sometimes tells us how
to do but oftener how not to do.

It is the science of the arts & creative. To

literature it is said to stand in the

same relation that architecture does

to carpentry. The one 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 faults and unlike all other sciences,
it needs little knowledge and no experi-
ence to attain excellence in its application.

The critic's province is simply to show the art-
ist's compliance or non-compliance with
certain established canons. He is never one
who does great things but only one who
knows how great things ^{ought to have been} ~~must be done~~.
not one who builds or can tell another
how to build but only one who shows
where another has builded amiss. It is

a noble science. The only difficulty about it
is that it is somewhat doubtful of appli-
cation. 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} ~~their~~ canons
change. It is ~~down~~ the substance of things
hoped for; and 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
geniuses 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 cruellest form of knowledge.

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

But is criticism vain? By no

means. So long as it remains analytic of effects
produced it is invaluable. For this, techni-
cal skill is ^{in a measure} almost 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 sculp-
tor'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 becomes a paralyzing and destructive

imagination of babyhood to the sonorous

strains in which Milton ~~perhaps~~ unfolds the
purpose.

mighty mystery of the Divine purpose ~~plan~~ of

we are told that the ^{true} province of fiction is to

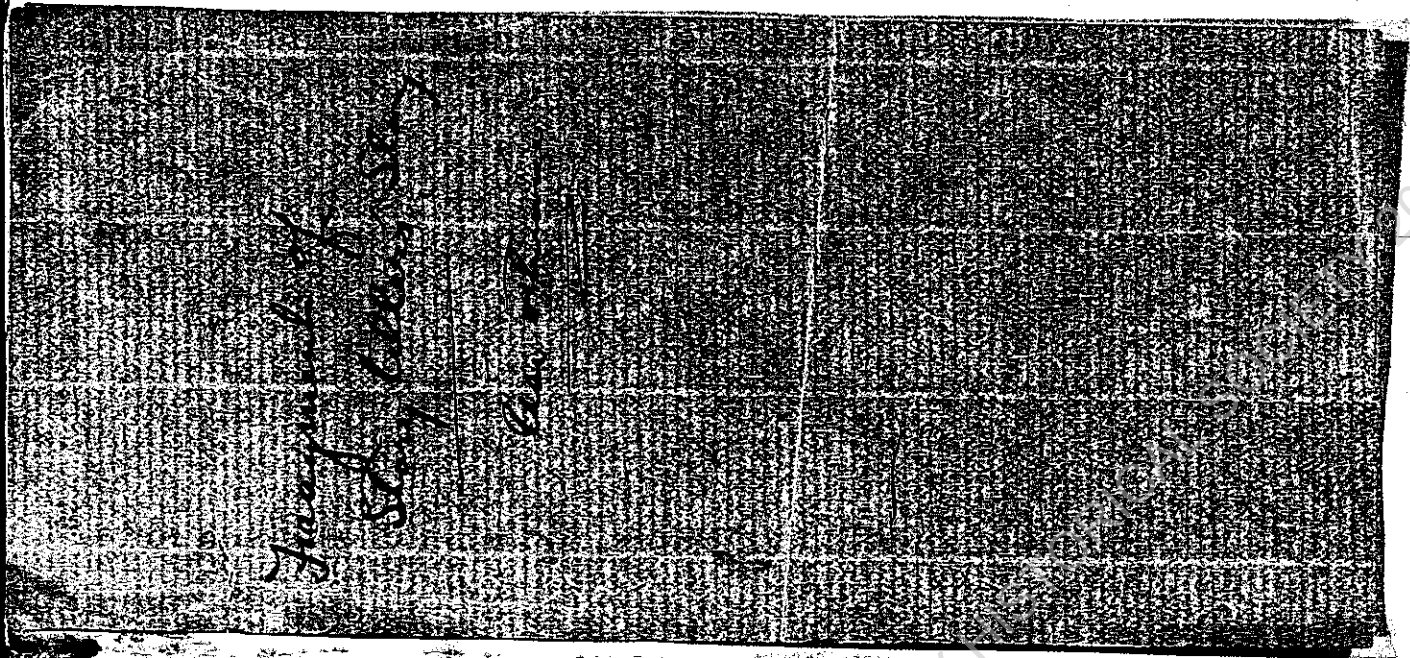
amuse, though it is sometimes used to

instruct. Both are fallacies. Fiction may

amuse. It may instruct. If it observe

- its proper purpose it must do both.

What is fiction and what the province and scope of the novelists' art, is a question that can only be answered when the depths of human emotion shall have been fully sounded and the chord of human passion made complete. Fictitious narrative covers the whole range of human faculty from Mother Goose's Melodies and the clomp of Red Riding hood that stir the sympathies and fire the



013

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