

adaptable Italy, every rule has this exception, "if the reverse sounds better, it is allowable."

As for dissertations and whole treatises on harmony, the marks are even stronger. Modulation itself is often superseded in very recent music by chromatically altered chords; witness Raff, Hoffman, and Wagner, *par excellence*. All this seems to show that the standard of musical beauty has changed, and now in the place of the smoothly flowing melodies of Haydn and Mozart with gracefully turned phrases and simple cadences, we are given wild contrast, harsh dissonances and resolutions of such uncertain character as make it almost questionable whether the mind is not more startled than pleased. Composers are not loth to write down aggregation of notes which cannot be said to form any chord at all, harsh and ugly because they are trying to represent some state of mind which has no distinctive character but harshness and ugliness; therefore, as we said just now, the standard of beauty or rather of *desirableness* has changed from sweetness to quaintness. Even the most melodious of modern songs of merit have a prevailing character of quaint grotesqueness underlying their sweetness. Of this, many of Arthur Sullivan's songs form a good example. It is to be noted with interest, moreover, that this same tendency is manifest in other arts, and in certain branches of art, such as the different decorations. What strange alliances of colour, deemed uncombinable and unreconcilable by our forefathers, do we now see in dress! Blue and green, yellow and red, and what best exemplifies our meaning, those curious contrivances of colour which produce the rusty browns and bottle-greens, and the dingy reds, each of which we would call ugly if we saw it separately, become artistically desirable in their modern mixtures. Another instance of what may be termed beauty in ugliness is seen in pottery. A child or uncultivated adult would probably never be attracted by the sombre colours and frequently uncouth form of Limoges faience, but a man of cultured and refined taste, and of perfect and appreciative judgment, would in the long run prefer the grotesqueness of Limoges to the delicacy of Sevres, the daintiness of Dresden, and the bright colouring of Maiolica. The delicacy would pall, the daintiness become petty, the brilliancy of colour aggravating, and he would like better the more retiring and suggestive backgrounds of miraculously blended green and brown, and the stray butterfly or flower-spray which has just the right amount of colour, and pleases without intruding.

These comparisons may seem forced, but it must be remembered that in all arts exists great analogy, especially between colour and sound. We have now the word "tone" applied to colour, and "tint" (*klang-farbe*) to music; and have we not lately heard of a symphony in yellow and red? It is therefore neither unnatural nor uninteresting to glance in passing at similarities of development.

The Rev. Mr. Haweis, in his charming book, "Music and Morals," accounts for the rapid development and spread of music by the analytical tendency of the present century. He says: "There is not an aspect of nature, or complication of character, or contrast of thought and feeling which has not been delineated by modern novelists, and painted by modern artists. . . . Music is pre-eminently the art of the nineteenth century, because