The Harmony of Discord

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been continued to this day. There are Wykehamists who remember solemn moments of silence when, the sermon in Chapel being finished, masters and boys patiently awaited the arrival of Dr. Wesley from the Cathedral, when he would walk up the centre of the Chapel, in view of the onlookers, wearing a pair of white ducks! Dr. Kendrick Pyne, organist of Manchester Cathedral, formerly an articulated pupil of Wesley's at Winchester, recalls that in very wet weather Wesley carried 'an enormous gig umbrella of a vivid green colour! He frequently used to make me carry this huge gingham between rows of boys, to my great discomfiture; and I can see the sly twinkle in his eye as he turned round to me when we arrived at our destination at the East end.' White ducks and green umbrella!

Upon the removal of Wesley to Gloucester Cathedral in 1865 the two offices of Cathedral and College organist were separated—the late Dr. G. B. Arnold being appointed to the former post, and the late Mr. William Hutt becoming organist of the College, an office he held for thirty-six years.

The present Master of Music is Dr. Edward Thomas Sweeting. He was born at Alsager, Cheshire, on September 16, 1863. Upon the removal of his family to London, he, at the early age of eleven, became organist of St. Mary's Church, West Kensington. Two years later, having just entered his teens, he successfully competed for the Ward of Cripplegate Scholarship at the then recently-founded National Training School for Music, the precursor of the Royal College of Music. He was one of its earliest pupils, and remained there for six years (1876 to 1882); during the latter part of the time he held the Novello Scholarship. His teachers at Kensington were Dr. (now Sir) Frederick Bridge, Mr. John Francis Barnett, and Professor Prout, and he received much help and encouragement from kind-hearted Sir John Stainer. Among his fellow-students were Eugen D'Albert, Walter G. Alcock, Herbert F. Sharpe, Henry L. Balfour, and Frederick Cliffe.

In 1880 Dr. Sweeting qualified for the Fellowship of the Royal College of Organists, and two years later, on leaving the Training School, he began to look for an opening for professional work. His eye caught sight of an advertisement in THE MUSICAL TIMES of June, 1882, in which a music master was required for Rossall School, Lancashire. He applied for the post and got it—a good appointment for a young fellow of nineteen. At Rossall he spent fifteen happy years, taking the degree of Bachelor of Music in 1889, and that of Doctor in 1894, both at Oxford. Upon the death of Dr. G. M. Garrett in 1897 Dr. Sweeting became organist of St. John's College, Cambridge. This office he held for four years, until he became Master of Music at Winchester College, a post he worthily holds, and in which his ripe musicianship and long experience of public school life, no less than his enthusiasm for the art, will increasingly have full scope in so

splendid a sphere of influence. Dr. Sweeting has an excellent assistant in Mr. H. V. Jervis, a former student of the Royal Academy of Music.

DR. E. T. SWEETING.

(Photograph by Messrs. J. Russell and Sons, Southsea.)

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DOTTED CROTCHET.

THE HARMONY OF DISCORD.

'The pain that is all but a pleasure will change to the pleasure that's all but a pain.' It was thus, in these words, that Gilbert might have expressed his feeling towards the musical inspiration of Arthur Sullivan, as certain correspondence, not yet made public, proves, though the quotation is from 'Patience.' For indeed the hurt of life, the injury which life does to one, is sometimes part of one's pleasure. In the ultimate appreciation of life a man has to depend rather upon the final results of his experience than upon the immediate suffering which he is compelled to endure. Those of us who understand what pain means, and who know exactly why pain is given to our bodies for the sake of something higher and loftier than anything, except possibly music, can give to us, realize that sentence absolutely and to its ultimate point. What is a discord? It is nothing more or less than that part of the science of music which, on account of this philosophical principle, tells the world precisely where and when it is necessary to begin to appreciate the curious and unintelligible

way of pain in this most mysterious world. Pain and pleasure meet one another at every point in our career; and therefore it is that one is able to speak with no uncertain voice of the purest harmony which exists in the right kind of discord. As music has wandered through the world, so the brain of man has changed its attitude towards the idea of discord; he has deliberately accepted harshness and hardness in order to persuade himself that life is not altogether a means towards pleasure, but is to a large extent a method of realizing something of that ineffable mystery which has been involved in the extra-human sentiment and the extra-human intelligence ever since man began to speak of the things above his own experiences.

The organ has its great diapason, which in the hands of masters permits us to know how wonderfully the sentiment of music enters into the fine sentiment of that mathematical feeling which, in its ellipses, its parabolas, its hyperbolas, makes for all that is big in the movement of life, and for the swift motion of the world upon which we walk and with which we are concerned chiefly—even though we do not appreciate or understand the actual meaning of our swirl round space, a swirl which is absolutely identified with the musical feeling of things such as those which are impressed upon one as one travels along and understands the revolution of the planets. And what shall we now say of the harmony of discord? There is a sort of freemasonry in our life which invents rules and which makes a certain convention necessary for everything which we are empowered to do, even to think; but that freemasonry disappears from time to time, even though it reappears again and again. By this phrase we mean to say that the harmony of discord suddenly becomes the essential self of harmony, and that what is primarily a discordant note in a pure harmony inevitably grows, if it follow a sort of unearthly and as yet undiscovered rule, concordant. Unfortunately it happens that life is too often concerned with what may be called the preacher's 'business-way.' The preacher of course makes enemies. The very fact that Solomon was a preacher, as he tells us in that wonderful twelfth chapter of Ecclesiastes, shows that the discordant attitude of the public justifies the idea of harmony in discord.

Solomon probably knew life better than most men that have ever lived, chiefly because he was so intimately acquainted with many natures; his discords were realized in his actual phraseology, and therewith his harmony, which is a mass of realized discords, has been unconsciously imitated in recent days by all the wisdom of music. At the same time, we do not in the least wish to identify the character of any men of genius with the spirit of Solomon, who in any case did his best to give the world many inventions, and who at the same time proved himself to be the true son of one of the greatest poets who ever trod this earth, David the Psalmist.

The growth of discord in music is obviously a growth which runs parallel with the increased complexity of brain that has distinguished the

modern evolution of science. In the beginning, men were content with the simple singing in unison which marks the earlier developments of song. Now and then it must happen that a sport makes its appearance in the world; and we find such an example in 'Sumer is icumen in.' Here however it is clear that the effort of that monastic body which is supposed to be responsible for the composition of the work lay in an attempt to efface any thought of discord which might exist in a combination of voices singing in different intervals. Then very slowly, and after a great reaction of musical feeling, there seems to have come upon the Western ideal a feeling of pain, the character of which has already been described in the quotation wherewith I began this article. There is no doubt that when the first resolution of discords was conceived, by some lingering meditative spirit, it was hailed without any enthusiasm, and without any of the final pleasure which has greeted in so many ways that particular idea in musical writing. And so one works the parallel throughout the kingdom of music; as in the stately procession of kings which passed before Macbeth's startled eyes, one notes an endless progressiveness, yet, in essence, one marks the intimacies of the musical art which this Western world has chosen to take unto itself. Discord in harmony, harmony in discord—by these positive and negative poles there is wrought out for our human souls a wisdom of science which has by no means yet reached its ultimate height. The philosophy of music bears itself thus bravely through the world, partly in the teaching of happiness, and partly in the teaching of pain; which of the two is the better issue must remain, so far as our knowledge is concerned, an unassailable secret. But it seems to be one of the newer gospels of mankind that there should be no fulfilment without renunciation, that there should be no happiness without denial, and that therefore the more acute the relief from the pain of inspired music that lies in the womb of futurity, the more absolute will be the ultimate pleasure therefrom to be born.

VERNON BLACKBURN.

WAGNERIAN MUSIC IN ENGLAND.

A LETTER WRITTEN TO WAGNER BY

EDWARD DANNREUTHER.

(Concluded from page 303.)

Some of the most forlorn aspects of modern life are to be found in England. Watch the districts inhabited by working men in London, get a glimpse of the interior of the shops in the poorer neighbourhoods, and you will be convinced these people must take up music in sheer self-defence; they will cling to it like one drowning in a sea of ugliness. Again, at the opposite end of the social scale, where the presence of accumulated wealth for generations has fostered a natural aristocracy of luxurious habits and prone to over-refinement of feeling as of manner, music of a manly, heroic cast