

The Highland Park News

Will be issued MONTHLY from its office in the Post Office building, where all editorial and other business will be transacted, and where all communications should be addressed.

HIGHLAND PARK TIME TABLE.

Chicago & North-Western Railway.

Yearly Fare, \$85. 100 Rides, \$23.50. 30 Rides, \$3.80.

TRAINS STOPPING AT HIGHLAND PARK

Leave Chicago, Arr. High'd Park, Leave High'd Park, Arr. Chicago.

Station	8:00 A. M.	9:07 A. M.	3:18 P. M.	5:00 A. M.	High'd Park	Wells St.
Kinzie St.	9:30	10:25	6:00	7:15		
Wells St.	1:00 P. M.	2:15 P. M.	6:44	7:55		
Kinzie St.	4:10	5:17	7:11	8:25		
Wells St.	5:08	6:04	8:03	9:00		
Kinzie St.	5:30	6:40	8:29	10:30		
Wells St.	6:20	7:30	9:25 P. M.	3:40 P. M.		
Kinzie St.	9:00	10:15	3:12	4:00		
Wells St.	11:25 A. M.	12:35	1:12	2:20		
Kinzie St.	11:00 P. M.	12:47	6:27	7:30		

*Sunday Trains.

SOME CHAFF, SOME WHEAT.

"You are expected to contribute to the coming News." Thanks, Mr. Editor; I rush to my desk, seize the most mighty weapon. Oh for an enemy that I might demolish him; for error that I might fiercely attack it; that pappars, the sick, maimed, blind, lunatics, foundlings were either or all, to any extent or altogether, uncared for that I might seek the honor of agitating the establishment of one or a multitude of benevolent institutions. Would that property or life were insecure; that thieves and cut-throats boastfully crowded our thoroughfares, that I might be zealously initial to help remedy such evils! Oh, for a fight, or some chance to do good in the world! Let's see: There are the civil affairs of our country? All right, so far as I know. Military? Perfection itself. Political? In man's weakness perhaps couldn't be better. Morals of the people? Everybody doing the best he or she can under the circumstances. Hard times? For three decades I've heard the same constant, everlasting complaint. The disease is hopelessly chronic. Oh, me! arduous, zealous, brave, fully equipped, tremblingly anxious for an encounter! Where's an enemy, real or imaginary? In open field or concealed? A phantom or a shadow, that I may fight it or them combined? Give me space to saw the air. Give me a chance to die in the last ditch. The truth is, Mr. Editor, I was born in war times, and if you want me to do duty for you it must be warfare. Since I first saw light I've seen war in everything, and with all manner of weapons. One eternal tongue-lashing; a never ending pen-probing. I've seen suffering, sacrifice, glorious wars with glorious results. I've seen—you have too, and perhaps others—battalion after battalion, army after army, in numbers as the sands of the sea, out of whose mouths issued forked tongues, satanic hissings, vile spittings, and devilish harangues for treason, slavery, licentiousness, infidelity, pride, dishonesty, deceit, lies, hypocrisy, anti-progress and all manner of evil. And yet, I've looked again and seen them vanquished. Before the eloquent, valiant warriors of truth and progress, we've seen devils cast out, the possessed transformed, the swine rush into the sea, and our country purged of filth throughout. But yet we hear tongue-lashings; we see men at war; we see "flying javelins" so thick in the air as to obscure the sun; but where's the enemy? What is there to fight? The war without a cause can only be accounted for in this way: our spirits are wholly martial. We think of nothing else but to fight. We are children brought up at the knee of revolutionary fathers, knowing nothing but war. Father and son are for war. Is it not that spirits of such training find themselves wholly unprepared for peace, when the cause for deadly encounter has passed away? The anxiety for war is so universal that we've enough evil to misrepresent all interests, political, civil, religious, private and public, to gain material for the fiery fury that burns within us. The avarice and cupidity of man's appealed to for the same fuel. For this purpose demands are made on the press especially; also on the

pulpit and bar. Our inclination to war is restless. There being in the nature of things a lack of war material, rather than stop the fun of fighting, we pauperize ourselves in idly watching and spending money over prize fights. We argue, accuse, vituperate, quarrel and fight for no other reason than its being our trade, in which we seek the excellencies of a Lully, and the rewards of a prize fight. Here a dissenter says: "Why, sir, your objection to mental collision, if heard, would destroy all mental effort." He speaks further, proverbially: "Steel brought in contact with steel sharpens steel. Gold is burnished by rubbing. The diamond glows by its rubbish being ground away." We reply: Let the sharpening of steel, the burnishing of gold, the grinding of diamonds, be with design. What avails the simple phenomena of burnishing gold, etc., without design. Let the sharpening of steel be for useful tools, the burnishing of gold and grinding of diamonds be with a view of future good or ornament. Are the physical forces of the universe displayed as mere wondrous phenomena for curious spectators? Then why should mind, infinitely superior, be so employed? Shall we see nothing but a something wondrous in powers ethereal and earthly? Should we view them as a simple menagerie of august forces? As a wondrous show and nothing else? Does the wind blow only to show how it can blow? Does it blow simply for the sake of blowing? Does it blow furiously for a furious show? Shall we see nothing more than a huge Barnum in the proprietor of the universe? Oh generation of showmen! Oh generation of spectacle beholders! As actors our only impulse is pride. Pride, the cause of all evil past, all evil to come. As spectators, our habitual, idiotic, idle, lazy, open-mouthed, looking-on amazement is abominable. We are giving what energies we have, our lives, our all, to support a parasitical army of fancy ticklers; only this and nothing more. Oh that there was an object in life. That we were more than frogs, each bursting his throat to croak the loudest. Oh generation of bull dog prowess, how detestable; our snarls simply for the sake of snarling, our snapping, quarreling for the sake of the same, our fights simply to show off! "Oh you wicked boy," snarled a little Sabbath-school pupil, pointing with a finger of scorn to the former throwing stones at birds. 'Twas a righteous rebuke no doubt, but the nice little boy spoke not in tones of sympathy for the birds, but in a supercilious vein at the rag-tag sinner. We lay not hands on the innocents, only speak of the teachings of the age. Wouldn't it be better if there was less wrath in doing good; less coercion. Dare we recommend the practice, one day in the year, of the passive virtues: gentleness, meekness, forbearance; long-suffering? Pardon me for the mere mention. I anticipated your epithet—woman—hurled at me in disgust. Suppose, then, in our pride, we begin with being stoics; for this is better than the eternal turmoil of fighting for an empty show. Would that we could consecrate our every mental energy to a patient, unassuming, charitable study in the embracing realm of Truth and Justice, and a struggle for the same.

The following essay, written by George Leslie, Esq., was read by its author before the Highland Park Literary Club on the evening of Monday, the 23d ult. Mr. Leslie chose for his subject

THE FINE ARTS.

What are the fine arts, and what is the key principle by which we discover them? The fine arts are so called because their object, and effect, is to produce in the mind the pure, unselfish sense of beauty, and this with no reference to utility. They are also called the liberal arts, because their influence is to charm the emotions, enfranchise and ennoble the soul. They are the choice of men looking outward and upward, hence the definitions of the ancients—*artes liberales artes ingenuae*—arts of soul, liberty, and elevation; arts of genius. Architecture, eloquence, history, philosophy, landscape gardening are certainly high employments, and have much reference to the beautiful, but they are not the fine arts, strictly speaking, as they aim, too much, either at selfish objects, or utility.

Philosophy is not an art, although Plato is greater than Phidias; nor is eloquence, although Pascal and Bossuet are greater than Angelo. The sole end and object of art is the discovery of the beautiful. Art abandons its throne when it seeks the utilitarian. The catalogue of the fine arts is then easily written. It is only composed of the four words, Music, Sculpture, Painting, Poetry. As we propose to use it for embellishing this winter, let us first consider Music as an art. Let us

see in what, and wherein, lays its wondrous power, and how great, subtle, and penetrating, that power. Music is supremely an art in its power to invoke the beautiful, and is, without doubt, the most penetrating, the profoundest, the most intimate to the soul, of all the arts. There is both physically, and morally, between a true musical sound and a properly sympathetic soul, a mysterious and marvellous relation. It sometimes seems, when music does its best work and power, that the soul is but its echo, in which sound becomes a new, and something like, a celestial force, lifting up to high moral elevation. Ever since

"Music, Heavenly maid, was young,
E'en since in early Greece she sung,"

extraordinary things are told of this art, although its early history will not compare with its latter-day splendor. To analyze, let us note this wonderful peculiarity of music. Its grandest results are often accomplished with the simplest means. The less noise music makes, the deeper it touches. Like the penetration of the single ray of light, it is the "sweet small voice" that sinks deepest into the soul. Give even a few notes to a master in music, and lend him a few pure, sweet voices, and he will give you in return a celestial charm, that on its wings of awakened imaginings will bear you up and away into infinite spaces, and carry you along into profoundly sweet and ineffable reveries. It is the master glory of Theodore Thomas and his certificate of a true artist, that he can evoke this power. Here we have struck one of the art-keys of music. Its peculiar power is, that it opens to the imagination a limitless career, and lends itself with astonishing facility of "stimulating affinity," to all the moods and tenses of the soul. Thus it can nerve the daunted, cheer the drooping, warm the affections, vastly enrich the sentiments; and by the power of passion awakened, and given to faith and hope, lead men on to the most heroic deeds of daring and victory. Witness the effect of music in our late war, when the stirring strains of the regimental band or the combined action of many human voices shouted forth "The Battle Cry of Freedom." The same effect was seen with the British forces on India and Crimean plains, when, with blended recollections of faith in invincible arms, and loved ones at home, that militant and triumphant army sung in sweetest strains—

"For Bonnie Annie Laurie
I'll lay me down and die"

Subtle and varied in its capacity, music comes alike to the individual suffering heart as well as to the solicitous multitude: "A soldier of the legion lay dying in Algiers," and by the implanted memory of "The German songs he used to sing in chorus sweet and clear," there comes to him, by the side of his dying cot, sister, mother, brother,

"And that little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine,
Although to meet her no more at Bingen, sweet Bingen on the Rhine."

Music is the sweetest divinest of all the arts, because it is more largely a divinely implanted capacity, and relatively less a matter of absolute human culture, than any other of the arts. It will perhaps be the least transformed link between any of the co-ordinate things of earth and heaven, changing perhaps but little in the transplanting. The services of song in the temple below are, perhaps, but little different except in intensity, from those of the multitude around the Celestial Throne. It is remarkable that we can say this of no other art, that music, even now, fits our highest conceptions of the beautiful, both in harmony and melody—in sound. It seems to us as the very breathings of angels, the one thing that in the power of beauty enwraps alike Heaven and Earth, Time and Eternity. It vastly more than any other art, brings a soothing, exalting ministry to infinite human souls, both unemancipated and redeemed. This implies what I now more definitely assert, that music is *par excellence*, the religious art. It is not made to express complicated, contending, or factitious sentiments. In its combination with the terrestrial and vulgar in song, you will note that the lower you descend, the power of expression is less in the music and more in the words with which at the time it may be united. It stands alone among the arts in this grandeur, that its legitimate and peculiar functions are always to elevate the soul to the Infinite. It is thus the natural ally and hand-maid of religion, especially the religion of the universal heart. It excels in transplanting to the feet of Eternal Mercy the bruised, bleeding soul, trembling on the wings of repentance, hope and love. It can, and often does, by the very nature of its essence, bring the soul, when in proper affinity, very close to the celestial voices of all eternity—very near to the Infinite One. O, most blessed of all arts, thou "Heavenly Maid!" Thou wert with the morning stars when they sang together thy sweet and varied voices are the accompaniments of all nature; all known creations, through all the universe, use their power, and because of their universality and spontaneous revelation of the beautiful in sound, thou art the intimately divinest of all the arts.

But to music we must be just. While it has a high and very heavenly side, it is not in a broad human sense, the first of all the arts, since the immense breadth of power which has been given it in stirring the depths of human sentiment, renders it necessarily obscure, vague, aerial, indeterminate, and often unreliable in its effects. Sometimes it seems as a child, born of, and in mid-air, half of earth half of heaven. In respect of precision of effect, it presents a marked contrast to the next art, of which I shall speak—that of sculpture. This hardly stirs any sentiment; gives rise to but little reverie, as when just in idea, it clearly represents definite things. Sculpture is an austere art, yet it has its graces, but they are *subgenaris*, not those of any other art. No sound of voice from the Appollo Belvedere, no motion from the famous Greek *Tarsus* in the Louvre, and yet it has its shades of poetry. From the works of Phidias and the Greek masters, to Angelo and the Laocoon of Lessing, the famous critical axiom, can with justice be uttered of many of the productions of the sculptor *ut pictura poesis*. Sculpture is, a true art, in that it works up to an ideal, having for its ultimate object, the production of the typical beauty of all-known and even imaginable forms, such as those of hydras and angels. In the production of the latter it aims at the poetic art.

To painting we must however assign a higher place than to Sculpture. Painting is an art which can be as precise as sculpture, and is much higher in this that while it gives the visible form of objects it adds the graces of life to them, while like music, it can express the profoundest sentiments of the soul, and in fact can well and truly express them all. Every range of physical and human sentiment comes within the province of the painter. The joys, the agonies, the elevations

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