



Campaign Lyrics. He at my gate— Do candidate— He all time "howdy do"— My face is black—

MAKERS OF LITERATURE

George E. Woodberry's Critical Essays of Arnold, Darwin, Browning, Byron, Shelley and Others.

No critical essays published in recent times appeal more strongly to the reader than those contained in "Makers of Literature," by George Edward Woodberry.

In Tennyson, Keats and Shelley there was Greek influence, but in them the result was modern. In Arnold, the antiquity remains; remains in mood, just as in Landor's remains in form.

Hence, as one looks at his more philosophical and lyrical poems—the profounder part of his work—and endeavors to determine their character and sources alike, it is plain to see that, in the old phrase, "the mind of the intellect" life is the center.

A word should be added concerning the personality of Arnold which is revealed in his familiar letters. The records of literature with a singularly noble memory of private life.

Endeavors Arnold's Memory. He did his duty as naturally as if it required neither resolve nor effort, not thought of any kind for the morrow, and he never failed, seemingly, in act or word of sympathy, in little or great things; and when to this he added the clear ether of the intellectual life, whose rays habitually moved in his own life apart, and the humanity of his home, the gift that these letters bring may be appreciated.

Landor's principles were the best, vaguely, hardly amounting to more than an unappreciated enthusiasm for liberty, heroism and other great attributes of soul rather than of intellect. His work, but they do not give it consistency. It is crystalline in structure, beautiful, ordered, perfect in form, when taken part by part, but they do not give it consistency.

In Landor's eight volumes there are more fine thoughts, more wise apothegms, than in any discursive author's work in English literature, but they do not tell on the mind. They bloom like flowers in their gardens, but they crown no achievement. At the end, no crown is advanced, no goal is won. This incoherence and inefficiency proceed from the absence of any definite scheme of life, any compacted system of thought, any central principles, any strong, pervading and ordering personality.

Beauty, as painting does, but that beauty remains a sensation and does not pass into thought. Denotes Landor's Failure. This absence of any vital relation between his art and life, between his objects and ideas, denotes his failure.

The blank page in this charming biography is the page of spiritual life. There is no poetry, no sentiment, no sentimentality, no element which enters commonly in all men's lives in some degree is a circumstance as significant as it is astonishing. Never was a man more alive to what is visible and tangible, or in any way more grounded in the actual than Burns.

On advantage Byron had with foreign nations that with his own counts as a defect. He had no form, no art, no finish; and the poet who failed in these things is not to be regarded as a kind of enigma, and with continual friction with what has come to be our mastering literary taste for perfection in the manner.

Shelley. One hundred years have passed since Shelley was born, and two generations have been buried since his ashes were laid by the Roman wall. It is reasonable to ask whether he had any share in this prophetic power, brooding on things to come, which is the mystical endowment of poetic genius.

Shelley was a moralist, but he used the poet's methods. He declared the great commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," and he also gave a voice to the lament of the soul, to its aspirations and its inseparability. It mistakes, for the first time, the poet's error, and he also gave a voice to the lament of the soul, to its aspirations and its inseparability.

It is when the question is raised upon the permanent value of his work that the opportunity to which the poet's art is entitled. There are dreary wastes in it cannot be gained. Much is now unreadable that was excused in a contemporary book; much never was readable at all, and of the remainder, how much will the next age, in its turn, cast aside?

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has served him in other ways, though it has stiffened many a page with pedantry and antiquarianism. It is true that there is a grotesque quality in some of his work, but his humor in this kind is really a pretense; no one laughs at it; it arouses only an amazed wonder, like the stone masks of some medieval church.

JOHN RUSKIN.

Last of the Seers, and rarest, and most gracious, Are the eyes dim that saw so subtly true? Or is their vision vaster and more spacious, Piercing to truths and beauties strange and new?

Who shall declare? This know we, and this only, His vibrant voice we shall not hear again. Soaring like mighty music, sad and lonely, High o'er our vulgar broils and babblings vain—

Mourn by his bier what'er earth holds of fairest— Birds of the air—he loved your burnished wings, Flowers of the field, the humblest and the rarest, Shells of the sea—he read your murmuring;

Weep, Venice, for your lost, your life-long lover, From Chioggia to Torcello's lone lagoon— Let clouds your radiant Alpine rampart cover And mists of mourning veil your jeweled noon.

On major and minor events that passed in his days, opinions, in short, which help to reveal the man and which are necessary to the biographer for the full understanding of his character.

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Why rushed the discords in, but that harmony should be prized? Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear.

ARTIST RULES THE MAN

Paderewski's Stage Light-Convect Garden Season—Relative Ages of Living Pianists—Other News. Those who studied Paderewski's face through the lorgnette while he was at the piano Wednesday night—not an easy thing in that low-toned, mystic light—must have been impressed with his delicate sensitiveness and quick response to emotion.

At a recent song-recital given at Carnegie Hall, New York, June 10, Sembrich sang in French, Italian, Polish, Russian and German, English, Polish and Russian—and this feat alone would be considered a triumph.

Good old Max Heinrich and Miss Julia Heinrich have given two recitals this week, and another booked for tonight, at the Boston Music Hall.

Ellen Beach Yaw's "top note" has excited vast interest all over the world and there are few vocalists who claim to surpass her first appearance in New York.

Announcement has just been made that the season of grand opera in London will be opened at Covent Garden on May 11 with a performance of Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet."

Some one with a penchant for statistics has engaged in the pleasant task of collecting data regarding the ages of celebrated living pianists. Figures usually make dry reading, but in view of the general personal interest that Portland people feel in the career of several of these artists the list is given herewith.

PADEREWSKI HAS FAULTS

THE PEOPLE'S IDOL SHATTERED BY TWO WELL-KNOWN CRITICS. They Say He Pounds Brutally, Even Kicks the Pedals, and Cannot Play Fugues.

Paderewski is the subject of a racy editorial in the March number of "Music," the Chicago monthly edited by W. S. B. Mathews. "Music" for a long time past has been conspicuously laudatory of a certain other pianist, Mr. Godowsky, of Chicago, and possibly this may in part explain the severity of the criticism made against the popular idol.

It was announced that Madame Calve had fainted and that the performance would be resumed in a few minutes. The singing soprano reappeared and the opera was taken up where it had been left off, and completed without further hindrance.

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When Ethel sings. When Ethel sings, the faithful dog comes leaning to the cellar door. And pitifully whines and begs. That he shall not be tortured more. The family cat scowls and cowers. Hoping perhaps the hired man's poor canary 'neath his wing. For surely hides his little head.