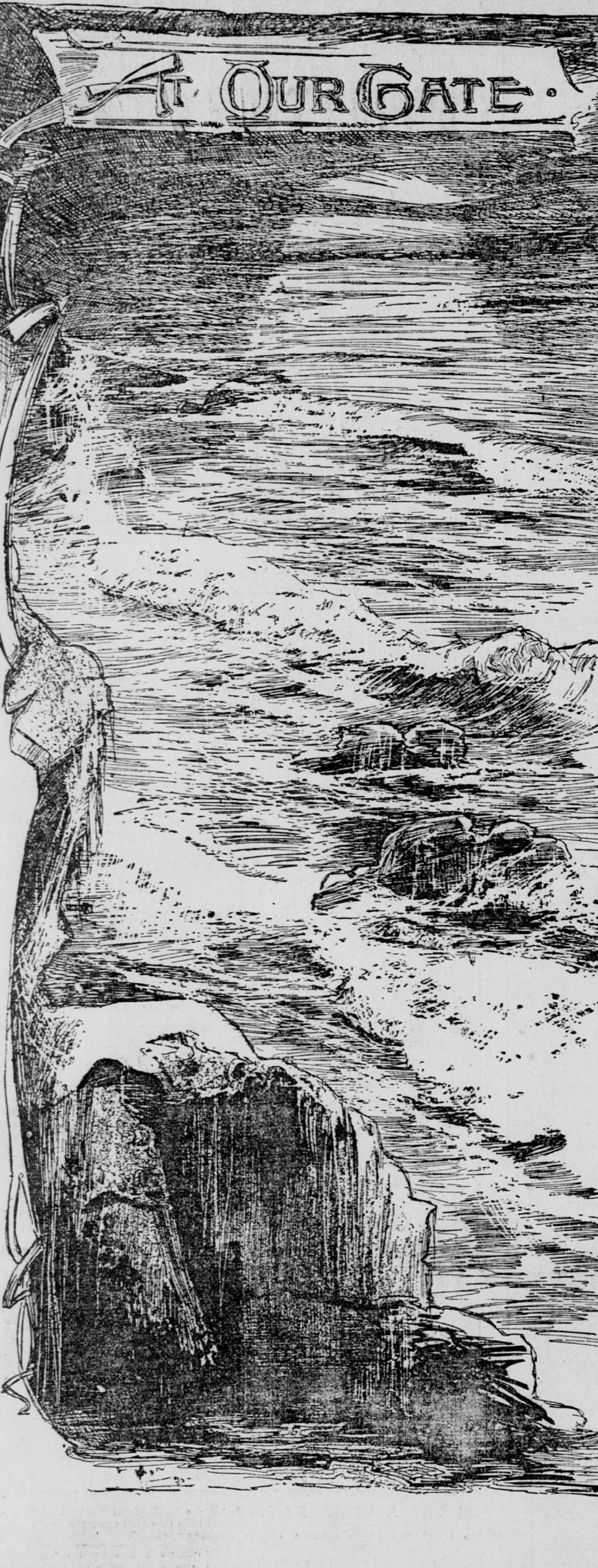


AT OUR GATE.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER  
A SONG OF THE WILD SEAS



At our gate he greeneth, greeneth,  
Chafes as chained, and chafes all day;  
His leashed greyhound moaneth, moaneth,  
When the master keeps away.  
Men have seen him steal in lowly,  
Lick the islands' feet and face,  
Lay an arm about us slowly,  
Then turn empty to his place:  
Empty, idle, hungered, waiting  
For some hero, dauntless-souled,  
Glory-loving, pleasure-hating,  
Minted in God's ancient mold.  
What ship yonder stealing, stealing,  
Pirate-like, as if ashamed?  
Black men, brown men, red, revealing  
Not one white man to be named!  
What flag yonder, proud, defiant,  
Topmast, saucy and sea-blown?  
All ships lordly and reliant—  
All flags yonder save our own!  
Surged atop yon half-world water  
Once a funfull fall ship ran;  
Ran the storm king too and caught her,  
Caught and laughed as laughs a man!  
Laughed and held her, and so holden,  
Holden high, foam-crest and free  
As famed harper, harp and olden,  
Held his great harp on his knee.  
Then his fingers wildly flinging  
Through chords, ropes—such symphony!  
As if some wild Wagner, singing—  
Some wild Wagner of the sea!  
Sang he of such poor cowed weaklings,  
Cowed, weak landmen such as we;  
While ten thousand storied sea-kings  
Foam-white, storm-blown, sat the sea.  
Oh, for England's old sea thunder!  
Oh, for England's bold seamen,  
When we banded her over, under,  
And she banded us back again!  
Better old time strife and stresses,  
Cloud kept towers, walls, distrust;  
Better wars than jazznesses,  
Better blood than wine and lust!  
Give us seas? Why, we have oceans!  
Seas of seas! Nay, give us men,  
Men to man, and manly notions,  
Else give back these seas again.

Joaquin Miller  
Night, Oakland, Cal

SCATHING CRITIQUE ON AMBROSE BIERCE.

BY WILLIAM GREER HARRISON.

Mr. Bierce desires to be regarded as the sole standard for all that is chaste and beautiful in literature. He has asked the world to accept him. Alas! alas! base suspicion has performed its deadly office and the alabaster god has become mere plaster of paris.

That the idol should prove to be only common clay, not even fire-burned, is enough, but that he should undertake the duties of a pedagogue, forgetting those proper to the critic, shocks all sensitive natures.

The province of the critic is large—the method, governed by well-established rules, is limited, and Mr. Bierce knows but ignores the limitation.

IN MEMORIAM.

Jen Kirk, Poet, Drops a Tear in Honor of the Old Cliff House.

THE CALL yesterday received a touching poem which the author says, and undoubtedly with truth, was written on the 13th of January, 1895, at the time of the fire which destroyed the old Cliff House.

It would be difficult to find a finer flight of poetry than this. Mr. Jen Kirk, the author of this delightful production, was almost inexcusably remiss.

For hours the fire had smoldered unseen, but a breath of air sent them all aglow, far out to sea went tongues of flame, and the sunning water below.

What a wide, romantic view of the situation is taken in these two stanzas, as well as in the preceding one, where the poet alludes to the "tangled mass of pipes and bands."

Mr. Bierce objects to the lack of variation in the "pause caesural" (modern, caesural). Permit me to remind him that variation in the caesural pause is obsolete.

Mr. Bierce works himself up to a high pitch of fury and unable to restrain his native vulgarity bursts into the argot of the ring and huris sponges and things at the unfortunate Celtic Prince.

Mr. Bierce expresses a wish that he were a fool-poet. He is.

What a wonderful mastery of curious words Mr. Bierce possesses! In the single article now criticized appear the following dainty, chaste and classical curiosities:

Mr. Bierce does not doubtless feel gratified by learning that I am the happy possessor of all his works and that I have read them with the greatest interest.

His connection with the "Hangman's Daughter" is apocryphal. What he did to the unfortunate girl I do not know, but the work, while well written by some one, is too gruesome, too suggestive of the abattoir to deserve long life.

His two books of humor, catalogued as "comic," were failures, and Esop having written fables, Mr. Bierce seems unnecessary.

Mr. Bierce has no right to object to a criticism of this volume. He has published his thoughts in the meter most convenient to his mood, but he has had small regard for syntax and less for prosody.

Mr. Bierce esteems names as important in verification. I may be permitted, therefore, to ask him why "Black Beetles in Amber"—why not in ambergris? Why not "Blue Breches in Pawn" or "Black Beans in Batter"?

Mr. Bierce calls "no thought" in his "beetles"—some wit, and a total abstinence from all that constitutes standard English. Mr. Bierce can wed vowel and consonant, but in verse he cannot do himself justice.

I presume the verification of a satirist is as subject to rule as the verse of the ordinary poet. Applying the rules of prosody to Mr. Bierce's more pretentious works I find that he quite frequently ignores them, but worse, he ignores the legitimate meaning of words and cripples them—or attenuates them—to suit his lame or overlapping lines.

Mr. Bierce admits that only five persons living to-day can write acceptable English blank. Of course he is one of the fortunate five, but with characteristic modesty he withholds all evidence of the fact.

Mr. Bierce objects to the lack of variation in the "pause caesural" (modern, caesural). Permit me to remind him that variation in the caesural pause is obsolete.

NEW YORK STAGE GOSSIP.

Rumors of a New Play by the Gilbert-Sullivan Combination.

RICHARD MANSFIELD ANGRY.

A Revival of Paul M. Potter's Success With Blanche Walsh as Trilby.

NEW YORK, N. Y., Nov. 20.—"The fog is to blame for it," said Manager Oscar Hammerstein of the Olympia, as he sat him down on a pile of bricks directly under a poster which announced that the opening of the new playhouse had been postponed from November 18 to November 25.

The Manhattan Opera-house, which is now better known as Koster & Bial's, Mrs. Bernard Beere, the English actress, opened the theater and scored a tremendous failure. The season of English opera which followed lasted just a fortnight. A year later Koster & Bial and Hammerstein joined hands.

McConnell, dropped in and persuaded him that the story would prove of service to him from a box-office point of view. Then Mansfield calmed down and tore up his letter.

is eleven years ago now since this woman broke away from the Wallack stock company and appeared as a star. During that time she has furnished the New York public with some of the finest casts that have ever trod the metropolitan stage.

The announcement that Gilbert and Sullivan have made it up and are hard at work on a new opera has aroused no particular interest among the New York managers. After the failure of "Utopia Limited," two years ago, both T. Henry French and John Stetson declared that they would never touch another Gilbert and Sullivan opera.

Mr. Bierce objects to the lack of variation in the "pause caesural" (modern, caesural). Permit me to remind him that variation in the caesural pause is obsolete.

Forty Thousand Dollars for Charity. The will of the late Mrs. Charlotte C. Gittings was filed in the Orphans' Court for probate on October 29. The will, which is quite voluminous, makes these bequests: To the Union Protestant Infirmary, \$10,000; to the Boys' School, St. Paul parish, \$8,000; to the church, home and infirmary, \$10,000; for the purpose of endowing a ward of five beds as the home for direct; to the vestry of St. Paul's parish, \$5,000; the interest to be added to the principal for ten years, and then the income of the entire fund to be used; to the trustees of Ritchie Memorial Church, Claremont, Surrey County, Va., \$5,000; the interest to be divided between the trustees of the same church and the trustees of the division to which the Ritchie Memorial Church belongs; to the Baltimore Eye, Ear and Throat Hospital, \$4,000; to St. Paul's parish, additional \$1,000; one-half each to the use of St. Paul's house and the guildhouse.