



At our gate he groaneth, groaneth,
Chafes as chained, and chafes all day;
As 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,
Minded 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?
Tall ships lordly and reliant—
All flags yonder save our own!
Sured atop yon half-world water
Once a tunefull tall 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, hoar and olden,
Hold 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 landsmen such as we,
While ten thousand storied seakings
Foam-white, storm-blown, sat the sea.

Oh, for England's old sea thunder!
Oh, for England's bold seamen,
When we banged her over, under,
And she banged us back again!
Better old time strife and stresses,
Cloud top'ly lowers, walls, distrust;
Better wars than lazinesses,
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 motions,
Else give back these seas again.

Joaquin Miller
High California - Cal

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. "It's the great American climate getting a rise out of me because I have engaged so many European novelists to appear here. I thought I was prepared to fight all the elements; I was ready to tackle fire, water and the Police Commissioners' all at once, if necessary, and then this British fog had to come along and prevent the plaster from drying. I vowed from the first that I would open the building on November 18, and on that date it would have been opened, sure enough, if it hadn't been for that fog."

Hammerstein was really a pitiable spectacle as he spoke those words. Only those persons who have known this Napoleon of Harlem for years, and who realize fully how completely his heart was set on opening on the day announced, can understand what a disappointment this postponement has been to him. No matter what he does or leaves undone, Oscar Hammerstein is an interesting figure. He is easily the most interesting character in New York to-day, and when one remembers that six years ago Hammerstein knew absolutely nothing of the theater business his subsequent success seems little less than marvelous. He made his fortune as a member of a blacking firm, and in the spring of 1891, as Harlem had no good combination theater on the East side, he decided to build the Columbus. It was a success from the outset, and in less than a year the Harlem Opera-house was thrown open to theater-goers on the west side of town. Then Hammerstein thought that there was money in English grand opera, so he bought property on West Thirty-fourth street, and on that site arose

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 just a fortnight. A year later Koster & Bial and Hammerstein joined hands.

The series of rows which led to Hammerstein's withdrawal from the firm are matters of recent stage history. He sold the building for \$600,000, and on the morning that he signed the final check in payment of this amount old Mr. Koster dropped dead of heart failure. Hammerstein makes no bones about declaring that he built the Olympia for the express purpose of cutting out Koster & Bial's.

"Time alone can tell whether he will succeed in fulfilling his intention to judge from the attractions he has engaged. Oscar is making a noble effort in that direction. As he led into the broad promenade in the balcony of the music hall—the Middleway Pleasantway, Oscar calls it—from which one can obtain a fine view of the attractions which were to appear there, I noticed that the railing was rather low, so I said to him:

"Look here, aren't you afraid that with such attractions on the stage some of your audience will be drawn over that railing and dash their brains out on the orchestra chairs?"

"Well, if there's any fear of that they must nail themselves down. What do they expect for 50 cents? Parachutes?"

One price of admission, 50 cents, will admit to the theater, the concert hall and the variety theater. In one respect the delay in opening the house has proved a blessing, for it has allowed Manager Rice to come along and prevent the plaster from drying. I vowed from the first that I would open the building on November 18, and on that date it would have been opened, sure enough, if it hadn't been for that fog."

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JOAQUIN MILLER'S SONG OF THE WILD SEAS.

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

The letter of McConnell recalls a clause in the contract which he has just signed with Mansfield. In one clause Mansfield agrees that no matter what his provocation may be he will abstain from making a speech to the audience while he is under McConnell's management.

"I had to put that clause in," explained McConnell. "He's forgotten his speeches, you know, as well as his parts, and he won't have time to get letter-perfect in them both again before we open. So I have advised him to stick to his lines and let me do all the extemporary talking."

The audience will note that Gilbert and Sullivan have made it up and are hard at work on a new opera now around a 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. "Utopia, Limited" was the direst sort of a failure, but I shall always remember its first performance on account of a remark which Mrs. John Stetson made in my hearing that night. This, she said, was the reason why Stetson, although the point of it lies on the financial side of the house. As the Stetsons entered the theater John was abusing some one in a loud tone of voice: "I don't like that fellow, anyway," he exclaimed. "He's a white-livered man. I've no use for him."

"My dear John," said Mrs. Stetson, turning on him reproachfully, "if you must talk about a man like that, do speak more politely. Why not be a gentleman and say you do not care for him because he has incandescent lights?"

He's a piece of news. At the end of this season E. H. Sothern and Daniel Frohman will part company. The young actor is to manage the theater in New York, and is going to see how successfully he can handle his own canoe. There has been no quarrel between star and manager. The old partnership, which has lasted for eight years, will be broken simply because Sothern feels that he is now in a position to take care of himself. On the whole, it seems rather a foolish move for him to make; in a managerial way he will never be able to do half as much for himself as Dan Frohman has done for him. A year's experience on his own hook, however, will probably bring the young man to his senses.

I couldn't help thinking as John Drew, Edwin Mayo and others were praising Joseph Jefferson for his many services to the American stage at the loving-cup presentation, of an actress who in her role of manageress has never received her due. I mean Rose Coghlan. At the present time Miss Coghlan is in hard luck. Her company has gone to pieces; she herself is out of an engagement; her husband, John T. Sullivan, is playing in a cheap melodrama in order to tide both ends meet. But as I sat there and heard the one landed for doing this and that, or for doing something else, it occurred to me that if Rose Coghlan should have had some part in it. At

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. While she had the money she never spared expense in order to give the really first-rate production. The cost of this cast came up to \$10,000 a week.

On the first performance of "Night Clerk" at the Bijou, Cornelius Vanderbilt sat in an orchestra chair. It is a pity that Mr. Vanderbilt is not a dramatic critic, for he might have taken a more kindly view of the play than the other newspaper men did. With the exception of "The Year One," not a play this year has been so cordially roasted as "The Night Clerk" was. One newspaper snubbed Mr. Dailey for his excessive self-conceit by mentioning every person in the cast except the star, and in remarking in the last line of the article that the part of the night clerk was played by "Peter T. Dailey." But Mr. Vanderbilt enjoyed every moment of it. I don't think I ever heard a man laugh so long and so heartily in my life.

Marguerite Lemon, the new soprano who made her debut in "Leonardo," has received an offer to join the Bostonians. She is under contract to Manager J. C. Duff, but as he declared his intention of not holding her to her agreement if she wants to go in "A War-time Wedding," when the Bostonians come to the Broadway after Christmas.

The opening of the grand opera season has thrown the Broadway theaters into the dumps. Calve, Melba and Jean de Reszke are once more the lions of the hour. The Calve craze promises to eclipse the Paderewski mania entirely this year. This singer's first appearance in America in "La Navarraise" promises to be the gala night of the season.

John Drew still hankers after serious work. He announces that he will appear as Lord Lovelace in a revival of Jones' "Bumble Shop" before he leaves the Empire to make way for Oleg涅sore.

Speaking of Jones, the playwright, recalls the fact that he has just petitioned the English courts for leave to drop the Jones from his name. In future he wishes to be known simply as Henry Arthur.

At the Garden, where "Trilby" is running once more, the Potter play seems to be renewing its original success. Blanche Walsh, the new Trilby, is the first actress to really grasp the meaning of the part.

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