AN IRISHMAN TO THE MANNER BORN.

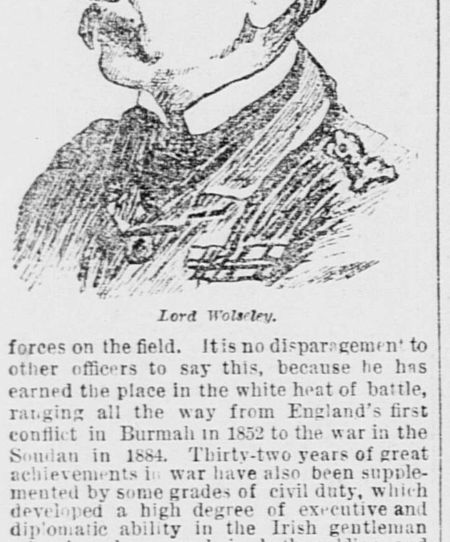
He Has Been Placed in Command of the Military Forces in Ireland.

LORD WOLSELEY'S CAREER.

Something About His Thirty-Two Years of Service in War and in Civil Grades, in Which He Developed a High Degree of Executive and Diplomatic Ability—His Views of the United States.

FRANK A. BURR, in a syndicate letter from London, writes as follows concerning Lord Wolseley, who, on the first of the current month, took command of the British forces in the Emerald Isle:

Lord Wolseley is an Irishman to the manner born, and no military appointment made in Great Britain within a hundred years has caused more comment and is more significant than the transfer of Lork Wolseley from the position of Adjutant-General at the War Office and the practical executive officer of the English army to the command of the troops in his native land. There is much speculation among all classes as to what the change means and a settled conviction that he would not have been promoted to a higher grade had not the British Government felt assured that the peace of Europe for some time to come at least was assured. For by common consent Lord Wolseley, in case of war, would be sent as the commander of the


Lord Wolseley.

forces on the field. It is no disparagement to other officers to say this, because he has earned the place in the white heat of battle, ranging all the way from England's first conflict in Burmah in 1852 to the war in the Soudan in 1884. Thirty-two years of great achievements in war have also been supplemented by some grades of civil duty, which developed a high degree of executive and diplomatic ability in the Irish gentleman who has been and is both soldier and diplomate.

It is a singular if not a natural fact that the two most eminent soldiers in the British army are both Irishmen—Lord Wolseley, who is just now filling the national eye and keeping busy the English tongue, and Sir Frederick Roberts, who commands in India. Upon them England would rely for its experience and ability in action in case of a conflict at arms. Both of them, I think, came from what may fairly be called the middle classes, at least Lord Wolseley did, and he is emphatically a self-made man. But he comes

OF A FIGHTING FAMILY

For his father, grandfather, and even earlier ancestors, were all soldiers, and he takes to the profession of arms as an inheritance. His mother, who reared him for the profession while his father was in the army, turned his mind carefully and earnestly in a military direction, and his first books of reading related to war.

None of the great Generals which our late Civil War created ever had a more romantic career in the military service in the New World than Lord Wolseley has had during his forty years of army life in the Old. He has endured all the

HARDSHIPS OF THE FIELD AND CAMP

In every sort of climate and every sort of weather under the sun in the service of that empire upon which it may be truly said "the sun never sets." He began early to reach out for a high place, and his promotion from a poor ensign's place in 1852 to the virtual control of the army in 1885 was rapid and lasting. So lasting, indeed, that just reaching 60 years of age, he returns to the land he left as a poor lad at the head of the favorite command in the whole list.

It is rare to find embodied in one composition the twin elements of soldier and diplomate, and yet Lord Wolseley is a living example of the fact that a man may have the elements which go to make a great commander and, at the same time, the power to manage a delicate job of diplomacy, for, besides his brilliant military services, he has handled several important civil commissions of a high character with marked ability. Between his army and civil occupations he has been constantly kept in the foreground of combat with the world ever since he was of age. For the first time in forty years this command in Ireland will not only give him a rest but the opportunity of being of great use to his people while enjoying his books and an opportunity to indulge his literary ambitions in finishing his life of the great Duke of Marlborough, upon which he has been engaged for some time, whenever he could snatch a moment from the many imperative demands upon his leisure.

ORDINARILY THE MERE CHANGE

Of a man from the War Office to Ireland would not be regarded as worthy of serious remark. But in this instance it has set all England to gossiping. Besides being an Irishman, Lord Wolseley is a Liberal. At one time he favored Mr. Gladstone's policy, but he has parted company with "the grand old man" upon political matters, and while holding the idea that localities should be left to look after their own affairs, he believes that the diplomatic service, the army and the navy should all be dominated by a representative assembly doing business under the shadow of the throne. He is proud of his race, and talks very enthusiastically of its future. He firmly believes in imperial federation and in the power of his countrymen to become the quick-witted head upon the stolid English composition, thus combining the two elements to make a perfect whole for government both in war and peace. While he will have little opportunity in his new sphere of action to make any real peaceful impress upon the political condition about him, it will be impossible for a man of his strength of character and fertility of mind not to exert a beneficial influence for the people about him in whom he has such a firm faith.

During the past six weeks I have had somewhat of personal association with him, and during the army reviews which I attended at his invitation, I have carefully watched his habits of mind and action in comparison with those about him. A stronger personality, clad in a soldier's uniform, I have rarely ever seen. I have been trying for a month to liken and compare him with some Federal General of distinction from our rebellion. But he is different from any of them I can recall. Besides possessing an abundance of firmness and a good opinion of his own judgment, like Grant, he has plenty of push, like Sheridan, whom he admires as much for his record as for his being an Irishman. But there is a sort of finish in his composition, polish in his manners, mental activity of a thoughtful kind and a subtle diplomacy that I have never before met in an officer who has won distinction in the pestle of fight. These qualities are

ALL FOREIGN

To the rugged soldier, such as we know in our country, and as a rule would cripple the military instinct or ability from dominating the individual. As we found to our cost during the war, these finely drawn theoretical minds were doubtful of their own genius in the crucible of plan and onset. But it does not seem to affect Lord Wolseley that way, for he is aggressive enough to please the most exacting, unless I greatly mistake his character.

It is remarkable how many small men have been great soldiers. Napoleon was under size, Grant hardly up to the average, Sheridan below it, etc. Lord Wolseley is in the same group. He is hardly up to the medium, and is slim and lithe of frame. His face is rather small, but full of firm lines, that are very apparent when he closes his thin lips under his gray mustache. His eyes are sharp and searching, and his manner the perfection of fine breeding, as always found in a real Irish gentleman. His hair was once dark, but is now almost white, but there is a freshness in his face and a twinkle in his blue eyes that makes him look as fresh as at forty, when he must have been an exceedingly handsome man.

It is impossible to estimate Lord Wolseley by his achievements and then compare him with the great soldiers the wars of the past thirty years have developed, because his distinction has been won in different fields and under very different conditions than those of any of the old heroes who have passed off the board of action. He is still the star in the play. It is a cruel but truthful adage that "no man can be judged aright until he is dead." As Lord Wolseley has apparently many years of usefulness left before him and is returning to his people in a pleased frame of mind, in fine physical health and lofty ambitions for them and himself, the last pages of his history may be stronger than those already written and new laurels may be yet won in the great play of human life by this

EARNEST AND ABLE MAN.

There is rarely much in the peaceful side of a strong soldier's life that is striking enough to write about. People love to read about heroism, adventure and the dramatic features of a military chieftain's career; not what he has done with his legs under the desk and a pen in his hand. The story of Lord Wolseley's life is so full of the dramatic that it intrudes itself at every turn and sets aside all else.

During England's second war with Burmah, in 1852, he was only an ensign. In leading a storming party, both he and a brother officer were shot down as they entered the enemy's works. One bled to death in five minutes and Wolseley was only saved almost by a miracle after months of terrible suffering. The Crimean War in 1854 found him ready for duty, but he got terribly knocked to pieces there. During the siege of Sebastopol fate was strangely against him. He was slightly wounded on the 10th of April and again on the 7th of June, but on the 30th of August, while at work in the trenches, he was knocked over by a solid shot striking near him, killing those about him and rendering him almost lifeless. He was picked up for dead and hardly recognizable from the number of wounds on his face. His body was as if filled with the contents of a shotgun. The surgeons regarded him as beyond hope, but he took a different view of it, and after suffering for many weeks he recovered. For a long time he lived in a dark cave, total blindness being threatened from the effects of his wounds. While in this plight, and dire calamity hanging over him, the fall of Sebastopol was announced.

In wounds and other casualties Lord Wolseley had any amount of bad luck, for he hardly ever went to war without returning with a wound, but they gained for him the coveted promotion for which he fought. He had chosen a soldier's life, and he accepted a soldier's fate without murmur. After the Crimea he was ordered to China on a diplomatic mission and was shipwrecked near Singapore. After a startling adventure he was rescued, completed his duty, and in the same year, 1857, he is found in India suppressing a mutiny. This

CREATED HIM A LIEUTENANT-COLONEL.

At a single jump from the captaincy that his brilliant service in the Crimea brought him. In 1860 he was in the Chinese war, and afterward on a diplomatic mission to Nankin. In 1861, about the beginning of our war, he was hurridly sent to Canada in connection with the Trent affair and became deputy Quartermaster-General of the Dominion. He remained there for several years, traveling extensively through North America and studying the conditions of life in the United States. The Red River expedition in 1870 won him a knighthood, and the following year he spent as Assistant Adjutant-General in the War Office. The Ashantee war made him a full Major-General and Inspector-General of the forces. From 1875 to 1878 he was Governor of Natal first and of Cyprus afterward. The Zulu war in 1879 found him Commander-in-Chief of the forces and High Commissioner to South Africa. The Egyptian campaign of 1882 raised him to a peerage, and the war in the Soudan in 1884 carried him forward to be considered the first soldier in England. On his return in 1885 he was made Adjutant General at the War Office. and given full swing, so far as Parliament would permit him, in the advancement of the army, the welfare of which he has so much at heart. The final act of promotion which takes him to Ireland rounds out to this point a most remarkable, honorable and brilliant career. It has been a hard fight against long odds, but it is won and the rest of the road is smooth. In war he has never known defeat, and in peace his policy has generally been recognized as wise and appropriate.

The wonderful experience he has had in having served his Government on every continent under the sun except Australia has given him a fund of practical knowledge that makes him a most valuable companion, and there are a very few men who cannot learn much from his wonderful storehouse of information gained in an actual contact with the world. Unlike most soldiers he talks exceedingly well, and puts things in such shape that one

DOES NOT NEED A MAP

To find out what he means. He has great faith in the Chinese, and thinks that some day they are going to be a great nation and possibly make trouble for Europe. He says they possess every military virtue, are stolidly indifferent to death and capable of any amount of endurance. The Tartars, he adds, have ruled them for 300 years by beheading the more active, capable and progressive of the Chinamen, and he relates an anecdote that when the Chinese Commissioner was asked if it were true that he had beheaded 60,000 in three years, he replied: "Oh! many more than that."

"But these rude Tartars," says Lord Wolseley, "will not always be able to control the nation in this way. Some strong man will one day rise up and change it. Thirty years ago the whole system came near toppling to its fall, but Gordon saved it. The Tartars may not be so fortunate another time."

Lord Wolseley also believes that there will be another war between France and Germany, which will be one of the bloodiest conflicts that Europe has ever known. The new commander of the British force in Ireland has seen much in the United States, and in conversing upon it with me he said:

"In Amerida you have a pure democracy, and a pure democracy is capable of doing much more in the direction of strong measures and of war than a mixed system such as ours. When democracy is thus roughly established in England the chief security against war will have disappeared. It is democracies that make wars, oligarchies that are afraid of them; especially an oligarchy like ours, which is timid and hampered by the party system. Our system, by dividing the nation politically into two halves, each of which opposes on principle whatever the other one proposes, paralyzes our strength when a minister is tempted to go to war. If our people were as unanimous in cases of affront as the United States we should go to war many more times than we do. In America questions of foreign policy, involving the maintenance of the honor of the flag or the

RIGHTS OF AMERICAN CITIZENS,

Are outside the area of party dispute. The whole nation acts as one man. Hence Russia, Germany and France habitually show the United States a deference which they never show England."

Continuing the conversation, he said: "The American system would work better if the best man were given five or six years' supreme power, with the right of renewal in case he gave satisfaction, instead of having a prime minister habitually hampered by colleagues and Parliament as we do, with the result that neither continuity nor consistency in the conduct of our foreign affairs is possible."

Speaking of the annexation of Canada, Lord Wolseley said he did not believe that it would ever join the United States. "All history shows," said he, "that when two States lie together side by side the friction of the frontier developed an antagonism seldom overcome."

He is a very firm believer in the permanent peace between this country and the United States. He regards it as folly even to consider the possibility of a conflict between these English-speaking nations, and believes it their duty to stand by each other, for the day may come when the final struggle between the cemented powers of earth, which must inevitably occur, will doubtless be between the English-speaking people on the one side and those who talk in other tongues on the other. Upon subjects of civil administration Lord Wolseley is a most careful and constant thinker, and his ideas of government, as will be seen, are by no means entirely bound up with the one he serves so well. His many resources of mind and extensive travel have given him a remarkable insight into the character of different governments, and upon them he is a most fluent and able conversationalist. As did General Grant during his trip around the world, he seems to have absorbed knowledge by the load and to have kept turning it over and over until it impressed itself into his active brain.

Such is the character of the soldier who takes command in Ireland, and it is in this capacity that he just now becomes such an interesting personage to the people, not only of the United States and those of his own country, but also to the civilized world.

A negro living at Newman, Ga., is 90 years of age, has had three wives, is the father of forty-one children, and has nearly 400 grand and great-grandchildren. He is capable of doing a fair day's work on the farm.

WITH BALL AND CUE.

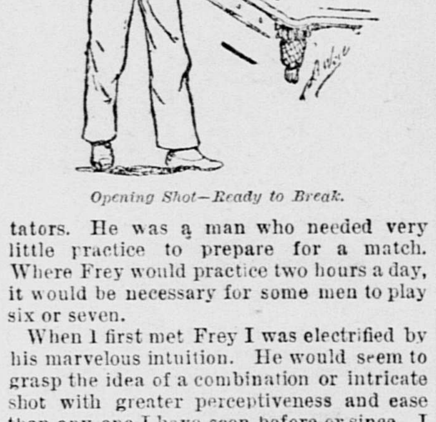
Champion Pool-Player C. H. Manning's Advice to Beginners.

He Illustrates Some of the Positions in the Game, Which, During the Winter, Attracts Much Attention.

ONE of the indoor games which, next to billiards and bowling, attracts much attention during the winter months is fifteen-ball pool, for which is claimed science, combined with mathematical precision and good exercise. Charles H. Manning, who is now recognized the champion player of America, was recently interviewed by a representative of the New York Herald in relation to the game:

To be a successful player, said Mr. Manning, a man must combine natural adaptability to the game with steady, untiring practice. Some are fine players, because they are naturally adapted to it, while others are experts, because by conscientious practice they have mastered the mechanics of the game.

An illustration of the born player was the late champion, Albert M. Frey. Frey was an originator where others were merely imi-


Opening Shot—Ready to Break.

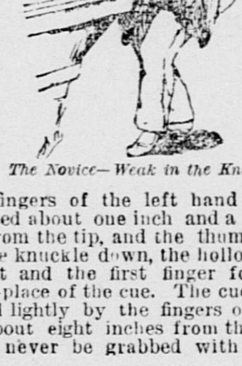
tators. He was a man who needed very little practice to prepare for a match. Where Frey would practice two hours a day, it would be necessary for some men to play six or seven.

When I first met Frey I was electrified by his marvelous intuition. He would seem to grasp the idea of a combination or intricate shot with greater perceptiveness and ease than any one I have seen before or since. I have practiced for matches with him and had the benefit of his coaching, and we have studied over the various combinations together and given one another the benefit of our various experiences.

Alfredo de Oro and Wahlstrom, the Swede, are also players who were born to the game. Either of these men quickly grasps the idea of a hard shot and can get in practice with but little trouble.

Albert G. Powers is a first-class illustration of a mechanical player. He, of course, has much adaptability to the game, but most of his success is due to the fact that he is a very hard-working, painstaking player. J. L. Malone is another careful player, and is considered one of if not the most careful in the profession. Malone figures on his chances of making a hard, risky shot for a long time before playing it, and he will play many more "safety" shots than the majority. It is his extreme caution that makes him so hard to defeat, and he plays a slow, steady stroke, seldom shooting without giving the impression that he feels sure of making his point.

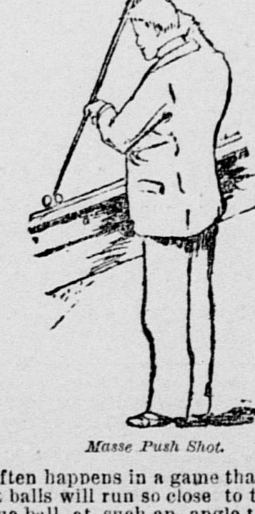
The accompanying sketch shows the proper position that ought to be taken for the opening shot. The player should stand with his legs apart about eighteen inches, forming a right angle with his feet, the left foot being advanced, or in case the player uses his left arm in making the shot, or is technically known as a "left-handed player," his right foot will be advanced. The bend in the body should be from the waist, and not from the knees, and the head held directly over the cue and slightly bent over the table. The left arm ought to be extended over the cushion, having a slight bend outward from the elbow, and the hand resting on the table so that it forms a bridge to rest the cue on.


The Novice—Weak in the Knees.

The fingers of the left hand should be separated about one inch and a half, measuring from the tip, and the thumb elevated with the knuckle down, the hollow between its joint and the first finger forming the resting-place of the cue. The cue should be grasped lightly by the fingers of the right hand about eight inches from the butt, and should never be grabbed with the whole hand.

The next sketch shows the position that would naturally be taken by a novice when he began his play. The body is bent forward from the knees, with the shoulders hunched up and the head bent too far forward. The fingers are held incorrectly, the first finger being laid alongside the cue in the evident hope of guiding it, but in reality rendering the whole structure of the bridge unsteady and shaky.

The main fault I have found with young players was that they were, as a rule, in too much of a hurry to make their shots and did not take sufficient time to calculate. I would advise beginners to play slowly and carefully and to play alone if possible at first, always hitting the cue ball in the center, until, by close attention, the novice is able to determine the amount and position of English that is necessary to bring the cue ball in position for the next shot. By the term "English" is meant the stroke made by the tip of the cue on one side or the other of the ball, giving it a twirling motion, which attracts it to the side on which the ball is struck. This is the same theory as that which governs the "curves" and "shoots" used by pitchers in base-ball. The novice should first of all learn to pocket the object ball aimed at before attempting any position shots. I myself played for two years before I attempted to make a position shot. The misses which are made by professional players can almost always be attributed to too great a desire to obtain "position."

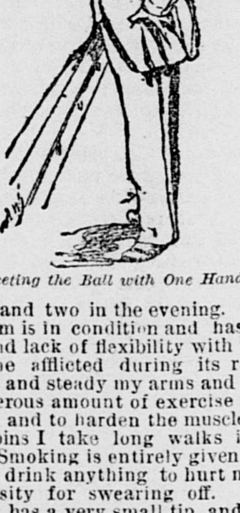

Masse Push Shot.

It often happens in a game that one of the object balls will run so close to the rail and the cue ball at such an angle that there is only one way of making the shot. In the rules governing fifteen-ball pool it states that a player not removing the tip of his cue from the cue ball and therefore not making two strokes is entitled to the balls he may push into the pocket. The push masse was the result of the combined ideas of Frey and Manning, and has been used successfully by both. In this shot the cue is held in a perpendicular position, grasped midway up from the butt and balanced as steadily as possible. A quick rotary shove is given, which brings the object ball to the pocket.

Often in a game the balls will roll to the end of the table and remain in such a position that it becomes necessary to use the wooden bridge to lift the cue out of the way of the other balls. In a match, if the player disturb any ball before he shoots the shot is forfeited, and to avoid any contingency of this kind some of the experts—notably Mr. Manning—use one hand alone to make the shot. This, of course, necessitates much practice, but is very effective when properly used.

It may not be generally known, but nevertheless it is a fact, that professional pool and billiard players go into training the same as athletes in other branches of sport. Mr. Manning describes his method as follows:

"Before I play a match, especially when it will last for several days, I subject myself to the most careful kind of regimen and diet. When I have no match game on hand I play very little, except when I give exhibitions or am instructing my pupils, and the result is that after a time I am not in the best of form. My arm gets stiff, and does not have that free motion necessary to insure steadiness. When the time comes to prepare myself for a tournament, I practice for a week one hour each day by myself. The time is gradually increased, until just before the match I play with some first-class amateur for three hours each day, one in the


Pocketing the Ball with One Hand.

afternoon and two in the evening. By this time my arm is in condition and has lost its stiffness and lack of flexibility with which it had become afflicted during its rest. To strengthen and steady my arms and wrists I take a generous amount of exercise with Indian clubs, and to harden the muscles of my legs and loins I take long walks into the country. Smoking is entirely given up, and as I do not drink anything to hurt me there is no necessity for swearing off. The cue that I use has a very small tip, and weighs about nineteen ounces. The days of large tips have gone by, and I would advise every beginner to accustom himself to a cue with a small tip, as he will sooner or later feel the necessity of abandoning sofa pillows."

ARTISTIC GARMENTS.

Some of Redfern's Latest New York Productions.

The Fashionable Henri Deux Cape of Olive-Green Cloth—The Three-Quarter Coats Are in Vogue Again.

Special to THE SUNDAY CALL.

NEW YORK, Oct. 13, 1890.—It is evidently an adage with the Redfern establishment that "variety is the spice of life," for there is probably no one in their line of business which so seldom duplicates its own designs or is so constantly issuing new ones. Even their cuts are changed almost every week, while other so-called "ladies' tailors" use the same hackneyed sketches until, like the "counterfeit presentments" of quack doctors and cosmetic manufacturers, they become an eyesore to the public. This, however, if they were not so frequently varied, could never be said of the spirited Redfern pictures, which, like the wonderful gowns and wraps they illustrate, are really works of art. Two of his latest are here presented to prove the truth of this assertion. In the first we

Henri Deux Cape.

see a good example of the fashionable Henri Deux cape. It is of olive-green cloth, and is bordered all around with a narrow roll of black lynx fur. The trimming consists of five straight rows of black velvet, upon which is a braid of gold and black cords. The flaring collar is lined with black velvet, and there are braided and velvet-trimmed epaulets on the shoulders. The hat is the jauntiest of turbans—black velvet braided with gold, with a standing ostrich plume over the crown. The bodice beneath this cape is trimmed in the new style, with yoke of velvet, and lengthwise bands of velvet below, the latter narrow at the waist in a way which apparently decreases its size, and which is very becoming.

A Three-Quarter Coat.

The second figure, by way of contrast, gives us one of the well-known Redfern three-quarter coats of light gray-blue cloth, with loose, straight fronts bordered with blue fox, and a tight-fitting waistcoat of dark blue velvet. The close coat-sleeves have large, wide cuffs of the fur. The hat is in English turban shape, with coronet brim covered with fur. Upon the crown are loops of blue uncut velvet ribbon, and an aigrette with curled ends. B.

The Curator of the Brooklyn Institute told a reporter the other day that one beautiful butterfly in the collection of the institute is valued at $1000, that sum having recently been paid for a duplicate.

GEMS IN VERSE.

Written for THE SUNDAY CALL.

WASHINGTON.

ACROSS a century of change
We reach our hands to thee,
Toward one bright and changeless thing,
Thy honored memory.

Along the battlements of Time
No hero lived and died,
Whose name in song and deathless rhyme
Is uttered with such pride.

It stirs the hearts of free-born men,
And whispers to the slave
The truths that e'en make eloquent
The silence of thy grave.

No stain was on thy grand career,
Of lust, or pride, or greed;
Thy sword was never bared because
Of some unhallowed creed.

Oh, Washington! if from the realms
Of perfect love and light
The immortal thought of one like thee
May earthward take its flight,

Look down upon this land to-day,
Across from sea to sea,
Thy great soul will be thrilled to know
How much we honor thee.

We ask in thy dear name to be
Made faithful to our trust,
And lay our wreaths of immortelles
Upon thy sacred dust.

Laytonville, Cal., 1890. ANNA M. REED.

BRIGHT LAND OF DREAMS.

Bright land of dreams—dear genial land,
Oh! let me roam thy hallow'd strand,
The heart's mysterious resting place;
Untaxed by time, uncurbed by space,
Let the proud genii of thy realm
Command my bark and hold the helm,
And backward o'er time's billows float,
Like Charon in his mystic boat.

What reck we of the holiest things,
Now shadow'd by oblivious wings,
Folded 'neath time's advancing wave,
Half hidden by each moss-grown grave,
Or covered by the mists and clouds
Which all the past in darkness shrouds;
Unbar the gates—for once reveal
The things old time would fain conceal.

Flow backward, flow, oh! seas of time,
Laden with auguries sublime,
Flow back old time's eternal streams,
Along thy shores, oh! land of dreams;
Yes, bring me back beside the brook
To revel in each shady nook,
Where summer's bloom was bright and fair,
And Eden's odors filled the air.

Then backward roll, oh! glorious years,
Freighted with human hopes and fears;
Oh! stay thy flight, progressive time,
One moment in thy march sublime,
A retrospective glance to cast
O'er the worn dial of the past,
O'er plains traversed, o'er oceans crossed,
To seek again the loved and lost.

Fling time's old drap'ries once aside,
Draw curtains—ope the portals wide,
That I may view again to-night
Familiar fields and forests bright,
Where flow'rs sprang fresh o'er dell and glade,
And all things fair in sheen and shade,
Where in the golden, joyous years,
We knew no sorrows, wept no tears.

Oh! time and tide, oh! years, roll back,
Return, traverse the well-worn track
Of life—oh! once more let me be
A boy beside my mother's knee;
Oh! let me taste again the bliss
Of her caress, her sacred kiss,
And romp around in boyish pride,
With her to love, with her to guide.

Yes, waft me back for one brief hour,
To gentle Lida's floral bower;
One glimpse of her loved form and face,
One gleam of heaven, one sweet embrace—
One whispered word, endearing true,
Forever old, forever new;
The evergreen of life that blooms
Above the wrecks of graves and tombs.

Oh! let me kneel above the mound
So far away—such holy ground—
And lowly bow above the moss
That mocks me with eternal loss,
And pray the grave restore my dead,
Now mold'ring in that silent bed,
Nor blame the cruel, selfish grave,
That such fair tenant it should crave.

Chicago, October 2, 1890. CHARLES J. BEATTIE.

FAREWELL TO THEE, MUSE!

Farewell to thee, Muse! it is time that we sever
The bond of affection that bound us so long,
For the hand that once echoed thy numbers can never
More finger the string that is worthy thy song!

Dark depression has lowered her nebulous pinion
O'er the spirit of rapture that guarded my lyre,
And a tear from despondency's dismal dominion
Falling cold on my heart has extinguished its fire.

Farewell to thee, Muse! With a feigned resignation
I bend to the fate I am destined to share,
E'en the strain that once brought with it most consolation
Seems to rise from the echoless depths of despair!

Though rude was thy harp and though lowly thy numbers,
Dislike never prompted this final adieu,
But our echoes aroused sneering envy from slumbers,
And jealousy poisoned the dart that she threw.

I would that my soul like a phenix rebounding
Could arise and give vent to its deep-hidden rage,
With an echoing thunder like Ætna resounding
Would my lips pour a torrent no power could assuage.

Then the tyrants whose enmity prompted this parting
Might cower 'neath vengeance no bounds could confine,
As the lightning of rage like a meteor starting
Burned deep in their hearts as their arrows in mine!

Farewell to thee, Muse! thou the loved and the cherished;
Long, long may dejection's black midnight remain,
But longer shall vengeance still linger unperished—
An ember that grief will but moisten in vain!

There remains not a theme, save the tale of our sadness—
Enjoyment is dying—ambition is dead,
And my brain seems at times almost fevered to madness
To think that the dearest in friendship has fled!

Farewell to thee, Muse! and though darkly before me
The shadows of sorrow's dim phantoms are cast,
Remembrance in future may haply restore me
An echo to tell of the joys of the past!

And as sadly I droop o'er the loved recollection
And sigh for the friends who were formerly mine,
The blest tear that bespeaks my undying affection—
The last and the fondest—oh, Muse, shall be thine!

C. HORATIO JESSEN.
Santa Clara College, Cal., Oct. 10, 1890.

TRUTH.

Vex not thy soul in rage
O'er words of reproof, till thy face
Be like a lettered page
With blushes in crimsoning race.
A blind, impassioned brood,
Diffused in a fiery tide,
Resenting phrases rude
With haughty, imperative pride.

Let not thy spirit fret
Because of illusions laid bare,
Nor chafe in hot regret
For words diplomatic and fair.
The face of Truth is stern,
But sternness and justice so blend,
Once known and felt, we learn
To recognize it as a friend.

The hand that cuts away
The growth from the cancerous sore
Is truer friend that day
Than one who will cover it o'er.
The piercing words that rend
Conceit in a spasm of shame
But prove him more our friend
Than he who would heighten the flame.

Unvarnished candor galls,
And every one's friend must be sweet,
But surplus of sweetness soon palls,
And only fair Truth is complete.
Spurn not the friend she will send,
But claim him at once for thine own;
For everybody's friend
Is nobody's friend but his own.

Oakland, Cal., Oct., 1890. MARY LAMBERT.

THINE OWN.

If thy work and thy endeavor
Seem to bear no harvest ever,
Seem to bring no gain to thee,
Do not thou grow craven-hearted,
Thou shalt not be always thwarted,
O believe the prophecy!

Thou whose weary soul has waited
For that good ship long belated,
For the golden argosy;
Do thou but be vigil-keeping,
O'er the deep e'en now 'tis sweeping
Bringing what is thine to thee.

Be thou strong and true and daring;
Let no fears thy spirit snaring
Bind thee unto slavery!
Know the storms cannot withhold it,
And the sea cannot enfold it!
What is thine must come to thee.

Lo, the days, the years go flying!
Only fools would waste them sighing.
Work in brave sincerity!
Not in vain is noble striving;
Let thy faith be e'er surviving;
Time will bring thine own to thee.

San Francisco, October, 1890. SELMA SCHMIDT.

COMPENSATION.

Dark clouds rolled over the sky,
And but one star could I see;
I cried in my wild despair—
"Let the bright star shine for me!"

But the purple clouds rolled on
And hid the star from my sight;
When lo! where the clouds had been
The fair moon was shining bright.

October, 1890. GRACE HIBBARD.

EDELWEISS.

Emblem of purity,
Hid in obscurity—
Oh, what a treasure thou art to possess!
"Pure as snow" art thou,
And on thy classic brow
Honor, that purest gem, gracefully rests.

Nobleness is thy theme;
Always thy lay serene;
Oh, in thy beauty how peerless thou art!
Would I were like thee,
Symbol of chastity!
Could I but bring thee to reign in my heart.

High in thy mountain home,
Where men scarce would roam,
Meekly thou dwell'st, alone, "chaste as ice";
Emblem of purity,
Hid in obscurity—
Oh, what is sweeter than thee, Edelweiss?

October 8, 1890. M. R. JOHNSON.

THE GREATER MYSTERY.

When earth has shown her gifts of joy and sorrow,
When eyes long blind have opened upon life,
And look with awe to each uncertain morrow,
We shall not wage with death such bitter strife.

We shall have learned to read the passing faces,
And find the stern "I know" upon the brow
Where keen Experience has left his traces;
That none can mask; that ever clearer grow.

We shall have learned from him to wait and ponder,
And weigh the boding evil of each breath.
Life's unsolved mystery and boundless wonder
Will quench the vague and helpless fear of death.

And if remorse, love, loss or any anguish
Has seared us with its furnace flame's hot blast,
We, too, shall bear that brand "I know," and vanquish
All dread of Death and seek his light at last.

October, 1890. MILLIE CLIFTON.

UNFORGOTTEN.

Alas! my friend, didst thou but know
How oft since last we met,
I've thought of thee with kindly heart,
Thou wouldst not think I'd treat thee so,
That I could e'er forget.

Nay, do not think that I've grown cold,
Or that I've banished thoughts of thee
Because so long I've silent been;
For I forget not friends of old,
Thou knowest the mind is ever free.

To thee may Heaven its blessings send,
'Til life and light depart.
This is my sincere wish for thee,
Believe me still to be thy friend,
Say not that thou forgotten art.

October 13, 1890. LYNN DARR.

MY BROTHER.

The summer has flown away, taking light from the sky, cheer from the human heart;
Yet, in soft glances back upon the past,
What bursts of joy and beauty o'er my memory dash!
Soft twilights painted in night's rare colors
Lent their charms of witchery and delight.
I remember, then my brother, walking hand in hand with me,
He the noblest of earth's manhood bright,
The "heart of honor" and of love and of truth.
The moon threw its weird light about us then,
How nature joyed in her sable loveliness when
We heard a song and as it died away
We forgot the world in its harshness and battle
And lisped to God our heartful, earnest lay.

San Francisco, October, 1890. ALMA ALDEN.

WAKING.

"There's never a dream of sorrow
But the waking makes us glad."
As one who from an evil dream
Doth sudden wake, with joyous start,
While storms of sorrow, shame or pain
Are sweeping o'er his anguished heart,
To find that every pang was naught
But a weird phantom of the night,
And that upon his life the sun
Of happy days is shining bright;
So shall not one who shudd'ring sinks
Into death's sleep, awake to find
A life beyond the noblest thought
That ever thrilled the greatest mind?

Alameda, Cal., Oct. 11, 1890. ANELEH.

A ROSEBUD.

Hidden away 'mongst my treasures,
Its petals fallen apart,
Lies a faded crimson rosebud
Which held in its glowing heart
A sad farewell. It was spoken,
One brilliant summer day,
When the sun's rays seemed all darkened
With gloom as he rode away.
Faded that lovely rosebud,
And faded alike is the dream,
Which cast across my pathway
A shimmering, fleeting gleam.
Vanished the lovely summer
And lost in the giddy whirl
Of Life's vast sea is that loved one—
I was "a summer girl."

Jerseydale, Cal., Oct., 1890. L. M.

A TEAR.

How couldst thou weep for pleasure,
Save when pleasure is a pain;
Or was it joy's full measure
That caused the tearful rain
To fall upon the 'kerchief
As it on the table lay?
Perhaps 'twas from a loved one
In a land so far away.

Oh! there lay many a token,
Yet among the favor'd few
Was a letter, seal unbroken,
From a foreign land to you;
And when upon the table
Its opened contents lay,
Oh! had I then been near you
To have kissed that tear away.

San Francisco, Oct. 14, 1890. MORLEY ASHTON.

MY LOVE.

Beautiful eyes with softest shade
Of azure blue;
Beautiful lips that smile on me
Tender and true;
Beautiful fingers gently press
In loving clasp;
Beautiful friendship that shall be
True to the last.

* * * * * * * *

Beautiful life when love like this
Crowns our days in perfect bliss;
Beautiful thought—when this life's o'er
Love meets love on the heavenly shore.

San Francisco, Oct., 1890. DELMA DUSANNE.

ACORNS.

Original contributions and solutions are solicited from all the readers. Communications must be written in ink, on one side of the paper, and the proper name and address should accompany them as a guarantee of good faith. Address Puzzle Editor, DAILY MORNING CALL, 509 Clay street, San Francisco, Cal.

BLOSSOMS.

No. 1. BEHEADMENT.

If a maiden has a notion
That to practice self-devotion
Is a proper way to *all* and live a happy life,
Why should benedicts demented,
Or old matrons discontented,
Try to sneer a lonely girl into a silly wife?

Oh, the very thought is shocking,
Of a cradle ever rocking,
Or of nightly mixing gin or rum and catnip tea.
I prefer a quiet slumber,
With a family one *next* number,
For I know we shall not for a moment disagree.

Boston, Mass. G. M. VICKERS.

No. 2. SQUARE.

1—A roll or bag, seen on medals, as in the hands of several Emperors and Consuls, the object of which is not known. 2—An extravagant and ridiculous fabrication. 3—Administered extreme unction to (obs.). 4—Greek and Roman proper name. 5—English General, 1610-1651. 6—Increasing. AMARYLLIS.
Sausalito, Cal.

No. 3. TRANSPOSITION.

I *first* a young girl in the city,
Who sang—alas, 'tis a pity!—
In an opera one night;
Her voice was a fright;
And the boys all said she *next* gritty.

San Jose, Cal. SIR BEHORT.

No. 4. SQUARE.

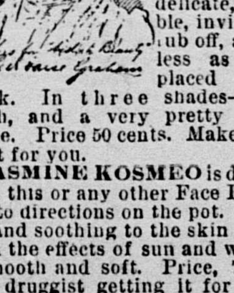
1—Smaller. 2—The general business or interest of governments. 3—Modifications of anything. 4—Keenness and severity of remark. 5—Eternal (poet.). 6—To seek again. H. O. B.
San Francisco.

Answers and solvers in three weeks.

STRAY LEAVES.

With this issue of THE SUNDAY CALL is inaugurated a new feature to induce the young folks to become interested in puzzle literature. We ask them to send us *original* puzzles and to solve regularly.

A number of letters have been sent to all the old amateurs in this State. Can they send a con apiece and help the editor to place before the friends of this paper a puzzle department that will be worthy of the writers of this State? G. M. Vickers, Amaryllis, Sir Behort, H. O. B. and Welland Strong have our thanks for their cons. Let us hear from you again. KERNEL.



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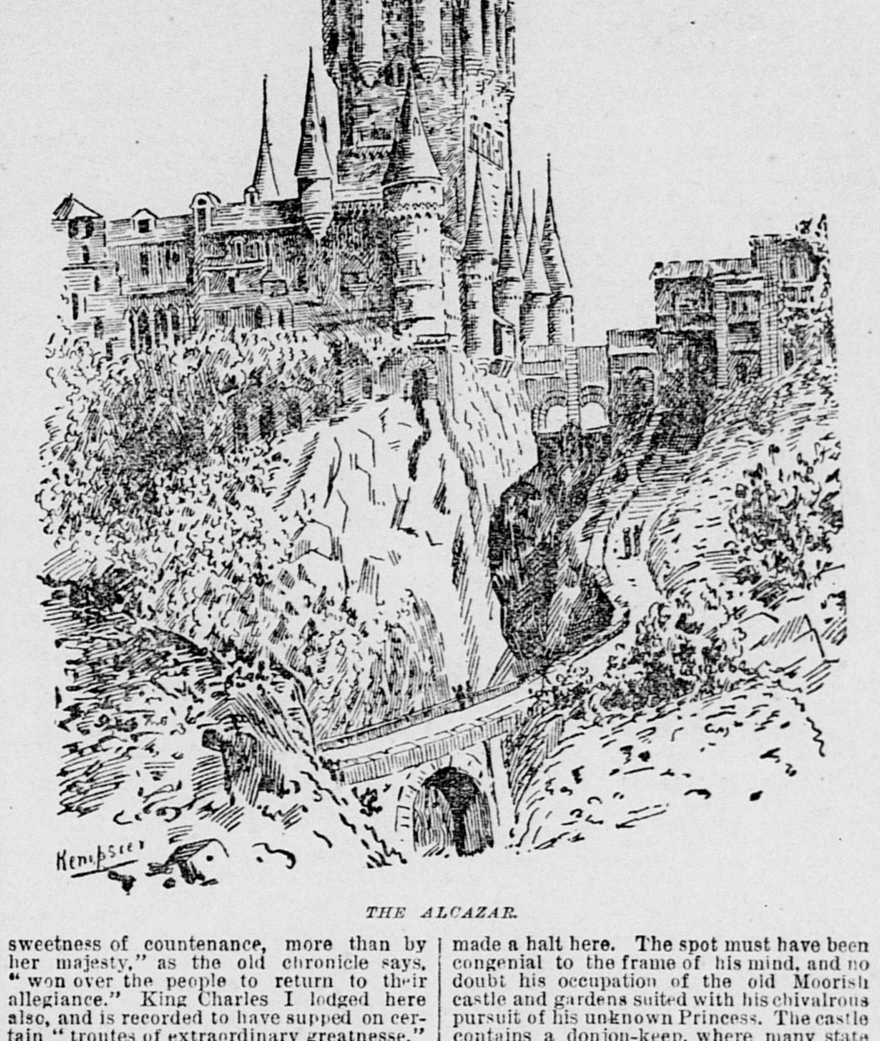
THE ALCAZAR.

One of the Historic Monuments That Is to Be Seen in Spain.

Everywhere in Spain are to be seen reminders of the days when the Moors held sway in that section of the world. One of these is the famous Alcazar, or fortress and castle in the interesting city of Segovia, capital of the modern province of that name, which stands on the Eresma by which it is nearly encircled.

The Alcazar, originally Moorish, was rebuilt by Henry IV in the fifteenth century. It was the residence of Isabella of Castile, and from thence, on the occasion of a revolution, she rode out alone, and "by her mutual affection. Not only the coin, but all their furniture and books were stamped with devices, his being a yoke and hers a sheaf of arrows. It was common in married life, says Oviedo, for each party to take a device whose initial corresponded with that of the name of the other, as was the case with the "yugo" and the "flechas."

One is struck with the mixture of architecture it exhibits, the long, sloping slate-roof and dormer windows, giving it the aspect of a French chateau, the turrets which break the line of the keep wall proclaiming it a castle of castles, while the earlier portion is undoubtedly Moorish. The latest innovations were introduced by the Emperor Enrique, who restored it for his own occupation in 1450. This fortress-palace has been the scene of many royal pageants and residences, as well as of events of historical importance. Charles I, on the occasion of his romantic expedition in the character of "Cœlebs in search of a wife," accepted the hospitality of the Alcaide, and


THE ALCAZAR.

sweetness of countenance, more than by her majesty," as the old chronicle says, "won over the people to return to their allegiance." King Charles I lodged here also, and is recorded to have supped on certain "troutes of extraordinary greatnesse," doubtless from the beautiful stream below. At the time of the French invasion the Alcazar was turned into a military college, and these wretched students, in a freak of boyish folly, set fire to a portion of one of the rooms in 1862. The fire spread, and all that is now left of this matchless palace is a ruined shell, the facade, the beautiful Moorish towers and battlements, one or two sculptured arabesque ceilings and the portcullised gateway, each and all testifying to its former greatness and splendor. Its position, perched on a steep plateau forming the western extremity of the town, is quite magnificent, and the views from the windows are glorious.

Constantly repeated in its decorations is the "Tanto Monta" of Ferdinand and Isabella, which is sometimes ascribed to the jealousy of Ferdinand; sometimes to their made a halt here. The spot must have been congenial to the frame of his mind, and no doubt his occupation of the old Moorish castle and gardens suited with his chivalrous pursuit of his unknown Princess. The castle contains a donjon-keep, where many state prisoners were confined. The interior of the fortress is rich in Moorish decorations, especially as regards the ceilings, which are pendant stucco work, gilt and very effective. Of the royal escutcheons emblazoned on the panels in the great hall the last is that of Phillip II, who quarters with his arms those of England on behalf of Queen Mary I, his wife. There are several handsome salons, of which the Pieza del Corden is the most curious. It is a long, wagon-headed room, and there is a legend attached to it, that the cord of St. Francis was preserved in it to commemorate a storm of lightning which alarmed Alonzo the Wise, while pursuing some scientific researches there. The Sala de los Reyes is so called from the statues of Kings disposed there. The chapel is a fine building, enriched with arabesque works and marbles.

PRINCESS ROSA AND THE DWARFS.

A FAIRY TALE FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

In a stately old castle protected by strong walls and surrounded by a large forest of giant oaks, there lived one time a queen with her two children—a boy and a girl. The young Prince Henry was a brave, handsome youth whom everybody loved, but his sister, the Princess Rosa, was so beautiful that people came from all parts of the kingdom to get a sight of the lovely maiden. The Queen loved her daughter with such devotion that she could not refuse her any request, and thus the Princess grew to be a wayward, disobedient child, and a source of great annoyance to her teachers, because she was not studious like her brother.

The mother was greatly distressed to see her beautiful daughter grow up in ignorance, but she knew not how to prevent it. Finally she decided to take the advice of the old witch of the desert, who was famed throughout the land for her wisdom. But to enter the witch's castle was no easy task, for the gate was guarded by two fierce lions which never slept, and which could tear in pieces any one attempting to pass them. Fortunately, the Queen knew that the rage of the lions could be subdued by feeding them honey cakes, and providing herself with these she set out on foot and alone to the desert. When the Queen had walked many miles she was so overcome with fatigue that she stopped under a large tree to rest, and there fell into a deep sleep.

She was suddenly aroused by a great noise, as of thunder, and to her dismay she saw the witch's lions rushing toward her. She quickly reached for the honey cakes, but they were gone, and the basket was empty. Hearing the rustling in the branches of the tree, she looked up and saw peering through the leaves the ugly, distorted face of a dwarf, who said, in a sharp, piercing voice:

"Queen, you are in great danger. How can you hope to escape the lions when you have no sword?"

"My honey-cakes would have tamed the furious beasts," said the Queen, "but I have lost them. Oh, save me from this terrible death."

"On one condition shall I save you," replied the dwarf; "when your daughter, Rosa, is 16 years old you must give her to me for ten years."

The Queen shuddered at the thought of giving her beautiful daughter to this hideous creature; but the lions came nearer and nearer, and in her terror the Queen cried: "Save me and I shall give you my daughter."

She then fell into a death-like swoon, and when she revived she was in her own room in the castle. And now the Queen fell very ill, and, although the most learned physicians were called, none could give relief to the suffering one. Then the Princess Rosa, who dearly loved her mother, was sore distressed, and thought: "If my mother could only be restored to health, never again should I trouble her with my willful ways. I shall go the old witch in the desert. She has healed others, and surely she will not turn me away."

The Princess then prepared the honey-cakes for the lions and began her dangerous journey. It happened that on the way to the desert stood an orange tree loaded with large, ripe oranges. The Princess placed her basket on the ground and began to pluck the luscious fruit. But at the same instant the roar of the lions sounded with such force that the earth trembled. Rosa hastened to her basket, only to find it empty, and the honey cakes were nowhere to be seen. Then the Princess wrung her hands in despair and cried out with terror. In a moment the dwarf stood before her, and the lions became quiet and gentle and approached no nearer.

"Why do you cry so loud, and for what reason do you come here?" asked the dwarf. Rosa told him that she was on her way to the old witch of the desert to ask the cause of her mother's illness.

"Then you need go no further," said the dwarf; "the Queen is only grieving because she has promised that when you are 16 you shall spend ten years with me."

"I cannot believe that," said the Princess; "for it is not possible that my mother should promise me to so ugly a creature as you."

"I have spoken the truth," said the dwarf; "and unless you also give your consent I shall leave you to be devoured by the lions."

And again the furious beasts began to roar in such a frightful manner that the Princess cried: "Save me and I shall do as you desire."

Immediately both the dwarf and the lions disappeared, and the Princess sadly returned home. Rosa went at once to her mother and related her adventures with the dwarf.

"And now, dear mother," she said, "you must grieve no more, for I have thought of a plan to escape this dreadful fate. I shall go to distant lands, beyond the power of this wicked dwarf, and there I shall remain for the ten years."

From that time the Queen began to improve, and when she had entirely recovered the Princess made her preparations for the long journey. At last the day came when Rosa should say good-bye to her home and friends. The royal coach stood at the door, and just as the Princess was about to enter four peacocks appeared, drawing a small red chariot, in which sat the witch of the desert. At the same moment the dwarf himself, riding on a huge yellow wildcat, rushed into the courtyard and demanded the Princess. Then the brave Prince Henry, drawing his sword, stepped forth and cried: "Begone, wicked people, and leave my sister in peace, or I shall pierce you with my sword."

But the witch laughed scornfully and cried: "I shall see justice done to my son, the dwarf, and you dare not touch me."

And there arose from the ground two fiery dragons, at the sight of which all the courtiers fled in terror, and the Queen's beautiful daughter was carried away by the hideous dwarf. Then there was great mourning at the castle for the Princess Rosa, and for many weeks brave soldiers searched in vain for the lost Princess. Prince Henry traveled in distant lands, there to seek his sister and bring her to the sorrowing mother. When he had searched through many countries he came one evening to the shore of a crystal lake. Pausing here for an instant he heard a voice say: "Prince Henry, listen to me and I will help you."

On looking about for the speaker the Prince discovered rocking in the waves a little nymph, who continued: "The witch of the desert and her son, the dwarf, are our worst enemies, and have often caused much unhappiness to our race. For that reason I wish to destroy them. They have carried your sister to the magic-place in the desert, and in the beautiful garden the Princess wanders and grieves over her sad fate. I shall give you a jeweled sword with which you can safely enter the magic palace and strike lifeless the witch and her son."

The nymph then produced a sword gleaming with gems, and when the Prince had received it and thanked his friend, he joyfully returned to his native land and was not long in hastening to the witch's palace. At the sight of the jeweled sword the raging lions fled away, and unharmed, the Prince entered the garden. Here he was met by a score of beautiful maidens, who cried, "Beware, Prince, the dwarf is thine enemy, and should he find you here death will be your fate. Give us thy sword, and then haste away."

But when the Prince cried, "With this sword I shall slay both the dwarf and his evil mother," the maidens disappeared and the Princess Rosa entered the garden. She was greeting her brother with tears of joy when the dwarf's sharp voice was heard to say: "So you will carry away my prisoner without asking my leave?"

But before he could utter another word Prince Henry had struck him with his sword, and the wicked dwarf fell dead to the ground. When the witch heard of her son's death she was very angry, and rushed upon the Prince as if to tear him to pieces. But she, too, was made lifeless by the water nymph's sword. And to-day in the great desert may be seen the ruins of the magic palace, while in the stately old castle in the oak forest is shown the jeweled sword which rescued Princess Rosa from the evil dwarf.—PAYSIE, translated for the Pittsburg Dispatch.

A curious advertisement which appears in one of the English papers states: "Philanthropist—A lady would be pleased to hear from any benevolent persons willing to assist her in procuring the necessary funds for the academical training of an intelligent young man who is compelled, against his inclination, to earn his living in trade. Please communicate," etc.

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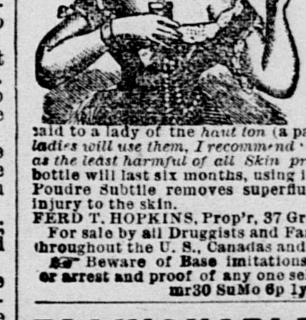

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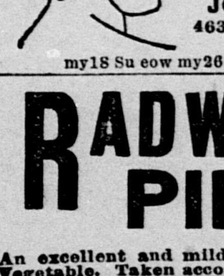

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