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Nov. 20, 1900.







PHAËTHON:  
A SUPPLEMENTED OVIDIAN MYTH.







# Phaëthon

With Three other Stories in Verse  
and a prose Contention.

Written by  
Henry Abbey.



Kingston, New York, U. S. A.,  
STYLES & KIERSTED.  
MCMII.

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THE FIRST EDITION.

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**Kingston Freeman Press,**

RONDOUT, NEW YORK.



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A 624 p

**Index.**

	PAGE.
DEDICATION, . . . . .	5
A CONTENTION, . . . . .	7
PHAËTHON, . . . . .	15
VEERA, . . . . .	47
THE TRAITOR, . . . . .	81
MORO, . . . . .	119





## A CONTENTION.

FUNDAMENTAL principles, in these days of veneer and gloss, are apt to be overlaid and lost sight of. Almost every decade requires the new enunciation of old truths, else they become buried in the mass of opinions, inferences, sophistical deductions.

Much has been heard about the "moral indifference of art," that "the poet must be free from all moral prepossessions" and that "he must aim at a purely artistic effect." The result of this kind of criticism is that we have poetry to a great extent void of feeling, invention, human interest, and as a natural consequence, the general public indifferent to the bulk of contemporary verse. Novels, filled with what this poetry lacks, have all the sale; for it goes without saying that "poetry is a drug in the market." It is doubtful whether one, out of a hundred volumes of poems that are published,

poetry and the fine arts? Hogarth found that the art about him had fallen into much the same state of inanity as, to a great extent, now exists. He saw the error into which the disciples of art had been led, and gave his pictures a moral purpose. For, moral purpose it was, coarse and unrefined as his pictures may seem to us. The refinement of the present stands on a higher plane than that of the Eighteenth Century. But the success of Hogarth was the dawn of a new day for art in England. And, as history repeats itself, it is possible that not until a figure-painter of great originality and power, an American Hogarth, appears, shall our art be lifted out of the quicksands of moral obliviousness and overweening devotion to technicalities.

We have come to this pass because very many people, besides artists, poets and critics, do not seem to distinguish between expression and the thing expressed. Falling into the mistake that art means both, they have nearly succeeded in driving

all manliness out of poetry. At any rate, the best that can be said of much contemporary verse is that it is only a meaningless sort of art. It is written under the dictum that "the poet must aim at a purely artistic effect," and it frequently concerns itself with itself, whereas true poetry is thoughtless of itself. Art is, indeed, unmoral; but this fact, like all other, has strict limitations and must not be carried beyond them. Art is expression; but not the thing expressed. It may express emotion, or moral truth; but it is not the emotion, nor the moral truth. It is the clothes and not the man. Shall the wisdom of Herr Teufelsdröckh be ignored? What folly, to say that the clothes are the man!

The human voice may be so cultivated that a hymn shall be sung with the most exquisite art. But shall we say that there is no art because it expresses the moral truth embodied in the hymn? Painting is expression in lines and colors, and all that relates to it as an art, the blending of hues,

light and shade, perspective and the like, is unmoral, is not related to morals; but if the technic of the finished picture be good, and the picture express some moral truth, it is, none the less, a work of art. We should not say, that, because the pictures of Hogarth and the more modern and refined works of Cole express morals, they are not true art. Poetry is an art so far as it is dependent on style and meter, and just so far it is unmoral; but, if style and meter be good, it is an artistic poem, whether the sentiment expressed be moral or not. But bad or immoral sentiment is not to be tolerated in any art, and will soon drag into oblivion whatever of art is used to express it. The Stream of Good, that flows down the centuries, is divine, and soon runs itself clear of the evil thrown into it. Mohammed said that he had not been taught the art of poetry, and that it was not expedient for him to be a poet, tho' the Meccans called him one. Yet, in writing the Korán, "he used a



semi-poetic form'' that goes limping and clinking through the most prosaic subjects, setting the teeth of good taste on edge with "incongruity between style and matter." He did not make artistic poetry; but he did write a "perspicuous book."

Let us cease to confuse form with spirit, expression with the thing expressed. It is the soul of the poem, not the prosody of it, that gives it life. The latter is mechanical, material, and, like a piece of machinery, neither moral nor immoral; but if it be a true poem, the soul of it, like human life, "must be moral to the core."

When again this fundamental principle, this difference between expression and the thing expressed, comes to be fully recognized, we shall hear less about the "moral indifference of art," and shall all see clearly that art is great only as it is the imaginative expression of moral truth.



## PHAËTHON :

### *A Supplemented Ovidian Myth.*

#### I.

##### THE OATH OF CLYMENË.

ALL glittering shone the Palace of the Sun,  
Set high on stately columns, bright with gold  
And carbuncle that rivals living flames.  
Its oval roof was polish'd ivory.  
And paramount, for workmanship most rare,  
Its massive, double, silver-seeming doors.  
Thereon was carved the circle of the sea,  
Set with a mighty emerald, the earth,  
Enhanced with men and cities, woods and beasts,  
And, bent above, the sky with its twelve signs.  
Six signs from either portal gleam'd and spoke.  
And there, in sea, were azure deities—  
Shell-sounding Triton—Proteus mutable—  
Ægæon clinging to a hundred whales—  
Gray Doris with her daughters, part of whom

Were swimming, while the rest, upon the shore,  
Shook out their hair to dry it in the sun.

This, at a distance, Phaëthon beheld  
As he approach'd along th' ascending path  
That led from his contiguous domain.  
Now in his breast the taunt of Ep'aphus,  
That he was not the offspring of the Sun,  
Seem'd idle as a mist that fades away.  
His father's palace, with imposing truth,  
Dispersed the lowering falsehood of the taunt.  
Long had he been assured by lofty thoughts  
And forceful impulses to mighty deeds,  
That his was more than mortal parentage.  
Had not his mother sworn it, standing forth  
In sacred beauty and innate modesty  
And looking dayward with uplifted arms?  
Her words devout reëchoed in his ears :

“By this clear beam, with calm, far-shining rays,  
That hears and sees, I swear that thou, that thou  
Of this bright Sun above us, wast begot.  
And if I falsely speak, let him by me

Be seen no more and this light be the last  
That I shall look upon!" His mother seem'd  
A fountain of ambition tossing him.  
She and her new, hereditary self,  
Existent in her son, impell'd him on.  
He loved her as the image of a star,  
Reflected in the water, loves the star,  
And deem'd her wise in that she bade him go  
And, in the Red-Gold Palace Glorious,  
Hear his own father's voice confirm her oath.

The lofty mind begets the lofty deed.  
It was some taint of weakness in the blood  
Of dull mortality that forged the doubt.  
It is the doubt that ever makes us fail.  
Yet Phaëthon was brave to seek the sun,  
And had good faith that he would greet his sire  
And learn of him the fix'd unchanging truth.  
If this should be hope's substance, foothold, field,  
Upon it his ambition should have rein,  
And speed him on to deeds unparallel'd  
Save by the gods, and prove himself a god!

What time this son of Clymenë arrived,  
He enter'd straightway his paternal house  
And, in the Sun-god's presence, stood at gaze ;  
But distantly, for he could not yet bear  
The dazzling radiance of the charioteer.

## II.

## THE RED-GOLD PALACE GLORIOUS.

In purple robes sat Phœbus, high enthroned  
On sparkling emeralds. He held the lyre,  
The speedy arrows and the golden bow.  
Behind, from ivory pillars crown'd with globes,  
The velvet hangings seem'd like molten gold.  
To right and left, the Hours, the Days, the Months,  
The Years and hoary Ages were arranged  
At corresponding distances apart.  
There stood blithe Spring with blossoms chapleted,  
There naked Summer garlanded with corn,  
There luscious Autumn smear'd with trodden  
grapes,  
And icy Winter rough with crisp white hair.

Then from the midst of these look'd forth the Sire  
With his all-seeing eyes, and there beheld  
The young man standing overcome with awe.

“What dost thou seek, O Phaëthon, my son!  
In this my palace? Far, oh! far away,  
I saw thee tracking the unwonted slope,  
Thy body, from thy knees up, visible  
Above the forest that conceals the path.  
I saw thee and I gave it thee to breathe  
The sea that music swims in—from my lyre  
Swims in, with joyful, palpitating arms.”

Straight answer'd Phaëthon, now all aflame  
To do a deed becoming to a god:  
“O Thou! divine and universal Light,  
That daily wheelest from the east to west,  
Phœbus, my father!—if so be I thus  
May use thy name, which is to me most dear,  
And if my mother, Clymenë, say true—  
Give me, my parent, some assurance strong,  
Some potent token worthy instant fame,  
By which all gods and men henceforth shall know

That I am sprung immortally from thee !”

Then fervid Phœbus, taking from his head  
The crown of rays that all around it shone,  
Commanded Phaëthon to come to him,  
And, with a close embrace, he fondly said :  
“Thou dost indeed deserve to be my son.  
Thy mother truly spake thine origin.  
And, that all doubt be driven from thy mind,  
Ask thou for any gift that I can give,  
And I will grant it thee ; and let the stream  
By which all gods confirm their solemn oaths,  
Be sponsor to the promise I have made !”

Scarce had the hot assurance of his words  
Dropp'd from his lips, when Phaëthon announced  
The gift that he desired : “ Just for one day,  
Lend me, my father, thy bright chariot  
And those wing-footed horses that are thine,  
That I may speed them on their heavenly course  
Just for one day !”



## III.

PHŒBUS PLEADS WITH PHAËTHON.

How Phœbus did repent—

How bitterly!—his oath to Phaëthon!

His radiant head thrice shook with adverse thought,

And when he spoke, a tone of deep regret

Recall'd great Agamemnon as he chid

Ulysses on the shore of Erebus :

“Alas! my son, thy words have made mine rash.

Would that I now my promise might revoke!

Too hasty words are serpents venomous.

Let me dissuade thee from thy wild emprise ;

For thou hast reason and a noble mind.

Oh! listen to the warm, parental love

That would withhold thee from thine injury!

To be a mortal, fate hath fix'd thy lot.

That which in ignorance thou dost desire,

Belongeth not to mortals, but to gods.

Nay, even the gods themselves may not secure

The riskful privilege thou hast so besought.

Myself alone excepted, none would dare,

For none is able, here to take his stand  
Upon my swift, fire-flinging axle-tree.  
Nay, even the Sovereign Lord Olympian  
Hath not the skill to guide my chariot.  
Yet who is mightier than Jupiter ?

“ Besides, the first part of the road is steep.  
Tho’ in the morning they are fresh, my steeds  
Are loth to climb it and would turn aside.  
In middle heaven the road is high aloft.  
Even to myself comes fitfully white fear  
To look far down upon the earth and sea.  
Abrupt and dreadful is the last descent,  
And he who drives there must have sure command,  
Strong-sinew’d arms, cool nerves, to hold the reins  
And guide the horses safely to the deep.  
There Tethys, who receives me in her waves  
Outspread below, hath often spell-bound stood  
Lest *I* plunge headlong down, and ancient Night  
Resume her sway and no to-morrow dawn.

“ Besides, with unseen forces I contend,  
Along the hazardous, o’erarching way.

With dizzy revolutions whirl the stars ;  
The very heavens' rondure whirls around  
Some dim, Herculean center far remote ;  
And that, which overcomes all other things,  
Me does not overcome ; for I compel  
The blinding brilliance of my vivid team  
In an oblique direction, opposite  
To that one follow'd by the rapid earth.  
Could'st thou proceed, and stem this monstrous  
whirl ?

Nay, rather, it would carry thee away  
And fling thee down the measureless abyss.

“ Perchance thou fanciest that on the road  
Are springs, and pleasant groves to loiter in,  
And welcome-gated cities of the gods  
With temples lavishly enrich'd with gifts.  
It is not so ; the way is dangerous  
And guarded every where by creatures fierce.  
Altho' thou heldest steadily thy course  
And be not turn'd aside in wanderings,  
Yet must thou pass between the Bull's wide horns,

And through the Centaur's drawn, Hæmonian bow,  
And face the Lion's visage ponderous,  
And see the Scorpion's extended claws,  
And brave the dreadful Serpent and the Crab—  
All these immeasurably vast, enlarged  
To infinite beyond their natural growth,  
And set forever in the firmament.

“Nor are my horses pliant to control ;  
But wild and furious with those fierce flames  
That, from their mouths and nostrils, widening rush.  
Hardly by me the horses are restrained,  
When all their fiery spirit is awake,  
And their maned necks, against the ringing reins,  
Wrestle and toss impatient of the bit.

“Forsooth ! thou askest for undoubted proof  
That thou may'st know thyself sprung from my  
blood.

And what proof surer can I offer thee  
Than that I for thy welfare am alarm'd ?  
Behold my countenance ! Would thou could'st  
gaze

Deeply and clear into my very heart,  
And see therein the ocean of my love  
Distraught and tempest-toss'd with fear for thee !

“Bethink thee now of what the world contains  
Of rich, or fair, of blessings manifold  
Abounding in the earth, or air, or sea.  
Choose thou from these that I may gladly give.  
Undo thy rash desire, the daring fruit  
Of thy sheer youth and inexperience.  
It brings no honor, but a penalty ;  
It brings a punishment and not a gift.”

Thus Phœbus spoke, and Phaëthon  
Embraced his neck with his endearing arms,  
His disappointment rising to his eyes  
And pleading with a look of wounded love.  
Straightway his speech the wounded look en-  
forced :

“O honored father ! kind, beneficent !  
Who scatterest abroad thy precious rays  
On wholesome and on noxious things alike,  
I thought thee always great and generous,

And never willing to withhold thy gifts.  
Deny me not ; for all that thou hast said  
Incites me but the more to do the deed  
On which my heart is set unchangeably.  
For I would prove I am thy very son,  
By doing, if but once, thy daily task—  
Myself Time's signal for a day of fame ;  
And if I fail, I fail. No son is he  
Who dreads to follow in his father's steps  
And take the cares and burdens on himself.

“ Nor lay my wish to youth and thoughtlessness.  
Not all rash deeds are done in early years.  
Success has justified imprudent means ;  
For courses jeopardous not always fail.  
And there are minds so wondrously endow'd  
That they are broader than experience,  
And, like Minerva, stand full grown in youth !  
Am not I too the offspring of a god ?  
Dissuasion to ambition is a spur.  
Or won, or lost, the race must needs be run  
When that within us calls us to the deed ! ”

To Phaëthon made answer Phœbus thus :  
“Then doubt not that, whatever be thy wish,  
It shall be granted thee and stinted not ;  
For I have sworn it by the Stygian waves !”

## IV.

## THE HORSES AND THE CHARIOT.

Thus spake he, seeing that his earth-born son  
Was flush'd with eagerness to mount the sky.  
And as he now no longer could delay,  
He led him thence to where the chariot stood,  
The lofty chariot that Vulcan gave.  
The axle-tree and poles were all of gold  
And all the outer roundness of the wheels.  
Of silver was the range of widening spokes.  
Along the yoke, in graceful order set,  
Great chrysolites and gems flash'd brilliantly  
Their infinite reflections of the Sun.  
But while aspiring Phaëthon admired  
The dazzling splendor and its workmanship,  
Behold ! Aurora, watchful, open'd wide

Her purple portals in the ruddy east,  
Her cool halls fill'd with roses glittering.  
Flush'd yet with sleep she stood, draped 'round  
with mist

Through which the warm tints of her body glow'd.  
Then, one by one, the wan stars disappear'd,  
The flocks whereof effulgent Lucifer  
Collects, and, from its station in the sky,  
When he had driven the last, himself withdrew.  
Now father Titan, when he saw the earth,  
And all the bent sky over it, grow red,  
And saw the distant moon's white horns wax wan,  
As if they soon would vanish from his sight,  
Gave orders to the swift, obedient Hours  
To yoke the shining coursers of the day.  
All speedily the silent goddesses  
Complied, and from the lofty stalls led out,  
Rampant and furious and snorting fire,  
The mighty horses, on ambrosia fed ;  
And in their mouths they put the sounding bits.

Then Phœbus with a hallow'd drug o'erspread



The face of Phaëthon, that it unharm'd  
Might bear the red intensity of flames.  
Upon his locks he set the crown of rays  
And, sighing doom and sorrow, thus he spoke :  
“ If thou can'st here at least, my son, obey  
The prudent dictates of a father's care,  
Be sparing of the lash ; for of themselves  
The steeds are wont to gallop madly on.

“ And let not other than the track oblique  
Allure thee ; lo ! its curvature is broad  
And in it glimmer traces of the wheels.  
That heaven and earth may equal heat enjoy,  
Drive not too low, nor yet thy equipage  
Urge to the chilly summit of the sky.  
The middle course is Safety's ; there she treads  
At all times with her mild-eyed followers.  
So shall the right wheel bear thee not away  
Against the twisted Serpent, nor the left  
To the low Altar draw thee ruinously.

“ Of this I may not tell thee more ; for thou  
Hast won thy knowledge but from semblances,

Those doubtful guides that live in masquerade,  
And he who gives new knowledge, who beyond  
The pale of things accepted dares to step,  
Is even more apt to fall on ridicule,  
Than one who babbles only ignorance.  
But be, my son, assured of this one truth :  
The road is other than thou thinkest it.

“The rest I leave to Fortune, who, I pray,  
Will aid thee, taking wiser care of thee  
Than of thyself thou dost. But whil’st I speak,  
Moist Night has touch’d the goal of western shores.  
The darkness is dispersed, and Morn is here !  
Delay is not allow’d and I am call’d.  
Seize firmly now the will-conducting reins,  
Or, if thy mind is capable of change,  
Take mine advice and not my chariot !”

## V.

## THE WAY IS LOST.

Ambition heeds not prudence if it go  
Not arm in arm, or by another road.

And Phaëthon, distracted by his wish,  
Was deaf to all that cross'd it. Thrill'd with joy,  
He lightly sprang into the chariot  
And stood aloft, and clutch'd the golden reins,  
Which in his hands were put reluctantly.

What Pegasi these are, that he would drive—  
Of daylight and imagination born,  
And rather of the mind than of the sky!  
And were his training and ambition match'd,  
What opportunity for hard-earn'd skill  
To give effect to genius, and to win  
The herald heights and very goal of hope!

But now the four swift horses of the Sun  
With neighings fill'd the air, sent forth red breath  
And, with impatience, paw'd the barriers.  
When these, upon the instant, were withdrawn,  
And all the universe's boundless scope  
Was given the mighty beasts, they took the road  
And, moving through the air their rapid feet,  
Dispersed the silent, gliding ghosts of clouds.  
Then spreading wings, with manes astream, they  
rose,

With magical progression and uplift,  
And pass'd by newly-risen eastern winds.

But light the yoke and light the vehicle,  
And so far lack'd they now their wonted weight,  
That soon the flying horses seem'd to feel  
They scarce were drawing aught, but were set free.  
For as a ship unballasted is toss'd,  
Unsteadily careening o'er the surge,  
So did the chariot leap, or swerve and sway,  
And, like an empty one, was flung about.  
Aroused thereat, the steeds rush'd fiercely on ;  
But not in order as they did before.  
They turn'd aside and left the beaten track.  
And Phaëthon himself is sore alarm'd ;  
For, now the way is lost, and were it found,  
He could not manage the gigantic steeds.  
He does not know their names ; oh, that he did !  
For names, if kindly spoken, pacify.  
And now the cold Triönes, for the first,  
Grow warm with erring sunbeams and in vain  
Attempt to bathe in the forbidden sea.

Now was the Serpent, near the icy pole,  
Long torpid with the cold and hence not fear'd,  
Warm'd into life and terrifying rage.  
Thou too, Boötes, it is said, took flight,  
Altho' thou wert impeded by thy wain.

But when th' unhappy Phaëthon look'd down  
From a great height of illimitable sky,  
And saw the small earth lying far beneath,  
He paled, and abject terror shook his knees.  
Then, for a time, so blinding was the light,  
Thick darkness overcame his painful eyes.  
Just as a ship without a helm is driven  
By noisy gusts of sweeping Boreas,  
Was too ambitious Phaëthon borne on.

Too late he wish'd that he had never touch'd  
The horses of his father, never known  
His parentage divine, and never gain'd  
The right to guide the dizzy chariot.  
One moment look'd he forward to the west,  
Which he, by fate, was not allow'd to reach,  
And then, a moment, turn'd to see the east.

For much of silent heaven was left behind,  
But more arose before his straining eyes.  
Now in his mind he measured either space  
And stood appall'd by awful distances ;  
Nay, stupefied, he let not go the reins,  
Nor did he hold them firmly in his hands.

He saw strange objects scatter'd every where  
About him in the broad'ning heavens, and fright  
To them gave weird and most abhorrent shapes.  
He saw withal the forms of huge, wild beasts,  
To which his fancy added attributes ;  
For, near that spot wherein the Scorpion  
Throws into vast twin curves its stellar arms,  
And bending tail and claws on either side,  
Extends along two Zodiacal signs,  
This aspirant to things beyond his reach,  
This earthy son of failure and despair,  
With chill of rigid horror dropp'd the reins,  
Beholding, as it seem'd, the Scorpion,  
With sweat of fatal venom dripping wet,  
And, with its barb'd tail, threat'ning wounds and  
death.

When on their backs the horses felt the reins,  
They plunged, they roved at large without restraint  
And, in an unknown region, cleft the dark  
That trail'd behind some planet like long hair.  
Uncheck'd they dash'd along, surpassing winds  
And strange, ethereal forces of the void,  
And rush'd upon the fix'd, remoter stars.

But fright not always lasts, and Phaëthon  
Arose and, in the chariot, upright stood.  
He look'd abroad upon immensity  
And saw that yet inordinately far  
The fix'd stars shone, each star a blazing sun  
Surrounded wide by planetary isles.  
Expanding rapidly at his approach,  
And parted fearfully by chasms of space  
Where dwelt Eternity alone with God,  
These gleaming archipelagoes inform'd  
The silent sea of gray infinitude.  
Along the universe he look'd its length  
And met the light of that astounding ring,  
The Milky Way's thick myriads of stars.

Then, sweet and clear, he heard angelic strains,  
And saw long troops of glad, ascending spirits  
Far journeying through space to other worlds.

## VI.

## THE DAY OF FIRE.

Now was the sky, in which the horses ranged,  
Most sharply cold ; but they abruptly wheel'd  
And through steep places furiously dash'd  
Down headlong paths and nearer to the earth.

The moon, surprised to see her brother's steeds  
Run lower than her own, sent forth hot clouds  
And drew into her bosom all her seas.

And now the earth was parch'd by cruel heat,  
Which bore away her moisture ; grass grew pale  
And trees and foliage leap'd up into flame.  
But why should we complain of lesser ills  
When vaster ruin surrounds us every where ?  
Strong cities perish'd with their walls and towers.  
The flames whole nations into ashes turn'd.  
And now high woods and mountains are on fire.



The firm ground bursts asunder and the light,  
Down-streaming into deepest Tartarus,  
Startles the King Infernal and his spouse.  
The lovely nymphs, with hair dishevel'd, stand  
In ruin'd dells and on the sometime shores,  
Lamenting the decease of springs and lakes.  
Thrice, wrinkled Neptune ventured angrily,  
To thrust up from the sea his scaly arms,  
And thrice did he withdraw them from the air,  
Unable to endure or gaze upon  
Its wavering glow and furnace breathlessness.

And Phaëthon with shame beheld the world  
In agonies of fire by his rash act,  
Nor could himself abide the rageful heat.  
He saw that even his chariot was scorch'd.  
As with a whirlwind, he was wrapp'd about  
With flying embers and with burning gusts.  
On every side he was involved in smoke.  
A pitchy darkness cover'd him like night,  
And whither he was going, he knew not,  
Nor where he was, at madding pleasure borne

By Pegasi dread-wing'd and errorful.

His wretched father hid away his face  
With unavailing sorrow overcast,  
And on that day, 'tis said, there was no Sun,  
Or that he went not down ; but at the word  
Of Joshua, stood still on Gibeon.

## VII.

### THE EARTH'S PRAYER TO JUPITER.

At last, the genial Earth, in sore distress,  
Upturn'd her kindly, many-featured face,  
And to her forehead placed her helpless hands.  
Then, shaking all things with a tremor vast,  
She pray'd with bitterness to Jupiter :

“ O Sovereign of the Gods ! if thou of this  
Approvest, and if this I have deserved,  
Why do thy lightnings linger ? Send them forth !  
Let me, if doom'd to die by heat intense,  
Be rather by thy sudden flames destroy'd !  
My mouth is parch'd ; the vapor chokes my speech.  
Behold my singed hair and me miserable,

With ashes cov'ring all my face and eyes!  
And dost thou give this as my recompense?  
Is this reward for my fertility  
And for my pains, in that I must endure,  
From crooked plow and sharp-tooth'd harrow,  
                  wounds,  
And serve bronzed Agriculture all the year,  
Supplying for the cattle pleasant leaves,  
For human kind the corn, a wholesome food,  
And for the gods frankincense? The deep  
                  seas  
No more obey the trident, but recede.  
Do these deserve destruction? Do the skies?  
Atlas himself is struggling and in pain.  
Hardly upon his shoulders and bent back  
Can he his fiery burden now endure.  
If earth and sea and thy starr'd palace burn,  
Then into ancient chaos we are thrown  
And all the labor of the gods is vain.  
O Sovereign of Olympus! grant my prayer!  
O Sovereign of Olympus! quench the flames!"

The suppliant words upflew, like white-wing'd  
doves,  
And nestled in the breast of Jupiter.

## VIII.

## A SYNOD OF THE GODS.

Amidst the synod of the gods, he sat,  
He of the far-borne voice, the Scepter'd God,  
Enthroned upon the heights where he was wont  
To spread the clouds above the spacious earth,  
To roll his deep-voiced thunders, and to hurl  
His brandish'd lightnings crinkling down the sky.  
Loud thunder'd now the Sire Omnipotent,  
And call'd the gods to witness, and him too,  
Who lent his equipage to Phaëthon,  
That they must heed the fruitful Earth's appeal,  
Preserve the House Celestial, and prevent  
Another chaos from usurping all.  
“And if,” he said, “ambitious Phaëthon  
Can manage not his father's chariot,  
Yet in a great attempt he finds his fate.

It is the attempt, the bravery to face  
Defeat and death, that shows the noble soul.  
And tho' ambition often overleaps  
The saddle where it fain would sit renown'd  
And in the dust lies fall'n, it yet deserves  
Less pain than its own disappointment gives—  
Surely not scorn. For proud and lofty deeds,  
Which, but for high ambition, had not been,  
Are stars that fight against oblivion."

Meanwhile sat Phœbus, spotted-faced, long  
hair'd,

In squalid garb, and destitute of light  
Beyond his wont when he endures eclipse.  
He all abhorr'd, himself, the light, the day,  
And from the world withheld his needed gifts.  
His mind was canopied with dismal grief  
And full of anger at the Olympian Sire  
For threat of doom implied. "Since time began,  
My lot," said Phœbus, "hath been ever one  
Of thankless effort and of little rest.  
Of hardships I am tired—of labors long

That bring no honors and that have no end.  
And when my brave son craved it as a boon,  
To give me respite for a single day,  
In secret I was glad, tho' much I fear'd  
The issue. Yet what father is not pleased  
To have his son step proudly in his place  
And take the burden he has borne for years?  
But my regret is deepen'd by the thought  
That I, who prated prudence, needed it  
In that I did not go with Phaëthon,  
And going, show him how and where to drive.

“But as the youth has fail'd, let one of you  
Attempt the chariot that bears the light!  
If no one will, and all of you confess  
That you can not, let Jupiter himself  
Drive it, that while he holds the reins at least,  
His angry lightnings may be laid aside.  
Then will he know, when he has tried the strength  
Of my flame-footed horses, that my son,  
If in a natural ambition balk'd,  
Deserves not death nor further punishment.

Repent thee, Sire, and harm not Phaëthon !  
Repentance is the Angel Beautiful.  
When gods repent, she proves them truly gods ;  
When men repent, she makes them nobler men.  
She gives the soul a rose that never fades.”

So Phœbus spoke in synod with the gods,  
Who, startled at his words, around him press'd,  
While they entreated him submissively  
That he would not bring darkness on the world.

But Jupiter imperiously arose,  
High as an Alp, as frigidly supreme,  
And, with a voice like thunder in the hills  
Reverberating far, he thus ordain'd :  
“ This day thou shalt recall thy frenzied steeds,  
O Phœbus ! and to-morrow drive them forth  
To gild the world and give new beauty life.  
And Vulcan, thou shalt mend the chariot—  
Refix the silvery, electric spokes  
In their coronal tires ; and I, myself,  
Revisiting the earth and all the heavens,  
Shall, as I may, restore what is destroy'd.

“I know the past and future, seeing all.  
Repentance with strict justice should not clash.  
Better, indeed, that with the shades below  
Brave Phaëthon should bide, than on the earth,  
Or on our cloud-capp'd heights Olympian ;  
For he is not a god, nor yet mere man,  
But is partly both. And spirits such as his,  
Their hopes all cloud and fire, their strength but  
tow,

Their bolder efforts drossy with the faults  
That negative perfection, needs must drink  
The cup of disappointment and regret.’’

Again the Sire Olympian thunder'd loud  
And, poising in his hand the lifted bolt,  
He darted it against dazed Phaëthon.  
Him it deprived of life and of his seat  
In the bright vehicle of golden day.

The <sup>f</sup>afrighted horses quickly turn'd aside  
And wildly bounded in a course diverse.  
They shook the jewel'd yoke from off their necks,  
And, from the tangled harness, set them free.



In one place lay the reins ; another held  
The golden axle-tree wrench'd from the poles ;  
Another held the spokes of broken wheels.  
The shining bravery of the chariot,  
In fragments torn, was scatter'd far and wide.

But Phaëthon, his yellow locks on fire,  
Was headlong hurl'd, down, down the vast abyss,  
And, like a sudden meteor, cross'd the sky  
Above the earth, and vanish'd in the night  
That, for a moment, he had lighted up  
With the trail'd brightness of his blazing hair.



## VEERA.

### I.

#### THE KING'S SEAL.

A prince was I, of warlike, ancient line ;  
And when my father, the indulgent King,  
Lay near to death, my younger brothers twain,  
To end my life and share the crown agreed.  
I did not tell the King, because I fear'd  
To shorten by one breath his waning day.  
Beside his couch I knelt and bow'd with tears.  
He laid his thin, hot hand upon my head,  
Invoking Allah's blessing, then said on :  
"Thou hast beheld the green and tender blade  
Thrust upward through the all-begetting soil ;  
In time, the sure day crowns it with a flower.  
So thou, when I am not, shalt wear a crown,  
The people's flower and symbol, and be King.  
But take thee now this lesson to thy heart  
And from the grass learn wisdom : Wear thy  
crown

As meekly, and as passionless of pride,  
As doth the green herb hiding under leaves ;  
For pride becomes a passion in small minds  
Who, when in mighty seats, degrade their power  
By masking it in pomp and arrogance.''  
Then bent he down with pain and kiss'd my  
    check,  
As if, in confirmation of a law,  
He set his seal upon it—the King's Seal.

## II.

## THE KING'S FRIEND.

I cared not for the crown, save as a means  
To reach a wider outlook over life,  
And show men two things unaccountable.  
Of these my tutor taught me. He was weird—  
My father's friend, adviser, menial gnome—  
A probing critic, not well liked at court,  
Nay, fear'd and hated by the eunuch group,  
Who boldly said that he should be vizier.  
His will was strong. His heavy, hairy brows

Bridged over eyes that shone like furnace fire.  
For all his usual careless gait and wear,  
Derision ceased to sneer when he approach'd,  
And straightway fell to cringing servitude.  
My will was lost in his, as smoke in air,  
As waters of a river in the sea.  
To be like him I daily long'd and strove.  
I only cared to study and to dream.  
And it was he who, standing in the night  
Beside a pillar of the palace porch,  
Saw my two brothers, where they met below,  
And overheard their dark, cold-blooded plot  
To slay me and to seize upon the crown.

### III.

#### THE YOUNGER BROTHERS.

The night before the murder was to be,  
I drew my keen, slim dagger from its sheath  
And stole forth, down the long, wide, marble stairs  
And past the throne-room, through the curtain'd  
arch,

Beyond which, in a cool, high-vaulted place,  
My brothers had their bed. A wick, afloat  
In aromatic oil in cut glass vased,  
Dependent from the ceiling's middle star,  
Diffused a drowsy twilight. Like two boats  
Rising and falling with a long sea-swell,  
My brothers on their broad couch lay asleep.  
I saw their faces, and the one was fair.  
Light, golden locks back from his forehead waved  
And, on the silken pillow, spread like spray.  
The other's face was shadowy and dark.  
I felt no pity in my angry breast  
For this, the elder brother of the two,  
For he had more deceived me. When we met,  
He ever honor'd me with words of praise.  
My slightest act had merit, on his lips.  
Praise is a dust of perfume, which, if thrown  
Into the eyes of even noble men,  
Will blind them to the thrower's plainest faults.  
But now my will vaned round, I know not why.  
The moon was at its full and glimpsed forth pale,

From blue between two fringed and tassel'd  
clouds,

Like some fair princess from her curtain'd bed.  
The vagrant wind came through an open blind  
And whisper'd of the desert. The same breath  
Fann'd the small flame that, in the crystal urn,  
Mimick'd a star. Beneath its rays I wrote :

*I thought to slay you both; for you have plan'd  
To take my life. I spare you and I go.*

Between them there I laid the paper down  
And thrust my dagger, to the jewel'd hilt,  
Through it, into the couch. Then, passing  
forth,

I came to that high room wherein a life,  
The King's, lay drifting near the reefs of death.

My tutor at his bedside, on the floor  
And overcome by sleep, lay like a dog.

I fain would see the King's face once again  
Ere, like a maiden who in her lover trusts—  
Some outland youth whom she has scarcely  
known—

I gave myself up, even body and soul,  
To the wide desert and the world beyond.

## IV.

## THE DEAD KING.

How sweetly slept the King! His long, white  
hair

And venerable beard were undisturb'd  
By scarce the stated motion of his breath.  
Surely, I thought, the fever must have pass'd!  
I bent down tenderly to kiss the cheek.  
How cold! My heart sank—gave a choking  
bound,

And drove a weltering wild wave of grief  
Far up the sad, unmitigated sands  
Of utter desolation. The wave broke  
And fell in blinding mists of bitter tears.  
I moan'd in dark despair; but hush'd my woe  
And kiss'd again the cold, insentient face—  
The face august that I should see no more.



## V.

## THE FLIGHT.

I left the sad room, parting with slow care  
The heavy, silken curtains, fearful then  
Their rustle might alarm some wakeful ear.  
I found the jewels of the crown, and these  
With all my own, I in a bag secured,  
Or hid about my person as I might.  
As noiseless as a ghost, then, through the hall  
And down the stairway wrought of sandal-wood,  
I made light footsteps. Yet not quite so light  
But love could hear ; for as I tip-toe went  
Along the alcoves where the women slept  
In deep recesses hidden from the view,  
A maiden stood before me. She outstretch'd  
Her soft, white, naked arms to bar my way,  
Then clasp'd them round my neck, and laid her  
cheek

Against my cloak, with odors and a sigh.  
This was the lady, Veera. She, of late,  
For heavy ransom had been captive held

From a large tribe of warlike Bedouins ;  
But, when the gold was brought, she would not  
go.

The King was pleased thereat, for thus she made  
A lasting peace between him and her kin.

No maiden in the city could be found  
To rival her for beauty. All her words  
Were apt and good and all her ways were sweet.

I, in the lovely prison, ivory barr'd  
By her warm arms, was fretful for release ;  
For Heaven, if gateless, would a prison be.

But Veera would not free me till I told  
The meaning of my vigil. This I did ;  
For here she made a pledge of secrecy.

I named the city that I meant to reach.

I did not wait to pay her back her kiss.

I hurried to the stables, where I found

My jet-black horse, that neigh'd and paw'd the  
floor.

I bound the saddle firmly, grasp'd the reins  
And, in a moment, through the Eastern gate,

Shot out upon the desert, where the wind  
Made race with us, but lagg'd behind at last.

## VI.

## TWO PROBLEMS.

Vienna reach'd, I gave myself to books.  
Here, I had promised Veera, I should be.  
In eager study pass'd abstracted days.  
Far-reaching paths were open'd to my view.  
All that my tutor knew seem'd small and poor  
Beside these wider ways of thought and truth.  
Better, I said, to know than be a king.  
There is no royal, gem-encrusted crown  
That so becomes a man as knowledge does.

To solve two problems now fulfill'd my days.  
On them my tutor spent absorbing years.  
But ever groping vainly in the dark,  
On me he set the purpose of his soul,  
Determined, at the last, that he, through me,  
Would wrench the secrets out of Nature's grasp,  
Tho' Life, long since, had given him back to  
Death.

The subtle problems were : *How make fine gold ?*  
 And, *How exist forever on the earth ?*

## VII.

## THE DOOR.

There lay, among the books that I had bought,  
 The Book that is the greatest of all books,  
 The angel to our spiritual needs,  
 The indestructible sure Word of God.  
 The prized Koran' takes from it, but ignores  
 The inspirational, prophetic gold  
 Relating to the Christ. Mohammed made  
 No súras to belittle his own claims.  
 To read the Bible I at once began ;  
 But, ere I had read far, I found the door  
 Behind which lay conceal'd the consequent  
 Solution of my problems ! Firmly lock'd  
 The strong door stood—the Door to Life and  
 Gold !

I read of Eden that, in the east of it,  
 And in the center of the Garden there,

The unforbidden Tree of Life bore fruit.  
Then of the gold : Out of the Garden ran  
A river, which was parted, and became  
Into four heads. Euphrates was the fourth.  
And one was Gihon, the Ethiop flood,  
And one was Pison, the great crystal stream  
About Havil'ah, *where fine gold is found*,  
Magnetic bdellium and the onyx stone.  
My tutor said that, tho' the problems seem'd  
In no wise like, nor either kith or kin,  
Yet one within the other was enclosed,  
And he who solved one, would have solved them  
both.

Of many things he tried to make the gold,  
Or to distill from them the Elixir true.  
But, unlike him, I had no choice of means.  
Whether I made or found, it matter'd not,  
And it is easier to find than make.  
Over the text I pored, and kiss'd the page  
With thankful lips, my blood revived  
By the strong impulse of the mystic words.

## VIII.

## THE KEY.

As one, in some deserted street at night,  
Who spurns by chance an old and rusty key  
And holds it to the light and sees, with joy, -  
The long-lost sesame of one closed door,  
Behind which, wish'd-for wealth has lain unused,  
So I, when first I chanced on Mesmer's Works,  
Felt I had found the Key which would unlock  
That batten'd, fast-shut, Pentateuchal Door,  
Behind which lay, I thought, those unstring'd  
          pearls,

The answers to my problems. Day by day,  
Of Mesmer I made study and delight.  
Like his, my will was potent, dominant,  
And seem'd to wield an all-compelling force ;  
But I was not clairvoyant, and few are.  
I mourn'd the lonely death that Mesmer died.  
Nor had he gain'd the portals of success  
When voted an impostor by the learn'd.

The learn'd are often slow to see new truth.  
 The pioneer, who builds beyond the pale,  
 Is thought, at first, foolhardy and absurd ;  
 But when thick population marks his site,  
 And every where the pale has been advanced,  
 All call him great and make his name a star.  
 And Mesmer's land was so indefinite,  
 So hard to get a foothold in, that men  
 Cried "Witchcraft !" and to follow him refused.

## IX.

## THE TUTOR EXECUTED.

Down the long street, astride my proud, black  
 horse,  
 I rode and ponder'd, scarcely heeding aught :  
 "Where shall I seek to find a blameless soul,  
 Pure as the radiance of the gleam-wing'd stars,  
 Who, to my will, shall be angelic clay  
 To mould and fashion as my purpose guides—  
 A soul clairvoyant, who can lightly soar,  
 Swifter than any lofty cloud could do,

Around the earth, or, at a word, go back  
Into the past's ghost-peopled corridors,  
And bring therefrom the thing that I would  
know?''

While thus I mused, lo! up a garden walk,  
'Twixt house and street, a maiden chased a bird.  
An empty cage stood in the vine-clad porch.  
The bird seem'd like some rare, elusive thought,  
The maiden, Greek Sappho in pursuit of it.  
She shyly glanced my way to see me pass,  
Then quickly turn'd and gayly toward me ran,  
Her large, dark eyes with gladness scintillant.  
She was my friendly, sweet-faced Bedouin.  
Her hand upon my shoulder, up the walk  
We went, my horse beside me ; and her bird,  
Tired of his liberty, soon found his cage.

I sat with Veera by her cottage door  
And heard ill news. Here she abode in peace ;  
But through the city she had sought me long.  
What time my traitorous two brothers read  
The paper I had written, their wrath burn'd



Against my tutor, whom they deem'd the spy.  
He, being found asleep by the King's bed,  
And the King lifeless, to the tutor's door  
They brought the charge of murder. Through  
the streets

They sent the criers to proclaim the deed.  
Then, clamorous for his life, the people rose  
And dragg'd him forth and led him to the block  
And slew him. On a spear they set his head  
And placed it high above the Eastern gate.  
The vagrant birds peck'd at the staring eyes  
And wove the hair into their rounded homes ;  
The rain beat on it, and the active wind  
Dash'd it with desert dust. Always the sun  
Made salutation to it, flushing it  
Until it seem'd more ghastly than before.  
And after this mad crime, the older grew  
Jealous of him, the younger, till one morn  
They found the last-born lifeless in the street,  
Stabb'd in the back, the poniard in the wound.  
Misrule got new misrule, and Justice fled,

Follow'd by blushing Shame with downcast eyes.  
Laws were annull'd that were as bonds to sin,  
And spur was given to uncurb'd desires,  
The headstrong horses of all violence.

Her story done, the maiden begg'd of me  
To set out for my kingdom, with the dawn.  
“Not yet,” said I, “not yet,” and then I made  
The passes with my hands and fix'd my will  
To sway her will, till, with a questioning glance,  
She fell into a calm, Mesmeric sleep.  
I saw that I had found the very soul  
My purpose needed, and I bade her wake.

## X.

### THE MIDNIGHT VISITOR.

I sat and ponder'd in my room that night  
Until the erstwhile silent towers and spires,  
The shadowy sentinels of peaceful sky,  
From near and far announced the midnight hour.  
With waving hands I roused magnetic force  
And set my will that Veera should approach—

Should leave her house and enter at my door ;  
But none must even see her on the way.  
I set my will and, when the will believes,  
It is an act of faith, and I had faith.  
At last I heard her footfall on the stairs—  
The patter of her feet like drops of rain.  
My door was open'd and she silent stood  
Upon the threshold, rosy as new day.  
Her large eyes, wide and staring, took no heed  
Of anything before them. Thus she slept.  
A long white wrapper, made of satin, edged  
With lace and fine embroidery of gold,  
And with two diamonds button'd at the throat,  
Loosely enfolded and reveal'd her form.  
A string of opals hung around her neck,  
A hundred lambent worlds with central fires.  
Her feet were naked and her hair was down.  
I bade her sit beside me, and I laid  
The Bible on her knee and her forefinger  
Upon the verse that names the Tree of Life.  
“Tell me,” I said, “where can this tree be  
found?”

She answer'd me at last, "The way is long  
And I am worn and weary ; mile on mile  
The course of one long river I have track'd.  
The fierce sun burns and dazes and I thirst.  
I can not find the Tree ! My search is done.''  
"Look down the past, and see if any knew  
Where grew this Tree, and if it may be found.''  
Her eyes were closed, and for a while she paused,  
As if her soul were wandering afar.  
At last her lips moved, answering : "One I see,  
Long dead, who bends above a written scroll  
And thereon makes strange characters, which hold  
Some hidden sense pertaining to this Tree.  
In fair Milano, in the library  
Ambrosian, waits this quaint, time-yellow'd  
scroll.''

"Now to thy home go back, sweet spirit," I  
said,  
"Thou art as meek and pure as that great man,  
The first who wrote God's words.'" At once she  
rose,

Moved down the flight and out beneath the stars.  
I follow'd closely, musing, all the way,  
Upon sub-consciousness, that deeper self,  
That stream of wisdom flowing, pure and clear,  
Beneath the conscious surface of the soul.  
Great minds have wells in it and draw from them,  
To give new art and science to the world.  
And in the soul that walk'd before me now,  
In sleep and innocence, the stream serene,  
So near the surface ran, it bubbled up  
And glorified her speech and countenance.  
I followed her through dim, deserted streets  
And saw her enter at her cottage door ;  
Then hasten'd homeward ; but, as in a dream,  
She seem'd my Quest that enter'd at a Door.

## XI.

## THE PALIMPSEST.

In Milan, in the Ambrosian library,  
Among Pinellian writings blurr'd with age,  
I sought and found a prophet's palimpsest,

A scroll that Angelo Maië brought to light,  
And on the margin, half way down the scroll,  
Were signs particular, which baffled me.  
In my perplexity, a bookworm named  
The mongrel dialect of which they were.  
I thus translated : *Gihon is the Nile.*

*A sinless soul may find long life and gold.*

Veera, I thought, is stainless and most pure.  
Her soul's blue sky has not one cloud of sin.  
If her feet seek the soil where Eve first trod,  
I, at no great way off, may follow them.  
Back to Vienna then I straightway sped  
And, finding Veera, made my purpose plain.  
I begg'd of her to join me in my quest.  
She smiled assent : to be near me, she said,  
Had brought her to Vienna ; to be near me  
Detain'd her from her kinsmen. Her heart's book  
She frankly open'd and I read her love.  
So we were wed, and thenceforth our young lives  
Were like those double stars that shine as one.

## XII.

## GIHON.

Now up the Nile we journey'd far, and reach'd  
The place call'd Gondokoro, where the stream  
Of Bahr-el-Abiad, or White Nile, flows.

Thence on we pass'd and with the savage folk  
Made friends and rested in their shady huts.

We met the tribe of dwarfs, and verified  
That doubted chronicler, Herodotus.

We came upon the sources of the Nile,  
The long-mysterious Nyanzan lakes.

Men seldom value what they have not sought.  
If to Vienna I had now gone back

And given my discovery to the world,

My name, withheld here, had been loved by  
fame.

Allured by hope, we slowly journey'd on

And enter'd soon into a fervid land

Where nothing grew and all was sand and sky.

Here the cherubic sun, with flaming sword

Every way turning, threaten'd our advance.  
And pale and worn was Veera. For my sake,  
With generous patience she endured fatigue.  
Our feet were swollen and with the hot sand  
scorch'd.

Our garments hung in tatters—beggars we,  
And in a land where there was none to give.  
At night we slept beside a sluggish stream  
Whose lukewarm moisture scarcely slaked our  
thirst.

My beard was grown, and thick my hair hung  
down

Neglected round my shoulders. I was weak  
And thin and feverish, and Veera too,  
I saw, was ill, and languish'd hour by hour.

### XIII.

#### GOLD.

Beside the stream and, hiding in the sand,  
Was an unusual something, which all day  
Replied with yellow luster to the sun.



I brush'd away the sand and found it gold!—  
A nugget of pure gold that was so large  
I had not strength to stir it in its place.  
I would have given then the lump of gold  
To buy our hunger respite on a crust.

We came to where four rivers went their ways.  
Which should we follow? One, I thought,  
Led surely to the long lost Tree of Life.  
A dead bird here, slain by its kind, we found  
And, tearing off its gaudy plumage, ate.  
Upon occasional trees grew bread-fruit, dates,  
And these sustain'd us as we wander'd on.  
For many miles along the banks we walk'd  
By each of these four rivers and came back.  
Then hope's star sank below the horizon's rim  
And clouds of disappointment settled down.

#### XIV.

##### THE VISION.

Heartsick and weary, we were laid, by Sleep,  
Beneath a palm, and Veera, in the dawn,

Woke and me awakening, told her dream :

“ While I have slept three men have talk'd with  
me—

Three plain, good men who said the kindest  
words.

They said that Eden was a land well known  
Before the Deluge—that the Tree of Life  
Prefigured him who rose from Olivet.

They said that those who were set free of sin  
Would surely find the Garden of the Lord  
And eat the Tree of Life's abundant fruit.

“ Then I beheld,” said Veera, “ as when you  
Have will'd my soul away to other scenes,  
A forest wild and dense and, Eastward there,  
A garden fill'd with many trees I knew  
And, in the midst, a Tree most bountiful,  
Which I knew not, but it surpass'd them all.

Above the Tree, upon a cloud, there stood  
One Godlike, radiant, a Man Divine,  
Who said, ‘ Believe in me, The Tree of Life  
am I !’

Then pointing downward to the unknown Tree,  
 ‘Believe in me,’ he said, ‘and to this Tree  
 Go forward ; *but thou shalt not eat of it!*’ ”

Obedient to the vision, Veera cried,  
 “I do believe!” And I abased my soul  
 Tearing my mad ambition from my heart.  
 Then in his name, who is The One Foretold,  
 I pray’d and laid on him my load of sin  
 And took upon myself his easy yoke.

## XV.

### THE GARDEN.

With happy hearts we went upon our way  
 And found the forest seen in Veera’s dream.  
 Its wild luxuriance made our progress slow.  
 At mid-day here the sun could scarcely pierce.  
 So thick the foliage was, he only let  
 Into the gloom thin pencils of his rays.  
 The animals seem’d tame ; they harm’d us not,  
 And many insects humm’d but never stung.  
 Of berries and of fruits there were enough,

On every side, to satisfy our needs,  
And plants medicinal to soothe and heal.  
We drank of limpid brooks that cross'd our path.  
We made our way like children, laugh'd and sang  
And felt sweet youth and vigor stir our blood.

At last we came out in an open place  
Where, in the midst, a tree remarkable  
Snow'd its incessant blossoms to the ground—  
The Tree that Veera in her dream had seen.  
This, and the other trees, were housed with nests,  
And every one was like a city of song  
Where only joyful, kindly minstrels dwelt,  
And never work was done except for love.  
The sparkling stream, that through the Garden  
    flow'd,  
Fondled by mint and cresses all the way,  
Was fed by many rills of spring water  
Almost as voluble as were the birds.  
The grass that hid the soil and climb'd the rocks,  
Was softer, thicker than a Persian rug,  
And most exquisitely inwrought with flowers.

Nature, inviting sleep, spread couches 'round  
In green-roof'd, lulling dells of perfect peace.  
A sense of rest and joy was in the air.  
The sky was always blue ; for, set with stars,  
The blue was only of a deeper shade.  
The roses were abundant in all kinds  
And, like an army, stood with nodding plumes.  
The lilies too, were like an army there,  
And every night they struck their snowy tents  
To please their great commander, the white moon,  
Night's lily in the garden of the sky.

## XVI.

## CAST OUT.

Too often to my mind came searching thoughts  
Relating to existence or surcease—  
To the forbidden tree whose fruit gave death,  
And to that other Tree, which I had sought.  
At times I question'd mine auspicious star  
Whether the place, indeed, wherein we were,  
Was the true Garden planted by the Lord ?

Or if the Garden lay, as some believe,  
In northern Asia, from the Equator far?  
Of if that other theory were true,  
That, at the Deluge, this huge ball of earth,  
Changing its axis, buried Eden deep  
Beneath relentless, Arctic ice and snow?

We kept no record of the flight of time.  
As to the rose, or heliotrope, floats down  
Some golden butterfly that 'lights and flies,  
Leaving no vestige of its poised sojourn,  
So each glad, gold-wing'd day came softly down  
And rested for a while, then flew away.

Now in an evil hour I lusted for some food  
Other than that which I was wont to use ;  
For servant trees extended food to us  
With their long arms, and ever waiting stood.  
I, seeing the Tree that we had left untouch'd,  
And the rich fruit that nestled 'mid its bloom,  
Deem'd it unwise never to know its taste.  
“A dream is but a dream,” I said in thought.  
“To Adam this Tree was not at first denied,

And it was but forbidden us in dream.

There is no surety that this is the Tree,

And, if it be, what harm is it to live?''

Then I reach'd up, and took the fruit, and ate,

And all the sky grew dark, and from the place

Malignant terrors drove me shrieking forth.

And as I fled, sight dimm'd, my hair turn'd  
gray ;

My youthful body aged at every step.

A sad, old man, I wander'd in the wastes.

Once, looking back to where the Garden lay,

I saw, or thought I saw, and knew it so,

The sky above the Garden, blue and clear,

And, in the air, an angel mounting up

With shining presence and vast sweep of wing,

Who in his arms bore Veera, now a gift,

An alabaster urn of precious nard,

That he was taking joyfully to God.

## XVII.

## LONG LIVE THE KING !

I came to my own city. It was night.  
The moon, forth-gazing from a silver'd cloud,  
Trail'd its white robe, thin and impalpable,  
Over the tower above the Eastern gate,  
And there reveal'd the outlines of a skull  
Set on a spear. The portal was unbarr'd.  
Keeping in shadow, I pass'd through the arch  
And spoke the sentinel, who gave me food.  
It chanced that there remain'd to me one coin,  
A piece of gold, and this I paid him with  
And made a friend. He said the late King died,  
The moon before, and left two eldest born,  
Twin brothers, both desirous of the crown.  
Neither would yield his claim, nor would consent  
To govern with the other, both in power.  
The city was dividing, and even now  
There rose low mutterings of violence.

On the next day, I to the palace went



And ask'd for audience with the old vizier.  
I told him all my story, kept naught back,  
And bared my arm and show'd an old-time scar,  
And bared my breast and show'd the birth-mark  
there.

Embracing me with joy, he kiss'd the mark  
And knelt and did me homage, hail'd me King !  
That day they crown'd me with rich pomp and  
show,  
And all the city with delight was fill'd.  
Even my nephews offer'd me their swords  
In token of obedience and trust.

## XVIII.

### THE PROPHECY.

Now, for ten years, have I borne mildest sway,  
And hear and see that I am not disliked.  
They know not I am Christian to the core,  
Nor that my mildness is reflected light.  
Some day, ere long, I shall give up the crown  
And let the one twin brother, who survived

The plague, which, sometime since, swept through  
the land,

Assume the robes and burdens of the State.

I tire of power and fain would put it by ;

For all my life and even abiding hope

Seem dust and ashes, knowing that I dared

To thrust aside the mandate of the dream,

And eat the mystical, life-giving fruit.

The pendulum of emigration now  
Swings westward to the New World over sea.

It yet will reach the limit of its arc

And, oscillating to'ard its eastern bourn,

Populate Africa from coast to coast.

There, nations greater than perhaps we know,

Enlighten'd and progressive, will enlarge

To wider bounds the arts and sciences,

And lead the world to heights scarce dream'd of

now.

With such a people I should like to dwell  
And learn their manners, customs, modes of  
thought,

Inventions, aspirations and desires.  
Then, on all knowledge having feasted much,  
I would arise at last and seek again  
That Garden, equatorial, wonderful,  
Where I with Veera dwelt in happy years.  
And, if I might, I should abide therein,  
With meditation on eternal things,  
Till Heaven repented doom on my misdeed  
And granted me the kindly gift of death.



## THE TRAITOR.

### I.

#### THE ANCIENT CINTRAN CITY.

HIGH upon the rocky summit of a cliff in red  
Algiers,  
    Raised against the sky of sunset, like a beaker  
    fill'd with wine,  
While each dome is like a bubble that above the  
    brim appears,  
    Stands the city I was born in, my loved mother,  
    Constantine.

Rank on rank, the brick-roof'd houses, with their  
    heavy, gray stone walls,  
    And among them, far above them, rises mosque  
    and minaret ;  
Like the voice of an enchanter, sounds the loud  
    muezzin's calls,  
    And the rustle of the cypress has a murmur of  
    regret.

Round the ancient, Cintran city runs a sturdy  
wall and strong,  
Like the girdle of a soldier, and a gate the  
buckle seems ;  
While a tower on the rampart is a dagger hilted  
long,  
Whose blade is sheath'd in foldings of a circling  
sash of streams.

Far away the Atlas mountains lift primeval heads  
of snow,  
And appear like old men seated in some quiet  
sylvan place,  
Where they bathe their feet like children in the  
brooks that run below,  
Or smoke their pipes of comfort till the clouds  
obscure each face.

I was poor ; a beggar found me lying naked in  
the street,  
And he selfishly befriended me and took me  
to his door,

Where he cared for me and tended me, until my  
growing feet  
Could patter along the thoroughfares and yield  
him alms the more.

A stranger to the tenderness of father or of  
mother,  
My tatters scarcely cover'd me and privation  
made me thin.

I had grown cold to sympathy, or kindness, from  
another.

I drank the cups of bitterness that are known  
as want and sin.

## II.

### IN THE BLUE KIOSK AND GOLDEN.

In the days when I, a beggar, idly roam'd from  
street to street,  
By the palace, in the garden where the scented  
fountains play,  
Near the blue kiosk and golden, it was given me  
to meet

One to whom my wild heart bounded, and I  
could not turn away.

For my eyes fed on the banquet of her beauty  
and her grace.

How could I choose but love her whom the  
angels might adore?

Soon she wearied of my staring and averted her  
dear face ;

But I saw the opals tremble, which about her  
neck she wore.

Either cheek was sea-shell tinted and, upon her  
crimson lips,

Danced a smile that linger'd fondly, as the  
starlight on the sea.

Growing bolder, on my knees I fell and kiss'd  
her finger-tips,

And begg'd of her, and pray'd to her, that her  
slave I now might be.



I was swarthy, handsome featured, comely, both  
in form and face,

And my sable hair flow'd glossily about my  
neck and head.

My large, dark eyes were luminous, and I had  
an inborn grace

That almost changed to royal robes my ill-  
fashion'd, faded red.

With my arm I bound the maiden and I would  
not let her go,

Tho' she said she was Eudocia and that Yorghii  
was her sire.

I said I was Demetrius and, if but a beggar low,  
By my love I was ennobled as with purifying  
fire.

Heavily her long, jet lashes hung above her  
dreamy eyes,

Like twin clouds of stormy portent drooping  
near two crystal lakes ;

Or they were as wings of ravens seen against the  
twilight skies,  
Or as fern-sprays hanging over glossy water in  
the brakes.

Her rich vesture was embroider'd with the lace  
of finest gold,  
And a diamond in her fillet with a star-like  
twinkle shone.

Her clinging silk, in outline, of the form within  
it, told,  
And her slender waist was circled by a jewel-  
fasten'd zone.

To my eyes she gave her dear eyes, down to gaze  
into and dream,  
And I was as one who, musing, leans upon a  
bridge's rail,  
And, of all else heedless, gazes into the pellucid  
stream,  
While the twilight comes and passes and the  
starry hosts prevail.

After this, I met her daily in the palace-garden's  
ways,

And she gladly came to meet me, often at the  
very gate,

Sometimes chiding, sometimes smiling at my  
minute-long delays ;

And she brought me dainty viands on a bur-  
nish'd silver plate.

I, her lover, was a beggar ; but she also, felt the  
flame.

Had I been Harún-al-Rashid, she could not  
have loved me more.

This she fondly whisper'd, kissing on my lips and  
eyes my name,

And vined her arms about my neck. Could I  
other than adore ?

Yet all pleasure cloy's or ends soon ; if the cup  
is stricken down,

Then the content is like acid, leaving scars  
of deep regret ;

If it cloy, we calmly quit it, with perhaps a  
careless frown.

As with pain, it is with pleasure, both are easy  
to forget.

In the blue kiosk and golden, with the maiden's  
hand in mine,

Sat I when appear'd proud Yorghi with a storm  
upon his face.

Dared Eudocia so disgrace him? Would she  
soil his noble line?

He stamp'd his fierce invective and he drove  
me from the place.

Ere I went, I turn'd upon him, and I boldly  
claim'd her hand,

And vow'd that I would have her, tho' the city  
barr'd my way ;

But he scoff'd at me, a beggar, and repeated his  
command,

Never more to meet his daughter, for my life's  
sake, from that day.

## III.

## GOOD FORTUNE.

Thus two rivers, nigh united, were abruptly turn'd  
apart ;

One to glide through palace gardens, sweet  
and clear, but never free ;

One to move by towns and bridges, bearing  
cargoes to the mart,

But assured it was our *kismet* that a confluence  
should be.

I would cease to beg, and straightway ; for there  
came across my thought

A passionate intolerance of the course my life  
had run ;

And I went out to the venders, where some petty  
wares I bought ;

But in selling and in buying, my vocation was  
begun.

Soon I found myself the owner of warehouses,  
camels, sails—

A commended prince of traffic, with my slaves  
beyond the line,

Where they sold my costly merchandise of cloth  
and woolen bales,

Color'd leathers, ostrich feathers, figs and olives,  
dates and wine.

Hard I labor'd and my gains accrued and doubled  
in my hands ;

For Dame Fortune, having given once, will  
often give us more.

Mine the golden touch of Midas, mine the fore-  
sight that commands

And receives a lavish tribute from the desert  
and the shore.

And I studied, learn'd the meanings that the  
wisest books can teach—

Gain'd the Greek verb-roots irregular, by prying  
long and hard—

Woke a mystical foreknowledge of some rules  
that govern speech,  
And drank deeply at the fountain of the verse  
of Scio's bard.

All my ships had winds of favor ; not one sank  
or went ashore.

They were laden low each voyage and had  
faithful planks and seams.

Sometimes blocks of massive buildings would  
not hold my ample store,  
And my thrifty, daring bargains dimm'd all  
other merchants' dreams.

I yet wore my beggar garments, liking things that  
mark'd luck's birth.

And I donn'd my old-time turban with its folds  
of faded red.

I had worn no better garb then, had I own'd the  
peopled earth.

Better, rich, to wear clean rags, than, being  
poor, wear silk, I said.

Daily, from my cottage window, flew a pigeon  
high in air,

And beneath its wing lay folded, words for her  
whom I loved best.

Daily, from her palace lattice, one came back  
with greetings fair,

Set in idyls full of heart-speech, faithful ardors  
of her breast.

Dearest love ! she waited patiently, with longing,  
mournful eyes.

Like the moon, she waited nightly for the  
clouds to leave her brow.

Like a bird, she waited daily for the coming in  
the skies

Of another bringing gladness and a mating on  
the bough.

Naught of wealth won recognition ; for she had,  
to look upon,

Art's own pictures, color-raptures of the Spring's  
or Autumn's land.



And she dined on sweets and spices, coffee, bread  
and cinnamon,

While they shook light perfumes over and the  
air about her fann'd.

Down her back, her hair, escaping from its pearl-  
set comb of gold,

Utter'd fragrance, seem'd a cascade plunging  
into a ravine—

Seem'd the plumage of a raven that adventured,  
proudly bold,

And, upon her forehead perching, was a dark-  
ness and a sheen.

Every day in milk they bathed her, till she grew  
to be as white—

Dyed her nails with crimson *henna*—round  
her eyes touch'd almond *kohl*—

Fed her cakes of cream and honey; but she  
tasted no delight,

And her bed of golden curtains gave no quiet  
to her soul.

## IV.

## DEMETRIUS AND HIS TEN FRIENDS

## CALL ON YORGHI.

But at length the proper day came that my hopes  
had long'd to greet,

When I cast aside the tatters I had worn for  
many years,

And array'd my comely person faultlessly from  
head to feet,

In apparel that was seemly, in the velvet of  
my peers.

I had bought me restless horses, Arab steeds, five  
white, six black.

The eleventh was the noblest and the gentlest  
of them all.

And a friend I had who loved me, to bestride each  
horse's back—

Ten good friends of smooth demeanor, hand-  
some features, strong and tall.

Every friend I gave a cloak to, purple velvet  
ermine-bound.

All the horses were caparison'd, their bridles  
jingling gold.

At high noon we started gayly and the palace-  
entrance found,

Where, dismounting, we sought Yorghy, and  
to him my purpose told :

I had come to wed his daughter, for her heart  
had long been mine.

I had won her when a beggar ; but I loved her  
yet the more,

Now that my wealth was famous and ennobled  
my design.

For Eudocia I would give him half my for-  
tune, store on store.

In my face he laugh'd, me scorning, and despised  
me and my part—

Call'd me but a beggar wealthy, as he waived  
me thence away ;  
For to him belong'd his daughter ; he knew nothing  
of her heart ;  
He had pledged her hand in marriage to my  
ruler, Ahmed Bey.

There are times when our resentment centers  
solely in a glance,  
When our feelings burn too fiercely for effectiveness  
in speech ;  
Such a look I gave to Yorghi, as I led out in  
advance  
Of my ten good friends, who follow'd with  
brave consolation each.

## V.

## THE CITY BELEAGUERED.

War, like distant thunder, mutter'd in the terror-  
darken'd air.  
In the sky were signs and omens giving presage  
of new graves.

Huddled families of shepherds hurried townward  
in despair ;  
They had heard the tramp of armies like the  
beat of ocean waves.

War a pestilent disease is, on the body of the  
world,  
A disease that sometimes purges, tho' it leaves  
the patient sore,  
And there is no drug will cure it until Freedom  
shall have hurl'd  
From its pedestals Oppression, and abides on  
every shore.

What avail'd my rows of buildings and my bar-  
tering for gold ?  
All my gains seem'd vainly gotten, for Eudocia  
was not mine.  
With my goods turn'd into money, I my lands  
and houses sold,  
And sent out the thankless product from the  
risks of Constantine.

Like a war-hawk swooping on us, came Damre'-  
mont with his men.

We had seen his wing-like colors, and had  
closed and barr'd the gates.

All the women urged to battle; every man a  
soldier then,

And the fierce Kabyles were certain of the  
friendship of the Fates.

I had held that love of country was a higher love  
of self;

For the pride in it is selfish, whatsoever may  
be proved.

Wearing lightly my allegiance, save for love's  
sake and for pelf,

I had now no other country than to wed with  
her I loved.

Thus it is with men of one aim, in their swerve-  
less, headstrong race;

They will neither heed entreaty, nor the warn-  
ings of the soul.

For nothing will they turn aside, or scarcely  
slacken pace,  
And they often miss some blessing that is  
greater than their goal.

All was plain ; if I should falter, then to me my  
pearl were lost ;  
But, if steadfast in my purpose, I could claim  
her as my right.  
Baffled love is half resentment that will seldom  
count the cost,  
And I stole out from the city to the alien camp  
that night.

There was yet a higher motive that had urged me  
to the deed :  
If the French should be the victors, they would  
give to Constantine  
Their far better civilization, and sow every where  
the seed  
Of the Masterful religion that should make  
the world divine.

Honor? Honor? What is honor, if it be not to  
uphold

That which heart and soul espouses and seems  
ever for the best?

Shall a man defend his rulers with his life and  
with his gold,

When he knows that, in their downfall, all the  
people would be bless'd?

From the cliff I slipp'd in silence, and I reach'd  
the foreign camp

Where, to see its brave commander, I was  
taken, it befell.

Like sheaves were stack'd the muskets, and he  
sat behind a lamp,

Where he plann'd a crimson harvest for the  
French and Azrael.

“I have come to sell assistance, if you take my  
terms,” I said ;

“For I know the weakest portion of the city's  
scowling wall.



With Eudocia, Yorghis's daughter, I have wish'd  
for years to wed.

Promise her to me in marriage, and I frankly  
tell you all."

Then across his table smiling, me he granted my  
desire.

Perhaps the smile was memory's, bringing back  
some crown'd delight.

But he listen'd to my story and, he said, he would  
require

That I go into the city as a spy the coming  
night.

## VI.

### THE MASKED SPY IN THE PALACE.

Years before, a secret entrance underneath the  
wall was made ;

But the three were dead who built it, and none  
knew the place but me.

When the next night came, I reach'd it and,  
soon after, in the shade,

Pass'd through lonely urban precincts where the  
battle was to be.

Soon a purse, with gold well freighted, bought  
the whisper'd countersign,  
And as round I went, I noted place and num-  
ber of the troops.

I chalk'd boldly on a building: *Lo! the doom  
of Constantine!*

*Death and Folly urge resistance, and the  
people are their dupes!*

In the street I met a masker hasting onward  
through the night.

There was something in his bearing that be-  
token'd him a friend.

“Sir,” I said, when by his shoulders I had turn'd  
him to the light,

“Tell me why you hide your visage and what  
conquest you intend?”

By my voice he straightway knew me, and took  
off the mask to say :

“I am going to the palace. Have you heard  
not of the fête?

In three days great Yorghis's daughter is to wed  
with Ahmed Bey,  
And to-night the plighting party. Do not  
keep me ; it is late.”

“Hold !” I cried, “you care but little for the  
pleasure that you seek.

Lend to me your mask and raiment ; let me  
take to-night your place.

I shall prize the favor highly, and will pay you  
in a week

With a gem for every minute, and they shall  
not see my face.”

Entering his cool apartments, he took off the  
garb he wore,

And I donn'd the half fantastic silken garments  
and the mask ;  
Then I hasten'd down the stairway and was in  
the street once more,  
Thinking only of Eudocia, in whose presence  
I should bask.

From foundation to entablature, the palace  
beam'd with light,  
And I fancied it a *genie* ; every window was  
an eye ;  
His mouth the yawning doorway, and a cloud,  
across the night,  
Seem'd like hair about his forehead, toss'd and  
streaming in the sky.

Then he gorged me ; for I enter'd and I heard  
th' entrancing moan  
Of the music—heard the dancing girls with  
bells upon their feet.  
There ten thousand flowers most fragrantly their  
presences made known,

And the least, in its apparel, was a miracle  
complete.

To a splendid hall, an eunuch led me down a  
damask floor,

And the guests were there assembled in their  
beauty and their pride.

Rare the gonfalons and pictures ; but all eyes  
could only pore

On the Bey and on the lily he was leading by  
his side.

Round a fountain, in the center of the golden  
burnish'd room,

Danced the dancers, play'd the players, to the  
cadence of its fall ;

While without, upon the balcony, amid the sylvan  
gloom,

One lone nightingale was singing, and with  
sadness mock'd us all.

## VII.

THE MEETING IN THE GARDEN AND FLIGHT  
OF THE SPY.

When the Bey pass'd by me graciously, I whisper'd in the ear

Of the maiden he was leading, (Should I fail to win her yet !)

“ Lo ! our day is at its dawning ; I, Demetrius, am here !

Meet me, dearest, in the garden where we have so often met.”

Thither me she follow'd quickly, and I clasp'd her to my heart,

And bestow'd perfervid kisses on her lips and cheeks and chin.

Here she long'd to dwell forever, so that we might never part,

And be fed with many kisses, mine enfolding arms within.

There the rhythmic stars out-twinkled and a sordid  
little lake,  
Like a miser, hugg'd the coinage of their glimmer  
to its breast,  
Nor would venture from the closet of the trees  
and tangled brake,  
Lest some fortunate bold robber should it of  
its hoard divest.

Now the years had changed Eudocia from the  
rosebud to the rose,  
Had perfected every feature, added gentle grace  
to grace,  
And she made my heart her garden, where to  
dwell and find repose.  
Neither time, nor change, nor absence, could  
her love for me efface.

She was fain to be a lakelet in the starlight of  
mine eyes,  
And as my lips gave kisses, she would catch  
their spicy dew.

When my face was bending over, it was like  
affection's skies,  
And mine arms were as the verdure that around  
the margin grew.

But I dared not risk to tell her of the spy that she  
was near.

The Bey, I said, would tremble when I came  
to claim her hand ;  
And I told her to despair not, but to wait with  
patient cheer ;  
For my triumph would be bruited in the cor-  
ners of the land.

Suddenly arose commotion in the palace down  
the hill.

Many lights swung in the distance, like red  
fire-flies in a glen.  
Call by call was heard and answer'd, as of wing-  
ing birds and shrill.  
We had seen a hundred torches with the com-  
ing forth of men.



“Love, they seek you !” cried Eudocia, “You must go, or else be slain.”

But sad, oh, sad the sundering of the cherish'd,  
heart from heart !

Cloven is the oak's tough fiber by the vivid light-  
ning chain ;

But the lovers cling the closer that they strive  
to rend apart.

On a seat I laid her swooning, then sped lightly  
through the gloom,

Tho' a torchman so approach'd me that I  
fancied I was seen ;

But, down-crouching for a moment by a shrub  
of densest bloom,

I fled onward to my entrance through the streets  
that intervene.

Overhead a sudden meteor made a pallid day of  
night,

And, tho' burning with a bluish glow, was  
trail'd with ruby shine.

It seem'd like a lifted torch to me, borne swiftly  
in the flight  
Of a spirit that, with warning, brought defeat  
to Constantine.

## VIII.

## THE BATTLE.

To the town outspoke the cannons, as the dawn  
charged on the night,  
And they told of wounds for mercy and of  
death to old despair ;  
But the sullen town was ready to defend itself  
with might,  
And replied with scornful missiles that came  
hissing down the air.

When the sun rose hot and bloody, all the fight  
had well begun.

The artillery was pounding at the weak place  
in the wall.

Soon the smoke from vale and city hung between  
us and the sun,

And, for many, was the only sign or semblance  
of a pall.

Like a strong, Numidian lion, on her rock the  
city lay,

Nothing daunted, tho' surrounded, and with  
scanty store of bread.

O'er two gates, in calm defiance, stared through  
battle, day by day,

Her proud eyes, two flaming standards, both  
of bright, unvaried red.

At these gates they set their swordsmen, thinking  
thence to drive us back,

If their sallies should deceive us and we to the  
gates should come ;

But in vain, we would not follow, tho' we long'd  
for the attack,

And, to make it, chafed and listen'd for the  
signal guns and drum.

Stone by stone, a breach was open'd at the weak  
place in the wall.

Then we sent a truce-flag bearer and he to the  
city said :

“Fight no more ; at once surrender ! Constan-  
tine shall surely fall.

If you wait, no man remaining shall you have  
to count your dead.”

Like a sword-thrust came the answer : “There is  
plenty in the place

Of both food and ammunition. Is it these the  
French desire ?

We can give, and with abundance ; but surrender  
means disgrace,

And our homes shall be defended while a shot  
is left to fire !”

If this town should not be taken, every man must  
share the fault,

And many there bethought them of their own  
in sunny France.

Down our line there ran the whisper, "Now, to  
take it by assault!"

And, at last, we heard the cannons for the  
stormers to advance.

Like great billows, never breaking, were the rocks  
of Constantine,

And a cargo'd ship the city, with her keel in  
every one.

She was sailing for the future, with the barter of  
the line,

And her mast-like towers were gaudy with the  
pennons of the sun.

But a roaring storm had struck her and a hole  
was in her side,

Where the waters rush'd in wildly, overwhelm-  
ing all before;

For in vain each brave endeavor, tho' all on  
board her tried

To reduce the leak and stanch it with their fury  
and their gore.

The Frenchmen were the waters that could not  
be stay'd nor check'd ;  
But the ship was little damaged by the storm  
it had endured ;  
And, re-officer'd and garnish'd, was so far from  
being wreck'd,  
That it seem'd to sail more proudly for the  
change we had secured.

## IX.

## THE WEDDING AND THE FALSE FRIEND.

It was night. The conquer'd palace bloom'd  
with many lights again.  
In a hall of mingled standards and of heavy  
rugs and mats,  
There were women fair as *houris*, there were brave  
and handsome men,  
And the fish leap'd up to see them from the  
fountains' marble vats.

Never quite so fair Eudocia, and she won exalted  
praise

From the aliens there assembled to observe our  
marriage rite.

Not alone her magic beauty, but the grace of all  
her ways

Drew all eyes and thoughts upon her, fill'd  
with undisguised delight.

While the service yet was saying and, before I  
placed the ring

On her tapering heart-finger, some one push'd  
the guests aside,

And I saw my friend, the masker, his resentful  
presence bring

To the center of the wedding—wild of gesture,  
angry eyed.

“Thus should die the thankless traitor, whether  
lord or beggar he!”

And a dagger rose above us with a glitter in  
the light,

Then was struck upon my bosom, with a fierce  
fanatic glee,

And my false friend, from the service, hasten'd  
wildly in his flight.

But the mad bee had not stung me in his hurry  
to depart,

And even in deeds of wickedness, haste is  
harbinger of loss ;

For I wore a faithful secret close upon my waken'd  
heart,

The symbol irresistible, an expressive silver  
Cross.

This had turn'd aside the weapon, and had spared  
me many a year

For one whose heart has been to me a more  
than Meccan shrine—

For one for whom I paid a town, and believed  
the price not dear,

The citadel of Jugurtha and once Christian  
Constantine.



We are living in a palace near a sparkling, azure  
bay ;

But, at times, alone on horseback, in the twi-  
light, dim and late,

I find me near my city, and the muezzin, in the  
gray,

Shouts, "To prayer! To prayer, ye people!  
Only God is good and great!"



## MORO.

Now, through the crowded amphitheater,  
Sounded a herald flourish loud and clear.  
A breeze of expectation seem'd to stir.

The unkempt sunnyside sent up a cheer.  
With wicked-looking horns and sullen mien,  
The black bull, Moro, enter'd on the scene.

This was the bull of which the placards said,  
A maiden would subdue his utmost rage,  
Unless, in th' attempt, *her* blood should be shed.

Did not all Cadiz know the formal page?  
And Moro greeted, with a thundrous roar,  
The ruthless, living hill he lower'd before.

At once by his tormentors he was met :

Capas before him shook their teasing cloth ;  
Banderilleros in his shoulders set

Their cruel darts ; and when he rush'd, right  
wroth,

Upon a yellow challenge waved with jeers,  
The picadorës prick'd him with their spears.

Against the nearest picador he turn'd  
And lifted horse and rider from the ground.  
Thus three good horses had he gored, and spurn'd  
Infuriate, when quietly around  
Withdrew the fighters, proud of courage shown,  
And left the bull, in his fierce rage, alone.

Then fell a rill of music, pearl on pearl,  
And straightway into the arena sprang  
A tawny, Andalusian peasant-girl,  
Pretty and breathing charm ; she sweetly sang,  
Advancing to'ard the bull with fearless joy,  
Then, pausing, ceased and cried, " Moro !  
Ya voy ! "

Of glad Espara she, and she had fed,  
Petted and cared for Moro happy years.  
But when of late she heard it lightly said

That he must grace th' arena, full of tears  
She sought authority and gain'd the right  
To save his life, if in this wise she might.

Amidst the wide, hush'd amphitheater,  
At the first piping of the bird-like voice,  
Moro had quell'd his fury, and seeing her,  
The girl, his friend, he seem'd quite to rejoice.  
And when beside him she had come to stand,  
With his mute tongue he lick'd her loving hand.

Her voice and presence soothing every smart,  
He knelt before her as she stroked his head.  
She, bending over, soon removed each dart,  
With tears of pity; then, joy-garlanded,  
Her arm around his neck, and all elate,  
She, smiling, led him to'ard the torril's gate.

FINIS.



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