

**MANSOUL; (OR,
THE RIDDLE OF THE
WORLD)**

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Mansoul; (or, The riddle of the world) by Charles M. Doughty

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CHARLES M. DOUGHTY

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(OR, *THE RIDDLE OF THE WORLD*)

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LONDON

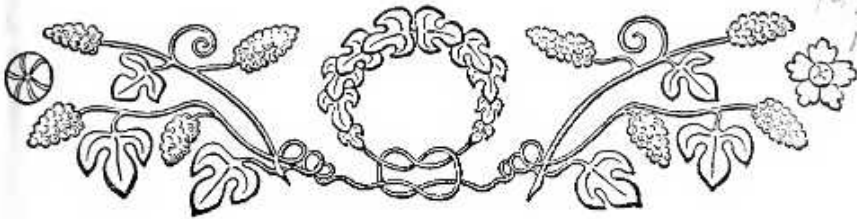
SELWYN & BLOUNT

21 YORK BUILDINGS, ADELPHI, W.C. 2

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1825
MATH



TO THE MUSE OF BRITAIN

479465

Maestro ai canto

Altro io non ebbi che me stesso; e un Dio
Leggiadre istorie sempre al cor m' inspire.

*Odissea xvii., 347.**

Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.

Paul the Aged.

* *Trad. Maspero.*

BOOK I

THE MUSES GARDEN

MANSOUL

BOOK I

As chanced I sate on terrace of an house,
In summer season, after sickness past ;
And fell, surprised my sense, into deep trance :
Wherein meseemed, much musing in my thought ;
I cogitations heard, of many hearts ;
That came and went, in MANTOWNS market-place,
Whereon I looked. And in my spirit I asked ;
What were indeed right paths of a man's feet ;
That lacking light, wont stumble in Worlds murk.

One called and I beheld in looking up,
Of divine stature, Britains Foster-Muse !
With eyes of living light, as stars of God.
The same was she I saw, which erst me taught,
Mongst Colin's crew, to sound a tuneful reed,
On Alban's hills, amongst my herding feres.
Her blissful Voice, anew me bade to rise,

MANSOUL

And follow forth.

O'er uplands wide, o'er hills'
Uneven ranks, Her divine footsteps led.
Nor tarried She, nor once looked back, nor spake.
Last almost spent my spirits, in so long course ;
When Sun gan, stooping low, withdraw his light ;
And shepherd's star shine out with silver crest ;
Her divine Presence faded from my seeing.

Swart-veiled, approached stern Goddess of the
Night ;
Standing, in gryphon-drawn, swift-wheeled iron
charet,
Erect ; She ebbing Tide o'er-rides of Light ;
And shortly war-slain shrouds, neath Earths cold
breast.
Then all waxed dark, save that the Gods have set,
To shine eternally, in heavens hollow coast ;
Stars' infinite watch, their witness to all wights.

Mine Islands Muse, had led me to Worlds brinks ;
That likewise might receive, recovered health ;
My soul new strength.

Come morning ray at length ;
I saw one Minimus walk, in dewless bent ;
That bitter only brackish herbs brings forth ;
Which stiffened lies, in Summer drought, as bronze :
What rests, is drizzling dunes of lifeless sand.