

**MANSOUL (OR, THE
RIDDLE OF THE WORLD).
[LONDON-1920]**

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Mansoul (Or, the Riddle of the World). [London-1920] by Charles M. Doughty

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CHARLES M. DOUGHTY

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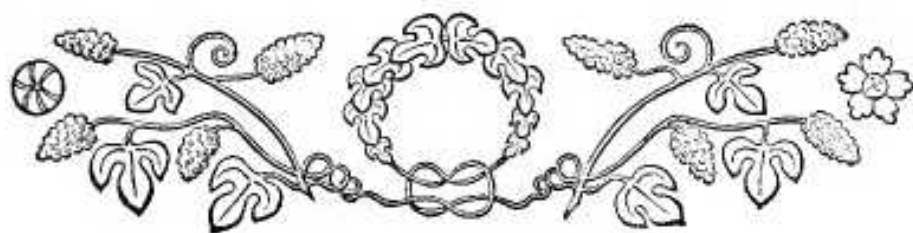
BY CHARLES M. DOUGHTY

LONDON

SELWYN & BLOUNT

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1920



TO THE MUSE OF BRITAIN

Maestro al 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.

MANSOUL

In that Sun-stricken inhuman wasteful ground ;
Which no man passeth through, nor way is found ;
Nor shadow is, in days heat, of any cloud ;
He, blackened in the Sun, an anchorite,
A son of Peace ; had sometime sought Life's Path ;
If haply he might there hear Celestial Voice.
Whence purged, from false Illusions, of base flesh ;
His spirit might attain before his death,
Unto heavenly vision.

Slow of limb, forwatcht,
And dull of sense, forwandered the long night ;
He neath mute stars had laid him down at length :
And on wild craig-stone, pillows now his head.
Methought I heard, whiles Minimus slumbers
fast,
The Muses voice, saying, One henceforth my spirit
Should be with his.

Was later in my trance ;
When Suns great eye flamed, Lamp of all the
Earth,
With withering heat, o'er that sere idle dust :
I heard, hoarse murmuring tumult as of Sea
Deeps long-maned wave-rows, beating boisterous ;
And rushing billows like to raging scour
Of ravening wolves ; wide whelming on sea-cliffs.
And creaking-winged mews' clamour, cleping loud,