

**THE TRAGEDY OF ERRORS: A
DRAMATIC POEM. ASKING OF
THE NOVEL AND THE STAGE, A
TRUE LOVE FOR THE FALSE LOVE
OF OUR AGE**

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The Tragedy of Errors: A Dramatic Poem. Asking of the Novel and the Stage, a True Love for the False Love of Our Age by Julio Carabias Aranda

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JULIO CARABIAS ARANDA

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The Tragedy of Errors

A
Dramatic
Poem



Asking of the novel
and the stage,
A true love
for the false love
of our age.

—Julius

70148

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PREFACE.

In spite of protests from its Author, I undertake the task of placing this Dramatic Work before the public without resorting to those multitudinous accessories which could be supplied by the theatrical profession. And though the Author has beseeched me to desist from the attempt, my strong conceit has overpowered his feeble modesty. For some time past his frequent contemplation has been the destruction of this Drama, a conception morbid from its birth. But such destruction I contend would be no less than child-murder.

"Still," he would say, when argued with from such a view, "the child is so much morbidly deformed, that when it mingles with the world 'twill be the jest of some, the scorn of others, and the stern repugnance of the world at large."

"'Tis not your fault, though, that the child is so deformed," I would reply, "For was it not born so through the laws of Nature over which you could hold no control?"

"Yes," he would then assent, "but there are few who would admit that to be true, though I should picture

them the perfect form I fancied that the brat would have. But that is not a whole consideration of the trouble; for aside from its morbid deformity, it is a bastard child."

"A satire on its mother is it not?"

* * * *

And by such arguments I have induced him to allow the introduction of my rhymes into the matter of his Drama.

And now, the Author and Myself apologizing for each other's weaknesses, it is submitted to the test which is not feared, although predicted—the jests of some, the scorn of others, and the stern repugnance of the world at large.

—JULIUS.



REPROACHFULLY DEDICATED

TO

"MY FOSTER MOTHER"

[SAN FRANCISCO]

*Blush, strumpet "Queen of the Pacific Slope,"
For while strumpets can blush there still is hope.*

Behind black Tamalpais sank the sun,
And San Francisco's sky was crimson dun.
Across the Bay, from Alameda's shore,
The clouds seemed like a sea of muddy gore.
One thousand female souls sank into Hell,
Without the murmur of a funeral knell.
"Nob Hill's" inhabitants could see their plight,—
But closed their eyes to hide the awful sight:
For Hell's "Dupont Street" touches "Nob Hill's" side;
And yet a gulf between them lies, as wide
As that which lay 'tween Lazarus and Dives;
But different, for here the rich man thrives.
These thousand female souls wantoned in Hell:
Five thousand men and youths beside them fell;
And ere the shrill-voiced bird announced the morn,
None know how many souls in Hell were born.
O! San Francisco, blush, if blush you can!
For there is hope while still there is a man,

Who feels he has an interest in your rule
And blushes:—be he not a self-made fool.
Through what power do these women grow so lewd,
That they will sell to men their souls for food?
Or is it lack of power? Ah, there's the thought!
Had they the power, how many would have caught
The hand which left her in this foul quick-mire!
But when she fell, her lover—love's satire!
We know the rest—she plunged into despair,
Yet lived:—would life had ended there!
Her lover,—let us use the satire still,—
Continued in the ball-room; there to fill
Another's virgin breast with—what was it?
In her chaste thoughts the lovely maid would sit,
And wonder—well, again we know the rest:
Both called themselves "in love,"—neither digressed
From what the purest novels of the day
Picture as love; the best theatres would play
Upon the rising passions of the lovers—
—And they are married—how much that word covers!

What seek our lovers when, with passions high,
They court each other for the marriage tie?
Ah, many a parent, with the passion past,
Has when too late, this simple question asked.
Why hide the misery of such lives away?
That there are many, none can well gain-say:
But lovers, married, would not lead such lives,
If schooled in love, wherein *all* pleasure thrives,
By casting from the novel and the stage,
For a true love, the false love of our age.



THE TRAGEDY OF ERRORS

A DRAMATIC POEM

Life's theater in darkness ; from the stage :

" Do you think Walton loves your mother more
Than when he married her ten years ago ? "

" Yes ; for he then had no true love for her."

" What do you call the strong attraction which
Was thought to be true love, but which was not ? "

" A simple fascination which the charms
Of social life excited ; nothing more.
This fascination withered, and true love
Was not formed till the fascination died."

" It's time Society ceased to regard
An amorous fascination as true love ! "

" Dear Roger, we know what it is, I'm sure."

" Yes Gladys, my sweet wife ! Shall we retire ? "

" Yes : let us go to sleep and dream—"

" That your dear mother, Margaret Kent, will live
The errors of her life again ! "

* * * * *

*The sunlight of twelve backward years
Bursts through the darkness, and then fades away.
Strange noises fill Imagination's ears,*