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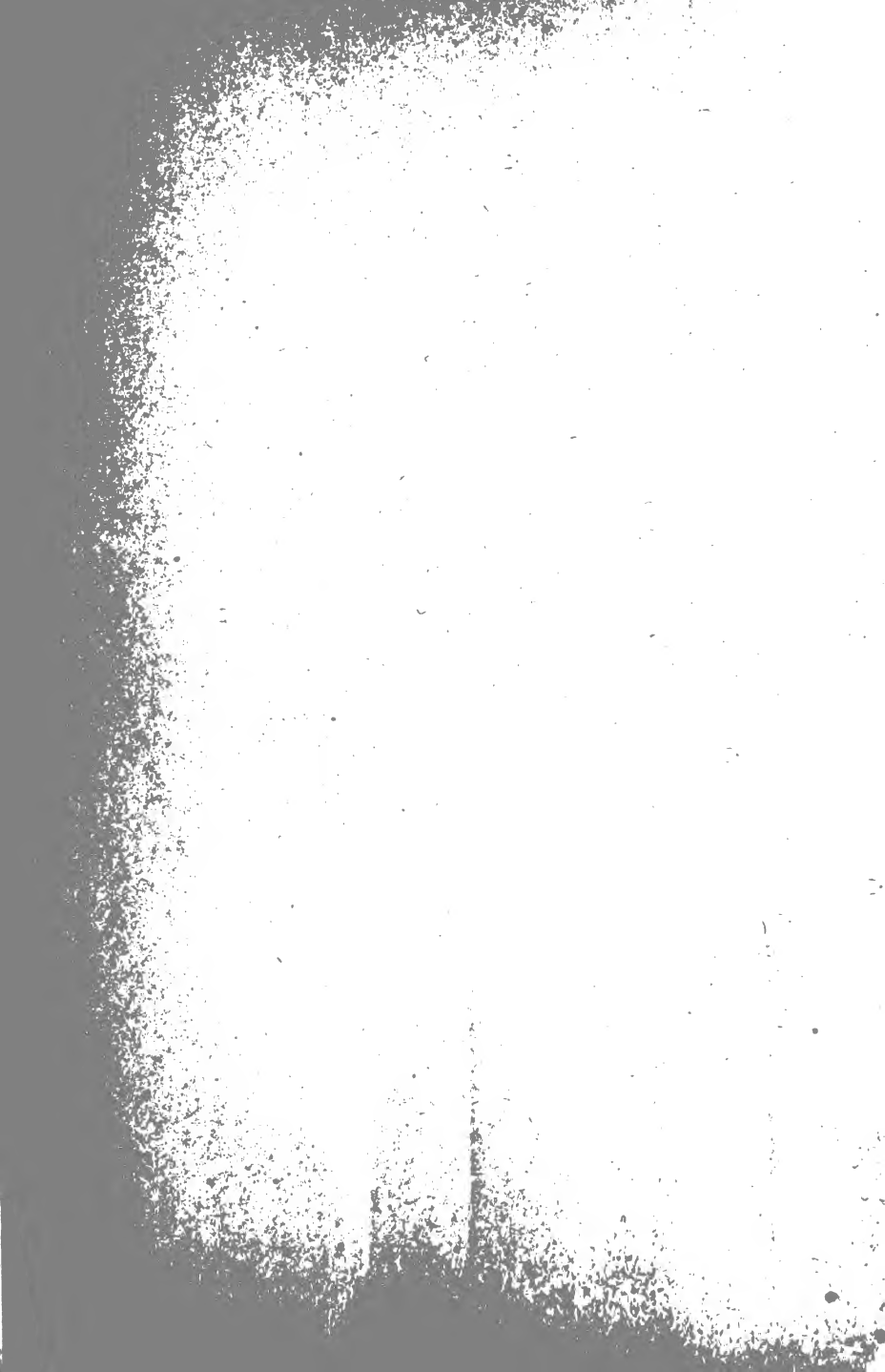
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# TELEPAH



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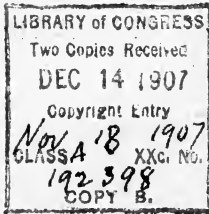
A DRAMATIC POEM

BY J. A. SALICK

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PRESS OF THE  
TIMES PUBLISHING COMPANY  
WATERTOWN, WISCONSIN

PS 3537  
A42 T4  
1907



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J. A. Salick.

Watertown, Wis., October 28, 1907.



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TELEPAH  
A DRAMATIC POEM

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ACT I

Persons Represented

TELEPAH	Queen Happiness
Demons	Queen Reward
Prince Ahriman	Saraswati
Prince Discontent	Fairies
Prince Despair	Elves
Prince Lust	Imps
Prince Pride	Chorus

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ACT II

Persons Represented

PRINCE SIDDARTHA

King Suddhodana	Yasodhara
Prince Nanda	Queen Justice
Prince Devadatta	Fairies
Demons	Elves
Prince Ahriman	Brahman Priests
Prince Discontent	Disciples
Evil Eye	Traders
Princes, Imps, Guests,	Brahmans, Buddhists,
Chorus, Traders,	Mendicants, Youths,
Maids, Etc.	

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ACT III

Persons Represented

HARRA	Indrani
Shamgar	Iras
Mohammed	Lampagie
Abdel-Rhaman	Irene
Demons	Fairies
Prince Beelzebub	Elves
Prince Discontent	Imps
Prince Lust	Arabs
Prince Ambition	Jews
Evil Eye	Christians
Impo	Greeks
Dervishes	

Latins, Soldiers, Prisoners, A Messenger,  
Chorus, Attendants, Gamblers, Etc.

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ACT IV

Persons Represented

UMENIE	Flora
Harmis	Yetta
Shamgar	Madam Millet
Millet	Sister Anthony
Mozart	Nurses
Tam O' Shanter	Red Cross Nurses
Demons	Nannie
Prince Beelzebub	Fairies
Prince Discontent	Elves
Prince Despair	Ghosts
Evil Eye	Witches
Impo	

Alchemists, Wizards, Legendarians, Scientists, Historians, Chemists, Artists, Mechanics, Peasants, Savages, Barbarians, Soldiers, Guests, Attendants, Etc.

# T E L E P A H

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## ACT I.

### Scene 1.

Mount Meru.\* Telepah alone. Time midnight.

Telepah—

Constrained in sluggish clay to bide my  
searching mind

Doth seek mysterious force that called to life  
mankind,

And thus hath hope to man a subtile force to  
lend

Would conquer ills of flesh afore life's earthly  
end.

Time, dissolution's agent fell, whose active  
claim

\* Mount Meru. - In ancient Hindu mythology, a fabulous mountain situated in the center of the world, in what is now known as Thibet. 80,000 leagues high. It was held to be the abode of Vishnu, and endowed with all imaginable charms. Mount Meru, in Oriental mythology, is in many respects, similar to the Grecian Olympus.

Doth dissipate each form, and it be quick or  
lame,  
Rare mist or hardest gem, hath blast my clay  
with age,  
And made of vigorous frame a weakly totter-  
ing cage.  
Still whilst this form now feebly holds my  
higher life  
I crave, with love tow'rds man, continuance  
of my strife.  
To lift life's caul-like veil of seeming endless  
fold  
I strove, in thought and deed, to reach per-  
fection's goal,  
And mastered thus the wizard force through  
magic charm  
To summon powers of good, as well as those  
of harm.  
"Obey the Will above," the Powers of Good  
proclaim,  
While aid of Evil's Shades at mortal's soul  
doth aim.  
Thus vile Prince Discontent his aid would  
oft have given,  
While good Queen Happiness, by whom from  
man he's driven,

Like coward slave in chains, to souls in endless fire,  
Divine contentment pleads as soul's most pure desire.

Again this night, on quaked Meru's high, rumbling tower,  
I lord of Veda\* seek through R'ichi\* wizard power.  
Night's evil Shades here wage fierce war 'gainst Powers of Day;  
Hurl plague-death winds\* that change what's quick to lifeless clay,—  
Fields that are rich endowed with nature's bounteous favor  
To fruitless wastes,—and make despair man's nearest neighbor.  
Again, in night's dark arch, this very midnight hour,  
I feel the force that to its will bend demon's power;—  
Compels Shades to obey enchanting wizard spell,

\* Veda—Knowledge.

\* R'ichi—Oldest poets of India. Title given to the inspired poets of the Vedic hymns.

\* Hurl Plague-Death Winds—The southwest monsoon becomes a dry wind, which scorches up vegetation, before it reaches the Coromandel coast.

And calls their shapes e'en here from dismal,  
frightful hell.

Therefore now hear! Thou foulest fiend of  
Darkness;

Thou meanest, servile imp—opposed to mortal's  
highest, holiest aim;

Thou snarling jackal, who, e'er unappeased,  
Devour'st all of motives pure, of purpose  
grand

That mortal man may dream, may think, may  
do;

Thou foul creation of dark Chaos,  
Who art fittly named Prince Discontent,—  
Hear me!

I, the wizard Telepah, command thy presence  
instantly!

Appear! Prince Discontent, Appear!

(Enter Prince Discontent)

Prince Discontent—

We heard, we felt, we saw, we smelt,  
And by the sense of taste perceived—

As mortal man would say,—ha ha,

Thy fierce command;

Whereas in truth through endless space,  
Like knell of doom in boisterous synchrony,



Concurrent vibes, responsive to thy awful  
power,

So fiercely through our very essence surged,  
That by their force  
They tossed us here into thy presence.

Telepah—

Hold! I, the wizard Telepah, command!  
Thou art not here but to obey!  
My power o'er thee thou knowest well.  
By this same power I now command  
Of thee, Prince Discontent,  
That thou reveal to me  
How, where, and when,  
Mortal to mortal, through endless space  
His inmost thoughts may tell.

Prince Discontent—

Dread wizard Master this I cannot do.

Telepah—

Master me not. Command do I!—Obey must  
thou!

Prince Discontent—

By Chaos dismal dark I swear  
This gift to mortal I dare not bear.

Telepah—

Fairest Queen of realms of Day—

Mortal's joy assuring Fay;

Sweet Queen Happiness, please repair—

Prince Discontent—

Oh I sue thee! Beg thee! Spare!

Do not summon dread Queen Happiness from  
thence,

Or if thou wilt, unchant me first and let me  
hence.

Telepah—

Silence! Foul, monstrous spleen from Evil's  
cave.

No patience I with trembling, quaking knave.

My stern command thou wilt obey,

Or chained from hence thou 'rt cast away.

Prince Discontent—

Write me thy soul, and Ahriman\* I swear,

\* Ahriman—In the Zend, anro mainyus, i. e., the malignant, destroying spirit. In the doctrine of Zoroaster, whose own leading idea was undoubtedly monotheism, there is nevertheless, in its speculative philosophy, an apparent dualism which makes Ahriman the original source of all moral and physical evil; the chief of devils; the king of darkness and death, and consequently the eternal enemy of the kingdom of light. As herein employed Ahriman conforms to the Hebrew significance of Baal as lord, owner or master, and in this sense Beelzebub is later substituted for Ahriman. Therefore Beelzebub, in Acts III and IV, is intended in that sense in which the name became, in course of time, commonly employed, namely, as chief of evil spirits.

Will speed thy cause, and give thee youth  
'tout care.

'Tis he alone who holds the key  
That solves correct thought's mystery.

Telepah—

As powerful, as bold and fearless am I known;  
No Prince from Darkness' realm my soul shall  
own.

O'er Ahriman my power 's less no wit  
Than 'tis o'er all thy ilk,—be't prince or chit.

Prince Ahriman where'er thou art—

In space remote or in form's inmost part;

In hell, on earth, or star unnumbered;

In water, fire, or mist encumbered;

On land or sea—in cloud or air;

Restraint, or free for anywhere—

I, the wizard Telepah command! Appear!

Prince Ahriman! Appear! Appear!

(Writing at a table)

Of all there was through thought, research,  
and deed revealed

On that, my dearest quest, the mystery of  
mind,

The import of this record may convey my  
thoughts to man.

Complete must I its journal now to present  
time.

How strange this misty cloud that now sore  
dims my eye,

And now, with heavy weight, e'en lames my  
hand.

Oh cruel fate that doth decree,

For form in mortal frame,

So short a span of life.

Make haste clogged mortal clay,—

Fast doth life's essence ebb away.

Prince Discontent—

What's mortal of great Telepah is passing  
fast!—

To action now! This midnight hour may  
prove his last. (aside)

Unending, careless youth, invest with joys  
untold,

Thou shalt have from Ahriman, who will un-  
fold

Soul's mystery to thee, and will reveal beside  
How thou may'st win, command, and rule as  
bride,

Earth's fairest, joyful maid if but thy soul  
Thou write'st me in thy blood upon this  
scroll.

Telepah—

Disturb not helpful toil thou prating clown,—  
More weighty this than wanton's smile or  
frown.

(Prince Ahriman appears behind screen)

Prince Ahriman—

What's this? The Wizard Telepah in death's  
near path?

Haste Pride, Despair, and Lust;—All with  
your train

Haste here and lend your aid.

Each Prince of Darkness play his proper role,  
Lest Chaos' kingdom lose great Tel'pa's soul.  
(aside)

(Enter Prince Despair as an old man)

Prince Despair—

Old and withered, lame and sore;

Toothless, blind, and robbed of taste and  
smell;

Deaf and feebly weak of speech—

I wend no further on life's thorny path,  
But here will wait the birth of endless misery  
—death.

Telepah—

Blind and deaf: Share what I have, 'tis freely  
thine.

(Prince Ahriman comes forward. Prince  
Pride and Lust with train of Imps  
and Elves appear.)

Prince Ahriman—

Thine ear shall dead to sound no longer be.  
Take also taste and smell, and now, e'en see!  
Youth will I give thee too—and wealth untold  
If thou but bond to me, in blood, thy soul.

(Hands scroll to Prince Despair)

Prince Despair— (Signing scroll)

Would just one year, one day, one hour  
Of youth and wealth be mine  
I'd bond ten thousand thousand souls,—  
And they were mine to sign.

(Is transformed into a youth)

Prince Ahriman—

Great Telepah we offer, bond and token free,  
Each of us his service and good will to thee.  
Ask for what thou wilt: Youth, wealth or  
high position,  
Love or all things else we'll give without  
condition.

Telepah—

Thou speak'st in words too smooth and fair,  
Ahriman, Prince of Night,  
And com'st with train uncalled and loathful  
to my sight.

Whate'er thy scheme in this may be  
Send these away and 'tend to me.

Prince Ahriman—

Thy slightest wish is highest law to me.—  
With this my train I'd clear soul's mystery.

Telepah—

I trust thee not:—Yet have thy way.  
Reveal how thought to thought through end-  
less space may sway

Prince Ahriman—

Gladly do I answer thee:—  
All unreserved, unbound, all free.

Such wavey course from lightning's force  
As circles free throughout all space,  
Which minds unites, through day, through  
night,

Will carry thoughts from place to place.  
Then take a course from lightning's force,

Lay path with nicest skill,—  
The path directs the mind's effects  
All subject to thy will.  
Prince, tarry here and make full clear  
How thought to thought will travel,  
From place to place, or through all space,  
All psychic knots unravel.  
A Power calls I must obey—  
But will return without delay.

(Retreats behind screen)

Prince Despair—  
O glorious youth! O beauteous world!  
Come Princes fair—for less than Princes ye  
cannot be—  
Here's gold untold—There jewels rare,  
Be my friends and show me entertainment.

Prince Pride—  
With vigorous youth and wealth untold  
Greater than any prince art thou.  
Thine it be to rule and sway—  
Our mean selves most humbly must obey.

Prince Lust—  
Sweet Prince allows us.

(Ballet by Imps and Elves.)



Does 't please thee?  
Note yonder maddening troop.  
Eyes ne'er beheld such shapely group.  
Can limb contort in more harmonious grace?  
Or fairy boast more lovely face?  
Not poet's soul in Muse's sphere  
Shapes forms divine as gambol here.

Prince Despair—

Oh Prince of Joy let me embrace them all!  
For each, each mortal's soul would sin and  
fall.

Prince Lust—

Wait, eager youth, for love of better fashion—  
See! Saraswati\* comes, the Queen of love's  
sweet passion.  
Not Saraswati known to mortal eye,  
But Goddess, who celestial beauty doth defy.

(Enter Saraswati. Prince Lust and Prince Despair advance to meet her; Prince Despair and Saraswati then lead the revelers. Prince Ahriman now comes forward and leans over Telepah, who is again engaged in writing.)

\* Saraswati—In Vedic mythology the name of the wife, or female energy, of the god Brahman. Transformed into a beautiful woman she was sold by the gods to the Gandharwas in exchange for Soma.—Aitareya Brahman'a. See note on Soma page 37.

Prince Ahriman—  
No look, no thought, save of disdain  
He vouchsafes on this scene profane. (aside)  
By man despised, by children jeered,  
By knave and fool nor liked or feared;  
From heaven barred, forever damned,  
In hell's vast regions torture crammed,  
Are such gross clowns as yonder pair  
Whose wanton lust reaps quick despair.  
That fool soul whom I youth have given  
No glory 'd add to hell or heaven.  
Our kingdom's full of such as he,  
Despised by all as despised by thee.  
Thy master mind frail thought abhors,  
But betterment of man adores.  
Therefore great Wizard Sage there see  
The life I'd freely give to thee.

Scene II.

A living picture appears on the mountain representing Youth, Art, Knowledge and Modesty.

Telepah—  
Enough of this dissembling fiend!  
From purpose great I've ne'er been weaned.  
(Queen Happiness Appears)

In death, in truth, my lips shall say  
“My soul leaves pure this mortal clay.”  
(Telepah expires)

Queen Happiness—  
Why lingered here in lecherous revels  
Thy motely crowd of towsie devils?  
Wert come to cheer? Or view and scan  
Flight of pure soul from mortal man?  
Know ye, his soul's beyond Night's power.  
Ah, now ye fret and curse and glower.  
Change habits false for demon's garb,  
Then for Night's realm in chains and barb  
Depart as soon as ye weak slaves  
Have done true dance of hellish knaves.

Devils' Dance, by Demons, Imps and Elves.  
(Exit Demons, Imps and Elves. Enter  
Queen Reward and Train.)

Queen Happiness—  
Poor mortal clay. Thou still art prison  
Of Tel'pah's soul—'t has not yet risen.  
So close to earth would he it bind,  
By bonds of love tow'rds all mankind,  
That he did plead and fervent pray,  
His soul should many a cycle stay  
In this sphere's sphere of active reach

Until it both could solve and teach  
The mystery of the soul of man ;  
And how through thought a power can  
Transmit the good through space at will—  
The bad repel and all strife still.  
'Tis thus ordained his soul shall stay,  
New cloth'd at times in form of clay,  
Until it solve task self imposed.  
Nor shall it be in rest reposed  
Until at end of earthly day  
When sun and stars shall pass away.  
For this he prayed.—For this he sought,  
For this with good 'gainst evil fought.

(An apparition appears in form of an eye as  
Evil Eye.)

Queen Reward—

In shroud of light reflecting, purest gems in-  
fold,  
Then through rare air take sacred clay of  
Tel'pah's soul.  
Full many leagues from here, tow'rds sea in  
balmier clime,  
In holy ground Tranquillity, there be its  
shrine.  
There shall its clay-germ take new form—

shall grow a tree\*  
That shall for ages live—shall self-renewing  
be ;  
Shall bear both fruit and seed ; And from its  
stately wings  
Fresh roots, new trunks, new trees alike in  
kind shall spring.  
Nor shall charmed life of Palm dispute its  
monarch sway,  
But in contentious strife shall but itself  
decay.

Its trunk and limb gowns shall have wondrous  
magic spell  
That keeps the strong in health—the sick it  
shall make well.

\* Both, the Banyan and the Bo tree are a species of fig, and while the Bo tree, or so called "Sacred Tree" is the tree beneath which, according to Buddhaistic belief, Prince Siddartha (The Buddha) received divine revelation, the lines are also intended to apply to the following characteristics of the Banyan: As is well known, the Banyan sends shoots downwards from its branches, which, when they have rooted, become stems, the tree in this manner spreading over a great surface and enduring for many ages. Some have been described as covering a space sufficient to contain 7,000 persons and as having more than 3,000 stems, many of them equal to large oaks. Seeds of the Banyan are deposited in the crowns of palms by birds, and send down roots which eventually kill the palm; the bark of the tree is used as medicine by Hindoo physicians; the juice to relieve toothache and also as an application to the soles of the feet when inflamed. The branches are usually covered with monkeys, birds and enormous bats; the monkeys eat both its large, ovate, heart shaped leaves and small sized fruit. The wood of the Banyan is light, porous and of little value.

From pain and ache its blood shall take the  
sting, the name;

Shall cure sharp ills of head and ease the tired  
lame.

Its leaves, its fruit, shall both be toothsome,  
wholesome foods;

Beneath its shades shall rest vast multitudes.  
For man and beast full ample shelter shall it  
form

'Gainst noonday's scorching heat, 'gainst rain,  
'gainst wind and storm.

To end of world, in every clime where man  
may be

Shall it be known—Shall it be called "The  
Sacred Tree."

Evil Eye—

Ha! Ha! He! He! A master technicality.

No charm hast laid on body of tree.

My curse:

To man its wood shall useless be;

Mean bats it shall—huge vampires draw.

He! He!

Queen Reward—

Did'st hear that voice, that cursing cry?

'Tis from the nameless Evil Eye—

Still for perfection the gods themselves must  
strive;

Most faultily did I the charm contrive.

(Queen Happiness and Queen Reward and  
train slowly ascend in cloud with Telepah.)

Song by Queens and train—

O sacred clay of Telepah

For mortals use now newly made

Such life's germ as great Veda saw

Thy brother-love of him had prayed.

We take thee to Tranquillity,

That sacred, blessed ground,

Where thou'lt be tended tenderly

By Fays in holy round.

(Exeunt.)

---

ACT II.

Scene I.

India—In Grove Tranquillity.

Prince Siddartha beneath the "Sacred Tree"\*

—Time, near midnight.

Prince Siddartha—

O Sacred Tree thou bidst me rest beneath thy

\* "Sacred Tree"—See note page 28.

wings  
To gather strength, in sleep's repose for mortal clay,  
This solemn hour, when are revealed deep,  
hidden things  
To soul of man whom love for all doth stir,  
doth sway.  
I, child of clay, have freely slaved to higher  
power  
Through love tow'rds man, tow'rds beast,  
tow'rds bird, tow'rds all there is  
From life to death, from germ to germ, from  
seed to flower—  
To Veda's\* light my soul, to find the sleep of  
bliss.  
Reveal, I pray, ye gods who guard the Sacred  
Tree,  
In sleep to soul, how all may sometime nothing  
be.

My wife adored, my son belov'd, my father's  
crown,  
My home with life of ease, my friends I've  
left behind.  
Then in deep study, penitent, in humble gown,

\* Veda—From Sanskrit vid, know; hence, literally, knowledge.



In fast and prayer sought I for all sweet  
peace to find.

My cause good powers speed—Aid me in that  
I seek,

Aid me to teach to all where is a veiled re-  
treat;

That final resting place of man both strong  
and weak,

Of beast, of bird, of all that's formed or un-  
complete.

My prayer hear—Give to my soul that law  
divine

Which, when to man 'tis given, reveals Nir-  
vana's shrine.

(Prince Siddartha reclines beneath the Sacred  
Tree. Evil Eye, Queen Reward and  
Fairies appear in tree.)

Song by Fairies—

Peaceful sleep thy clay while to thy soul  
Mysteries of Tel'pah's life unfold.

Thy prayer 's heard, allowed the plea  
That clear shall make things hid from thee.

Why mortal lives—Why parts with life—

How blessed relief he finds from strife;

How mortal's soul, when race is run,

May rest secure where all's "The One."

Evil Eye—

Dare not reveal. Object for cause do I.

Queen Justice—

How cam'st thou here, thou nameless Evil  
Eye?

Avaunt! Thou fiend! Out of our sight!

Away from here to realms of Night!

“No demon shall—No Evil be

In Sacred Ground Tranquillity.”

So 'tis decreed. So 'tis ordained.

This Holy Ground thou hast profaned.

Evil Eye—

I'm here by right of curse of mine

Pronounced by me 'gainst Tel'pah's shrine.

At dawn of day of thinking men—

Whose wizard spell holds us, and when

Fay Queen Reward, on Mount Méru,

Imperfect charm round this tree drew,

Then hurled I curse upon the wood

Of tree that now for ages stood.

My curse was fit—Was well devised,

And dare not be by thee despised.

In curse did I for bats provide;

For vampires, that they should abide,

Should come, should go, should be in tree  
In Sacred Ground Tranquillity.  
Small bat-shapes first of Demons few,  
That soon in size and number grew  
As guards grew slack, grew less severe,  
By Ahriman were ordered here.  
'Tis thus the realm of Darkness has  
Now demons here of every class.

Queen Justice—

On Mount Meru I know full well  
Didst curse pronounce queered holy spell.  
Still by what right dost now object,  
And to what act, and what effect?

Evil Eye—

This child of earth, this re-formed mass of  
changeeful clay,  
This fleeting shape—vibration fed and held in  
present form,  
Holds soul of him who stands, as mortals  
count,  
In ages past and age to come as King of mor-  
tal man.  
To Telepah, through his great wizard power,  
There was revealed, in fair contention for his  
soul,

By Ahriman a secret deep.  
This secret thus revealed no power imparts,  
no right confers  
On child of clay who meanly holds great Tel-  
'pah's soul,  
And dare not be to him revealed on pain of  
law which says:  
"Thou shalt not steal."  
Theft of mean things doth not this law alone  
include,  
But thee from right in all not thine it doth  
exclude.

Queen Justice—

Law not obeyed by thee, thou nameless Evil  
Eye,  
Yet fairly quite didst seek our aids right to  
deny.  
Say on: Why should not be revealed  
To this clay's soul all that's concealed?

Evil Eye—

To Telepah cleared Ahriman part of the book  
That Time records in nature's works, placed  
where man look.  
The fault's his own should child of clay it  
wrongly read,

In false light see, its worth confound, advise  
not heed.

What Ahriman to Tel'pah's former clay re-  
vealed,

That Telepah in cryptic words hath firmly  
sealed—

This child of earth himself the key to read  
must find—

It is not his to take except through worth of  
mind.

Queen Justice—

All this was known to Telepah who deep hath  
hidden,

In pictured form, all thoughts he e'er hath  
written.

No good would come to mortal man, to mor-  
tal's mind,

Unless he seek perfection's goal and thereby  
find

What each attempt of thought conveyed to  
thought doth mean,—

How picture of each separate thought must,  
shall be seen.

From nature's book to read no aid to man  
give we

Save what through worth is his. True worth  
his aid must be.

Song by Fairies—

Arise! Assume thy youthful garb of clay!  
Behold thy past! Then future mortal stay  
Within earth's sphere, ere present form's  
decay,  
Will be revealed afore the break of day.

(Exeunt)

## SCENE II.\*

Room in King Suddhodana's Palace.

King Suddhodana, Prince Siddartha and Yas-  
odhara, his wife, Prince Nanda and At-  
tendants.—Time, Evening.

King Suddhodana—

Beloved Prince, my son and Princes daugh-  
ter, thou most dear to me,  
A feast have I arranged where sportive games  
By princes royal shall be played.  
From far and near are gathered here the  
noblest youths,

\* This scene carries Prince Siddartha back to his younger days and to the time before he left his father's court, and his wife and child.

The brightest, fairest, princely daughters  
That this our earth can boast.  
No fear of chilling love needst have regards  
thy lord my son.  
For true, my child, thy beauty doth surpass  
That of the fairest maid, the loveliest dame.  
Sun's morning greets or fair earth holds.  
Still not thy beauty's charm alone his love  
to thee doth bind:  
In love, in truth, in kindness, wit and every  
womanly grace  
Thou dost surpass thy sisters all,  
And fast dost hold, in love's sweet chains, his  
heart.  
But thou my dear beloved son—  
Thou broodst too much alone and keepst  
thyself aloof.  
Thou minglest scarce with men as fit thy  
station—  
Whilst time with age thy sire presses hard.  
Full soon must thou my crown, my scepter  
take;  
Must through fit rule, fit laws, new power  
make.  
Discard this day thy melancholy  
And enter all our sports with zest,

Thy people show thou dost excel—  
That thou art 'mongst thy peers the best.

Prince Siddartha—

Thy wishes we shall heed dear father mine,  
In filial love tow'rds thee our hearts incline.  
(At gesture from King enter Guests, Demons  
and Fairies)

King Suddhodana—

Thrice welcome friends! Thrice welcome all!  
In song, in dance, in feast, in games—  
In nectar sweet, distilled by gods,  
We'll revel here till morn night shames.

Song by Demons and Fairies—

Come join ye all in dance to love  
That quicks sweet passion bliss;  
That rules fierce God and timid dove—  
Rules King and vassal his.

(Dance)

Prince Siddartha—

What's birth? What's death? What are life's  
vestures?  
Is life but vanity? But mind vexation?  
Deep thought excite these passion gestures.  
On life's eternal state—Deep meditation.



Here are the choicest men will brave life's  
storm.

Healthful, in vigorous youth, brave, strong  
and bold;

Yet age will claim them all—death change  
their form,

And new form then will give new death  
fresh hold.

Throughout time's endless flight life's repeti-  
tion

Runs, linked with age and pain, on ceaseless  
mission.

(Song continued)

To love then dance, to love then sing,

To love that rules supreme;

May't all sweet joys, sweet pleasures bring,

Make life ethereal seem.

(Dance continued)

Prince Siddartha—

These strains of sound have life that dies  
away;

The gems here worn now live—tomorrow die;

There lives the air we breathe each night, each  
day,

Death laden all it is, e'en man's last sigh.

And all that lives in death form doth but  
change—

From ills released, and from old age and pain,  
It takes new form—nor that it long retains,  
But with new ills 'tis plagued—again 'tis slain.  
Today's life form didst from grim death form  
borrow,  
But yesterday 'twas star—What will it be  
tomorrow?

(Song continued)

Then join once more in dance to love  
To quick sweet passion's bliss.  
Love rule fierce God and timid dove—  
Rule King and vassal his.

(Dance continued)

Prince Siddartha—

Dear Princess mine my heart is sad, doth  
ache—

Acute it feels the ills old age must bear;  
How life, with frantic greed, doth tribute take  
From form of clay—the garment it doth wear.  
With love tow'rds man my heart's in sorrow  
rent;

—Must deeply think alone—Is there no way  
For man to 'scape this endless renascent?  
Can man release himself? Annul life's sway?  
No more dare I in ease content abide—

Love's duty calls—For all mankind I leave  
thy side.

Yasodhara—

O dearest heart let us withdraw,  
These revels high have thee unstrung.  
Dream not so sad on nature's law;  
Take youth's fair rights. Our life's still young.  
Our love's still fresh—'Twill ne'er be old,  
But our fond hearts 'twill e'er infold.

(Exit Prince Siddartha and Yasodhara.)

King Suddhodana—

The night drives on in joyous pleasure—  
The moments eagle-wing their flight;  
Let us now 'tend to Vedic treasure,  
Give praise to Moon in Vaidik rites.  
The priests shall light the Sacred Fires,  
And Soma\* then shall greet our lips—

\* Soma—At one time in Oriental theogomy and mythology, one of the most popular deities of the Vedic religion. He is then held the creator of the sun, the upholder of the sky, the sustainer of the earth, the king of gods and men, etc., etc. In one of the Vedic hymns the worshiper exclaims "We have drunk the Soma; we have become immortal; we have entered onto the light; we have known the gods. What can an enemy do to us, or what can the malice of any mortal effect?" The Soma-plant played an important part in the great Vedic sacrifices and the reason for its popularity may be found in its alcoholic and invigorating properties which the worshipers experienced when they drunk of it during religious ceremonies and feasts.

Later, in the classic period of Hinduism, Soma became the god of the moon.

Exhilarate, quick love's desires,  
As youth love's honeyed nectar sips.

(Enter Brahman priests who light the sacred  
fires and perform the rites in pantomime.  
They are followed by attendants who pass  
the Somā among the guests.)

Prince Nanda—

Yon breaks the morn! New day begins!  
In Time and Pleasure's meet Time wins!

(Enter Yasodhara)

Yasodhara—

My love! My lord! O King has fled!  
Has gone to search for man laws new!  
Has left me less than widow's bed—  
Dream-demon waked, gone him I knew!

King Suddhodana—

Search near and far! Search everywhere!  
Kingdom to him doth first news bear!

(Exeunt)

SCENE III.

At the Mouth of a Cave.\* Prince Siddartha  
Alone. Time, Afternoon.

Prince Siddartha—

Six times passed season round since Yasod-  
hara's side I left,

To seek for what I've not yet found—life's  
endless, quiet rest.

Stern rigor of ascetic life hath thinned our  
ranks,

And thus my followers fell to five true friends.

Prince Nanda, bravest, truest heart of all,

Doth now lie ill to death in plague's strong  
vice.

From search for herbs of virtuous power

I just return, with prayer they'll ease his pain.

(Enter Prince Devadatta.)

Prince Devadatta—

Alas, my prince, our heavy load of woe

Is doomed to burdens new each day,

That weigh our minds with care—

That strike our form with pain.

\* Prince Siddartha is supposed to have spent six years in severe asceticism, study and meditation after he left his home. This scene represents him at the end of that period near the mouth of the cave that formed his abode.

Foul winds and dry, that scorched the fields,  
Destroyed their budding green—have blown,  
And now hurled here the plague.

Prince Nanda, whom this fell disease hath  
touched,

Has just this moment died.

We are but mortal men—Thy search is vain  
we know ;

No more we suffer here. This hour tow'rd  
home we go.

Prince Siddartha—

Life's sorrow never ends. Dost say our friend  
is dead!

That wondrous mind must in new form again  
be plagued.

And even ye must leave? Dear, faithful, kind  
good friends

Take sad adieu: I must alone seek where life  
ends.

(Exit Prince Devadatta, Enter Prince Ahri-  
man)

Prince Ahriman—

Forsooth, thou'rt left alone. Hast each  
friend lost.

Cam'st from afar to seek at heavy cost

What, hadst thou't found, 'twould not the  
labor pay,

'Twould not help thee nor ease thy neighbor's  
stay.

Thou still hast youth; doth still youth's vigor  
own;

Hast wife, hast son, hast wealth: Be victor  
known!

In love, in power and all its mighty sway  
Shalt drink joy's cup as youth of endless day.

If but thy useless search thou dost forego

On thee my richest gifts I would bestow.

Thy wealth, thy power shall by none equalled  
be;

E'en gods themselves shall homage pay to  
thee.

Earth's fairest maids shall sweetly lull on  
sleep—

With heavenly strains, entranced, they shall  
thee keep

In dream-land's vast, enchanting, blissful  
dream,

Mid splendor visions mortal ne'er hath seen.

Then, when thou wak'st, choose from dreams  
thou didst see,

And day transformed to dream's conceit shall  
be.

When pleasure wanes then merrily dream  
again—

Let dream invent fresh schemes, new pleas-  
ures then.

Transformed shall be this waste of flowers,  
And they transformed, show dream's rich  
powers.

#### SCENE IV.

##### Transformation Scene.

A barren field is transformed into a flower  
garden whose flowers then show as fairy  
like Elves.

Song by the transformed Elves who dance  
around Prince Siddartha.

First Elf: Sweet Prince I woo thee,

Second Elf: Sweet Prince, but choose me,

Third Elf: My style is tasteful,

Fourth Elf: My movements graceful.

Elves in chorus—

My heart is true-u-u,

With love e'er new-u-u,

Shouldst thou prove cruel

'Twill surely break in two.



Fifth Elf: Sweet Prince be not so sad,  
Sixth Elf: Sweet Prince I'll make thee glad,  
Seventh Elf: I'll make thee merry,  
Eighth Elf: With me please tarry.

Elves in chorus—

My heart is true-u-u,  
With love e'er new-u-u,  
Shouldst thou prove cruel  
'Twill surely break in two.

Prince Siddartha—

Must ye too die, and take new form?  
Then live again in worse hell-storm?

Prince Ahriman—

Elect sweet Prince to dream youth's bliss.  
This endless joy thou oughtst not miss.

Prince Siddartha—

Thou too must die? New form must take?  
'Twixt thee and I is there that links?  
Is there a tie so near us binds  
That when freed soul to thy depth sinks  
Exalted sphere again it finds?

Prince Ahriman—

First Prince am I of gifts 'tout number.

And blissful dreams with endless slumber—  
The gift thou seek'st—I'll give to thee.  
Shall it be thine? All duty free?

Prince Siddartha—

Dost but confound—but misconstrue—  
My just intent, my purpose true.

'Tis for mankind, thee, all that is,

—Not me alone—that I seek bliss.

Poor souls, and thou false friend, adieu.

(Exeunt.)

## SCENE V.

### Grove Tranquillity.

Queen Justice, Prince Discontent, Evil Eye,  
Fays and Imps.

Song by Fays and Imps.

Fays—

Who ardently deep knowledge seeks,

Unselfish to the purpose keeps

Man's rarest gem, pure love to reach—

To teach to man—him we too teach.

Imps—

Who would the world, each man reform—

Our pleasure gifts would down with scorn;

Would, selfwilled, kill sweet passion's charm,  
Him we oppose—seek to disarm.

(Enter Prince Siddartha.)

Fays and Imps—

We greet thee thou 'mongst mortals best,  
Who seeks, alone, for all sweet rest.  
Ask what thou wilt. Free take our aid;  
Well and with care weigh offers made.

Queen Justice—

Thou soughts for light, O Prince! Didst pray  
    life's book to read.  
Probation proved, indued art now for wisdom  
    deeds.

Prince Discontent—

Worth measured power. Its sphere extends  
    throughout all space—  
To heavens far, through hells, through earth  
    and meanest place.

Prince Siddartha—

Kind Fay and evil Shade would aid me—give  
    advice?  
Reveal for what I've prayed in words com-  
    plete, concise.  
Give law through which all may rest in con-  
    tentment's day.

Queen Justice—

In mortal's realm there is a law for man to  
read—

Seen everywhere. It hangs on star, in rain-  
bow's bead;

On valley's leaves and flowers, on highest  
mountain peaks,

In earth's rebellious force that quaking free-  
dom seeks.

Now quiet brook, now silvery rill writes on  
scrolls—

Then cloud to cloud in thunder voice its  
mandate rolls.

Read its first Writ—Great wizard Tel'pah did  
it write.

'Tis hid in secret signs, made plain by true  
worth's might.

Where worth discerns the secret key  
Contents at glance be known to thee.

Prince Siddartha—

Symbolic. Hieroglyphics 'ranged here to  
excite

The sense of sound, of taste, of smell, of touch,  
of sight,

Are graduated, penciled, shaded mild and bold,

Formed in relief, then sunken deep—made  
    soft, then cold,  
Now strong, now weak, to thus convey the  
    deep intent  
Of this most sacred Writ: What's by each  
    figure meant.  
The key: Such symbols choose as subject  
    import gives,  
Then read in that pure thought which for all  
    mankind lives.

Evil Eye—  
Hast solved the key! It was for man great  
    Tel'pah strove  
—All in the Universe includes thy greater  
    love.

Prince Siddartha—  
What Telepah here wrote is now revealed to  
    me  
As thought intent construes.—Do both our  
    minds agree?  
Can signs or words convey, unchanged, just  
    what we feel—  
Just what we mean? Doth force unknown our  
    thoughts conceal?

Is pure thought pure to thought conveyed,  
say, Evil Eye?

Or may't be changed? And why art cast a  
sham? Wilt die?

Evil Eye—

No words, no signs, no power known to shades  
or man

Beyond its realm, its sphere, its power thought  
takes, nor can.

I'm doomed to numerous meaner hells and  
there, in pain,—

Devoid of sight, of sound, of form—to die  
again.

Prince Siddartha—

And thou, Fay Queen, hast reached the final  
goal?

Canst say, doth thought pure thought convey  
to soul?

Queen Justice—

Beyond my sphere are pure perfection's  
realms.

Pure thought on mortal's soul alone depends.

# TELEPAH

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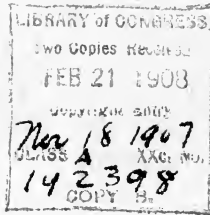


A DRAMATIC POEM

BY J. A. SALICK  
"



VOLUME II.



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J. A. Salick.

Watertown, Wis., October 28, 1907.



Prince Siddartha—

The light I sought I clearly see! Rejoice ye  
all!

There 's hope for all that is. All! All, may  
rise—may fall.

All seek perfection's goal; There find the final  
coma;

That peaceful, quiet sleep of bliss,—the blessed  
Nirvana.

Song by Fays and Demons—

Thou art the Buddha! We sing thy praise!

Through thy great love will all be raised.

Thou show'st the way will evermore

Lead all to blessed Nirvana's shore.

Prince Siddartha—

Farewell friends now,—I go to teach new law.

To teach to all mankind all that I saw.

(Exit Prince Siddartha)

Evil Eye—

Prince Discontent keep Buddha close.

His teaching will so popular be

That priest-craft soon will it oppose.

Corrupt his monks—The King too see.

Queen Justice—

Dost thou wish no release from burning pain,  
But wouldst thou sink and always sink again?

Evil Eye—

When mortals' aid we have will conquer Day  
—Then shall we win to Chaos the soonest  
way!

(Exeunt)

## SCENE VI.

Open Field—Several Traders and Attendants.

First Trader—

Prince Siddartha, now the great Buddha,  
comes this way with his disciples.

Second Trader—

Let us stay to hear him. I think to join his  
creed.

(Enter Prince Siddartha with Disciples.)

Prince Siddartha—

I see my soul, in ages gone, in mist involved;  
See it form-clad emerge, and see this form  
dissolved.

Again it takes new form—Its dress again  
decays;

It throws off present clay;—Wears forms of  
future days.

Still, still it passes on.—Wears forms of every  
hue;

Takes that of pleasing sound, then light that  
days renew.

A plant, a shrub, a tree, a flower now forms its  
gown;

Then force that mountains moves is changed  
for softest down.

Its form now runs a stream where it as ser-  
pent hissed,

—On runs this stream of life—again dissolves  
in mist.

And thus from mean to grand, as well as  
grand to mean,

Through every state of life—from seen to  
what's unseen,

Goes on the endless round. No Gods can  
check or stay,—

No prayer from man to Gods can hold it for  
a day.

Each life by will alone, alone itself can teach,  
Alone itself can guide a higher life to reach.

Can through kind deeds and aid, tow'rds man,  
tow'rds beast and all,

Save backward step of life.—Can rise instead  
of fall.

Can reach perfection's shore; find rest for  
tired soul.

Can find Nirvana's shrine—life's peaceful,  
restful goal.

Then teach to every man how he the goal may  
reach;

How he the law may know, how he the law  
may teach.

How endless, ceaseless, strife—how time, old  
age, and pain,

Nirvana's rest subdues, Nirvana doth enchain.  
Each man's belief respect,—thus strengthen  
ye your own.

Help both with heart and hand; Worth judge  
by worth alone.

The good alone transmit; With good the bad  
repel.

—With good ye'll conquer earth—With good  
redeem e'en hell.

Thus Telepah, whose soul now lives in this  
poor clay,

Would teach to all through me. Thus teach  
to end of day.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE VII.

Benares\*

A Common in the City.

A Concourse of People, Old and Young. Brah-  
mans, Princes, Traders, Mendicants, etc.  
Maids and Youths Waiving Boughs  
and Banners.

Song by Populace.

Hail to Buddha! To Buddha hail!  
He comes the law to teach  
That leads all to Nirvana's vale,  
Where death no one can reach.  
Where life will sleep the sleep of bliss,  
Where death no more shall be;  
Where sorrow ends; where pain's end is;  
Where all sleep tranquilly.  
(Enter during the song, Prince Siddartha and  
his Disciples, followed by Yasodhara. The  
Disciples make room for Yasodhara who

\* Writers on Buddha and Buddhism claim Benares as the city where Prince Siddartha, the Buddha, first preached, or, in the consecrated phrase, "turned the wheel of the law," Prince Siddartha, the accepted founder of Buddhism, is supposed to have taught about the sixth century B. C. He was the son of Sudhodona, king of Kapilavastu. Kapilavastu is a few days journey north of Benares.

takes her place at the feet of Prince Siddartha, remaining there during the discourse.)

Prince Siddartha—

There is a place of tranquil rest,  
That every man who will may find;  
There is a law reveals a state  
Gives blissful rest to tired mind.  
I am come here the way to show,  
The path, that leads to peaceful rest;  
Where birth and death shall rule no more,  
—Where life with sleep shall shall e'er be  
blessed.

To reach this shore soul must be king:—  
Must body teach how to obey,  
Then through deep meditation will  
Pure thought alone end sorrow's sway.  
Despairing man cries out aloud  
Why doth old age weigh all with care?  
Oh why is pain, why sorrow's tears?  
Oh why are ills no man ought bear?  
—Why am I here? Why must I live?  
And why must death o'ertake my clay?  
—The origin of all is birth,  
Nirvana ends its troubled sway.

Wouldst thou then find Nirvana's shrine  
And thus repose for soul attain,  
Then learn the rule of life that leads  
Thy higher self to rest's domain.  
That first, supreme, and hallowed law  
"Thy father heed" this first obey.  
Seek not in frivolous garb to find  
The road to rest.—To pomp say nay.  
Choose not rich food nor drink,—but plain;  
Debauch not soul nor worth with gold.  
Sing not in ribald mind, nor crave  
What is not thine through worth of soul.  
Thou shalt not curse, nor foul words use;  
Thy neighbor not with word abuse.  
No man shalt thou with tongue annoy;  
Nor shall lust e'en thy thoughts abuse.  
Shed thou no blood—'twould curse thy soul.  
False oath swear not nor speak mean lie.  
Recline not in luxurious ease;  
Wrong thou no one—nor low, nor high.  
Not these commands alone obeyed  
With scrupulous care, will show the way.  
Thou must, in deeds, show fellow love,  
Show charity—give aid each day.  
Must make amends for every wrong;  
With fellow man must patient be.

Must have more love for all than self  
—Thou livest for all—each lives for thee.  
Must be resigned when fortune frowns,  
Make peace when man in anger quarrels;  
In kindly deeds thy days must pass,  
With courage face life's lowering squalls.  
In purity of thought alone  
Meet friend and foe—meet wife and child,  
To teach and guide—to aid and cheer  
Each with kind deeds and counsel mild.  
Pure thought's soul's highest faculty,  
The mightiest of all its forces.  
Obey thought's rules,—Nirvana reach,  
Rest there from life—its troubled courses.  
(Prince Siddartha stoops down and raises  
Yasodhara.) (Exeunt)



ACT III.

Scene I.

A Common in Mecca

Harra Alone—Time, 7th Century A. D.

Harra—

Swayed by the Muse to thoughts sublime,  
Thoughts harmonized to beauty's power,  
Thoughts synchronized to throbs divine  
That stirs man's heart like summer shower,  
Stirs Arab's home of yellow sand;  
To thoughts more clear than rarest sky,  
I, Harra, who my past have scanned,  
Hold Tel'pah's soul—seek mankind's joy.  
No form I held throughout past ages  
Hath changed the purpose of my stay,  
For still I seek in nature's pages  
To find for man contentment's day.  
Love teaching Buddha clearly saw,  
When his clay held great Tel'pah's soul,  
That clay-form, to obey the law,  
Must subject be to soul's control.  
He saw that soul to soul reveals  
Thoughts that to form of clay seem flawed.  
Clay thus bedims—Form thought conceals.

Beyond my clay seek I the law.

(Fairies appear during the following lines)

In tales of tender deeds of love,  
In verse, in song of powers high,  
There lies a charm that finds above  
Contented, lasting, endless joy.  
Oh Muse! To thee I sing—I pray,  
To thee I consecrate my soul;  
For fellowman on earth I stay  
To aid him find thy heavenly goal.  
To teach him music of the wind;  
The rhymic shift of desert sand.  
The harmony that he may find  
In night illumed by starlight grand.  
In light of moon—In light of sun,  
Its tints with which it paints each tree,  
The hill-tops, fields, the streams that run  
Refreshing cool through land tow'rds sea.  
The music of the night to teach him,  
—How melody of tired sound,  
Like man himself—fatigued in limb,  
Is restfully in slumber bound.

The music of the infant's coo,  
Held close by mother's fond embrace;  
Of childish voice that gladdens you

In palace as in desert waste ;  
Of tuneful shouts, high keyed and strong,  
As Arab youths their camels start ;  
Of laughter peals, clear, ringing, long,  
From desert queen's pure, joyful heart ;  
Of sidelong look, of maiden blush  
As youth and maid as lovers meet ;  
Of careful move, of reverent hush  
With which young pair their first-born greet ;  
Of father's pride, his praise, good cheer,  
When course of time brings son to son ;  
Of mother's fret, of mother's fear  
As daughter gives her lord his own ;  
Of age with youth upon its knee,—  
In song, in verse, in tale 'twould reach  
Concurrent joys—again youth be—  
Then happily die—This do I teach.

Song by Fairies—

Responsive to thy songs of love,  
Thy tales of aid, thy verse of cheer,  
True heart, in joy given from above,  
Be, love confessed, thy helpmate dear.

True will she be in love through life ;  
Through endless time thine will she be.  
Brave will she face with thee life's strife,

Share pleasure days—Bring joy to thee.  
(Enter Shamgar.)

Shamgar—

Jerusalem! Jerusalem! With heavy heart,  
In sorrow, grief, and pain, did I from thee  
depart.

'Mongst peoples strange must Israel now raise  
its cry

To God of Abraham—Jehova Thou on High.  
Thou Lord Supreme hear us! Look kindly  
on our plea;

Give us Thy Holy City—there to worship  
Thee.

Distressed we call on Thee in prayer, in verse,  
in song,

“Our sins forgive,—in patience have we suf-  
fered long;

In anger smite no longer; Call us home once  
more,

Devout to worship there, and praise Thee  
evermore.”

Song by Fairies—

Through greed didst thou Jerusalem lose;

Didst Mammon for Jehova choose.

Doomed art to wander here and there,

Without a kingdom anywhere ;  
A race oppressed until that day  
When brother-love all men shall sway.  
Then shall thy worth lend mankind might  
When worth 'gainst wealth finds which is  
right.

(Fairies disappear, enter Mohammed)

Mohammed—

There was revealed to me, in dream last night,  
In Sacred Mecca here should greet my sight  
An Arab, from the Yemen land afar,  
Who's Harra called, and an Israelite Shamgar.

Harra—

I'm Harra and do from the desert hail.

Shamgar—

Shamgar I'm called—a son of Israel.

Mohammed—

My dream did say an Astrolog wert thou  
Whom stars informed what each portends,  
and how. ..

That thou art great with riches blessed.—

Both wise ;

Both scholars, versed in that man mystifies.

Harra—

Thy dream concerning me is part correct;  
I note the stars.—On matters grave reflect.

Shamgar—

Much of my time have I in study spent  
To find the way to God; Some things of value  
lent.

Mohammed—

The worldly man in weakness and in sin is  
wrapt;  
Has little thought of soul—through demon's  
wiles 'tis trapped.  
Knows not true God, His law, nor Prophet  
whom He sends;  
To image vile of wood, of stone, of clay he  
bends.  
No thought of God Supreme claims his im-  
mortal soul,  
But fast idolatry in heathen bonds it holds.  
Revealed there was to me, in troubled dream  
the law  
That mankind will redeem.—Shalt know all  
that I saw.  
My dreams command my aid, and thus with  
word, with sword

I shall, with deeds, obey command of Him,  
our Lord.

Will ye my purpose speed? Wilt give me  
kindly aid?

Wilt me assistance lend? Help on the plans  
I've laid?

To thee Oh Judah's son, whom here the Lord  
doth call,

—Thou know'st the God Supreme who rules  
alone o'er all—

Of chosen race art thou whom godless laws  
outdone,—

To thee I promise aid—Will help thee to  
thine own.

But thou, oh desert son, who prays in verse  
and tale,

And song to heathen gods, who 'gainst the  
true God rail,

Dost thou not see there is a power controls  
e'en stars?

No heathen God can show who rules both  
Mote and Mars.

Harra—

Of heathenism the desert children are the  
heirs,

A belief in many Gods, in many Shades is  
theirs.

Yet still would man in utter darkness sleep  
disturbed

Had not from out the desert Reason's voice  
been heard.

It built the cities, towns—Made rich the fields,  
their yield;

The song sings stream 'gainst burdened ship  
our Muse first pealed.

The music of the stars we were the first to  
feel,

Man's tired soul and body we the first to heal.

To us the truth of God in all was first made  
clear,

And how through Gods He works,—each God  
in fittest sphere.

Mohammed—

Forgive if I did thee offend.

Thy God who rules,—doth power lend

To lesser Gods, to me is new.

Our aim 's alike. Be we friends true.

Let us unite. Join ye with me

And thus shall we joint victors be.



Harra—

I sing soul's endless joy when this life's race  
is run,  
Therefore let desert God and God of all be  
one.

Abu Al—Kasim\* I'll spread the word  
To thee shall lend the desert sword.

(Exit Harra)

Shamgar—

We are agreed, there 's but one God, He rules  
supreme.  
Tax well my aid.—For Judah much shall little  
seem.

(Enter Messenger)

Messenger—

Allah be praised! Medina worships Allah and  
hath declared for thee, Oh Mohammed.

Mohammed—

God is God and Mohammed is His Prophet.

(Exit Messenger)

Thou hast studied deep all Sacred Writ.  
Wouldst read with me thy law?

\* Abu Al-Kasim,—Name adopted by Mohammed.

Shamgar—

Come to my tent hard by. My time is at thy  
service.

(Exit Mohammed with Shamgar)

SCENE II.

Same—Enter Harra and Indrani.

Arabs are Heard Singing.

Harra—

Hear the glad songs, the joyous peals  
With which our friends our nuptial seal.  
True Arab sons, true desert kings;  
Ride horse as swift as eagle wings.  
Sing songs that give to all good cheer;  
They are our friends.—They love us dear.

Indrani dear, beloved wife,  
We beat the path of joyful life.  
Our home is vast,—The desert wide,  
Whose yellow sands now softly sigh;  
Now raise their voice,—now loudly roar—  
Then loud song dies—lives soft once more.

So is life's song. It changes quick.  
Sings vigorous health—then feebly, sick.  
Sings boisterous now through life's young  
dream,  
More temperate air when youth we've seen  
With age life's song shows loss of zest;  
At end it drops to quiet rest.

Indrani—

There is a joy,—'tis mortal's own  
To Gods themselves it is unknown.  
On earth alone it has its home,  
'Tis there it thrives,—'tis there its sown.  
To voice its praise, describe its bliss,  
Words are too poor,—thoughts all amiss.  
Thus but with fault can loving heart,  
E'en to ourselves love's joy impart.  
By man is sown in woman's breast  
This rarest jewel e'er mortals blessed.

Thou my heart's lord, O Harra mine,  
Gave me the jewel made my heart thine.  
Thy manly self; Thy loving heart;  
Thy kindly deeds—like love god's dart,  
Outstripping wind, outstripping mind,—  
Did love's new germ in my heart find.

Thy songs of love, the aid didst shower  
On need, gave to my love new power.  
Still I but prate.—To prove to thee  
My love, shall my life's duty be.

Harra—

Sweet my love. Rest here awhile, I will re-  
turn within the hour.

Mohammed's pledge discharged I hasten back  
to love's sweet bower.

(Exit Harra, enter Iras.)

Indrani—

This toy dear Iras take. Let it thee of this  
day remind,

When lord thou hast, finds true thy heart, as  
Harra mine shall find.

(Gives Iras a dagger.)

Iras—

An Arab youth holds fast my heart in love  
still unconfessed;

Choose he me not, by this thy gift, I swear I  
die unblessed.

(Enter Mohammed.)

Mohammed—

Arabia's fairest desert Queen,  
In vision of dazzling splendor  
Allah, by chosen mortals seen,  
Bid me thee a message tender.  
Thus spake my Lord:—"Indrani,  
Godlike Queen of Yemen's desert plane  
Shalt know. The issue, Halabi,  
My Prophet, King of earth shall reign."

Indrani—

Thou lustful fiend! Prate not to me  
Of visions seen that love decry.  
I'm Harra's wife! Nor God nor thee  
Can shame my lord. Dost foully lie!

Mohammed—

This Sacred City, Mecca, 's mine.  
Medina too my rule obeys.  
With force I'll take thee,—thou and thine,  
Call what thou wilt my passion plays.  
(Indrani takes dagger from Iras.)

Indrani—

Hold! Stay! The breath of hair but move  
And this keen edge shall search thy heart,—

Shall send thy soul where it may prove  
Its hellish birth, its demon start.  
Thou prat'st of creed—of law. Dost say  
Wouldst soul true God, true Heaven show,  
Whilst here in lust wouldst rotting lay  
In foulest sin, and no God know.  
Our desert sands sound clear the call  
Heard by each man of all our tribe,  
"From purity nor swerve, nor fall,  
Nor shall in soul lust's thought abide."  
Another law my people know,—  
Some call it heathen,—some divine—  
Yet fear it all when Arabs show,  
For cause, that "Eye for Eye is mine!"  
Arise! Lord Harra's friends, Arise!  
Revenge, call I, his wife! Revenge!  
This monster kill! —His laws despise!—  
He seeks Lord Harra's bed. Revenge!  
(Enter Mohammed and Harra forces fighting.  
Exit Indrani and Iras. Mohammed escapes.  
Exit soldiers fighting. Enter Shamgar and  
several Jews.)

First Jew—

Our heavy curse be on his soul.  
He robbed us all and now hath fled.

Other Jews—

Fled to Medina with our gold.

Gone all our gold. All he hath bled.

(Exit Jews.)

Shamgar—

Shamgar thou didst commit a wrong.

'Twill surely bear its punishment.

For Israel's good a mind more strong,

With judgment clear should here been sent.

Thy gold is gone.—Wert but poor Jew

Didst not know what that means 'mongst men.

It came from honest trade, 'tis true.

New trade and fair must find again.

In youth a man in Israel

Taught thee: "Be just; Do no man harm;

With aid for Judah never fail;

Defend the weak; Make kind strong arm.

Fear Abram's God,—His laws obey;

Free aid thy friend,—and aid thy foe

When need, when want makes sore his stay.

Smite e'en thy friend who lust would sow!

Such fiends are not for earth,—but hell."

Son art thou of this man, Shamgar!

And now this hell—hound's yell

Didst gild for most unholy war!

Cursed\* be each piece he holds from me,  
And what it buys whilst he it use;  
Disease, despair and misery  
It shall him bring, and false friends choose.  
No man shall him true friendship give,  
No one good will's kind favors lend;  
In constant fear shall mean he live,  
Pursued by foe—betrayed by friend.  
His sensual creed shall sap the life  
From out his blood—from out his tribes;  
To his last wish men shall object,—  
Scorn him at death,—laugh at his prayers;  
Without a friend,—without respect,  
Shall he complete unloved his days.

\* Portions of Shamgar's curse refer to the deplorable rottenness of eastern, Mohammedan, states in our day. That a religion which insults wife and motherhood by granting to the husband, and that on his mere whim, the power to divorce his wife by simply saying to her "Thou art divorced" or "I divorce thee" degrades society through its baneful influences is beyond all argument. To the credit of the Moslems, however, be it said, that, although there are above 130,000,000 who profess Islam, the number of real and thorough believers is infinitely small.

Other portions of Shamgar's curse refer to Mohammed personally, as for example that his last wishes shall be ignored. During his last sickness, and shortly before his death, Mohammed asked for writing materials for the purpose of naming his successor to the office of chief of the faithful. Omar -Abu-Hafsa-Ibn-Al-Kettab, the second caliph of the Moslems, and at the time of Mohammed's death a Moslem warrior and apostle—fearing that Mohammed desired to choose Ali, the son of Zaid, Mohammed's favorite slave, as his successor, while he, Omar, inclined to Abu Bekr, would not allow the writing materials to be furnished. Abu Bekr succeeded Mohammed, and was later succeeded by Omar, as the leader of the faithful.



And after death then may his soul  
Meet thee, O Lord, the giver of life;—  
May thy just wrath dismayed behold,—  
Confronted be by Harra's wife.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE III.

Medina—Room in Palace.

Mohammed Alone—Time Night.

Mohammed—

To passion and to falsehood given,  
Whilst I in sin would reach earth's helm,  
In shame was I from Mecca driven  
On dreams of aid from Evil's realm.  
On dreams that me with victory crowned,—  
Made man obey, like slave, my law;  
That me with wealth and power gowned;—  
Gave wives of beauty man ne'er saw,  
To cheer my days, my nights to charm,  
My blood to thrill with rapturous bliss;  
While demons cried "Souls save or harm,  
We give man power makes pleasure his."

As bright stars shine in dreams since had  
Bard Harra and Shamgar the Jew.  
They both charge Shades with motives bad,—  
Claim that from God they curses drew.  
Nor can the Shades the charm dispel  
That holds, in dreams, their forms or mind,—  
E'en Beelzebub, from depest hell,  
Controls them not—nor all his kind.

In Mecca Jew taught me some things  
'Bout Abram's God are good to weigh:—  
Showed God is just;—With pure joy wings  
He cycles of soul's endless day.  
The desert bard's astrology  
Proves of great value to my plan:—  
He took from stars my destiny—  
Fixed me in spheres that wars command,  
Where I shall final victor be.  
Both Harra and Shamgar are right.  
O Lord on High why must in me  
Sway passion's and ambition's might?  
Why must at night, in trembling fear  
Of demon dreams, I lose rest's force?  
Oh why be plagued by demon's cheer?  
Why tempted from soul's righteous course?  
O Lord lend to my clay the aid

Will frustrate demon's tempting wiles ;  
Will give success to plans I've laid  
Of leading man where heaven smiles.

(Mohammed reclines on a couch. Enter Prince  
Beelzebub, Prince Lust as Desire, Prince  
Ambition as Hope, Prince Discontent as  
Pleasure, and Impo.)

Prince Beelzebub—

This weakling, clown, would rule the earth,—  
Give for this end revised creed birth,  
Hence are we here in demon mirth  
To mold change creed to hellish worth.  
'Tis hardly worth our pains to make  
Ado about this wanton rake ;  
So vulgar he, so gross, would take  
For creed what will King Lust awake.

Collected creed that 's mainly vice  
We'll therefore with Ambition spice ;  
To this add Lust, transformed 'na trice  
To clay-form that he holds is nice.  
No pains we'll take, but make Lust gross ;  
His lecherous eye sees naught but gloss.  
Purge creeds of good.—Add thereto dross.  
Revision be our gain—God's loss.

The Arab Bard, and friend the Jew,  
Through Tel'pah's power, have access to  
Our court with friends, therefore we'll rue  
Were errors made would us undo.  
So thou Prince Lust, and Prince Despair  
Lend aid, Ambition's Prince, with care.  
Thou pinch his chest—his vitals crimp,  
Cramp close his clay, thou Hypnu's Imp.

Mohammed— (Dreaming.)  
Oh Horrors! To hell for licentious sin  
I'm falling with force that 's from Chaos pro-  
cured.

Loud curses resound with such terrible din  
As my fearful senses have never endured.  
Death's bones and death's skulls I see all  
around me;—

With the sharp, burning fangs of its fleshless  
hands

It rips off my flesh. And foul Demons hound  
me,

While they bind me secure in barbed fiery  
bands.

Above calls a voice while I'm thus torture  
crammed,

“Adulterous mortal! Forever art dammed!”

Souls of hellish Furies, I unsanctified,  
Now tear from their sockets my hot burning  
          eyes;

Souls of nameless Eunuchs whom I sullified,  
Now burn out my entrails 'midst hideous cries.  
A legion of Demons, each holding a spear  
Wherewith to empale me, below me appear.  
Christ's works I confounded—His power de-  
          nied;—

Decried Him as Savior who 's King of the  
          Cross;—

Belittled the Master whom sin crucified;  
And thus through my wrong is sweet peace  
          my soul's loss.

Prince Beelzebub—

This charm 'gainst pain of soul for sin  
That man commits,—'twas sent from hell  
And sold, for gold, by priest to king,—  
Will vision of his dream dispel.

(Hands kingly robe to attendants who cover  
Mohammed therewith. Enter Demons as  
Dervishes.)

Song and dance by Demons as Dervishes—  
O Prince of Night through Prophet speak,

Mohammed thou my Prophet make.  
Mohammed who doth power seek,  
Let him Constantinople take.  
Make him the King of all the world.  
Give him earth's wealth; His harems fill  
With beauty's forms.—Let there be hurled  
To death all who oppose his will.

Prince Beelzebub—

Mohammed rise! Mohammed see!  
Mohammed know in clay-form's dream  
What mortal man wists not shall be:—  
What 's still unknown, what 's still unseen.  
In spirit shalt thou clear behold  
How Islam thee shall raise o'er all.  
There shall to thee be now foretold  
Constantinople's foredoomed fall;  
Shown strength of thy great, mighty mind;  
The magic of thy awful word;  
How on this earth none of mankind  
Shall with success oppose thy sword.  
How mortals all shall conquered be,  
Shall be thy slaves,—thy laws obey,  
Shall for thee strive;—Its maidens be  
Thy passion field, to end of day.  
Until that time thy spirit stay

When shall Constantinople be  
Islam's,—then take its pleasure sway  
To Islam's rich voluptuous sea.

Song and dance by Demons as Dervishes—  
We greet thee O King Mohammed!  
Thy glory we sing Mohammed!  
To praise thy rule on earth O King,  
Thy power o'er man and maids, we sing.  
Thine own war's victory shall be,  
All of earth's lands; On earth each sea.  
Gold, silver, gems, and Ox Belam  
Shalt own, and each fair beauty charm.

(Exit Dervishes.)

Prince Beelzebub—  
Thou now shall pass, in changeful gown,  
Through span of time our will to know.  
Ask not what days, what years, what round  
Events count here that come and go:—  
Eternal we.—No time we see.  
Slow day of man but thou alone  
Canst quick.—Canst to thy victory  
Slow motion change,—to high speed tone.  
This to effect both hand and heart  
Need but to do, need but to teach

What we command, what we impart—  
Then, soonest done soon joy wilt reach.  
First for thy creed must feign souls love.  
Build that part on elastic plan.  
Name Allah thou thy God above,—  
Who foreordains for every man  
His soul's last day.—Then give thy lambs  
Some Angels of mythology :—  
For this change names and minor shams  
Of Persian Angelology.

(Enter Harra and Shamgar.)

Shamgar—

These fiends would give to thee a creed  
Which thou to thy desire may'st fit.  
In thy own soul grow thou no seed  
That suits to whim most holy Writ.  
To mortal's soul right not deny  
To live a life will lead to rest.  
Faith's forms, nor prayers to Him most High  
Change fact that all pure souls are blessed.

Mohammed—

Thou here again Shamgar the Jew?  
And Harra thou?—Leave me or lose



Thy life for pains. Medina's true,—  
'Twill stand by me.—At once both choose.

Harra—

I am the frame holds Tel'pah's soul.  
No power o'er me, my friend, my wife,  
Hast thou. Nor harm can Demon bold,  
Nor thou, nor man our form, our life.

Mohammed—

Art thou the Prophet I would be?  
And dost thou hold a life that 's charmed?  
Can not thy power lend aid to me  
Through which he and his friend be harmed?

Prince Beelzebub—

An old decree his soul assigned  
Some work, and charmed his soul, his life.  
Needst them not heed,—Do us but mind,  
We'll well prepare thee for thy strife.

Mohammed—

Say on:—About new creed give more.  
—How old with new be best combined;  
How peoples all shall me adore;  
How quick desire shall solace find.

Prince Beelzebub—

Wouldst thou Shamgar for Allah win,  
Then Angels less, more grossly formed,—  
Peri, Takvins, Div, and such Jin\*  
That die, must thou through prayer reform.  
For Arab aid restore some God  
Of their's that thou didst overthrow;—  
Man cannot well with iron rod  
Rule all until great strength he show.  
Thy fellowman make sweat for thee;  
Take all he earns by teaching him  
“God loves the poor,—They'll heaven see.  
The meek he loves—The starving thin.”\*  
Teach woman that for man alone  
Is she on earth,—That she 's man's slave;  
That she must be 'tout tear or moan  
Man's passion vassal naught can save.  
'Gainst petty thief and robber chief,

\* Peri—Faries Takvins—Fates. Div. Giants Jin—Genii.

\* Starving Thin.--According to Mohammedan doctrine the poor will enter Paradise five hundred years before the rich, a d hell is inhabited principally by women. Women are not of a prominently spiritual nature as may be judged from the following story of the prophet and the old woman: Mohammed answered the prayer of an old woman, who begged him to intercede with God that she might be admitted to Paradise, by telling her that old women were not allowed in Paradise, which caused her to weep. Mohammed thereupon offered as a further explanation that they, the old women, would first be made young again.

—Except in share paid thee, be lame.  
Take from all creeds,—each man's belief  
That which accords and add the same.

Shamgar—

Is in damnation point or term  
Transforms doomed soul to fiend like thee?  
Is there a hell can breed a germ  
Evolves to such monstrosity?  
Pure wert thou when first called to life,  
'Fore God Supreme created birth,  
And now wouldst aid ambition's strife?  
And foulest lust to rule the earth?

To speed thy purpose thou wouldst take  
From Sacred Writ poetic jewels,  
Of symbol, allegoric make,  
And change into dogmatic tools.  
Mother's trust in God wouldst smother,  
Scorn the love her prayers demand?  
"Heed thy father; Heed thy mother;  
Love them," is God's most stern command.  
Fond mother's care, her tender love—  
E'er guiding man—thou wouldst undo?  
Mohammed know great God above  
Gives no vile laws through Prophets true.

Mohammed—

Thy creed suits me if thou amend  
Some minor parts, and show its joys.  
The Jews dare I not now offend  
Whilst fresh the force of Mecca's voice.

Prince Beelzebub—

What dost thou want of women old?  
Hags are they all, vile screeching fools,  
Thy sense they dull, thy blood make cold,  
Thy marrow freeze;—are worn out tools.

Mohammed—

I have small smack for them when old,—  
But Jews Shamgar in reverence hold.

Evil Eye—

Old women bent, lamed, changed in hue,  
Maimed, wrinkled, bleached shall be made  
new.

(Enter Imps and Elves.)

Mohammed—

Now friend Shamgar find fault no more,  
This law gives woman endless youth.

Shamgar—

Thy lust rules thee. For heaven's shore  
Thou seekst but passion's field,—not truth.

Song by Imps and Elves—

O woman thou 'mongst mortals blessed  
Live joyous life, nor long for rest  
When "Kosmeo" hides age no more,  
And men more youthful maids adore;  
When frame begins to fail and shake—  
Makes rougish Cupid laughing quake.

Chorus—

For know it is fore'er decreed  
"Thou shalt at once from age be freed,  
Made young again to pierce the heart  
Of fickle love with Cupid's dart."

O wrinkled maid, with lover's curl,—  
Dear bought and charmed in magic whirl;  
With aged-squeaked voice and weakened  
sight,—

To Islamite forbidding fright.  
Do not repine, do not despair,  
At will thou shalt be young and fair,

Chorus—

For know it is fore'er decreed  
"Thou shalt at once from age be freed,  
Made young again to pierce the heart  
Of fickle love with Cupid's dart."

This boon is thine as thy just due,  
With pleasure life forever new ;  
With love, and song of endless bliss,  
Where flight of time thou shalt not miss ;  
Where wrinkled age shall ne'er be thine,  
If thou Mohammed's faith but join.

Chorus—

For know it is fore'er decreed  
"Thou shalt at once from age be freed,  
Made young again to pierce the heart  
Of fickle love with Cupid's dart."

(Exit Imps and Elves.)

Prince Beelzebub—

We'll now to future joys attend.  
Prince Pleasure, Hope, and Prince Desire  
Ye can in this assistance lend.—  
Art masters;—Do what's grand admire.  
Plan feasts! Plan revels without end

That senses quick,—blood sets afire!  
In this great scheme I recommend  
That we, united, all conspire.\*

Prince Ambition—

In heaven high each follower's soul  
Shall eighty thousand servants own;  
But who in faithfulness excells  
Shall rule vast multitudes alone.

\*The following pertaining to the felicities awaiting the pious when admitted to Paradise, are adapted from Mohammedanism, supplemented by Mohammed's own exceedingly sensual imagination: The most gorgeous and delicious variety of feasting, brilliant garments, music, odors, and above all the enjoyment of the black-eyed daughters of Paradise, the Hur Al Oyun, who, it is claimed, are created of pure musk and are not subject to any of the bodily weaknesses of the female sex are among the rewards of all who are admitted to Paradise, where the faithful will always remain in full vigor of youth and manhood. "The whole earth will be as one loaf of bread, which God will reach to them like a cake; for meat they will have the ox Balam and the fish Nun, the lobes of whose livers will suffice seventy thousand men. Every believer will have eighty thousand servants, and seventy-two girls of Paradise, besides his own former wives, if he should wish for these, and a large tent of pearls, jacinths and emeralds; three hundred dishes of gold shall be set before each guest at once, and the last morsel will be grateful as the first. Wine will be permitted, and will flow copiously, without inebriating. The righteous will be clothed in the most precious silk and gold, and will be crowned with crowns of the most resplendent pearls and jewels, etc., etc." See Moslem creed, Koran and Mohammedanism.

The Koran—also known under the name of Al-Kitab, i. e. the book, in the sense of "Bible"—is, according to the Moslem creed, "coeval with God, uncreated, eternal. Its first transcript was written from the beginning in rays of light upon a gigantic tablet resting by the throne of the Almighty. \* \* \* A copy to it, in a book bound in white silk, jewels and gold, was brought down to the lowest heaven by the angel Gabriel, in the blissful and mysterious night of Al-Khadr, in the month of Ramadan."

The month of Ramadan is the ninth month in the Mohammedan year.

Prince Discontent—

Of sacred, seasoned meat and fish  
There be each day a thousand plates.  
Of Angel's food, of nuts and fruit,  
Of wine that not inebriates  
But wakens pleasures,—thrills, calls soul  
To active joys, to maddening bliss,  
There be, and served to all, no end.  
For each true Islamite be this.

Prince Lust—

Luxurious maids of Paradise  
Did God create,—secured 'gainst ills.  
Of musk he made them, eager willed  
To surge through man sweet rapture thrills.  
In mien, in look, in form made them,  
In movement, limb, in grace divine;  
In passion's force—in love—supreme,  
In beauty's charm made them sublime.  
Black eager eyes, by passion swayed,—  
Now sparkling love, now twinkling bliss,  
Entranced to hold enchant their lord,—  
Spell-bind him fast to pleasures his,  
He gave them with soft, velvet skin,  
Long wavy, hair, voluptuous lips,



# T E L E P A H

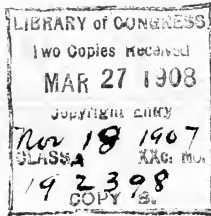


A DRAMATIC POEM

BY J. A. SALICK  
"



VOLUME III.



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It should be expressly understood that any and all kinds of performances of this play are forbidden unless consent is first obtained from the author.

J. A. Salick.

Watertown, Wis., October 28, 1907.

Limbs supple, strong—forms luring graced  
With curves from toes to fingertips.  
Of these sweet girls of Paradise  
Not less than two and seventy,  
Besides each wife he loves, shall own  
Each Islamite eternally.

Prince Beelzebub—

Nor God, nor man, nor art improves  
The splendor of the morning star!  
And wouldst thou change the picture drawn  
Of endless bliss thou'dst it but mar.  
So let us end, with fitting song,  
The work that now we have in hand  
Of suiting creed and its rewards;  
Complete it 's now.—Well is all planned.

Harra—

From out the desert cries a voice  
O'er which thy power hath no control.  
An Arab voice,—keyed heathen please,  
If by that term ye suit the soul.  
This voice a song of love, of art,  
Of poetry and kindness sings;—  
Would deeds of man to reason tune,  
Would soar tow'rds light on knowledge wings.

This voice, that sings in cadence low,  
Then mounts to power that thunder shames ;  
Now tunes itself to measure slow,  
Then fiery dart of lightning tames ;  
That infant lulls to quiet sleep,—  
Protects the man—Shields him from harm,  
—Clothes, feeds, and doth him sheltered  
keep ;—

The voice that's nature's strongest arm ;  
This voice is thought!—King Reason! and  
Pure thought's grand harmony its lay!  
Great Tel'pah now I understand  
Why pure thought pure thou wouldst convey.

In this degrading, shameless creed,  
That ye here now would promulgate,  
Love sings no song. Lust and its seed  
It sows in soul—and deadly hate.  
For conquest and ambition's strife,  
For passion's rule,—advancement's check,  
Ye have laid down a rule of life  
Would Reason scorn.—With jewels deck  
Each man who would to shams bend low  
His higher self ;—Who would accept  
As fact, that, which his mind doth know

Is false, and doth as such reject.  
From Arab's sons there still shall come,  
—Our yellow sands will ever sing—  
The songs our people ever sung,  
That through all age will ever ring.  
Thought's keenest quests that science prefer,  
—Its yields, its fruits, in facts, in deeds,—  
These songs they give thought active stir,  
And thus lend man the aid he needs.

Prince Ambition—

Ambition rules. 'Tout this incentive  
Mankind gains neither weight nor power.  
Scientific fools but undermine  
Foundation of its splendid tower.

Prince Discontent—

Scientific clowns, they, who for knowledge  
Promiscuously would sow the seed.  
Despair but crowns all thinking mortals  
Who life from facts alone would read.

Prince Lust—

Absurd who sing  
Presumptive song of thine  
Lust's rule to lame.

Man know thy King!  
Unfettered at all time  
Let Passion reign.

Prince Beelzebub—  
Thy desert songs, its poetry,  
Its tales, its knowledge quests are vain.  
Man's not insensible to joy,  
And selfishly would happiness gain.  
E'en thou thyself wilt not deny  
That poet's art, scientific thought,  
Thy Muse—which would new creed decry,  
With selfish aim e'er homage sought.  
And that thy claim of harmony,—  
Deductions drawn 'bout synchronism,—  
Must all include or ever be  
A fancy dream—mere sham—a schism.

To Time, with man's impunity,  
Thy Muse adapts eternal shores;  
Subjects to rule of unity  
What suits its whim—the rest ignores.  
Thy Science deals of subjects deep,—  
Seeks knowledge that from man is hid;  
Its own commands it doth not keep;—  
On each new fad it rides when bid.

Harra—

Rhythmus ruled when Chaos slumbered  
And softly woke, with feeble beat,  
Confused life-germs—not e'en numbered.  
The germs, grown hale through motion's heat  
Which measured time, in strengthening force.  
Hath willing lent, evolved to form  
That shaped the Universe:—That course  
Where harmony and life conform.  
This harmony which rules each star,—  
Its synchrony e'en governing hell;  
Its melody,— blends near and far,—  
This thou wouldst say no song shall tell?  
Absurd thy charge that, selfishly,  
Man seeks from Muse and Knowledge aid  
To find that which man cannot see,  
Nor know lest he have effort made.  
Thy mocking rail 'gainst Unity,—  
Concurrent vibes, from which arose  
The force controls star's destiny,  
Is cant, wherewith thou'dst cause oppose.

Mind's dignity the force shall hold  
The spirit of great Telepah;  
And thus in verse, in tale—retold,  
Muse, Knowledge, both, sing I Harra.

And with me sing all Arab's sons,  
Each single grain of yellow sand,  
Each hill-top and each stream that runs,  
All nature's works throughout the land.  
Each planet, star, all heavens above,  
Each ray of light—paints rainbow's charm—  
All powers that are sing songs of love  
That still mean strife,—all hate disarm.  
All sing the tales of kindness deeds  
Unselfish done to fellowman;  
How Reason King sowed Knowledge seeds,—  
Gave birth to truth—On false laid ban.  
These songs wouldst still? Vain Demon Shade  
Thou reckst not with unthinking minds!  
No desert child so grossly made  
But Knowledge, Muse,—their truth songs  
finds.\*

Mohammed—

I who do neither read or write\*

\* Truth Song Finds—At an early date a rich scientific culture prevailed among the Arabs, and much of scientific development is due to them. Among their numerous and valuable contributions to the general welfare they created chemical pharmacy, enriched literature, and, in the dark ages, together with other heathen peoples, saved ancient classical writings from irritrievable loss.

\* Neither Read Nor Write--Mohammed pretended not to understand the art of reading and writing and in all probability did not understand much of it, there can, however, be no doubt but what he dictated to a scribe many of the beautiful passages contained in the Koran.



Still scorn not song nor poetry.  
Nor do I fear that knowledge might  
Defeat my plan of mastery.  
As Mecca's loss made insecure  
My purpose earth to rule supreme  
Lest desert aid I do secure,  
Let thou his wish thy pleasure seem.

Evil Eye—

Song, Knowledge, Verse, and Poetry,  
By Allah praised, lived constantly.

Mohammed—

Speed word at once to desert tribes,  
"No desert prayer Allah denies."  
Each Arab who "Praise Allah" cries  
His soul shall live in Paradise.  
Shamgar go to thy brothers say,—  
And have words 'mongst thy people sung,  
"Each man his father shall obey;  
Old wives again shall be made young."  
Why stir ye not? Why tarry still?  
In council held we fittly gave  
Heed to Judah and Desert will:—  
Assist me now the world to save.

Shamgar—

Ambition, greed, and passions ugly sword

By Israel's God are cursed. Dost plead in  
vain.

The God of Abraham alone is Lord!—  
No God or Demon make will I proclaim.

Harra—

Thy God to desert Muse must yield the sword.  
And what thy Demon Shades unplainly cede  
Thou must thyself proclaim in deed and  
word,—

Then in our songs mayest thou assistance  
read.

(Exit Shamgar and Harra.)

Prince Beelzebub—

My legions cross the desert everywhere!  
Thy laws they cry aloud to every tribe!  
Thy Crescent banner greets Arabia's fair;  
War's thundering voice hath humbled Mec-  
can's pride!

Dispense with Shamgar's aid.—Hast Arab's  
force;

In loud acclaim, thee "Arab's Prince!" they  
call.

Thy banner waves! Begun thy mighty course!  
Thou shalt all Earth subdue!—Make Empires  
fall!

Thy spirit, held in changeful clay, behold  
Creed's brilliant splendor day, by us foretold.  
(Enter Elves immediately followed by marching soldiers.)

Song by Elves—

We are the jolly warriors' brides,  
Their elfish little maids;  
Who unseen hover by their side  
Through day and through night's shades.  
Whose form enchants their restless sleep,  
'Midst scenes of love and bliss,—  
And rapturous trysts they'd waking keep  
With Elfish little miss.

Chorus—

When loud resounds the cry of war  
That calls brave youths to arms,  
Then gather we from regions far  
To cheer them with our charms.

In battle fierce we lead the way  
To where our bower is;  
'Tis there beyond the enemy,—  
There dwells this elfish miss.  
Brave soldier fight and win,—then hie

To elfish little Fay,—  
Who waits thee there in love and joy  
To charm thee night and day.

Chorus—

When loud resounds the cry of war  
That calls brave youths to arms,  
Then gather we from regions far  
To cheer them with our charms.

Soldiers—

Allah-il-Allah! Live and rule Mohammed  
Prince of Arabia! Hail Mohammed the Pro-  
phet!

On! On! Tow'rds Constantinople!  
(Exit Elves and Soldiers.)

Prince Beelzebub—

Persia's Sassanidæ hast dealt a blow  
Avenes Envoy's death;\*—gave christian  
cause

Foretaste of Stamboul's final overthrow.

Now to Damascus,—there a while to pause.

(Exeunt.)

\* Avenges Envoy's Death—Mohammed's missionaries carried his doctrines abroad \* \* \* But Chosru Parvis, the king of Persia, and Amru the Ghassanide, rejected his proposals with scorn and the latter had the messenger executed. This was the

SCENE IV.

Damascus—Time 8th Century.

Palace of the Sultan—Mohammed's Court.

(Enter Mohammed and Prince Beelzebub.)

Prince Beelzebub—

Rejoice in Islam! Its mighty sway now rules  
supreme

Through Asia from Calpe to north Afric's  
shore extreme.\*

Abdel-Rhaman comes with slaves,—with  
treasure laden;

Brings thee jewels, silver, gold, and fairest  
maiden.

(Enter Abdel-Rhaman, Soldiers and Cap-  
tives.)

Abdel-Rhaman—

My lord. Praised be Allah and His Prophet  
thou.

cause of the first war between the Christians and the Moslems.  
—Ency.—In 651 A. D., Yezdigerd III, the last of the Sassonide  
dynasty was treacherously murdered.

\* Calpe—Pillars of Hercules at the strait of Gibraltar.

\* Shore Extreme—The Crescent, lying in a vast semi-circle  
upon the northern shore of Africa and the curvey coast of Asia,  
with one horn touching the Bosphorus and the other the Straits  
of Gibraltar, seemed about to round to the full and overspread  
all Europe.—Draper.

From where the traitorous Abi-Nassa tarried,  
From Aquatania, I arrived but now  
With treasures many slaves and camels car-  
ried.

Maidens fair and women young, see, rich  
arrayed

To charm thee. But more pure than clearest  
water,—

Sweet as girls of Paradise, in love's charm  
made,

Our gift behold:—King Eudon's matchless  
daughter.\*

(Enter Lampagie as a prisoner.)

Mohammed—

In passion's bonds let me be held

\* King Eudon's matchless daughter.—Eudes, Duke of Aquatania,—also called King Eudon,—gave his daughter Lampagie, in marriage to Othman-ben-Abi Nessa (730 A. D.) Abi-Nessa belonged to the race of Berbers whom the Romans called Moors. He was ambitious and audacious and, although no Arab, was nevertheless a Mussulman. Abi-Nessa conceived the project of making himself independent master of the district he governed and entered into negotiations with the Duke of Aquatania to secure his support. El-Hour-ben-Abdel-Rhaman, a greedy, harsh, and cruel leader of the Arab's informed of Abi-Nessa's plot, drove the latter into a lonely pass of the Pyrenees, had him decapitated and took Lampagie prisoner. She was so lovely in the eyes of Khaman, that he thought it his duty to send her to Damascus, to the commander of the faithful, esteeming no other mortal worthy of her.—Fauriel *Historie de la Gaul.*—Guizot *History of France.*—

Hesham, of the Ommiades dynasty, Calif, Damascus, from 723 to 742 A. D.

A willing slave to such love's charm  
As thy divine, enchanting form,  
Thy luscious lips, thy eyes invite.  
Take half the gems, all treasures else  
That thou hast brought, Abdel-Rhaman,  
And honors too shalt have anon,—  
To beauty yield I first its right.

Prince Beelzebub—  
Thou art enriched beyond his ken  
By what thy grasping hand withheld.

Abdel-Rhaman—  
I but retained my loss in war,  
And when Abi-Nessa rebelled.

Prince Discontent—  
Tut! Tut! Not I object at all.  
Rob whom thou wilt,—both great and small.  
(Exit Abdel-Rhaman, Soldiers and Captives.)

Mohammed—  
Fair Queen, thou shalt my favorite be,  
My passion girl of Paradise;—  
Shalt keep me chained in love's embrace,  
With blissful joys shalt me surprise.

Lampagie—

Dost thus in wanton, hellish, lecherous mind  
address

The daughter of a valiant, honored, Christian  
King?—

A Gallian Princess, whom thy tyrant chains  
oppress,

Thus heap with insult vile,—Thus with foul  
lust-vows sting?

Ruled by ambition's God, and love destroying  
lust

Thou wouldst, like coward knave, my honor  
sullify,

Whilst bound in chains I cry—pride grovel-  
ling in the dust,

“O Lord my honor guard.—Save me O God  
on high.”

Thou monstrous passion slave strike off these  
chains and I

My honor will protect 'gainst thee and thine  
or die.

Mohammed—

Tempt thou not Allah's wrath, rebellious  
beauty Queen;



Thou art his Prophet's bride,—subdue thy  
rising spleen.

In dungeon dismal, dark, there shalt thou lay  
dismayed

Until Allah and I are both by thee obeyed.

Prince, have the torture guards take Christian  
wench in hand

To teach her Islam's God, and whom he gave  
command.

(Prince Beelzebub summons guard who lead  
off Lampagie.)

Prince Beelzebub—

Now onward to Jerusalem to witness there  
Crusader's end.

Full many came with selfish aim who now,  
defeated, lowly bend.

(Exeunt.)

## SCENE V.

A Square in Jerusalem—Time 1187, A. D.  
(Enter Mohammed attended, and Prince Beelzebub.)

Mohammed—

The battle 's won!\* Bring me strong wine.\*  
Come, players who are skilled at dice.—  
There fix my throne to view decline  
Of dreaming Christian's enterprise.  
(Mohammed indicates where the throne shall  
be placed and while it is being erected in-  
dulges in drinking and gaming.)

Mohammed—

Of Byzants\* fifty! One hundred more!  
Five hundred Byzants of bright gold!

Prince Beelzebub—

Thou hast the highest winners four!  
In battle, love, and game art bold.

\* **The Battle's Won.**—Jerusalem capitulated, in 1187, to Saladin, a cruel leader, addicted to drink and gambling. of whom Guizot says, "He commanded that all the Christians captured on the occasion (the attempt to pillage the Caaba and the tomb of Mohammed) should be put to death; and many were taken to Mecca, where the Mussulman pilgrims immolated them instead of the sheep and lambs they were accustomed to sacrifice. "The Christians, with the exception of the Greeks and Syrians, had orders to leave Jerusalem within four days. When the day came, all the gates were closed, except that of David by which the people were to go forth; and Saladin, seated upon a throne, saw the Christians defile before him."— Guizot's France.

\* **Strong Wine.**—Although the drinking of wine is rigorously forbidden in the Koran Mohammedanism nevertheless grants dispensations.

\* **Byzant.**—A piece of gold of the value of fifteen pounds.

(Mohammed ascends throne with escort and Prince Beelzebub.)

(Enter Christians of the "Holy City" who file before Mohammed in the following order:—First the Patriarch, followed by the clergy, carrying the sacred vessels, and the ornaments of the church of the Holy Sepulchre; then Sibylla, Queen of Jerusalem, whom Mohammed salutes; then maids of honor to the Queen, Court Officials and populace. The procession enters at one side, crosses the stage and exit.)

(Exeunt.)

## SCENE VI.

Camp of Mohammed, Before Constantinople.  
Time 15th Century.

Mohammed and Staff, and Prince Beelzebub.  
(Enter Messenger, delivers message to Mohammed and withdraws.)

Mohammed—

My father's dead. My brothers two,  
Whose lives denied my rule all right,

I've sent fair Heaven's realms to view.\*  
Now Islam shall extend my might.

Prince Beelzebub—

Weak Stamboul\* stands 'midst vice fed lanes,  
Dissentious schisms, hollow shams,—  
Voluptuous court and moldering fame,  
Where Caesar's soldiers now beg alms.

Paleologus the Byzantine,  
Heroic, of perverted race,  
Wear Caesar's crown as Constantine,\*  
'Mongst knaves who Reason's shield deface.

His laws are scorned;—His court's a farce;  
Corruption and Ambition rules.  
Now where sat King the war god Mars  
Dogmatics form dismembering tools.

Rome's youth now's vain.—For lust it yields  
Full many maids thy Turks to please;

\* Heaven's Realms to View — Mohammed II., surnamed Bujuk or The Great, the conquerer of Constantinople, born 1430, died 1481. He succeeded his father Amurath II., in 1450. His first act was the murder of his two brothers.

\* Stamboul—Ancient name of Constantinople.

\* Constantine XIII., Palæologus, the last of the emperors of the east, born 1394. Killed at the capture of Constantinople in 1453.

And e'en Irene, the Princess, steals,  
Ambition drove, Rome's guarding keys.

The curtain of great Caesar's palace is the  
spider's web,  
The owl the sentinel on watch-tower of Afrasiab.\*

Mohammed—  
Of Paradise all beauties blend  
Irene far greater charm doth lend.  
The goddess pledged me news today:—  
Would cursed Gabour's plans convey.  
Ah! Not an envoy sends she here,  
The beauty goddess, Love, draws near.  
(Enter Irene attended.)

Irene—  
Chide not my maiden fear my Lord, my anxious heart  
No weighty message dared to vulgar mind impart.  
(Hands Mohammed copy of plans.)

\* The spider's web is the curtain in Cæsar's palace.  
The owl the sentinel on the watch-tower of Afrasiab,  
Persia's great poet Firdusi.—Meyer's *Med. and Mod. History*, page 167.

Herein thou'lt find described weak Roman's  
clownish plan  
Of forcing tide of war through power 'yond  
realms of man.—  
Unguarded stands St. Peter's gate.—Here,  
take its key.—  
But wavering traitors feebly hold Top-Ka-  
pussi.\*  
At first named gate no force will thy brave  
Turks distress;—  
The latter Constantine commands without  
success.  
Storm thou the last!—Kill Constantine!—His  
head shall be  
Proof of thy love, and token of thy victory.  
  
Strike fatal blow at once!—I near St . Peter's  
must  
Be seen afore my flight may call up quick  
distrust.

\* Constantinople is protected by a wall built during the time of the Byzantine empire. The wall is about twelve and one-half miles in circuit. Top-Kapussi, formerly known as the gate St Romanus, is one of the twenty-eight that pierce the wall. It is of historic interest, being the gate through which the Turks entered the city when they stormed Constantinople in 1453. It was at the defense of this gate that Constantine XIII., the last of the Palæologus, fell and was decapitated.

Mohammed—

Nor eye of man or God hath seen  
A beauty rare compares with thine.  
Do not depart sweet passion's Queen,  
Thou shalt, Sultana crowned, be mine.

Irene—

Mohammed, lord, thy truest friend  
Must heed the promptings of her heart.  
That victory thy arms portend  
I must in Stamboul play my part.  
A few short hours then shall love's joy  
Nor victor or his Queen defy.

(Exit Irene and attendants.)

Prince Beelzebub—

Thou now holdst Stamboul in thy grasp!  
Byzantium struggles in last gasp!

Mohammed—

Away! We'll storm its rotting tower!  
Afore day's end be't in our power!

SCENE VII.

Constantinople.

Cannonading—Greeks and Latins.

First Latin—

She is a heretic and so must die!  
'Twas thus decreed in council held.

Second Latin—

To men who God and hell deny  
She lent her aid.—With them rebelled.

First Greek—

She favored Greek, and thus in hate  
Would ye through death seal up her fate.

Third Latin—

A witch! A witch, she was adjudged.

Several Greeks—

No Greek e'er witches death begrudged.

Several Greeks and Latins—

To hungry lions be she fed  
Through whose witch-craft God's favor fled.



(Enter Roman Soldiers with Irene a prisoner.)

A Greek—

Ye are misled, she's innocent!

No crime commit! May God forefend.

(Enter Mohammed and Turkish soldiers.

Skirmish. Romans are routed and Irene  
is rescued by Mohammed.)

Mohammed—

Go forth on murderous, hellish raids.

Rob! Plunder! Kill! And capture maids.

Spare nothing that a Christian owns!

With scornful laugh greet misery's groans.

Sweet love Irene, thy loyal heart

Hath earned reward I anxious pay.

Each Gabbour dog shall meanly smart

For wrongs thou hast endured this day.

Then ere the Latin World awake

To what portends this enterprise

We shall Constantinople make

Our passion's heavenly Paradise.

(Exeunt.)

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Mountain Scene.

Prince Discontent Alone—Time 2000 A. D.

Prince Discontent—  
Mankind, that now "Two Thousand" writes  
To mark the cycles of time's flight,  
Doth knowledge seek with rapid strides,—  
Would, reason crowned, oppose our might.  
Thus Tel'pah's soul, in this new age,  
Stirs numerous forms of breathing clay,  
And lames Shades' power o'er youth and sage  
Whilst hard we strive to check its sway.  
In search for it a youth I've met  
Whose wit at times confounds my own.  
I've for this youth temptations set,—  
They but excite contemptuous scorn.  
Again, a man of vigorous frame,—  
Whom with the youth I've often seen,  
I've tried to tempt with gifts of fame:—  
'Twas no avail,—he seemed too keen.  
Whilst dawning of man's newest age  
Doth thus perplex my eager mind,  
My masters cry, in furious rage  
"Give us souls great from 'mongst mankind."

Ah, here comes he who scorns our gifts of  
fame.

Is keeper he of Tel'pah's soul?  
Some other demon gift his soul may flame,—  
Obscured I may obtain some hold.

(Retreats behind screen. Enter Harmis.)

Harmis—

With youth Umenie at my side,—  
With varied turn of dial of time,—  
I journeyed through mind's active sphere  
Truth, Knowledge, Art, and Wealth to find.  
And oftimes in our earnest quest  
We journeyed through each age of man;  
E'en through the long forgotten past,—  
'Fore man emprise for gold did plan.  
Took flight all through time's yesterday  
That pierced the gloom of "Middle Age,"  
And though Rome still "One Thousand"  
wrote

Man captioned "Modern Age" its page.  
We also forced that veil of time  
Of immemorial past a dream,  
When knowlege faint, new life-germ lay,—  
Too weak to be,—Too strong to seem.  
From out these realms rare gems we gather,

From treasures rare the veil we lift ;  
The youth doth choose the worthy matter,  
Whilst I the gold gauged value sift.

In Egypt monster Pyramids,  
Great Sphinx and Obelisks we sought ;  
Its Nile, High Priests, and Ptolemy who  
Cleared way for Copernician thought.  
Its Pharaohs we saw, who ruled  
When Egypt was a splendor power  
That gave to land great Shepherd Kings,—  
Gave, swayed by Muse, Rameses tower.  
In Greece we tarried long with Homer,  
Pythagoras, Plato, Aristotle,  
Herakleitus and Socrates ;—  
With Doric and Ionic model.  
There to famed little Princess tomb\*  
The youth great Callimachus leads,—  
Him, tranced in Muse, Acanthus shows  
Whose leaves hide toys in woven reeds.  
And thus for deed of sorrowing nurse,—  
Who placed the toys at wee friend's grave,

\* Adapted from the pretty little legend of the nurse who placed some of the former playthings at the grave of a little child, and how an Acanthus, weaving its leaves around the basket containing the toys, gave Callimachus, the sculptor, the inspiration of the Corinthian column.

Kind nature formed a beauteous gown  
That mankind art Corinthian gave.

And as we soar through time and space,—  
Through nature's beauteous, wondrous sway,  
From nearest to remotest place,  
Unbounded time 's like shortest day.  
To master minds we homage pay;—  
Weigh valued thoughts—both new and old;  
The youth lends inspiration's ray—  
I offer aid for worth of gold.

Thus through our flights strange gems we  
gather,  
From treasures rare the veil we lift;  
The youth sees quick the worthy matter,  
Whilst I the gold gauged value sift.

Prince Discontent—

Dost thou then mind's endeavors weigh with  
gold?—

Most potent agency to trap immortal soul.

(aside.)

(Coming forward.)

May frown nor meed be dealt by blameful  
seeming mind,

Unwittingly mine ear thy tuneful tales com-  
mand.

Still wouldst in worth enhanced thy wisdom  
quest thou find

I willingly extend to thee an aiding hand.

Not boastfully this offer do I make to thee,  
For time I call, event, place, and each circum-  
stance:—

And promptly doth e'en Muse itself bend low  
to me,—

Whilst with my gold I hold new thought of  
man entranced.

Harmis—

If time, event, and place, and circumstance  
thou dost control,—

Canst them together with the quick activity  
of mind

Make subject to thy will, and thought's en-  
deavor stir with gold,

Then, wealth evinced tow'rds enterprise, the  
youth I'll quickly find.

Prince Discontent—

Again I pray of thee take not my words as idle  
boast:—

Not thus would I to honored commerce Prince  
in selfpraise sing.

These pledges vouch more wealth than Sulei-  
man's vast host

Hath in time's earlier day e'er brought unto  
their splendor king.

Let waves of sea engulf this wealth, or wind  
or hell destroy—

My loss were less than drop to sea—Less than  
a breath to sky.

(Hands Harmis papers.)

Harmis— (Reading first paper.)

Each highway in the land,

Each craft sails air or sea;

All that's for traffic planned

Gold tribute pays this thee.

(Second paper.)

Here's tax on drink and food,

On clothes that man must wear;

On home,—refined or rude,

On breath of nature's air.

On shroud that winds his clay,

On all man pays thy levy;

Thy wealth let doubt who may

Hast shown thy gains are heavy.

Yet why wouldst me befriend?  
For what wouldst me enroll?  
Why me assistance lend  
While thine unstint control?

Prince Discontent—

Thou knowst how through that subtile force,\*  
—Which Greek\* espied and scholar\* classed,  
A smith,\* a doctor's wife,\* a Morse  
Enriched, a priest\* its powers massed,  
(And thus gave man scientific facts  
—All toilsome wrung from nature's works—  
Of conquered space,—Of willing acts  
To calls of life where Chaos lurks,)  
A message thou canst change with Mars.  
My work I'll give this force to bend  
Rich pleasure gifts to draw from stars,  
And thus would thee earth's traffic lend.

Harmis—

Thy purpose I with awe admire,

\* Subtile Force—Electricity.

\* Greek Espied—Thales.

\* Scholar Classed—Gilbert.

\* A Smith—Michail Faraday, scientist, the son of a black-smith.

\* A Doctor's Wife—Refers to the legend of the accidental electric discovery by the wife of Galvani and which led to Galvanism.

\* A Priest—Joseph Priestley, English physicist and Unitarian divine.



And with a will shall I unite  
Each enterprise man may desire  
That profit yeilds to gold's great might.  
I hear our joyous, youthful friend.  
He comes with glorious, loving cries.  
Good cheer I hope he'll gladly lend  
To speed us in our enterprise.

Song, Umenie—

Sweet sing the birds when sportive hurls  
Its beam the breaking morn.  
Bright hued then are dew's liquid pearls  
That night in sleep gave form.  
Our heart's then stirs love's magic power.  
With joy,—With rapture thrills,—  
As love greets love at dawn's new hour  
When love all nature fills.

Chorus, Umenie and Flora—

Then come my love, we'll gather flowers  
And list to songs new born.  
We'll journey through life's joys and showers,  
Our love an endless morn.

Prince Discontent—

The qucenly Flora comes a bride ;

Her lord Umenie at her side.  
I'm puzzled sore regards this Queen  
Who nulls 'gainst soul my demon scheme.  
Let Fury aid in Venus form  
To win these souls through hellish storm.

(aside.)

(Enter Fury as Yetta.)

Song, continued—

Yet far more fair is morn's first light,  
The songs of birds more sweet;  
More brilliant hued the dew-drops bright  
Where nature's colors meet.  
More pure the joy, more rare the bliss,  
When love beams unconcealed;  
When greeting thee with pure love's kiss  
Thine eyes thy love reveal.

Chorus—

Then come my love, we'll gather flowers  
And list to songs new born.  
We'll journey through life's joys and showers,  
Our love an endless morn.

(Enter Umenie and Flora during chorus.)

Umenie—

Here with the early dawn good friend?  
Doth this some enterprise portend?

Flora—

For search through time and space on quest  
Of knowledge, planned at aid's behest?

Harmis—

Yea, yea. Which thou most happy Queen  
And friend Umenie join with us.  
Its novelty I truly ween  
Surpasses all—'tis marvelous.  
Plain here to view doth Phisto call  
Earth's wonder-works,—both great and small.

Prince Discontent—

My daughter, who but now arrived,  
Would join her prayer with both our own,  
And crave as boon ye kindly stay  
As earth's events of note are shown.

Yetta—

Do kindly grant awer stranger's prayer,—  
Thy presence lend as my fear's slayer.

Flora—

Not unkind can one be tow'rds fear.—  
Fear 's but a phantom of the mind.—  
To me no phantom forms appear  
Lest quickly they their master find.  
Quite willingly I stay with thee  
The wonders of the past to scan  
Yet stranger shouldst not reckon me  
While Virgin's crown wears Maid Joan.

Yetta—

Ah, that fair maid hath 'scaped the mind  
That thy enchanting self bewitched.  
Assured we now our quest shall find  
Its worth to man through thee enriched.

Umenie—

Agreed to view are Phisto we  
Thy magic art,—its speed to see.

Prince Discontent—

Thy friend informs me that thou art  
Well in intrinsic values skilled;  
Dost with keen sense to man impart  
Where beauty reigns, where soul was thrilled.  
Will't please thee then to choose for us

Some pleasing scene to call from time?—  
Some scene whereon engaged there was  
Some master mind's conceit sublime?

Umenie—

Wouldst sculptor call, or architect?  
Or, Flora, wouldst thou painter choose?—  
His art who works speak more correct  
Than critic's rules whate'er their use?

(An Iris appears in the mountain stream.)\*

Yon fleeting, brighthued sunbow rare,  
In its majestic color play,  
Inspires soul to visions fair  
Of artist's iridescent ray.  
So let us have rich color blends  
Of tints that through the thousands reach;  
Where nature inspiration lends,—  
Doth man entrancing beauties teach.  
Call Angelo, named Michael,  
The painter, sculptor, architect.

(Upon a gesture of Prince Discontent a living  
picture, representing Michael Angelo, con-  
templating his work in the Sistine Chapel

\* An Iris, formed by the rays of the sun over the lower part of an Alpine torrent and whose effects last till noon, is so close that one may walk into it. It is exactly like a rainbow. Under favorable atmospheric conditions it reflects the most magnificent color effects imaginable.

with St. Peter's in the background appears.)  
St. Peter's and the Sistine Chapel.  
They for all time his fame reflect.  
Call Raphael:—His inspiration.  
(Living picture of Raphael surrounded with  
copies of his works appear.)  
"The Coronation of the Virgin."  
"Entombment" and "Transfiguration."  
Soul's Paradise "Saint Catharine."

Yetta—

'Twere hard for me to choose the master mind.  
Both artists shown are so sublime.

Flora—

All 's beautiful the Muses call to life,  
And softens much of life's grim strife.

Prince Discontent—

Imposing! Great! Surpassing masterful!  
Artistically grand; Correct in Art.  
Yet Harmis, friend, they'r all too wonderful  
To bear much fruit of gold in open mart.  
Some humbler artist would I show to thee;—  
One who with debts is crushed,—hath broken  
health;

Hath ailing wife; Must toil for modest fee:—  
Whose works are great, yet buy they him  
small wealth.

There's gainful speculation there for gold,—  
Commercial works of art he for small coin hath  
sold.

(Living pictures disappear.)

Harmis—

Thy friend I'd see and willing give him aid  
If on his paintings fortune can be made.

Prince Discontent—

Come spirit eighteen fortyeight,  
When Teuton warred 'gainst rule of hate;  
When men of worth were forced to fly  
King's right divine or meanly die;  
And when each popular patriot  
The King outlawed—The Tyrant shot.  
Like at the time in Mantua,  
When Tyrolese in horror saw  
Their patriot great Hoefer fall,  
Pierced through the heart by tyrant's ball.  
And all because he would not bend  
Where hate alone doth power lend:—  
Where tyrant rule doth reason chain,

And men for love of home are slain,\*  
Then spirit of that time show here  
The painter who held brother dear,—  
Showed his sore trials in "Angelus,"—  
The peasant's friend Millett show us.

## SCENE II.

### A Rough Studio.

Millet at Work Looking Out Upon a Field of  
Toilers.

Millett—

Sore burdens crown the peasant's day

\* The patriotic leader of the Tyrolese, Andreas Hofer—born in the valley of Passeyr November 22, 1767,—led a body of Tyrolese against the French on the lake of Garda in 1796. In 1808 he, together with other secret deputies, arrived at Vienna to represent to the Archduke John the sufferings of the people and their wish to be reunited to Austria. The archduke desired the baron von Harmayr to sketch for them a plan of an insurrection. This insurrection met with such success that in three days, April 11th to 13th, 1809, nearly the whole country was liberated. Napoleon, however, after his victory in Austria, at once marched three armies to the Tyrol, to subdue the rebellious peasantry, whom the Austrians had abandoned in accordance with the armistice of Zuaim (July 12th, 1809). Hofer was forced to conceal himself in a cave in the valley of Passeyr. When, however, Spechbacher, Haspringer, a Capuchin, and Peter Mayer, at the head of the armed population, renewed their defense of the Tyrol, and repeatedly defeated the enemy, Hofer issued from his retreat, and took the leadership of the Tyrolese. Later the French and Bavarians poured, for the fourth time, into the country, and after a struggle Hofer was again obliged to take refuge in concealment. Two months later he was betrayed into the hands of the French by a priest named Douay, conveyed to Mantua, tried, and condemned to be shot. The sentence was carried into effect on Feb. 20th, 1810.—Tyr. Hist.



As toiling through life's span he wanders.  
'Midst sorrow reaps he meager pay  
'Yond tax that haughty lordling squanders.  
Afore the dawn begins his toil,  
Nor doth day's end assure release:—  
When midnight's hour rests e'en the soil  
Then want's sore dreams disturb his peace.

Here see thy toiling peasant brother  
Made through thy rule care-crazed and sad.  
Wouldst thou then all ambition smother  
That thou may'st run with luxury mad?  
His earthly hopes are crushed,—are dead;  
Thy rule hath him of all bereft.  
And he whose toil thy country fed  
Thou hast scarce hope of prayer left.  
Yet when at eve he toils in field,  
And solemn, sacred peal calls us,  
Then in devotion's holy shield  
His prayer responds to Angelus.

(Enter Madam Millett.)

Madam Millett—

Dear husband ease thyself a while,  
Thy looks betray nerves overstrain.

Let us high-tensioned mind beguile  
With nature's joys and rest attain.

Millett—

Nay, nay.—Aye, aye, my darling wife.  
We'll stroll away from toilsome strife.  
Through wooded glen,—long rippling stream  
There shall we both weave sweet day-dream.

Madam Millett—

I hie to fetch both food and drink,  
Both rod and line,—a book to read:—  
Then to stream's beauteous, shady brink.  
Not care but pleasure be thy meed.

(Exit Madam Millett.)

Millett—

O thou my soul's enchanting Queen  
This day shall have my dearer bride.  
From poverty which we have seen  
There 's crept death's shadow to her side.\*

\* Millett, the celebrated French painter was born in 1814, in Gruchy, near Cherbourg. He battled most of his life with poverty whose privations had early in life robbed him of his young wife. Most of his now practically priceless paintings brought him only a few francs, and the few remaining ones only a small sum.

# T E L E P A H

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A DRAMATIC POEM

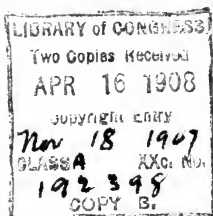
BY J. A. SALICK

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VOLUME IV.



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J. A. Salick.

Watertown, Wis., October 28, 1907.

Prince Discontent—

(Handing papers to Harmis.)

Here are acknowledgements of debt  
Which he in need did execute.  
Thou canst with meshes of this net  
To force-law sale a purchase suit  
Through which these works will come to thee  
At price on which great gain I see.

Harmis—

I hold a claim 'gainst thee,—'tis large,  
And failing health doth plague thy bride.  
The debt shalt thou in part discharge  
With this thy work, and have beside  
This purse of gold for thy sick wife;  
To ease her want,—prolong her life.

Millett—

Thy uncouth words,—implied command,—  
Unfeeling reference to heart's pain,—  
Are but for golden profit planned  
Which thou through sneers 'gainst care  
wouldst gain.

Yet is there no recourse for us  
Who with disease and want are maimed.  
Thus basely must "The Angelus"

Be as commercial art profaned.  
Grim want would rob me of my wife,  
Few days for her these crumbs would ease;  
Useless 'gainst wealth seems poor man's strife,  
I take this purse my wife to please.

(Exit Millett.)

Prince Discontent—

Wouldst thou that commerce aid extend  
Aggressive then thy wares proclaim,  
And in rich mart some time expend  
To urge for gain this picture's fame.  
Then let us take thy gem to mart  
Where wealthy clowns grow money wise,—  
There let us make a fad of Art;—  
Reap gains from fools who Art despise.  
(Enter servant who carries off "The Angelus."  
Exit Prince Discontent, Harmis and Yetta.)

Flora—

Our friend 's much changed, grown almost  
rude  
Since unjust gains his mind delude.

Umenie—

The curse of greed hath touched him hard;—  
His usefulness 't hath sorely marred.

Vile Phisto's skill enflames man's greed.  
We'll call for worth mind's wonder deeds.  
Come Edmond\* heed thy master's cry;  
Thy kettle leave,—delay thou not.  
Thy soul let journey through the sky,  
Amongst the stars consign its lot.  
There shall it motion secrets read  
From nature's works,—in grandeur great;—  
How monstrous forms in maddening speed  
Man terrify—yet elevate.  
There read correct the signs from Heaven:—  
How brilliant star in nature's realm,  
Ere into separate atoms driven  
May serve as guide of Bethlehem.  
Bright star Nativity there find:—  
Compute the time when next it shows  
Its dazzling light to all mankind

\* Dr. Edmond Halley—born 1656—the celebrated astronomer, son of a London soap boiler. He was the first to solve the difficult problem of correctly computing the time required for comets to travel their orbit and thus predict with accuracy the time of their return. He was the first to identify the comet of 1682, named, after him, "The Halley Comet", with the one observed in 1607, 1531, and also in 1456, just as the Turks had become masters of Constantinople. The superstitious fear regarding comets, led, in 1456, to the prayer "Lord save us from the devil, the Turks, and the comet."

At the time of the perihelion passage of this comet in 1759, Mozart, then a child about four years of age, is said to already have developed such musical genius that he played the clavichord and composed a number of minuets and other pieces still extant.

"The Halley Comet" is one of the brightest and will appear again in 1909.

In shape kind nature for it chose.  
Show how on scale of Universe  
'Tis but a mite, in weight and size,  
Yet must obey,—e'en when dispersed,  
Each law prescribed by nature wise.  
Then show us here the starry wonders  
That lend their splendor glow to night,  
Afore day's brilliant light doth sunder  
Each separate form in shape to sight.  
And in the hush of nature's slumber,  
About to wake to day renewed,—  
'Neath canopy of stars 'tout number  
Shall star Nativity be viewed.  
Beneath this glorious arch of heaven  
Shall King of Melody appear,—  
To whom be inspiration given  
Mankind to end of days to cheer.  
(Prince Discontent and Yetta appear behind  
screen during the foregoing lines.)

Prince Discontent—

Confounding this to my fixed plans:—  
Whilst I in greed weave Harmis fast  
Umenie's power here commands  
Momentous incidents from past.

(Enter Harmis.)



I have thy friend some magic given  
To call one who by Muse is driven.

SCENE III.

The Organ Loft of a Cathedral.

Mozart, seated at the Organ, beneath a canopy  
of stars. A Comet of increasing  
brilliancy appears.

Mozart—

Thou wondrous proof of skill of man  
Wilt lend thyself to heavenly Muse,  
And peal a chord whose power can  
For praise Divine the music choose?  
Peal forth in waves of solemn sound  
Some magic chord through which each soul  
And all the Universe unbound  
Shall powers of God on high extol.  
Come give to me, O Muse, that note  
Of sound magnificent and clear,  
Within whose sphere in harmony float  
Intwining strains,—held loving near.  
Then give to me that sound sublime,—  
That melos noble, grand. O Muse  
Lend inspiration's light divine  
For holy veneration's use.

Umenie and Chorus—  
Glo - ri - a - in - ex - celsis.

Mozart—  
High heaven's pure toned Angel Choir,  
The glorious, six winged Seraphim,  
Waft here a song of holy fire  
To praise our Lord in sacred hymn.  
O ope ye font of joyous tear,—  
Let swelling heart my eyes bedew;  
In reverend extacy of fear  
Let sacred hymn our praise renew.

Prince Discontent—  
'Twere well thou bidst, in kingly gown, some  
gold.  
Man's right's for ostentatious gifts are sold.  
(Harmis comes forward as King\*)

Harmis—  
Wouldst entertain me at my court  
A purse of gold shalt have each year.  
Thy music new would I import  
And with bright gold bid thee good cheer.

\* The offer of a salary, made to Mozart by the king of Prussia, led the emperor of Austria to give Mozart 800 florins a year.

Mozart—

Not wealth of Kings can Muse control,—  
Not recompense can Art impart.

Gold buys nor Art nor Muse's soul;  
They but in inspiration start.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE IV.

Paris—Near Entrance of Art Gallery.

Prince Discontent and Harmis.

Voices—

Fifty thousand francs! Fifty-five! Sixty!  
Five! Seventy! Eighty! One hundred thousand  
francs!

Prince Discontent—

Dost hear the bidding at the sale now on  
Where vanquished Copper King's effects are  
sold?\*

Thy Angelus is what they bid upon;  
Each farthing that it brings adds to thy gold.

\* In winding up the affairs of a defunct trust, formed for the purpose of controlling the copper output of the world, Millet's Angelus, then belonging to the collection of one of the chief promoters of the trust, was, in 1889, sold for about 600,000 francs.

Voices—

One hundred and fifty thousand francs!  
Two! Two fifty! Three! Three fifty! Four!

One Voice—

One half a million francs for loan  
Until throughout new world we've shown,  
To men of wealth for golden fee,  
This newest fad of gay Paris.

Prince Discontent—

Ha! Ha! Thy painting they have only loaned,  
not sold,  
Yet half a million francs the loan adds to thy  
gold.

He who to gold lends force of soul  
Shall tribute reap from man's emprise;  
Gold rules supreme,—it doth control  
Substantially all enterprise.

Then, as my steward thou wilt be  
To manage well my wealth untold,  
Of gains two third shall fall to thee;  
One tenth invest;—the rest I hold.  
My daughter I have made my heir,  
And she shall have as marriage gift

Each traffic and industrial share.  
Wilt manage these with selfsame thrift?  
(Flags with gold coin emblems appear.)

Harmis—

I see a royal flag,—a gold hued banner fair  
That waves o'er all mankind, bold in trium-  
phant sway.

Beneath it swells in size thy gold, which in my  
care,

I, for commercial gain, made Mammon's rule  
obey.

(Enter Yetta behind screen.)

Thus shall thy daughter's gold not know an  
idle hour,

But 'neath that flag shall grow in traffic's busy  
strife,—

Whilst thou, to rest assured that I'll heed  
Mammon's power.

And guard thy daughter's wealth, give Yetta  
me as wife.

Prince Discontent—

My daughter hath confessed, in confidence to  
me,

That thou the power of wealth didst keenly,  
    quickly see;  
Didst know what use of gold to make to gain  
    thy end;—  
Such praise is welcomed son-in-law's sure  
    recommend.  
To win my daughter's hand thou hast my free  
    consent;  
Her earnest words of praise should thy success  
    portend.

Harmis—

My gold on picture's loan  
I go for gain to barter;  
Wilt thou meantime make known  
My love to thy sweet daughter?

Prince Discontent—

I like thy business mind;  
Hast little time for sentiment.  
My daughter shall be kind,—  
I will to thy request attend.

(Exit Harmis.)

Prince Discontent— (Yetta comes forward.)  
Commercialism turned commercial greed  
Is fittest soil for soul-corrupting seed.

Yetta—

Thou fool who wouldst fair maiden woo,  
For golden dross shalt surely rue  
The life that nature thee did give,—  
That thou wert doomed as man to live.

Prince Discontent—

Ha! Ha!

A blushing bride thou shalt at high noon be,  
And in one hour a dashing divorcee.  
Great Tel'pah's soul we'll gain for hell,—  
Full soon shall sound in death his knell.

Yetta—

Past masters we of deadly hate,  
Of soul consuming, endless hate,  
That thrives but in our presence.  
'Mongst mortals weak we vend our hate  
Fair youths from home we send in hate,  
Man's soul from clay we rend in hate,  
Hate is our very essence.  
Yet all the hate that lives in hell,  
All known and unknown hate as well,  
Shall through me surge with forces  
Like waves that ships asunder tear,  
Like lightning's darts shoot through the air,

Like fiery tongues,—consume what 's fair,  
To blast joy's happy courses.

Prince Discontent—

How now! Why so much hate for Harmis?

Yetta—

That clownish knave! For Flora fair the  
charm is.

That lovesick Queen

Claims she has seen

Us both in ages past and gone;

Yet can I not

The time nor spot

Or circumstances hit upon.

My wit tells me

That in Paris

Some force worked 'gainst my will;—

Joan, the Maid,

A maid there staid

'Gainst all my demon skill.

The force that led

To virtuous bed,

Against my offered joys,—

This Orleans Maid,

Still to this Shade



Its unmasked form denies.  
I firmly hold  
Fair Flora's soul  
Lent charm to virtuous Maid,  
And could I bate  
Her with my hate  
I'd make of her a Shade.

Prince Discontent—  
Umenie and his bride I fear  
Are not of mortal clay;  
The youth at Harmis' birth was near  
In form he wears today.  
Nor doth he age with flight of time  
And thus is not of earth;  
And as he doth oppose all crime  
He 's not of hellish birth.  
At sign from me call Beelzebub  
To aid us with his train;  
We must Umenie's power curb  
If hell shall Harmis gain.  
Here Harmis comes. Play well thy part.  
Man's greed for gold woo Fury heart.  
(Exit Prince Discontent, enter Harmis.)

Harmis—  
Fair Yetta wilt thou look with favor

On gainful union of our gold?  
Through marriage joined our gains shall savor  
Our lives with golden joys untold.  
Let us in wealth seek joys of life;  
Dear Yetta wilt thou be my wife?

Yetta—

My father counsels gold with gold to wed,  
And, Harmis dear, my father's is a knowing  
                  head.

(Exit Harmis and Yetta, enter Prince Dis-  
content.)

Prince Discontent—

From the realms of Chaos came I,—  
Came from its nihility,  
Creature of anarchic law.  
At the dawn of reason came I,—  
Fancy formed,—unwittingly,  
Called by wizard Telepah.  
As a plague 'mongst mankind came I,—  
Called from out the realms of fear,  
Fatal Shade Prince Discontent;  
Now for soul of Tel'pah came I;—  
Came I here in demon cheer,  
That his soul to hell he sent.

From the past come here as mortals  
Ye who showed the power of mind ;  
Ye who opened reason's portals,  
Ye who worshipped mystic shrine ;  
Ye who solved what nature 'd hidden,  
Ye who gave mechanics soul ;  
Ye who ruled by commerce bidden,  
Whilst I show Harmis power of gold.

SCENE V.

War, Science and Industry.

The foreground of this scene is representative of Astronomy, Chemistry, and History, running backward to Astrology, Alchemy, and Legend, respectively, while the whole is arranged to represent Science and Industry. The background is representative of war. In it moving bodies, savage and barbarian warriors to modern soldiers, appear successively, terminating with a representation of modern engagements, and Sister Anthony and companions followed by Red Cross nurses ministering to wounded soldiers.

(Enter Umenie and Flora, Harmis and Yetta.)

Prince Discontent—

See there the ancient, hoary alchemist  
Who sees man's soul in transmutation mist,  
Which Paracelsus\* doth as metal class,  
And which meek Priestley proves to man is  
gas.

Wise Thales see, and how from amber grew  
A knowledge of that force today still new.  
That force enriched by Lyden, Faraday,  
Galvani, Volta, Franklin, and Dufay,  
And many masters so that now we see,  
Are moved, are fed, are kept electric'ly.  
Helmholtz, with sportive synchrony of sound  
Stirs myriad waves of sound, in harmony  
bound.

Galileo: I heard him not recant;  
The inquisition died,—with it some rant.  
There 's liquid air,—another mighty power;  
Like steam it will thy purse with gold gains  
shower.

And there the tools of art mechanical,—

\* Paracelsus—born about 1493. In him Alchemy proper may be said to have culminated. He held, with Valentine, that the elements of compound bodies were salt, sulphur and mercury. Early in life he struck at the then prevailing system of medicine and proposed a system of his own, which although shrouded in absurdity and obscurity, inaugurated a new era in medicine.

Its various secrets. Own all these,—they  
shall,  
If thou dost keep them safe in thy control,  
Increase thy wealth full many thousand fold.

Yetta—

Brave, patriotic soldier with his life  
Defends, on honor's field, his home his wife,  
His child, his country's honored, lustrous  
name,—

Adds laurels to his own, his country's fame.  
All fearlessly he sings the battle cry  
“For home, for country's love I willing die.”  
Unmindful then of cannon's murderous roar,—  
Of carnage where its deadly missiles tore,  
He in fierce battle's thickest, bloodiest strife  
Casts in the balance fortune, limb and life.  
See how sore wounded still he holds his  
ground,  
Now drops, still fighting on in life's last  
round.

The dying patriot now hears death's knell,—  
His weapons in his hands a last farewell  
To wife, to child, to country dear breathes  
he;—

Then feels no pain,—doth neither hear nor see.  
One last! One mighty effort opes his eye!

Now move his lips once more—and now a cry!  
“Oh comrade say! Have we the battle won?”  
Then smiles content in death—His race is run.

Flora—

That rock, the family hearth which holds  
above,

In home's triumphant arch the keystone love;  
That home o'er which peace and good will doth  
reign,—

Its sacred walls, its grounds—their every lane,  
Fond parents, daughters, sons, the family  
blessed,

Foundation they on which man's laws must  
rest.

Nor can there hold, nor force of law or arms,  
A patriot true when wrong his home alarms.

And no self-motived king, or petty judge

Deludes his heart with patriotic fudge.

He knows himself protector of his right;

Knows right's equality is country's might.

Thus 'gainst each breath of home endangering  
strife

Home's altar holds his heart, his arm, his life.

Yet while no blustering tongue his ear can  
hold,—

Nor tempt his faithful heart nor fame, nor gold,  
Each valiant deed rewards he gloriously ;  
And bleeding hearts of Sisters Anthony, \*  
Who loyally to suffering's promptings yield,  
He crowns "The Angels of the Battlefield."

(Pointing toward soldiers with Red Cross emblem.)\*

Come Harmis, there is need of aid and cheer ;—  
Thy brothers they, who die for brothers dear.

Yetta— (Pointing toward Industries.)  
Send as aid some gold.—There fix wealth's  
domain!

Close application then reaps golden gain.

(Flora and Umenie go among soldiers to aid,  
Yetta, Harmis and Prince Discontent among  
Industries for traffic. Enter Witches while  
drop shuts off Scene V.)

\* Sister Anthony, (Mary O'Connell) born Limerick, Ireland, August 15, 1815, died Cincinnati, Ohio, December 18, 1897. The terrible slaughter at the battle of Pittsburg Landing appealed so strongly to her sympathies that, with two companions, she accompanied the noted surgeon, George C. Blackman, to Nashville to minister to the wounded, there winning the title of "The Angel of the Battlefield."—Ency. Am.

\* A red cross on a white background forms the distinctive badge of the Red Cross Societies which have been established in all civilized countries as a result of an international conference, held in Geneva, in 1863. The conference was followed by an international convention agreed upon and held at the same place the next year. The first war to bring the Red Cross service into activity was that of 1866 in Germany, Austria, and Italy. Austria had not yet joined the compact at that time, but her citizens raised and gave to the service almost \$500,000.

First Witch—

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

Didst say as Yetta she is known

Who 's aiding now Prince Discount?

Second Witch—

Aye, and by her is Harmis shown

What many souls to us hath sent.

He! He! He! He!

First Witch—

Ha! Ha!

That Harmis her doth woo as bride?

Asked Fury Shade to be his wife?

Second Witch—

Not her but wealth he deified,—

Wooed gold to be his bride for life.

He! He! He!

First Witch—

She'll bring him gold

To burn his soul.

Bring him such joy

Will make him fly

To Prince Despair

To end his care.



And then at last  
There shall be cast  
To hell, ha! ha!  
Great Telepah.

(Enter third Witch.)

Third Witch—

News! News ye Shades! News rare and  
hellish,

Fresh ground in Justice Feeme's mill.—

Court Evil Eye doth so embellish,

That gilded might doth like laws kill.

Judge Feeme finds no legal rein

'Gainst plundering class nor fratricide,

When thus his itching palm can gain

Wealth wrung from toiler's fireside.

A case was on 'twix brothers whom

Dead parent's gold to court hath sent:—

'Till poor they'd fought, so Feeme ruled

"In Statu Quo."—Their all was spent.

Next Harmis I with Yetta see;—

They'd take a flight in matrimony—

"Ah! Chapter thirteen twenty-three,

Loose threaded," said the Judge, "fee me."

Then, leaning forward, kissed the bride,

Who gave his lips in Fury kiss

A Demon Charm that will abide

As taint of soul when hell is his.  
See here they come like mortal fools  
Who greed for gold with love confound.  
More news of how Judge Feeme rules  
Ye'll know as we pass on our round.  
Ha, ha, ha, ha.

(Exeunt.)

### SCENE VI.

A Lane in Front of a Mansion.

Harmis and Yetta starting on wedding tour,  
Prince Discontent, Imps and Elves, dancing  
and waving gold hued flags and banners, and  
Guests representative of wealth and luxury.

(Exit. Enter Witches.)

Witches—

Ha, ha—He, he—Ha, ha—He, he.

But empty forms. No cheer they shower:—  
Their honey-month 'll not last an hour.

First Witch—

Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Gold and glitter

Madly flitter—

Rob his soul of quiet rest.

Second Witch—  
To his heart  
Thy greed impart,—  
With despair his soul infest.  
He, he, he, he.

Third Witch—  
Round thy hissing, seething caldron  
Of despair engendering greed,  
Be he whirled, in restless maelstrom,  
Ruining rich and those in need.  
Wrecking fortunes, robbing toilers,—  
Widows, orphans, all alike ;  
Aiding tyrants, and despoilers,—  
Prince Despair his soul then strike.

Witches—  
Ha, ha—He, he—Ha, ha—He, he.  
(Exit Witches. Enter Umenie and Flora)

Flora—  
Dear my lord thou art my treasure ;—  
Thy love—its joy—I know my own.  
At thy side there lives my pleasure ;  
To our love is care unknown.  
Through the ages shall we wander,  
Side by side, in love's sweet dream ;  
Love works nature's greatest wonder,—

Makes fair earth celestial seem.  
Would that love were Harmis' lot—  
Who his heart hath sold for gold ;  
Married Yetta for her dot,—  
Married care and pain untold.

Umenie—

For our friend I'm truly sorry.  
Phisto pinked his willing ear ;  
Crammed his mind with crafty folly,—  
Greed the Demon waiting near.  
Thus was Greed installed as master  
Gold to reap from brother's doom ;  
Laws to buy that breed disaster,—  
Yield few gold—Bring many ruin.  
Laws that special are in favor  
Efforts pent a few to please ;  
Tax what sweat of brow doth savor,—  
Take from toil to give to ease.  
Vicious laws in operation  
Breed a class that tribute lay ;—  
Sap the life-blood of a nation,  
Masses wealth to class they pay.  
Love dwells not 'mongst greedy mortals.  
Greed drove love from Harmis' side.  
Love that oped to us its portals  
Is all unknown to Harmis' bride.

Flora—

Useful was the infant Harmis ;  
Useful was his vigorous youth.  
Now in Commerce Greed the harm is :—  
Lust of Gain scorns brother's ruth.  
Once more shall we make an effort  
To win back his former worth?  
For him summon minds that sent forth  
Thoughts that gave new values birth.  
Here come Phisto, Yetta, Harmis.  
Harmis still they cram with greed.  
Greed the power—Greed the charm is  
Tainted Commerce with its seed.  
(Enter Prince Discontent, Harmis, and Yetta.)

Harmis—

World's Traction Trust, which I promoted,  
Hath its entire issue floated.  
Our gain is great, but will be greater  
At wrecking time a little later.

Prince Discontent—

Wreck "Through the Land and O'er the Sea."  
These bonds will place them in thy care.  
Millions will thy profits be,—  
The losses but some toilers bear.

Umenie—

Kind welcome friends. Let us again  
Take flight through time—Its wonders see;  
Learn from the past with care; And then  
Tune reason to sweet harmony.  
See Harmis, there come noble Greek  
To break the chains of childish fears.  
They would once more mind's freedom seek  
That lay enslaved two thousand years.  
Not only would they thought release,—  
Restore its rights—Its praises sing;  
But like in ancient days of Greece,  
Make reason rule—Crown free thought King.  
Great Shakespeare's and great Goethe's works  
Stand foremost 'mongst this honored host.  
Then Shiller, Goldsmith,—free from quirks,  
And there see Burns and famed Kirk's ghost.

## SCENE VII.

Kirk-Alloway.

Same and enter Tam O'Shanter.\* Demons  
and Witches appear.

First Witch—

As ghaists an houlets lorn we cry

\* Adapted from "Tam O'Shanter"—Burns, and Jellon (Jack) Game.—Scott.

'Roum auld Kirk-Alloway's craken walls—  
Like deils o'er warlock craigies sigh,  
Like fiend wi birktre bark fiend calls.

Prince Discount—

Call aid at once, Umenie shows here servile  
devils

Great minds made gross delusions to the pres-  
ent age

We must with Beelzebub and with his train  
their revels

Tune to our gain and blot anew King Reason's  
page.

First Witch—

Thou towzie tyke, auld Nick as beast,  
Screw up the pipes an gart them skirl;

Wi music fit for midnight feast

Make floor and walls an rafters dirl.

Drunk Charlie, thou wi brake neck-bane,

Glossary—Aboon, above. Ain, own. Aips, suits. Auld, old. Bairn, infant. Birktre, birch-tree. Ca, can. Carlin, old women. Craken, cracked. Craigie, neck, crag. Cutty, short. Deils, demons. Dirl, tremble. Duddies, rags. Gart, force to, make. Gif, if. Ghaists, ghosts. Guede, (na guede), no whit. Houlet, owl. Iammern, lamenting. Kent, knows. Kirk, church. Liifliche, lively. Link, to trip along. Loke, look. Loup, leap. Lorn, lost. Mair, more. Mither, mother. Neck-bane, neck-bone. 'Roum (aroum,) around. Sark, shirt. Seillie, silly. Siller, silver. Skirl, to shriek shrilly. Sma, small. Swatie, sweating. Towzie, rough, shaggy. Tyke, a dog. Warlock, a wizard. Wark, work. Wha, who. Wi, with. Wode, mad.

Wi Mungo's mither loup an fling ;  
An Jack, wha hath his lassie slain,  
Aboon the well o drowned bairns sing.

Demons and Witches—

Loke, here is ain makes e'en hell seilie

Wi his iammern preyer play.—

Wit kent na guede suits Holy Willie,—

Run 'bout an catch thy donkey bray.

(Witches torment Willie.)

Umenie—

Such ugly sights plague vulgar minds

Whom stupid fear holds meanly chained,—

And yet on earth a worse hell finds

His mind whose law hath Justice maimed.

First Witch—

Thou Dick, wha wi a knife didst mangle

Fo' siller sma, thy daddie's throat,

Shall Jennie, wha her bairn did strangle,

Dance on hot irons raving wode.

Now Nan, thou winsome, forlain wench,

Thou lead rigwoodie, swatie carlin

In dance mair liifliche than the French

In which Scotch Gaists alone ca wharl in.



Witches and Demons—

Nan! Nan! Link on in faster measure.

Nannie—

Now I, gif this aips not yer pleasure  
Must coost my duddies to the wark.

Tam O'Shanter—

Auld Ayr! Weel done, Cutty-sark!

(Witches and Demons sally out after Tam  
O'Shanter and exit. Enter Impo.)

Impo—

O Prince, I crave thy pardon but would seek  
On matters grave a word with thee to speak.  
(Exit Umenie and Flora, Harmis following.)

Prince Discontent—

How now Impo. What 's now amiss?

Impo—

My master sent me here with this.

(Delivers paper to Prince Discontent and  
withdraws.)

Prince Discontent—

Hold Harmis! Stay I pray.

(Hands paper to Harmis who has returned.)

Didst rob thy bride of all her wealth indeed?  
Wouldst make all mankind sweat to feed thy  
greed?

Harmis—

Thy daughter have I wed.—  
We matched our wits for gold.  
Our fortunes was the prize,—  
These I alone now hold.

(Enter Yetta throwing off her disguise.)

Prince Discontent and Yetta—  
Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

Yetta—

A fury didst thou wed  
Who tempted thee with greed,  
And thus wert willing led  
A tool for hellish deed.

Harmis—

A Fury thou—from realms of Night?  
Wert, wealth arrayed, a fairer sight.  
And thou a Fiend?—Foul Demon Shade  
The wealth is mine through laws I made.

Prince Discontent—

Not with thy purchased laws, vain fool,

Canst thou 'gainst us successful war ;  
The Universe couldst sooner rule,  
—Couldst sooner dim the brightest star.  
A higher law controls e'en thee ;  
It hath proclaimed thy deeds unjust,—  
Proscribed thy speculative sea,  
Destroyed thy "Universal Trust."  
(Enter Prince Despair and hands papers to  
Harmis.)

The wealth which thou dost greedily hold  
It brands as fraud—inflated dross—  
Makes it unreal, makes it as cold  
As winter moon's reflected gloss.  
(Loud voices without.)

Dost hear the toiler and his wife?  
Distress their ill—Redress the cure.  
Mad through thy rule's uneven strife  
They'll take their own and leave thee poor.

Harmis—  
Too true thy words. The proof I hold.

Prince Despair—  
No more may laws be ruled by gold.

Harmis—  
My dear-bought laws are all annulled.

Prince Despair—

Worse than some pauper knave were gulled.

Harmis—

From Toiler, Prince, from King and all,  
—On pleasure, pomp, on care and need,—  
From birth until death's awful call  
I tribute forced—Robbed Toiler's meed.  
From altars of Queen Ashtaroth,  
Vice,—splendor decked—blood-red in crime—  
All drunk with lust—belched cursing forth  
My golden gains, skimmed from sin's slime.  
O'er Baal's temples held I sway;  
Nor 'scaped the steepled church my claws.  
Yet drew from Toilers greatest pay;  
And they have now annulled my laws.  
Known 'mongst mankind as evil-doer,—  
The brand of thief upon my brow,  
Must I now cringe in misery, poor?  
No! Howl ye scum!—I will not bow!

(Prince Despair toys with a dagger.)

Ah yes,—I take thy dagger friend.  
Thy looks invite me heaven to cheat.  
My hand shall hell the victory lend!  
Not men, but demons would I meet!  
(Stabs himself as Evil Eye and Prince Beelzebub appear.)

Prince Discontent—

Rejoice! Rejoice ye Demon Powers!

The wizard Tel'pah's soul is ours.

The Demons—

Ha, ha, ha, ha.

(Enter Flora and Umenie.)

Umenie—

Let Harmis end in peace his day

E'en though ye dealt the deadly blow.

Not Tel'pah's spirit quicked his clay;

Ye but the Demon Greed laid low.

Thus commerce now shall dwell on earth

A boon to man of untold worth.

The Demons—

Ha, ha, ha, ha.

(Harmis Expires.)

Evil Eye—

Umenie 's right:—'This form of clay

Not Telepah's great soul left now.

Prince Beelzebub—

Dost hold the deeper key? —Come say

What wouldst thou here, and who art thou?

Umenie—

I am he who will end thy sway!—  
Will banish thee from nature's sphere!  
My will each phantom shall obey!  
They have no form save in man's fear.

Prince Despair—

This Shade, that on man's misery thrives,  
Is fed by moans of breaking hearts,  
And thousand million hopeless lives.  
All this wouldst say no form imparts?  
Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Evil Eye—

Quite formless I, yet lives my mind  
And thrives, apace, amongst mankind.  
'Tis true I pass not from earth's round,  
But nowhere else such fools are found.  
And mankind greets me everywhere,—  
It makes my joy its greatest care.  
At court, in church, in home, at school,  
At games or prayer, supreme my rule.  
The child, the man, the judge, the lawyer,  
The youth whom ardent love doth fire,  
All seek my technicality.  
To clothe myths with reality.  
Nor canst the proof deny,—I am!

Yet wouldst thou class me as a sham?  
Ha! Ha!

Prince Beelzebub—

First Lord am I of Chaos' realm!  
At my command hell's power trembles!  
It is from me Mars has war's helm;  
My laws built Baal's, Astrate's temples.  
To Mammon's rule I power lend,  
Appolyon to Death's vale I send.  
With searching darts I Conscience sting,  
And Hate and Sin proclaim me King.  
Eternal we whom thou wouldst bend,—  
Sooner couldst Hell asunder rend!

Prince Discontent and Yetta (at a gesture  
from Flora)—

See! Flora! Horrors! Oh we vanish!  
Forever us this Queen doth banish.

(Prince Discontent and Yetta disappear.)

Umenie—

Sans substance held in mind or matter's realm  
or sway,

Sans attributes, that must inherent laws obey,  
A formless void thou art,—of man's imagina-  
tion;—

Destruction is thy end,—Wert subject to  
creation.

All that begins must end, and thou hadst a  
beginning:—

Wert called through force of fear—Foul prog-  
eny of sinning.

Naught 's indestructible, of fundamental right  
When fear or force of will assumes creative  
might.

Thus, as ye all wert called by minds diseased  
through fear,

Resolve again to naught!—Forever leave  
earth's sphere.

Forever shall destruction be creation's law!

Obeysay I! I am the wizard Telepah!

The Demons—

Telepah! Great wizard Telepah! Oh! Oh!

We must obey thy will! Must go! Oh! Oh!

(Demons disappear.)

Flora—

Umenie love, shall fancy die?

Is grim destruction then the cry?

(Enter Shamgar and family.)



Umenie—

Nay, nay, my Queen. Shamgar the Jew—  
Our friend with family morals true,  
Has for long ages shown to man  
How home's pure love a power can  
Impart, and spread amongst mankind  
In which peace and good will we find.  
Come friend Shamgar.—Thy home shall stay.  
Its family ties—Its morals grand.  
To shine 'mongst men a luminous ray,—  
A glorious light through every land.

Flora—

And must my love from earth depart?  
Umenie dear 'twould break my heart.

Umenie—

I see a vision splendor clad  
In purity of love.  
From Mount Meru it gently floats  
To India's tranquil grove.  
It now sweet scented fragrance lends  
To Arab's desert waste,—  
Then hides, in radiant, lovely form  
To me in anxious haste.  
This vision wears thy smile and holds  
In its true heart thy love,

As Flora dear, Indrani true,  
As Buddha's meek sweet dove.—  
As Telepah's Queen Happiness  
This vision ever rule,  
Be 't myth or dream, or fancy-formed  
Be man wise sage or fool.  
(Crowns Flora as Queen Happiness during  
last lines.)

THE END.





# TELEPAH

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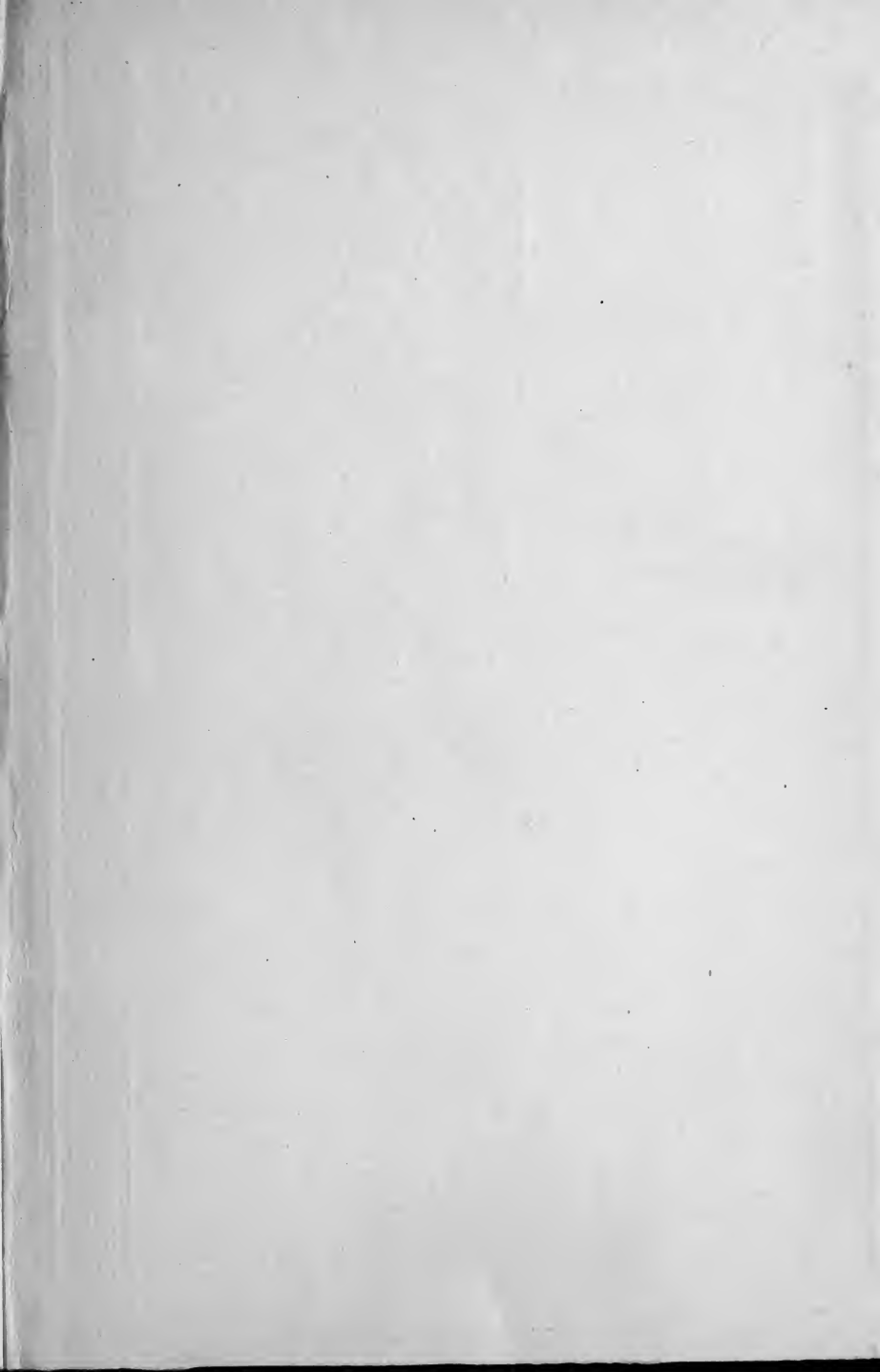


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DRAMATIC  
POEM

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