







THE PLAYS OF
JAMES ORMAN GRAY, LL.B.

ANTICHRIST

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"THE DRIFTING SONG."

"Drifting on the Ocean of Life,
Drifting along, drifting,
Swept here and there without a care,
Or of the eye lifting.
Countless Gondolas o'er the blue,
Of every Country Lan',
Sailing, sailing over the Sea,
On to the golden san'.
Some drifting along, some sailing
With Aeolus along;
Lifting their eyes to cloud-land o'er,
Joining in Cupid's song.
Drifting, drifting, drifting along
In Aeolian song;
Dreaming, dreaming, dreaming along,
List'ning to Ocean's gong.
Placidly, placidly onward,
Daphne wavering far,
On, wafted on; on, wafted on,
On to the Saturn Star."

ANTICHRIST.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

- ORRIE NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, *Antichrist.*
KING OF GREECE.
PRINCE VITTORIO.
MANDELL, *an English Prince.*
PRINCE OF SERVIA.
POPE OF ROME.
DALAI-LAMA.
PAN-CHHEN RIN PO CHHE.
NAKIB-UL-ESHREF.
JEWISH HIGH PRIEST.
TELEMACHUS, *a Poet.*
HERMES OLYMPUS, *the Widow's Lost Child.*
LEONIDAS, *an Outlaw.*
MAIA, *Queen of Greece.*
ZAZA, *Sultana of Turkey.*
PRINCESS VITTORIO.
ANTIGONE, *a Grecian Princess.*
ARETE, *a Grecian Princess.*
GLADYS, *daughter to Princess Vittorio.*
OLYMPUS, *a Widow.*
THETIS, *daughter to the Widow.*

Servant, Maidens and others.

Deputies, Senators, Dignitaries

Of the Moslem, Christian and Jewish Faiths.

Generals attending on Napoleon.

Cardinals attending on Pope.

Khutuktus attending on Dalai-lama.

Khutuktus attending on Pan-chhen Rin po chhe.

Kadi-askers attending on Nakib-ul-Eshref.

*Priests attending on Jewish High Priest,
and others.*

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ANTICHRIST

Scene. Partly in Greece, and partly in Turkey.

ACT I.

Scene I. New York. A Room in Prince Vittorio's House.

Enter NAPOLEON and GLADYS.

GLADYS. How the notes of the Opera gambol through
My brain. Good old Fourteenth Street, you seem from
The clustered vales of fair Italy. Orrie,
Was not Il Trovatore grand?

NAPOLEON. It was mellifluous. I never knew
Such art was in New York, other than in
The larger theatres. It was grand.

GLADYS. Do you remember the scene in the first
Opera, when everyone rose to his
Feet?

NAPOLEON. Even now it flashes through my brain. Il
Trovatore is lovely; but that was
Grand.

GLADYS. They do not strive for money; it is for
Art. Within the shadow of Broadway they
Have clustered. Dulcet joy they bring to the
Italian People.

NAPOLEON. I expected you to say: "My People."

GLADYS. I was born in New York, although Mother
And Father were born in Italy. I
Am proud I am an American.

NAPOLEON. The old legends of Italy and Greece
Carry my mind afar, not allowing
Me to be master of myself.

GLADYS. The mountains, the rivers and vales resound
With musical notes. It is a Land of
Dreams. Great men have risen and crowned the Earth

With their philosophy and thought. Caesar
Won and added conquest to our sylvan land.
Titus dismembered the Jews, and scattered
Them afar—a people now homeless and meek.
Make money thy weapon, said King Philip
Of Macedon, the renowned father of
Alexander the Great, and unconquered
Nations will worship thee. Kings and Queens will
Await thy bidding. Well he portrayed his
Wonderful knowledge of human nature,
In his management of men. He consulted
The Oracle of Delphi. Its answer
For success was: "Philip, make gold thy weapons,
And thou wilt conquer all." He filled the mouths
Of orators with false words, and opened
Every city with his golden key.

NAPOLÉON. The History of Italy is teeming
With the brilliant and noble deeds of brave
Men. Temples rear their eroded sides to
The sky, majestic in the glory of
Decay. I have read much of the Ancient
And Antique History. I love the Country.

GLADYS. I wish you were as one of those great men,
Who are now reclined to rest. They bowed to
The revolvings of Time, taking with them
The Sceptre of Age, Fame. Money may gain
Attention, while its Master lives; but with
Him it dwindles away. Fame is ever
Recorded, as the Ages slip by. Not
As Mammon, it flourishes and survives
Its Master's frame, and is ever growing
Younger, as the decades go fleeting by.

NAPOLÉON. Do you wish me to be like the Hero
Achilles, who gained fame at the fall of
Troy, and maltreated the body of great

Hector by dragging it around the walls
Of Troy?

GLADYS. Woman ever bows to Fame, and wantons
When it courts her. If you could gain Fame like
Pompey the Great, who defeated Rome's greatest
Enemy, King Mithridates.

NAPOLEON. Would not the Fame of the Theatre suffice?

GLADYS. False life is for those who wish for Fame, but
Who have not the spirit to obtain it.
Real Fame is to become the master.

NAPOLEON. Then you wish me to conquer, before you
Will deign to offer me your love?

GLADYS. I want a King for a husband.

NAPOLEON. Your father follows the profession of
Medicine.

GLADYS. My father has cast aside his title.
His profession is remunerative.

NAPOLEON. I have riches. What else do you desire?

GLADYS. Many have riches, they are common. I
Want Fame.

NAPOLEON. Your Father is a Prince, your Mother a
Princess.

GLADYS. The lust for sway flows within my veins. I
Combine Love with the attainment of Fame.

NAPOLEON. If I succeed in my quest, would you then
Form machinations to overthrow me;
And beguile the love that I would yield you?

GLADYS. I vow by Sirius, Aldebaran,
The Great Bear and the Stars of Broadway, that
I will bequeath my Love to Orrie, if
He conquers the World.

NAPOLEON. Conquer the World?

GLADYS. Render America, the Atlantic,
Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia
And the Pacific subservient to

Your dictations. I come of a titled
Family. Your only recommendation
Is wealth.

NAPOLEON. Gladys, my ancestors were Kings and Queens.

GLADYS. Of what Court, tell me, Orrie?

NAPOLEON. I am abashed at the mighty volume
I have unswathed. Our family is lost
In tradition.

GLADYS. You vouch from the Lydian Croesus your
Family sprang, as Athene full-grown from
The brain of Zeus. Mammon favored Croesus,
And the services of his baking maid
Went by not unheeded. Her figure, in
Solid gold, three cubits high, was sent to
Delphi to assuage the God, and more, and
Millions followed.

NAPOLEON. Your judgment is aggressive. I admit
It was from that immortal man
Our family sprang; but for the favor of
The Gods, our sight would not now be fixed of
Earth. Too late Cyrus relented of his
Anger. Croesus bound on the burning pile
Was slowly being approached by the fire,
While those around him prayed. The soldiers
Battled with no avail against the flames,
Although urged on by Cyrus, who himself
Lent a hand. When the flames swept thickest round
The pile, Croesus besought Apollo to
Spare him. The God, heeding the prayers of
The pious man, gathered sable clouds in
A clear sky, and quenched the fire with rain.

GLADYS. Ancient History is abounding in quaint
And pretty tales. If I do not err
Croesus atoned for the crime of one of
His ancestors, the atonement falling

On the fifth and predicted generation;
He being a member of the body-
Guard of the Heraclidæ was persuaded
By his Queen to murder his master, and
To usurp the Kingdom. He followed her
Bidding, and in this way became King.

NAPOLEON. Now, when I meditate, our family
Is not descended from Croesus.

GLADYS. That would be shame, instead of glory.

NAPOLEON. The morning hours are slowly beginning
To dawn. I fear your parents are detained
O'er the limpid and sparkling nectar.

GLADYS. They do not indulge their passions in the
Bacchic feast or song. They do not drink.

NAPOLEON. Then they sip o'er the tea-cup, where Broadway
Entertains her midnight throng.

GLADYS. They have come.

Enter PRINCE and PRINCESS VITTORIO.

GLADYS. You are late. We have been waiting, every
Moment expecting you would come.

PRINCESS. It is unthoughtful of me to keep poor
Orrie waiting. He has so far to go.

NAPOLEON. Not at all. I assure you, I
Consider it an honor to bear your
Daughter company. In fact, I like it. We
Have just been talking. Gladys, you tell them.

GLADYS. Orrie asked me to be his wife. I
Informed him of my fondest ambition.
I told him I would marry him, if he
Would conquer the World.

PRINCE. Daughter, you are indeed treating of the
Ludicrous.

PRINCESS. Gladys, you have been planning to amuse
Us.

GLADYS. Father may some day be King, and you may

Be Queen. I love Orrie, and would marry Him.

PRINCE. Do not talk of marriage.

PRINCESS. No, do not speak of it.

GLADYS. I am aware of the thoughts that wind round The subtle brain. You desire me to Bestow my love on one of noble rank And position.

PRINCESS. You will offend Orrie.

GLADYS. You desire me to marry one of your Own rank; besides, some day I may be Queen. I want you to delay the marriage you Have planned, for a year. If Orrie has not Attained his object in that time, I will Have to relinquish his love; although it Can never go to another.

PRINCESS. Rank is unlike any other sphere of Life. We are intimate with ourselves, and With no others. Your speech is beyond the Realm of Reason. I do not mind your Keeping company with Orrie. I like him.

PRINCE. Wife, there may be some truth in the statement Of Gladys; perhaps Orrie is destined For some hidden function, that will Enable him to carry out his thoughts. There was only one Napoleon. Who thought, When the Island of Corsica gave birth To an obscure lawyer's son, that he would Be the Dictator of all Europe, and Would carry the flaming Sword of War to All Countries; even England trembled in Her Isles. Orrie has wealth, and there is no Reason why he should not be given an Opportunity to gain our daughter's Love.

GLADYS. Orrie already has it.

PRINCE. If he wins, he will gain your love; now it
Is withheld.

PRINCESS. You consent to Gladys' wishes?

PRINCE. We have only one daughter. We should make
Her as happy as we know how. There are
Ten thousand deaths in this city each year,
From the White Plague alone. I am glad when
I know she is happy.

PRINCESS. There is no danger; you are a doctor.

PRINCE. Every second when I am amidst the
Sick and diseased, I am facing Death, as
Much as the man who sits upon a barge,
And steers his way down a river,
Frequented with rocks, that threaten, if he
Makes a false turn of the wheel, to cast him
To the eddies, and to Death.

GLADYS. You are so kind, Father; then Orrie has
A year, in which to claim my Love?

PRINCE. He can have two, if your Mother says so.
She is the one who is doing the match-
Making.

GLADYS. Mother, you assent?

PRINCESS. Your Father thinks that the undertaking
Is possible. As it will make you happy,
I consent.

NAPOLEON. You are so generous, Princess and Prince
Vittorio; as Gladys and I are
Now engaged, I crave the honor of your
Company, as my guests, for the tour of the
Mediterranean.

PRINCESS. You have been told of our contemplated
Trip?

NAPOLEON. No, Princess Vittorio, I was not
Informed.

GLADYS. Yes, Father and Mother are going to Italy. They were going to ask you To go too.

NAPOLEON. As I have asked you first, I hope you will Be my guests.

PRINCE. In the undertaking before you, you Will need every dollar you possess. You Are now treading a path none have trod. The World has never been conquered.

PRINCESS. Do not encumber yourself, Orrie, with This expense. You will promise?

NAPOLEON. As it is your wish I should not act as Host, I relinquish the exalted Position, and rest content with having Your daughter's love, and being one of the Party.

GLADYS. We will indeed have a lovely time, If you can be with us all the time.

PRINCE. Perhaps Orrie can. The World to-day Cannot be conquered, simply by a great Army, as was the case years ago, when Alliances were unknown. To-day the Nations have united, and when one seems To be growing too great, those who hold the Sway, such as Great Britain, unite, one with The other, to extinguish the rising Flame.

NAPOLEON. Prince Vittorio, you fathom my design. I have centered on Greece, as being the Country around which the radiance of The Circle of Conquest will be drawn. From Greece I will spread as far o'er the World as Arms will allow me. Greece has yet a spark Of glory left—a spark of that mighty Glow, that endowed all the World with wisdom,

And spread her arms afar. America
Wonders, to-day, who were the people who
Raised the mounds so common along the Great
Lakes, and shaped the urn, and moulded copper
And tempered it, for their use. That long-lost
Race was Greek. Captain Cook describes the natives
Of our Coast, of the Pacific, when they
Came to pay their homage to him. They used
The Branch of Peace, as the ancient Greeks were
Accustomed to do. Our Indians are
Simply a branch of that family of
Deteriorated Greeks. It is strange
That few recognize the truth.

PRINCE. I am not versed in Ethnology as
Thoroughly as I would like to be; but tell
Me, Orrie, more about your plans; how it
Will be possible to conquer the World,
When Kings, Princes and mighty Generals have
Failed.

GLADYS. Tell us, Orrie, how you will do it.

PRINCESS. Do tell us. It is a grand thought; but I
Fear the day will never dawn, when the World
Will be conquered. It does no harm to try,
So tell us.

NAPOLEON. I am going to unite every Greek
Citizen as one. You are familiar
With the uprising of the Greek People,
And their throwing off the Turkish yoke, and
The assemblage of France, Russia and
Britain; and their choice of Otho, second
Son of the King of Bavaria, as
The Ruler of Greece.

PRINCE. Georgias I., the son of Christian
IX. of Denmark, comes after the banished
Otho.

NAPOLEON. I only went back to Otho because
It was there the hatred of the Greeks was
Aroused. They have murmured ever since. They
Do not fancy having a King not of
Their own race. They murmur; but they know it
Is of no avail to strike. To strike would
Mean to place themselves in a baser
Position; so they wait, hoping to some
Day have a Grecian King upon their Throne.
It is in that hope I expect to
Conquer the World. I will go to Athens,
The Boule being now in session, and
Witnessing the proceedings, perhaps, add
To my immature plan.

PRINCE. A worthy idea, my boy.

NAPOLEON. I will secretly spread among
The Grecians the theme of having a King
Of their own Race upon the Throne. I will
Perfect myself in the language, adopt
Their ways, and become a Greek born; then at
The head of the revolution, I will
Usurp the Throne; not as a Monarch, but
As a Liberator.

GLADYS. Grand, grand.

PRINCESS. You have great ideas.

PRINCE. How then will you hold your power? Britain, France
And Russia will interfere; for it was
They who assisted Greece in her struggle
In 1829, establishing
Her as an independent Kingdom. I
Fear. The scheme is good; but the fall is
Predestined.

NAPOLEON. To depend only on Greece would mean to
Give up my hope of success, and to lose
My life.

GLADYS. Orrie, Orrie.

NAPOLEON. The relation between the powers of the World is somewhat distant. Japan will not Refuse to invade China, when assured Of success. India will not fail to Revolt from British rule, when assured of Success. The Sepoy mutiny is still Fresh in its memory. The natives rise, But they are quelled. They can be depended On, when the great wheel begins to turn. South Africa will not hesitate to proclaim Her Independence, when the opportunity Is allowed her. Then there is the invasion Of British Power into Egypt. Spain will Win back Gibraltar to her kingdom, If circumstances allow her. Germany Will cross the Channel for the remunerative Prize England, if left unhindered; and here In America, Canada is practically Free; and will, when a vantage moment offers, Declare her Independence, as the United States did. Know then, England is beset on Every side by foes.

PRINCE. True, boy, true. You have studied the question Well. Go on.

GLADYS. I am growing interested, Orrie. You have indeed planned.

PRINCESS. I am interested too. If the rest Is as good as the first, I think you will Win.

NAPOLEON. Russia is to the north of Persia, and Has been meditating for some time on The invasion of that Country; and has Made various advances towards Persia, which have greatly alarmed that Power.

She, too, would offset the Russian Bear,
If possible to do so. Then Turkey
Has many complaints against ambitious
Russia, for aiding Bulgaria in
Asserting her Independence. Then there
Is the remembrance of Britain, France
And Russia's interfering with her, when
She was subduing the rebellious Greeks.
I think Turkey will give her aid, when the
Moment calls for action.

PRINCESS. You have indeed studied the question.

GLADYS. That was lovely, Orrie.

PRINCE. What is your plan to make these Powers unite
With you?

NAPOLEON. Morocco is yet sulking under the
Punishment administered by the French,
And is only waiting to repay the
Courteous people back. The Moors and Arabs
Are fearless fighters, and only need the
Rudiments of the Military Art to
Make themselves effective. Roumania
Will be inclined to favor Greece, for she
Has not forgotten Greek was the once
Prevalent tongue at Court; that the Greek Church
Was once predominant; even her views
Of political welfare were the same.
Roumania has an army to be
Envied, and war-vessels that can do good
Work. Bulgaria boasts of nearly three
Million souls. When Greece calls, they will
Respond. Their Faith is that of the Greek Church.
In Servia, where every person seems
To have poetic inspiration, where
The hills dip, where the hills rise, seemingly
Bidding defiance to the sky, we find

The Greek Religion, the faith of the land.
Servia can place three hundred thousand
Fighting men in the field. Montenegro
Boasts of the Orthodox Greek Church; there are
Also Catholics and Mohammedans, and
An army of excellent soldiers.
There are thousands of Greeks in Austria.
It is an easy matter, if these Greeks
And Powers are properly managed, to build
An Empire more great than Homer ever
Pictured; more grand and voluptuous in
Beauty than ever was the fondest dream
Of Pericles.

PRINCE. My boy, I believe you can do it.

GLADYS. You see, Mother, we were not trying to
Amuse you.

PRINCESS. So I see, darling. Orrie, you have a
Vivid mind.

NAPOLEON. It is study and execution. The
World has been conquered many times
On paper. It is the meditative
Man who writes, and the executive man
Who conquers. I will send Heralds as the
Ancient Greeks were accustomed to call them,
To the Countries I think will aid me. To
Acquaint those in Power of the advantages
They will gain by aiding the movement. By
Combining the weak, I will give them strength
With which to subdue the strong.

GLADYS. Greece will be yours.

PRINCESS. If successful, the World too.

PRINCE. It is, indeed, a prodigious task
You have set before yourself. It is the
Ambition of every Monarch of the

World to-day to achieve your aim; but they
Have not done it.

NAPOLEON. Because they have commenced in the wrong place.
They are not using the brains God gave them
To further their position in the World.

GLADYS. Has anything altered your mind, Father,
As to our departure for Italy
Next week?

NAPOLEON. So soon?

GLADYS. Yes. We have sold everything with the house,
For we are not going to return.

PRINCE. No, Gladys, nothing has altered my mind.
Your Mother is impatient to return
To sunny Italy, and I join with
Her. See Naples and die, is one of the
Expressions of our poorer countrymen.
They come to America, and struggle
Along for years, adding cent to cent, and
Dollar to dollar, until they think they
Have enough to comfort them in their
Old age. Their one ambition, while struggling
At the pick, or making railroads, or at
The maculate handle of the heinous
Organ, is to see Naples, and die.

PRINCESS. How strange the tall dwelling-houses, and the
Narrow streets of Naples, will appear, after our
Being so long in New York. The little
Iron railing in front of each window will
Seem so odd; and to think of the women
Sitting away up in the air; wouldn't
The people of New York laugh, if they could
See them?

GLADYS. Yes, Mother, and won't Orrie laugh too!

PRINCE. My boy, you will see many things in
Italy, that will interest you. You

Will be able to climb Vesuvius,
And peer into the mighty depths of the
Famed crater; from whose bosom stupendous
Rocks weighing tons were cast thousands and thousands
Of feet into the air, and whose ashes
Fell on vessels' decks seven hundred and
Fifty miles at sea.

PRINCESS. You will see the ruins of Pompeii, and
The pictures of the Gods and Goddesses
In varied frescoes ornamenting the
Walls of the ruined Palaces, and the
Deep-rutted flagstones, where the wheels of the
Chariots ground their way; and the beaten
Path made by the multitudes, hurrying
On their way through Pompeii's busy streets.
Then there are the schools and the theatres, now
Silent from age; lending but an echo
To Life's hurried page.

GLADYS. Then there is Lake Agnano with its deep
Buried city. Imagine, Orrie, a
City submerged in a translucid and
Limpid lake; picture a city far down
Under the clear and glistening water, and
You will see the city, immersed in Lake
Agnano.

NAPOLEON. The scenes must be beautiful.

PRINCE. I forgot to mention the Riviere
Di Chiaja of Naples; well I can
Remember my evening rides among the
Motley throng. Princes, bankers and beggars
Vie with each other for the quaint and
Accustomed ride; when I think of it now,
I can hardly refrain from laughter.

GLADYS. Father, in his sumptuous carriage, with
His gorgeously attired driver and footman,

Would sometimes be driving alongside of
A cart pulled by a sick donkey, and laden
With sometimes ten, fifteen and twenty of
The poorest and most ragged people of
The city. Then a Duke would pass along;
Then another Prince, then clerks, and all the
Life of Naples who could afford a ride.
Why, Father was a Prince among Princes,
Dukes, beggars and all the boisterous
Element of the grand City. It is
Indeed funny. New York would never
Recover, if it saw a scene like that.

PRINCESS. You will never grow accustomed to it,
As we do. You are an American
Born, Gladys, and have fallen into their
Ways. Our sojourn in Italy was not
Long enough to accustom you to the
Manners of our people. You will grow to
Like them, as you learn more about them.

NAPOLEON. It will be a lovely trip.

GLADYS. Orrie, when you see the magnificent
Church of St. Peter at Rome, you will think
All the Churches in New York can be placed
Inside of it. When you first enter the
Church, and look at the people away down
At the other end, you can imagine
The Brownies of the Fairy Books. They grow
So small at last, that they disappear.

PRINCESS. Orrie won't believe you, until he sees
It.

NAPOLEON. Indeed, Princess, I can believe any-
Thing your daughter tells me.

GLADYS. You see, Mother, Orrie knows I always
Tell the truth.

PRINCE. Then there is the crypt, you remember, dear,

Under the baldacchino, where the good
Peter's ashes rest?

GLADYS. Yes, and I also remember the print
Of the Disciple's face in the stone of
The cell in which he was confined; and the
Paving-stone at San Sebastian, with
The footprints of Peter impressed in it.

NAPOLEON. There are many things to see.

PRINCESS. There are many things we have not seen.

PRINCE. There is the Forum, where Caesar was slain.
The mighty Coliseum, where renowned
Feats of valor were performed, within whose
Enclosure Christians were torn to pieces
By wild beasts, standing out as martyrs for
Their faith; a sect that has flourished through ages
Of oppression, and made us more like men.

PRINCESS. Tell Orrie and Gladys of the horrors
Of the Capuchin Convent.

PRINCE. There is a vast vault beneath this Convent
Containing six apartments. One room is
Filled with beautiful arches; another
With grand pyramids, and the walls are decked
With gorgeous frescoes; these are made of bones
And parts of the human body of the
Monks of the Capuchin order. Many
Centuries are represented in
The six chambers. Four thousand Monks have
Graced the light of day, and closed their eyes in
Eternal night, to form these dark, hideous,
Yet beautiful scenes.

GLADYS. O, Father, you make me so nervous. I
Shall dream of those horrid things all night long.

PRINCE. All morning long, you mean.

GLADYS. It is all the same; whenever I sleep,
It is always night.

NAPOLEON. I will go. I have become so absorbed
In your descriptions of Italy, that
I have entirely forgotten the hour.

PRINCESS. You must not go, until you have had some
Refreshment, from this hour of thought. Food lends
Vigor to the frame; replenishes the
Fainting glow of the orbs, and matures the
Mental action of the brain. You will stay?

NAPOLEON. Princess Vittorio, your wish is a
Command to me. I am happy to be
Able to snatch more moments from Saturn's
Wheel. I am indeed honored.

[PRINCESS rings bell.]

PRINCESS. We will resume our conversation, o'er
The tea-cup.

Enter Maid.

PRINCESS. Elsie, you may bring us—let me think—you
Never drink tea, Orrie?

GLADYS. No, Orrie never drinks tea.

NAPOLEON. I am very sorry—

PRINCE. Tut, tut, it is a good habit. Wife, we
Will have some cocoa.

PRINCESS. Yes, Elsie, we will have some cocoa.

[*Exit Maid.*]

PRINCE. That is a splendid servant. We have had
Her ever since we have been in New York.
A model for beauty, and as sweet as
Our Italian wine.

PRINCESS. She is not like other girls; she seems to
Have ideas all her own about the
Future; to leave her in America
Would break her heart, so we are going to
Take her to Italy with us. When she
Grows lonely, and longs for her native land,
We will send her home.

GLADYS. I wouldn't lose Elsie for anything.
She seems more like a sister than a maid.

PRINCESS. That is because she has been treated as
A young girl should be. I expect to do
Many things for Elsie in Italy.

GLADYS. You will marry her to some Duke, Mother?

PRINCESS. Never you mind. Elsie is going to
Be a lady some day.

PRINCE. Your Mother is match-making, Gladys, so
Just keep your eye on her.

Enter Maid.

[All gather at table.]

PRINCE. This drink carries me away to that far
Distant clime, where beneath the tropical
Sun of America, this cocoa is
Nurtured in the form of pale reddish-brown
Seeds, in a cucumber-shaped fruit. Natives
Gather the fruit, and subject it to five
Days' fermentation in earthen vessels,
Or in clusters on the ground. It is then
Forced open, and the seeds dislodged from their
Snug resting-place, and dried by the Sun, or
By fire.

PRINCESS. While we were in the West Indies, we were
Much interested in the culture and
Preparation of this nutritious
Food. One always appreciates it more,
When one understands the process that it
Undergoes.

PRINCE. Simply human nature, wife.

NAPOLÉON. I have become so interested in
Your descriptions of Italy, that I
Long for just one more story, before I
Turn my footsteps towards home, to prepare
For my embarkation, for a future
Hope, on the turning week.

GLADYS. Father, tell Orrie about the Iron Crown
Of Lombardy.

PRINCE. The Crown Gladys mentions has a long
History. I will only give you a brief
Description of it. Gladys will take you
To see it, when we go to Italy.
In the Cathedral at Monza the now
Famous Crown rests. There is an altar of
Great size within this famed Cathedral, and
Across the altar is a gilded cross.
When you first look at the mighty cross, you
Would never think there was a secret chamber
Within, and you are greatly surprised when
A ladder is placed in front, and the monk
Applies a key to the centre of the
Cross, and throws open two doors, revealing
Another cross sparkling with diamonds, and
Surrounded by gorgeous silks. Then another
Key is fitted to this second cross, and
When this is opened, you see, resting within,
A casket. This the monk takes out, glancing
With admiration at the gem within,
And then slowly and reverently he
Descends, and then at last allows you a
Fond look at the jewelled crown, that has rested
Peacefully on the noble heads of four
And thirty Monarchs of Lombardy. This
World-famed crown consists of a broad hoop of
Gold, beautifully embellished, and adorned
With priceless gems. Napoleon, too, fell 'neath
Its illustrious glow; and when informed
That the narrow band of iron that circles
The interior of the crown was framed
From a nail of the Holy Cross, and brought
From Palestine by the celebrated
Empress Helena, he could not desist

From a public coronation, and the
Garland of Lombardy decked the brow of
Europe's King.

NAPOLEON. It is indeed a famous Crown.

PRINCE. There are hundreds of tales connected with
It, and you will be able to spend a
Pleasant hour listening to the Monks and their
Stories of the famous crown; for
They are always glad to relate the
Reminiscences of the past.

GLADYS. As soon as we reach Italy, we will
Go to Monza.

PRINCESS. Dear, you forget Monza is over
Four hundred miles from Naples; remember,
We are going from here to Naples by
Steamer.

GLADYS. I had forgotten it was so far; but
We will go just the same.

PRINCE. After Gladys has shown you around, there
Will be nothing to see.

NAPOLEON. I shall have to drag myself away by
Force. If I continue here, the rosy-
Fingered dawn will be peeping o'er New York
Wrapped in slumber, and I shall vie with the
Early toiler, in awakening the
Sleepy streets. Do not ask me to stay longer,
For I must go.

PRINCESS. It is indeed early; but when one has
The morrow's hours for rest, one does not mind
The fleeting hours of night.

NAPOLEON. O'er this table, let us give a toast to
The Grecian God Zeus, and the Sire of
Bounteous Italy, Jupiter; that
They may see fit to stoop and render me
Aid, in the mighty battle for the love
Of Gladys.

ACT II.

*Scene 1. Athens. The Ruins of The Temple of
Zeus Olympius.*

Enter ANTIGONE.

ANTIGONE. He is indeed a comely man. He
Carries himself with such import, that I
Cannot help but think he is more than an
Ordinary man. I would not doubt but
That he is a Prince from some foreign
Clime. Alas, what Princes we have are bowed
With eternal disgrace. They dare not look
At the Gods face to face. I bear the title
Of Princess. What is in a title, when
Some foreign King reigns o'er our Race?
Degenerate family, to think once there
Was glory; now all has fled. No one to
Raise the Flag of Greece aloft, where it so
Proudly fluttered. Alas, poor Greece, alas!
The stranger approaches with two ladies,
An old gentleman and a guide. I will
Deign to be a common Grecian maid,
And offer my services.

*Enter PRINCE and PRINCESS VITTORIO,
GLADYS, NAPOLEON and a GUIDE.*

ANTIGONE. Strangers, would you accept of my talent
As a guide? I am well versed in the ruins
Of this Fane of Zeus Olympius,
And of yon Acropolis, with its ruined
Parthenon, residence of the Virgin
Goddess Athene; designed by the great
Sculptor Pheidias, and looked after while
In the course of erection, by the great
Architect Ictinus.

GUIDE. She is entirely wrong in her statement.
I have never seen her before. She is
Not a professional guide.

PRINCE. I know more about these ruins than you do
Yourself. She is correct in her statement.
As I am pleased to be rid of your
Company, here is a gold piece for you.

GUIDE. Thank you, most mighty man. I follow your
Bidding. Adieu.

PRINCE. Adieu.

ANTIGONE. Guides are very untrustworthy.

PRINCE. Especially the male ones. Daughter, I
Did not see you, when I was here two years
Ago.

ANTIGONE. It is only of late that I have
Offered my services as a guide.

PRINCE. That accounts for it.

GLADYS. What a beautiful old ruin! Just look at
Those mighty columns. Thousands of years must
Have gone by, since the workmen toiled at those
Masterpieces of Art.

ANTIGONE. This once magnificent temple has been
The source of much contention among our
Historians. The first stone was laid by
The orders of Pisistratus, Tyrant
Of Athens; and so great was the work, that
It was not finished until the reign of
The Roman Emperor Hadrian; that
Great King of Rome, not wishing to see the
Colossal Fane before the gaze of the
World in an immature state, furnished the
Wealth that placed the last stroke of the master
Upon the Temple's brow. This Tyrant was
A Poet of much fame; an Actor of
Much merit; and to his pen, the World

Traces the Secret of his Success. He
Changed the Grecian Tragedy; opened a
Path up which many Dramatists have climbed—
At last reaching the top; then resting their
Laurels at Zeus' Fane, as a sign
Of gratitude, and a token of praise.

PRINCESS. You are well versed in History.

ANTIGONE. Herodotus has been my companion.
I have perused the other Masters with
An ardency, that has opened to me
A great store of Knowledge; and makes me think
More of what a great Land Greece could be.

NAPOLEON. Grecian, you have anticipation
Of Hellas' rise?

ANTIGONE. Every moment we are expectant of
A great man rising, and leading Greece to
Victory, revenging the wrongs we have
Suffered. The columns of our Fanes have been
Taken to other lands; what remains is
But a shadow of what we had. Sixteen
Columns yet grace the Temple of Zeus
Olympius, where once there existed
One hundred and fifty. Our Shrines have been
Robbed, our Altars carried to other lands.
Stranger, tell me, have we not cause to complain?

NAPOLEON. You have; but why do your people remain
Inactive, instead of asserting their
Rights?

ANTIGONE. Because they are slaves.

PRINCE. The Helots, the serfs and the lowest class
Of the once great Spartan State rebelled
Against their Lords.

ANTIGONE. How long did they bear arms against them?

PRINCE. True, it was not long.

ANTIGONE. The Helots, even if they were slaves, were

No match for their Masters and Lords. They were Stronger, yet they were born to be slaves.

GLADYS. Father, look here, I have discovered a Play inscribed on this pillar; it is so Pretty.

[*All go to Pillar.*]

PRINCESS. Read it, daughter.

GLADYS. I have almost forgotten my Greek. I Can understand it; but I think father Had better read it.

ANTIGONE. It has never been recorded that there Was a play inscribed on the pillar. It Must be a recent work.

PRINCE. These glasses annoy me. When I place Them aside, I am still annoyed, and When I don them, I am annoyed still.

PRINCESS. Husband, then it is a vivid case of Annoyance.

GLADYS. Perhaps our guide will read it for us.

PRINCE. No, no, my eyes are as good as they were Twenty years ago; but the glasses——

GLADYS. Our guide will read it.

PRINCE. Gladys, obey your father.

PRINCESS. Can't you see father wants the honor of Being the first to read it?

GLADYS. I was the first.

PRINCESS. Not the first to read it to us.

GLADYS. Then I'm going over to another Pillar, to try and find another play.

PRINCESS. You had better stay, perhaps father will Discover something you have passed over.

GLADYS. Yes, you may be right, Mother, I will stay.

PRINCE. The title of this play is: "Blue Grotto."

ANTIGONE. [*Aside.*] My play. How came it here?

PRINCE. It has been effaced, but I will read you

What there is of it. It commences with Act I., and Scene I. tells us that it is Centered in the Isle of Capri, which is Twenty-two miles from Naples; the First scene portrays the ocean floor of our Wonderful cave, "Blue Grotto." It runs thus: "Alas, what fate awaits me? Jupiter, Unfold the invisible power that has Drawn me to this Ocean depth. One short hour Ago I was the happy Monarch of Italy; now I am a blighted Soul doomed to wander without aim, without Destiny, o'er old Ocean's floor. If sight Has not yet robbed mine eye of its golden Ray, I vouch to see the shadow of The craft that Fate impelled to enter Blue Grotto's open door, with freight none other Than fairest Italy's King. What Gods have Snatched me from yon vessel's bow, to endow My land with the darkened shroud of mourning For the departed King? What use to think Of hope? None can avail me at this floor So deep. The longest chain would swing but half Way down, and then, what God would reckon this Too cheap, and snatch the links away? What fear Can overburden hope, when Neptune guards My way? Amidst these briny waves I breathe And live. Thought flows round the spiral course; Why then should danger bid me shun, when I Live entombed but a memory of the past, Dead to the World without, yet alive, and In communion with myself? Resound, ye Hoary walls, laved by a never-dying Sea, let me hear my voice returned, that I may know there is one that murmurs back.

Divested of myself, I will speak with
Myself; thus I will bear myself company,
Though woes surround me; comforting my thought,
When the brain bespeaks of rebellion, and
Reason bids to fly from its sequestered dome.
Even the waves shall bear me company, and
I will make these fluent slaves of Ocean
Bow unto my will. I will awake the
Nereids from their sleep; and if I can speak
To no mortal but myself, I will quench
My fire for congeniality in
The Nereids' winsome Court. Come, ye maids of
Ocean's might, ye daughters of Nereus, more
Fair than Italy's clustered dales. Come, ye
Maidens of the sparkling sea, to soothe and
Cheer a King, whom Gods have cast to Ocean's
Floor, to grace thy latent couch."

Enter Nereids, singing.

NEREIDS. We come, O mighty Ruler of
A land more fair than yours,
Where luscious fruit is ever ripe,
And hangs the golden hours.
We come to bid thee welcome in
Our mellowed amber hall,
To grace our couch, with pearls embossed,
When Love's sweet voice doth call.
Come then, O potent King of Earth,
Who rules the Roman Land,
Whose sires have shak'n the brazen dome
And warred on every strand.
Forget thy woes, forget thy toils,
And find within our arms
A love that adds a quicker flame
And carries many charms.
Forget that Empire claims thy mind,

That Rome is in her grave,
Come and partake of sweeter joy
Than spouse or wife e'er gave.
From mighty Rome, World's fane of old,
We've drawn thee in a spell,
To Capri's Isle known far and near,
To Ocean's Realm of mell.
Within the ban of Naples' gaze,
We snatch thee from her sight,
And waft thee to our laden bowers,
Sweet, amorous and bright.
Though mighty Vulcan watched thy flight,
And wondered at thy mode,
King Vesuvius never thought
'Twas to us that you rode.
Where Etna frowns o'er Sicily
And keeps a watchful eye,
We lulled the God in pleasing sleep,
Caressing Stromboli.
Come to our bed of silk o'erlaid
Of texture wove' of gold.
Immortals vie to grant thy wish,
No maiden, vaunt, or bold.
Each formed of grace and Queenly mien,
Of lineaments divine,
Each maid is blushing for thy love
Within her crystal shrine.
We've watched thee from the Tiber's depths,
And saw thee meditate,
Saw Earth imbibed within thy brain,
And France's erring fate.
Come then and rest with us in peace,
Far from Sirocco's path,
And in our arms escape the blast,
And pestilential wrath. [Exeunt NEREIDS.]

PRINCE. This is as far as it goes, the rest has
Been erased.

PRINCESS. The words are familiar to me, where have
I heard them before?

PRINCE. I was thinking the same thing, they are
Indeed familiar.

NAPOLEON. It is a masterpiece.

ANTIGONE. [Aside.] I am glad he likes it; but I am
Mystified, as to how it came on the
Pillar.

PRINCE. This is only a recent inscription.
It was not here, when I looked over the
Temple two years ago.

GLADYS. It may be the work of some admirer
Of one of the great Poets.

ANTIGONE. [Aside.] Oedipus. He did say something about
My work equalling Aeschylus'. It
Was he.

PRINCE. You seem meditative, daughter, perhaps
You can tell us whose work this is, seeing
That you are more proficient in Greek than
We are.

ANTIGONE. I have been thinking, it is much like the
Work of Aristophanes.

PRINCE. Aristophanes, the greatest comedy
Writer Greece ever had, could not equal
This piece of Poetry. It has even
That element that Greece's immortal
Dramatist, Aeschylus, could not master.
It is only a God's hand that produced
It.

NAPOLEON. It is familiar to me, too. I think
I have read the piece.

GLADYS. I have never heard it before.

PRINCESS. If I am not mistaken, "Blue Grotto"

Was produced for the first time, at the Grand Opera in Paris.

NAPOLEON. France has a magnificent theatre.

PRINCE. The greatest in existence.

PRINCESS. We were in Paris one year ago, and Hearing on all sides of the success of A drama composed by a Grecian, We of course, went to see it.

GLADYS. Where was I, Mother? I don't remember.

PRINCESS. You remember Drusilla, the American Ambassador's daughter?

GLADYS. Yes, I forgot, I preferred to go and See Drusilla, rather than accompany You to the theatre. I remember now.

PRINCESS. Don't you remember, Husband?

PRINCE. I remember the theatre all right; but The play—let me think——

PRINCESS. Of course you remember it. Think of the Grecian Princess to whom I called your Attention.

ANTIGONE. [Aside.] That must have been I.

PRINCE. Yes, I remember. She was gorgeously Attired; that which distinguished her from all Others in the theatre was the magnificent Jewels she wore. There was a fortune in her Hair alone.

PRINCESS. Now that you remember the Princess, the Play should be easy.

PRINCE. Yes, I remember it now. It was this Very play. She was the authoress of It.

PRINCESS. I knew you would remember it. She is The greatest dramatist in the World.

NAPOLEON. You say she is beautiful?

PRINCESS. As lovely as yonder cloud, that hovers

O'er the Acropolis. She is as fair
A woman as one could wish to see.

NAPOLEON. These Grecians are comely. Our guide,
If she were in America, would reap
A golden harvest. She is an Artist's
Ideal.

ANTIGONE. You flatter me, noble Sir.

GLADYS. Orrie, if you pay compliments like that,
Poor little Gladys will be jealous.

ANTIGONE. [Aside.] Then she is not his sister.

NAPOLEON. You said, Grecian, you are expectant of
Greece rising. Tell me, is there much discontent
Among your people?

ANTIGONE. There is. The moment is now mature for
A great man to rise, and lead all Greece to
Victory.

NAPOLEON. You are well versed in History?

ANTIGONE. There are none in Greece who are my equals
In Chemistry, Geometry, Law and
The Sciences, I have made various
And comprehensive discoveries. I
Received a brilliant education, and
Have been acknowledged by the University
Of Athens as its most learned scholar.

NAPOLEON. Do you fully understand the different
Governments of the World?

ANTIGONE. My education embraces a knowledge
Of the most minute Governments as well
As the greatest.

PRINCE. Daughter, you should have been born a Princess,
Instead of a common Grecian maid.

ANTIGONE. We are all Princesses in Greece. The thought
Of what Greece was makes us great. Homer
Is ever our master, and Pindar and
Sappho take their place among our library

Of books. Solon, great in Law, and great in
Poesy, is ever our companion; and
The elegies of Tyrtaeus add to
The poetic fire of our minds; and the
Martial lyrics of Alkaïos, when he
Tried to rouse the exiled Nobles, bid us
Hasten to the fight; and the musical
Theognis makes us dream and weep. Then there
Is the wine-loving Anacreon, who bids
Us quaff the nectared dregs, and in transports
Of joy, dream of what we can never be.

GLADYS. I only wish I were learned in Poesy
As you are.

ANTIGONE. I am a Greek. It is natural for me
To study the Poets of my Country.
There are many Poets in your Country,
Of whom I have never heard.

NAPOLEON. Yes, our Grecian Guide, there are many great
Poets in America. It is famed
For its votaries of the rhymed and
Measured line. Is it not, Gladys?

GLADYS. Our people are very funny. They seem
To think every Poet, of every
Other land, is better than their own dear,
American Bards. If Shakespeare were to
Come to life and take up his residence
In America, he would be treated
As a scion of the Emblematical
Dramatic Tree, of which he is the master;
Inferior only to the Grecian.

ANTIGONE. I have perused the works of your Poet
Longfellow, with much interest. He is
Much like our own Poets.

PRINCESS. You are then familiar with his writings?

I did not know you would hear of him
Over here.

ANTIGONE. Our Motto: "From Ourselves We Know Nothing,"
Explains why he is known in this far-off
Land. We take the best masters of the
Other Countries, translate them into Greek,
Then peruse them with an ardency, and
A passion for intellectual thought.

PRINCE. Greece will yet be a great Country.

ANTIGONE. In Letters; but not in War.

PRINCE. What makes you think Greece will not be great in
War?

ANTIGONE. I passed a villa the other day, and
Noticed a man trying to cut the grass
Of the lawn with a lawn-mower. Something
Was wrong with the machine; the man procured
A broom, with which he sent the grass, that had
Seemingly clogged the wheels, flying in all
Directions. Just then a lady came down
The broad stone steps, and stood for a moment
Gazing at the man. Again the lawn-mower
Failed to work; again the angered man plied
His broom; yet again the lawn-mower failed
To do its duty. Turning to the lady,
The man said: "Madam, the lawn-mower will
Not cut." The lady smilingly replied:
"My good man, use some oil." The man procured
The oil; and the liquid lubricating
The machinery, the knives revolved in an
Amazing manner. The grass was mown to
The ground. Picture the lawn-mower as Greece,
The kind lady as the Patriot and
Poet, who is trying to show the man
He is making a mistake, in not using
Oil on the mower. He still persists in

Using the broom. Thus it is with Greece. The Man at the mower represents our Grecian People. They are still brushing, instead of Using the oil the Bard prescribes. They are Active of body, yet lymphatic of Thought.

NAPOLEON. Your Poets have endeavored to arouse The people from their lethargy?

ANTIGONE. They have; but it is of no avail. The Encouragement of the Poets is as The drifting winds to them. They like to breathe In the deep pure oxygen, expand their Chests on the nectared waves of air; but when They have grown strong and mighty, they fail to Turn their strength to use by tilling the soil, And making their land rich with culture; instead, They are satisfied to rest, supine and Inactive; great, yet low.

PRINCE. With your education, have you not done Something to make Greece free?

ANTIGONE. I have. I have a talent for writing. As I know every foot of Greece, and the Disposition of the people, I have Spread my writings among them. Where they could Not read, one of the members of the Grecian Society of Freedom has Gone amongst them, and bidden them follow In the footsteps of their ancestors. Plays Have been composed and acted, illustrating The deeds of the ancient Heroes of Greece. The Argonauts have again started on Their journey for the Golden Fleece. Troy Has once more fallen beneath the Grecian Hand, and Calypso has again implored God-like Ulysses to banish his thoughts

Of home. The people have been secretly
Trained; yet there is no man in Greece, who is
Capable of allowing himself to
Be borne aloft to free our Land.

NAPOLEON. Are the people provided with arms of
War, with which to assert their rights?

ANTIGONE. We are. We have been preparing for years.
Every officer, and every soldier
Who is a Greek, is prepared to lay down
His life for the freedom of his country.
We only need the man.

PRINCE. If you had him?

ANTIGONE. We would support him as loyal Greeks should.

NAPOLEON. You forget that Britain would interfere.

ANTIGONE. We have carefully weighed the subject, and
Trusting to the ill-feeling that exists
Among the Greater Nations, hope to turn
Their pent-up anger into the channel
Of War, and let them fight among themselves.
We have pledged Servia's Monarch, that for
The aid he is to render us, we will
Uphold him on his shaking throne, and
Render his position more firm.

PRINCE. Why do you tell us this, daughter? How do
You know but what we will relate to the
Authorities all that has passed between
Us? It would render your position infirm.

ANTIGONE. You are the first strangers in Greece who have
Been apprised of the state of the Government.
Something seems to impel me to unburden
My mind to you. I have tried to check myself.
It is of no avail. I must be under
Some hypnotic influence.

NAPOLEON. Would your people recognize me, if I
Were to step forward for her freedom?

ANTIGONE. You?

NAPOLEON. Yes. I can help your people. I want to
See a Grecian King on the Throne.

ANTIGONE. I knew you were not an ordinary
Man. Your carriage speaks of command; your face,
Kindliness.

NAPOLEON. Thank you, you honor me.

GLADYS. [Aside.] O my, I believe I am growing jealous
Of her.

NAPOLEON. I will do all that lies within my power
To further the hope of Greece. I will send
Envoys to the different Countries whom I
Think capable of aiding Greece against
Britain, France and Russia, for they will be
The Countries who will try to hinder the
Movement. Greece has support, if she only
Knows how to use it.

ANTIGONE. You are the man that Greece is looking for.
We will once more have a Grecian King
And Queen.

PRINCE. That you will, daughter. Let us resume our
Way to the Acropolis. There we shall
Be able to overlook the town, and
See the King's Palace surrounded by its
Luxuriant grove. Come, we will go.

[Exeunt all but ANTIGONE.]

ANTIGONE. Has Venus seized the lyre to twang of love?
My chest heaves and vibrates with an unknown
Passion. Love, yes, Venus sings of love, as
Sweet as when Paris stole Helen fair, and
In his radiant ships of War sailed far
To Egypt's shore. Immortal theme, which gave
Homer notes with which to play. Paris, yes,
He is my Paris.

PRINCE. [Without.] Guide, guide, where are you?

ANTIGONE. I will be there in a moment. I was just looking at an inscription. I am Coming. [Aside.] Yes, I am going. I will play The part of the simple Grecian maid, And in that disguise, win his love.

[Exit.]

Scene II. The Acropolis. Side View of The Ruined Parthenon.

Enter Grecian Maid.

MAID. What I have heard congeals my blood. I dare Not move from here, lest they discover my Presence, and all be lost. If I could Only hasten to the Palace and warn The King. Every moment may be his last; If he had not saved my life, I should be Able to frown upon him. I cannot—I cannot— [Weeps.]

Enter PRINCE and PRINCESS VITTORIO,

GLADYS, ANTIGONE and NAPOLEON.

PRINCE. What are you doing here, maid?

MAID. I—I—I was—was— [Weeps.]

ANTIGONE. She has heard us.

NAPOLEON. Why do you weep?

GLADYS. Poor girl, perhaps she has fallen.

PRINCESS. Could she have heard our conversation? I Did not see anyone when we looked. She May have been hiding.

ANTIGONE. Are you not the one the King saved, at Piraeus?

MAID. Yes, yes, he saved my life— [Weeps.]

ANTIGONE. Why do you cry?

MAID. I was just thinking—thinking— [Weeps.]

ANTIGONE. She has overheard our conversation.

I thought I heard a noise behind the pillar
By which we were sitting. I am sorry,
Now, I did not look.

MAID. No, I did not hear you. I have just come.

PRINCE. Child, you could not have approached the Parthenon
Without our seeing you; you are telling
A falsehood.

MAID. I have just come.

ANTIGONE. You are telling an untruth. I saw the
King save your life; you are in the habit
Of following visitors around these
Ruins, in the hope of selling some of the
Relics you gather from the graves. You have
Been near by, and have heard us talking
Of deposing the King from his throne. As
He saved your life, you are alarmed for his
Safety. This is why you weep, is it not?

MAID. No, no, I did not hear you.

ANTIGONE. [Drawing dagger.] You see this dagger?

MAID. Oh—oh—

ANTIGONE. If you tell me an untruth, I will plunge
It in your throat. I will know whether you
Heard us or not. If you say you did, when
You did not, beware. You heard our conversation?

MAID. Spare me, I did—I did.

ANTIGONE. I thought so.

PRINCE. What are we to do?

NAPOLEON. All is lost.

GLADYS. And over with all our plans.

PRINCESS. It is too bad.

ANTIGONE. She may cause trouble. We will take her with
Us. If you cry, I will make use of this
Dagger. You had better follow, and make
No disturbance on the streets.

PRINCE. That will be the best plan. Don't ill-treat the
Poor girl, she is as frightened as a fawn.

ANTIGONE. No, I will not ill-treat her. She will have
Everything she wants to make her happy.

PRINCESS. I will buy her some nice presents.

GLADYS. I will give her a nice gold ring.

NAPOLEON. I will give her money to buy nice clothes,
Like other women.

MAID. The poor King, he saved my life, my life. [Weeps.]

ANTIGONE. Did you miss any of our conversation?

MAID. I listened to it all, until I heard
You say the good King was to be stabbed; then
I came away.

ANTIGONE. Poor girl, I remonstrated with the
Members of the Grecian Society
Of Freedom; they would not heed me. If I
Were to give the warning, they would kill me
As they are going to kill him.

GLADYS. It is terrible, this bloodshed.

ANTIGONE. Yes, but let us hasten below. See,
Even now the streets are swarming with
People. Something dreadful is about to
Happen. Let us hope the King is not dead.

MAID. [Weeping.]

The poor King—they will kill him—they will kill
Him. [Exeunt.]

Scene III. A Room in The Palace of Princess Arete.

Enter ARETE and TELEMACHUS.

TELEMACHUS. No, Princess Arete. The Fates have decreed
That the young King of Greece by the saffron
Morn will have resigned his Regal Power o'er
The Grecian Court. By the Muses, who
Cluster around the Ethereal Throne, I
Have registered my vow, before the
Grecian Society of Freedom: That
By this arm—this arm alone, I will strike
The blow, that will render the Grecian Court
Subservient to the ruling body

Of which I am a member; and of which
The King's Advisers form the vital part.
The plot is mature. The King, at this moment,
Is on his way to the meeting-place,
Unsuspecting the dire calamity,
That is hov'ring o'er him on sable wings;
Well it is he knows not of the shadowing
Fate; he will feel this dagger pierce a vital
Part. Swiftly his Spirit will fly to the
Stygian Shade, to wander at ease, or
O'er a troubled path, as it is not for
Mortal to cast aside the Worldly mask,
And pierce the implacable depths beyond.
It is the Fates who decree what follows,
When the Soul leaves the weakened clay, and crosses
The Chasm of Life, and enters through the
Portal of Eternity. You wonder
Why I tell you this. Compute my love for
You, as I have bestowed it on your
Impassionate heart, vainly endeavoring
To awaken a spark of interest
In my destiny. A glow that would
Materialize, and infuse my life with
Integrity of purpose, relentless
In its course, daunted not even by the
Most prodigious task; and you will know why
Discord usurps my Soul. Enumerate
The sleepless nights I have lain on my bed,
Restless, and in throe; and you will know what
It is to love another, and have the
Other cast your affection aside. What
Is Life to me? The only woman I
Love shows her abhorrence of me. If she
Had returned my love, I would have placed my
Life in her care. I would have grasped the

Standard of Alliance, to wave and flaunt
The ensign bearing her name, above the
Stream of Life, to transfix the ether clouds,
To fasten the pinion on the Tower of
The World, where the eyes of rising
Generations would rest, and marvel that
One brain could mount the pinnacle, while all
Others failed; hopelessly adrift on the
Sea of Life; being wafted around and
Around, as the chip on the margin of
The whirlpool; closer being drawn to the
Vortex; then hurled impetuously to
The depths of oblivion; hopeless, not
Knowing why they fail; conscious only of
Ambition; like the small child, as it stands
Before the toy-store, and reaches out its
Little hands, toward some precious toy, looking
Up into each stranger's face, imploring
With its innocent orbs, immature to the
Toil and hardships that will place the costly
Toy within the radius of its wish.
I will go. Saturn's vassal points to three.
When the large hand passes six, the Bard will
Have tested what lies beyond the misty
Wall, reflective to the Poet's ken, but
Perceptible only when the hand of
Death has closed the quivering eye, and sealed
The pensive brain. When my mission is
Accomplished, I will turn the steel toward
My breast. Rather than see you in the embrace
Of another, I will face the Fates, at
The Portal of Eternity. Farewell.
May your spouse's love be as ardent as
The love of Telemachus, whom you have
Scorned and rejected.

ARETE. Stay, Telemachus. Heed a woman's Prayer. Allow not insane thoughts to drag Your Soul to the level of the brute. Cast Them away. Return to the height you have Climbed, the pride of Greece, the Poet who has Made Graecia known throughout the mighty Universe, where Sol wends his way through the Balmv Heaven, inspiring in Mortal The Idealistic Soul, that is Satisfied with none but the grandest and Most lofty inspiration, that allows The Mind to flee above mortal clay, and Rest secluded from carnivora, Verging toward the highest excellence, And resting secure within the enclosure, Where woman idealizes, and sues for Man's superiority. What do I See? A mind that has searched profundity, Being carried away by Love—a mind That has fathomed all except Eternity, Being wafted as snow by the gale, by A few secretive minds, who bide the hour To gather, in seclusion, and plot against Their Master's Life. Dismembered, Greece will succumb To her foes, who praise her while she is strong, Who will devour her, when Firmness turns to Flight. Without her King Greece will stand defenceless, Like a rabbit trying to escape from Rapacious dogs, who guard every outlet, Their mouths thirsting for the gore, their beamy Eyes anticipating the glory of The chase, when the timid rabbit will be Rendered lifeless, and the ground steeped in crimson Gore. I did not think Telemachus the Wise would stoop to so low a crime; to strike

The blow, that will deliver Greece to foreign
Foes. To render every free-born Soul of
Greece a thrall to ambitious Foreign Powers.
Heed my words, Telemachus, govern the
Rebellious Spirit that possesses your
Heart, and urges you on to commit the
Most direful crime that will be recorded
By futurity. Forswear your childish
Vow. In the strength of manhood, stand as a
Man should stand, not as a weakling, with the
Hand of dotard age pressing upon his
Brow, drifting with the current of Adversity,
Unsteadfast and unreliable, when
Comes the hour to plant the foot more firm.
Telemachus, promise on your Honor
You will relinquish your purpose, and I
Swear before Zeus, I will barter
Myself to you, rather than see the King
Committed to an early death, and his
Bright career shattered.

TELEMACHUS. No, Princess Arete. Not even for
Your love will I bow subservient to
A faltering will. I sued, sued in vain.
Obsequious I stood, on bended knees
Implored. My implorations were cast to
The winds. Aeolus mocked my plight. I go,
Determined in my purpose. The King will
Fall. Yes, even if the shores of Greece bend
Before the billowing waves, and Neptune
Endeavor to intercept the blow. Design
Not to save his life. Your palace is watched
By spies. Every avenue of succour
Is closed. Farewell! My last adieu.

[Exit.]

ARETE. There is left one avenue for escape.

The old subterranean passage, whose
Doors have not been opened for years, that saved
The Dynasty of Old; that foiled the Turks,
As they razed palace after palace to
The ground, vainly endeavoring to find
The Monarch of tottering Greece. Almighty
God, will the apertures of the doors of
Brass have not filled with the waste of idle
Years, so that they will again sway before
The power of the key and loose the chains that
Will allow me to save, or die in the
Defence of my King. Grant, Father, grant. [Exit.]

Scene IV. A Path Leading to The Meeting-Place.

Enter TELEMACHUS.

TELEMACHUS. My brain is that of a maniac. One
Vision floats before my eyes. Struggle as
I will, I cannot intercept the
Ghastly sight. My Sovereign lifeless, from
A treacherous blow; and I, posing o'er,
To wield the shining blade, if but a quiver
Should illumine the bandaged orbs, and Death cast
Aside her sable shade, to efface the
Pensive glow; and allow the external
Sight to again strive, and absorb effulgent
Greece. Arete, I was not myself, when
I abhorred your last request. A demon
Raged within my breast; urged me on, on to
Destruction; lost in the demoniac
Glow from my own Soul, Arete; to strive
To bow, yet fail to bow. Overwhelmed by
The incursion of clinging thought; to leave
My Arete, to leave my all. I must
On. The hour is ripe for me to show to
The Grecian Society of Freedom
That the oath of Telemachus is the

Oath that raised a poor-born lad from the humble
Walk of Life, to the admiration of
Every sublime Soul of idealistic
Greece.

[*Exit.*]

Enter ARETE.

ARETE. Once more Success smiles favorably on my
Paltry lot. Telemachus, little you
Know the power that vibrates within woman's
Heart, when Love urges her on, and stimulates
The quivering nerve, giving her strength she
Did not have before, urging her on to
Save the man she loves. Telemachus, I
Follow your echoing footsteps. Telemachus,
Wise as the Gods have made you, remember
It is woman's wit that raises man to
His seat of Fame, or predestines his earthly
Fall.

[*Exit.*]

Scene V. The Meeting-Place.

Enter TELEMACHUS.

TELEMACHUS. How nervous I am. My footsteps seem
Shadowed by some avenging Spirit. I
Turn, and see a shape, that suddenly fades
Before me, that darts from tree to tree,
Following like Diana, with the game
Within her reach. I have argued within
Myself; it is not of mortal or immortal
Caste, but the hallucination of an
Overburdened brain. The King approaches.
How appropriate to be found admiring
The grandeur of Nature—the inspiration
Of the Poet—until he makes his presence
Known.

[*Sylvan is heard in song.*]

I am alone and sad to-day,
No voice to bid me cheer,

No hand to smooth my ruff'd hair,
To stop my lonely tear;
No hand to bathe my fever'd brow,
No voice to speak of love;
I am alone, alone, to-day,
But trust Eros, above.

TELEMACHUS. A Sylvan in song.

Enter Sylvan, stealthily, sings.

[1st Verse.]

Last night I had a sweet, fair dream,
My mind was far away,
I wand'red in the snow-wreathed mounts,
In Olympus' heights so gay;
Beside a palace grand, I stopped,
And bowing to the ground,
I grasped a rattle, pure and white,
And made an oak door sound,
Then you, Hermes, came forth and peered,
But hidden close was I,
Then I 'wakened, I seemed to hear
Your mellow, passionate cry:

[Chorus.]

I am alone and sad to-day,
No voice to bid me cheer,
No hand to smooth my ruff'd hair,
To stop my lonely tear;
No hand to bathe my fever'd brow,
No voice to speak of love;
I am alone, alone, to-day,
But trust Eros, above.

[2nd Verse.]

The door then closed, I crept around
And faced the palace grand,
I peer'd far o'er the mantl'd lawn,
The cloud-wreathed mountain land;

Then sudden on the breeze was borne
A rippling, merry laugh,
"Then you're the one who threw the stone,
And struck the place abaft?"
I turned and saw great Hermes there,
Lodged on the terraced stair,
Then Zephyrus breath'd forth these words,
From off Volo Mare:

[*Chorus.*]

I am alone and sad to-day,
No voice to bid me cheer,
No hand to smooth my ruff'd hair,
To stop my lonely tear;
No hand to bathe my fever'd brow,
No voice to speak of love;
I am alone, alone, to-day,
But trust Eros, above.

[3rd Verse.]

The Cloud of Dreams was hasten'd off,
Bright daylight met my gaze,
I felt the pang and felt the thrust,
Beneath the wak'ning haze;
If only Death had seized my Soul,
While Happiness was o'er.
Hermes, my love will never die,
My thought will always soar,
I'll reach the clouds and grasp thee, Love,
The King of all my heart—
I'll grasp the reins, no more the song
When Venus opes her mart:

[*Chorus.*]

I am alone and sad to-day,
No voice to bid me cheer,
No hand to smooth my ruff'd hair,
To stop my lonely tear;

No hand to bathe my fever'd brow,
No voice to speak of love;
I am alone, alone, to-day,
But trust Eros, above.

[*Sylvan clandestinely departs.*]

Enter the KING.

KING. Unheard I approach; and gaze upon the
Wonderful man, in devotion to his
Art—a Prince of Nature. His verse vibrates
With the voice of the Wild. The winds blow; the
Birds sing; flowers bloom beneath the radiant
Sun; and amidst the shady bowers is heard
The Sylvan's song. Bard, you have penetrated
Beyond the ken of man, out into the
Area that watches Mortal rise and
Bloom, as a rose nurtured by the Summer
Breeze; withering before the winter blast.
Reluctantly I disturb the great man's
Thoughts, wandering as they wander in his
Poetry, flying hither and hither,
Boundless, as free as the clouds that dart through
The aerial hall, resting anon
On the naked peak, hov'ring o'er some limpid
Stream, forming into mimic shapes, then
Dissolving into invisibility.

TELEMACHUS. My King. [*Kneels.*]

KING. Telemachus, formality is forgotten,
When a King is in the presence of something
Greater than himself. You are a man,
Telemachus; I am a man; we two
Are part of a force greater than our
Mental faction. You have chosen your art,
I was born to mine. Telemachus, the
Hand of friendship, before the courtly bow.
You are ill.

TELEMACHUS. My faintness was caused as I gazed at
Yonder trees. My mind went back to my
Childhood days. My parents were poor; and well
I remember how my aged Father
Struggled with the World; toiling day by day,
Until the fateful moment came. A stranger
Won my Mother's affection; offered her
Wealth and affluence. She accepted; and
My Father slowly relinquished his grasp
On life, and tottered to his grave. See how
The hoary trees, each born of the other,
Heroes of countless storms that have striven
To tear them asunder, and cast them
Lifeless to the ground, stand seemingly firm,
And inseparable; but lower down
Is growing another tree, a new love,
That is slowly cutting the aged
Partners in twain, lopping the aged Life,
And speeding, as my Father sped, to an
Early, fated doom.

KING. You have great Nature's Soul. Long would I have
Gazed upon the trees, sightless to the
Representation you now unfold. How
True, how true.

TELEMACHUS. Behold, there is my Life—a little sprout,
Partaking of the vitality of
The two great trees, and clinging passionately
To its Mother's breast. Vividly Nature
Portrays the appalling feature, tossed on
The tumultuous waves, when a child, now
Tossed on Insanity's turbulent flood.

[Steps behind the King. Draws dagger. Raises
Hand to strike.]

Enter ARETE, with revolver.

[ARETE discharges the revolver.

TELEMACHUS falls to the ground.]

KING. Arete, what means this deed? You have stooped
To the depths of homicide. Telemachus?
Telemachus? The blood has ceased to flow.
Telemachus the Wise is beyond the
Mortal ken.

ARETE. I have killed him, I have killed him.

KING. You have not killed him. Death closed the Mind's
Golden sight, before the leaden Fate reached
His wrist. Why did you fire the shot? Was it
Your design to kill Telemachus, or
To kill your King?

ARETE. I shot to save you, not to kill. Beneath
That lifeless form will be found the remnant
Of a murderous scheme, planned by your own
Advisers, and bequeathed to Graecia's
Most brilliant Mind. They are now glorifying
Telemachus for his atrocious deed,
And planning the dismemberment of Greece.
See for yourself, whether Arete is
False, or true.

[The King finds the dagger beneath Telemachus.]

KING. Arete, you have saved my Life. Perhaps,
Saved from this man, I should have walked unconscious,
Of the danger that threatens me, reclining
By the Threshold of Death, surrounded by
Men who would strike me, as men struck Caesar.
Arete, if only gold could pay.

ARETE. Not gold.

KING. Arete, a king kneels to the woman
He loves, and asks her to share his shaking
Throne, uncertain, quivering, as if to
Fall, every moment threatening to hurl
To destruction the Empire's mighty Head.

[ARETE is slowly raising the King
By the hands.]

ARETE. I will share your toils. A woman's Mind will
Aid the man she loves, from the most common
Walk of Life, to the highest, watching o'er

[The King is placing his arms around her.]
Him as he sleeps, bathing his burning head,
As sickness hovers o'er, and giving her
Life for the man she loves. [Their lips meet.]

ACT III.

Scene I. Aeolus Street.

Enter PRINCE and PRINCESS VITTORIO,
GLADYS, ANTIGONE and NAPOLEON.

ANTIGONE. In some mysterious manner the King
Has been saved, and his Palace is guarded
By the marines and sailors from the warships
At Piraeus.

PRINCE. It is fortunate for him that the
Mediterranean Squadron made its
Appearance when it did. This is a well-
Planned move on the part of the Admiralty.
I fear Britain has been watching Greece with
A suspicious eye. It is strange the squadron
Should make it a point to congregate at
Greece; just when it is needed.

PRINCESS. I fear there will be bloodshed.

GLADYS. I am glad the King has been saved.

NAPOLEON. So am I, Gladys. If there is anything
I despise, it is intrigues against a
Man's life when he is not prepared. If
The cause is not yet lost, we will request
Him to relinquish his power, and by so
Doing save his life, and the lives of those
Who may support him. There is yet hope of

Greece being free; if it will hold together,
Not a Life will fly to the Stygian
Shades.

ANTIGONE. The Hillmen and those of the interior
Must be warned of this sudden move. Come, we
Will go to a friend's house. From there we will
Communicate with every foot of Greece;
And bid our Envoys call the friendly Powers
To arms. Ameer of Afghanistan, you
Can now flaunt your disciplined troops in
The face of Britain's haughty flag, and give
Praise to Ameer Dost Mohammed, the brainy
Originator of your well-drilled ranks.
Rise, Ameer, rise, and with wide-reaching India,
Sweep them to the sea.

PRINCE. We will go. May Heaven smile more propitiously
Upon us, than she ever smiled before.

GLADYS. Father, is there danger of being killed?

PRINCE. There is, dear, if we remain in these streets.
It is hard to say what the people will
Do. They rush impetuously ahead,
Not seeing the danger, not realizing
That system always surmounts numbers; that
A single man behind a cannon, is
Master of hundreds of undrilled people.

PRINCESS. I hear shots now. Let us hasten.

ANTIGONE. A few more steps, strangers, and we are safe.
[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II. The Pindus. A Mountain Top.

Enter MAIA.

MAIA. Something flows and ebbs within my breast,
Whispering all is not well; that calamity
Has befallen Mandell, and he needs assistance.
Should Mandell need assistance? Why do I

Speak thus? I would assist any man in [Rests on rock.]
The face of danger. Yes, would risk my life
To save even a dog from death in these
Rugged wilds. Well I remember the day
I first saw Mandell—Mandell the dauntless
And intrepid mountain-climber, the hero
Of the Alpine wilds, hero of all the
Mountain peaks known to the climber; bold and
Courageous in the face of peril; quiet
And unassuming, when comes the peaceful
Hour; a hero in danger, and a hero
In peace. How you dangled from that rocky
Wall, Mandell; hanging o'er a bottomless
Abyss; suspended between life and death,
With a villainous hand at the rope
Above, threatening to hurl you to the
Rocks below; threatening to sever the
Slender rope, if you failed to reveal the
Whereabouts of Nugget Cave. Mandell, I
Love you. I heard you mock them, and dare them—
A man in the face of peril, a hero
In the jaws of Death, dauntless and taunting,
Where a coward would wither and pray. Well
For you, Mandell, I happened by. They saw
Me in the distance; like cowards they fled
To shelter, frightened to carry out their
Evil design. As far as the distance,
They knew their fate. A rifle in the hands
Of the Flower of The Pindus, is as an
Oak in the grip of the storm; bombarded
And stormed by the Heavenly artillery;
Torn from the shaking Earth; torn, cast down
Asunder; torn, cast down forever. Three, [Examines watch.]
And Mandell has failed to appear. Strange, he
Told me twenty to. Mandell is a man

That keeps his word. Danger threatens him. If
A hair of his head is harmed by those men—
Well the Hillmen have named me the Flower of
The Pindus; for I reign Queen over these
Fields of Nature. My word is obeyed and
Reverenced in every Grecian town. I
Could have the hills swarming with fearsome men;
And the vales sound with revel of battle.
Could see every foreigner's head hanging
From a Grecian Fane. No, even the deer
Feed from out my hand. The birds rest on my
Shoulders and sing, and the goats of the wild
Are welcomed by me. I would rather give
My life than have the stain of innocent
Blood, the stain of Nature on my Soul. [Shots without.]
Those shots—Mandell is then in danger. Then
Let them beware. [Exit.]

Enter MAIA, bearing MANDELL wounded.

MAIA. A few more steps, Mandell, and the spring is
Reached. You are faint from the loss of blood. Your
Eyes are growing glassy, and every moment
Heavier is your weight. One step, Mandell,
And the mineral spring will restore you
To consciousness. One step, Mandell, one step.

MANDELL. Give me water—give me water.

[MAIA bathes forehead of MANDELL at spring.]

MAIA. [Aside.] Poor Mandell is out of his mind. His eyes
Have the maniac's glare. That treacherous
Blow has turned his brain. [Direct.] Mandell, Mandell, that
Thus my love should end.

MANDELL. [Arising.] You are trying to kill me. You hate me.
Your words tell me of your hate. You are
Playing with me; when my back is turned, you
Will shoot me, as you would a dog. No, you
Will not slay me; for I will kill you first.

[Rushes at MAIA, who retreats.]

MAIA. You know not what you do. You will not kill Me. It is wrong to kill, Mandell.

MANDELL. You are pleading in vain. My brain says kill. You are trying to deceive me, deceive. You hate me. You hate me. You despise me. Yes, I will kill you. I will kill you now. From yon rocky height we will leap to death; Will leap together to death; you hate me.

MAIA. I do not hate you, Mandell. My bosom Is fired with love, not hate. Listen how the Birds warble amid the leafy foliage Of the trees; they are my friends, Mandell; they Alight at my feet, and warble their little Notes to the dome of Heaven; rather than Take one of those tiny lives, I will close My eyes forever to the Sun's glancing Rays; will close my eyes forever to the Moonbeam's glancing play. Come and sit by me On this rock, and I will tell to you the Story of my life. A story so strange— More strange than the history of these sacred Mountains. You will come, Mandell, you will come?

MANDELL. Yes, I come, come but for a moment. I Will listen to your life; I will listen To your story; but I must kill. I must Kill.

[MANDELL reclines before rock.]

MAIA. It was when a child that I was allowed My first glimpse of these mountains. My Father Was a prosperous man of Athens. Owing to his ill health, he came North. We Reached Karoveria as the Summer Was just beginning to dawn, and what a Change it was to his weary brain. He regained

His lost strength, and we went to Monastir.
He made various trips through Janina.
I accompanied him on these expeditions,
My young mind wrapped in the infinite wilds
Of the great mountains that rise to mighty
Heights, and then lose their nodding heads in cloud-
Land. It was on one of these trips that my
Father discovered Golden Dale, and its
Store of gold—the dale of Grecian legend;
Which, owing to the wars among the Nations,
Had been lost sight of; only the legend
Lived. Three trips my Father made in secret
To the dale. On the fourth he was basely
Murdered, and cast to the bottom of one
Of those deep chasms. In one breast the secret
Of Golden Dale still lived.

MANDELL. The secret of Golden Dale still lives?

MAIA. Yes, the secret of Golden Dale still lives.

I was with my Father on the ill-fated
Trip. I saw him murdered, and the pack-train
Robbed. I saw the cowards, and swore, that
Even if I had to follow them to
The end of the Earth, I would avenge my
Father's death. The murderers searched in vain
For Golden Dale, and disposing of the
Gold in Salonika, made their way to
Rhodes, and from Rhodes they made their way to
Damascus; and then to Egypt; then they
Were lost.

MANDELL. You did not kill them, Maia, not kill?

MAIA. They were lost, Mandell, to the cleverest
Search of all Europe. England, Germany,
France, Spain, Italy and Greece were represented
In the hunt for my Father's murderers.
I hired the best detectives of these Countries,

And also offered a reward of five
Hundred oke in gold dust, to the person
Or persons who would furnish information
That would lead to the arrest of the villains.

MANDELL. No one took the gold, Maia, the gold?

MAIA. No. No one took the gold; and Father lies
Away down in those darkened depths; down in
The winding depths of the Pindus; down in
The heart of Nature, unrevenged.

MANDELL. Maia, poor Maia, I will not
Kill you. Maia, I will find them. I
Will find them. Ah, I see you skulking behind
Yon tree. You killed Maia's Father. I
See murder in your eyes. I will kill you.
I will kill you.

[Shot is fired, and Mandell falls to the ground.

Another shot is fired.]

MAIA. I am shot, Mandell, I am shot. Farewell.

[Falls behind rock.]

Enter LEONIDAS.

LEONIDAS. The place resembles a battleground. If
It had not been for that maniac and
His eagle eye, he would still be living;
And the girl? No. How she shot down my poor
Companions. Six shots she fired, and six they
Fell. Well she has avenged her Father's death.

MAIA. [Aside.] Avenged my Father's death? Then it is they.

LEONIDAS. Ah, I shudder at the thought, if I had
Missed; but Leonidas seldom misses.
The instigator of her Father's death
Still lives. Well I remained at the camp, while
My companions ventured forth—ventured, to
Death.

MAIA. [Aside.] Thank God, there is only one murderer
Left.

MANDELL. My forehead seems on fire. I do not Remember. Yes, it was the treacherous Blow from behind. Oh, how my forehead aches. Perhaps water will ease the pain. I will Go to the spring. The spring—the spring—what spring?

LEONIDAS. Possibly you mean the spring over here.

MANDELL. That voice—I am out of my mind—I rave—I rave.

MAIA. [Aside.] My nerves tell me to leap; but my brain says, "Be still."

LEONIDAS. Here is water; here is the spring, Mandell.

MANDELL. If I could only think; but I rave—I Rave.

LEONIDAS. Hurry, I cannot stand waiting all day.

MANDELL. That voice! Then there is someone here. It was You?

LEONIDAS. Of course it was I. Who else could it be?

MANDELL. The spring—I will bathe my forehead at the Spring.

LEONIDAS. Hurry not, Mandell; or you may tarry.

MANDELL. Stupid as I am, I am not afraid Of you. Stand aside. You hear, aside.

LEONIDAS. But for the secret of Nugget Cave, I Would let the sunshine pierce his fearsome heart.

MANDELL. How the cool water stimulates my brain. Yes, I see it all now. I remember The fight, and Maia rescuing me. She led me toward this spring. Then I forget.

LEONIDAS. Why are you musing over those waters? I have business with you, and time is short.

MANDELL. Who are you? And what business have you to Transact? You are armed, like a prowling thief.

LEONIDAS. My business with you is in reference to Nugget Cave. You have the secret, and I Intend to have it. I am aware that

You have discovered a grotto of vast
Wealth—a cave where the gold lies strewn over
The rocky floor in golden balls, and the
Walls glisten with the wealth of a realm. I
Left the camp one day, and wandered down yonder
Valley in search of game. Coming to a
Runway, I concealed myself behind a
Rock, and resigned myself to waiting. Only
A few minutes elapsed, when I heard steps
Coming down the hill. You were in company
With the Flower of The Pindus. You rested
On the very rock that sheltered me; and
I heard you narrate of your wonderful
Cave; but Tyche was against me, and you
Resumed your way, without enlightening me
As to its location. My companions
Awaited you but a short time ago.
They met their death at the hands of the Flower
Of The Pindus. I arrived just in time
To see you saved. The blow on the head
Apparently sent you insane, for you
Raved, threatening to kill her. She pacified
Your temper for a few minutes, telling
You the story of her life; how her Father
Found Golden Dale, and was murdered by a
Band of desperate outlaws.

MANDELL. They learned the secret of Golden Dale?

LEONIDAS. No. The secret still lies at the foot of
This mountain; for, with his death, it perished.

MANDELL. The Flower of The Pindus, where is she?

LEONIDAS. She met the same fate as her Father. A
Moment ago I saw you struggling, saw
You struggling with the Flower of The Pindus,
Then cast her into yon abyss.

MANDELL. You saw me cast her into yon dark fissure?

LEONIDAS. Yes. You saw me approaching; but I was Too slow. I shot; but my bullet was late. It reached you, just as she fell. Instead of Killing you, it saved your reason. I have Heard of occurrences similar to This before; but not with a murderer.

MANDELL. If in the impassioned hour I committed Murder, then in the hour of consciousness I atone. From yonder ledge I will leap To death. Maia, I come, I come.

MAIA. [Arising.] Hold, Mandell, I am as sprightly as ever. I am too young to die as yet, too young.

LEONIDAS. You are not dead. I did not kill you?

MAIA. No, you did not succeed in killing me. The Hillmen say I bear a charmed life.

MANDELL. Maia, my love, thank God you are alive.

MAIA. Yes. Thank God, Mandell, you too are alive.

MANDELL. For this, you villain, I am going to Cast you to future space. Prepare, prepare.

LEONIDAS. Advance one step, and you are a dead man.

MAIA. You are heedless of danger, Mandell. He Will shoot. I could have clipped the buttons from His coat, as I lay behind the rock; but Still my revolvers rest in their holsters.

I give you but a moment, murderer Of my Father, to make these mounts resound With your hurried steps. See, the Hillmen are Climbing the footpath. You know the ways of These mountains. You know the passes and the Trails. Go, and trust to the Hillman's heart.

MANDELL. Do you hear? You are commanded to go.

LEONIDAS. Thank you for your kindness; but cannot I Entertain a suspicion of evil Designs? Doubtless, when my back is turned, you Will slay me, like the cowards that you are.

MANDELL. If I were alone, you would eat those words;
But you will apologize, here and now.

[MANDELL springs forward, but before he can
Reach Leonidas, Leonidas snaps
The triggers four times. The cartridges fail
To explode. Mandell snatches the revolvers
From Leonidas, and strikes him, with his
Fist, on the head. Leonidas falls, and
Mandell hovers o'er him.]

MANDELL. One wink of your eye, and you fall again.

LEONIDAS. You would strike a man when he is down?

MANDELL. Apologize to Maia, and you
May resume your way. You apologize?

LEONIDAS. I ask forgiveness for what my angered
Tongue has said. I apologize for my
Rudeness. [Arises.]

[Maia kicks revolvers to Leonidas,
And draws her own.]

MAIA. Go. You insult even these mountain trees,
And sable rocks, with your villainous tongue.

[Exit LEONIDAS.]

MAIA. [Rests on rock.] After all, Mandell, Life is so short. We
Venture, and win; then all must fall.

MANDELL. It is glorious to fall, Maia,
When we know we have won—won in the long
And tumultuous race of life, winning
Where others have failed, and helping the
Weary traveller along on the stony
Road. Maia, for weeks past my heart has
Seemed as if it could no longer sustain
The weight of love. I have tried to speak. I
Have as often failed. You are to my eyes
As a Goddess; and I as a mortal,
Fast to the Earth, and not worthy of your
Love; but I must speak, and tell you that I

Love you. I can offer you position,
And can offer you wealth. I am the son
Of a King, whose Throne is ever bright with
The never-setting Sun; whose divan rests
On every corner of the Globe. I will
Make you a Princess of this land, and some
Day Great Britain's Queen, if you will only
Become my wife.

MAIA. It is not for your Title that I love
You; it is for your character itself.
I have the secret of Golden Dale, which
Holds a King's treasure. I am also of
A noble rank. I reign the uncrowned Queen
Of Nature; yet the once crowned Queen of Greece.
It is for yourself, I love you, for your
Intrepid and loving nature.

[Shots are heard without.]

Those shots! Quick, we will see the last stand of
The villain. The Hillmen have hemmed him in.
He stands like a stag at bay. See, behind
Every rock is a fearsome Greek; and there,
There stands father's murderer. He empties
His revolvers at hidden foes. He loads
Again. He fires. See, he is preparing
To leap. The Hillmen rush from every rock
To stop him. They are too late. See, he leaps,
Mandell, Mandell, he leaps.

MANDELL. He is gone. You will become my wife?

MAIA. Yes, [Raises hand aloft.] for father is now avenged.

Scene III. Columned Hall in Princess Antigone's Mansion.

Enter ANTIGONE and NAPOLÉON.

ANTIGONE. Everything is turning against us. This
Letter tells me Maia cannot give
Us aid. Why? Has she not position to

Play for? She has been the foremost in this Scheme for a Grecian Throne; now she turns, when It is all but won. She refuses to Take up the Sceptre, that was once her Companion. She prefers seclusion to The gay and joyous Court. In her lies our Hope of assistance from internal Greece. We could have swept them to the main. Once more Greece would have loved a Grecian Queen.

NAPOLEON. Is there no hope in bidding Greece to rise?

ANTIGONE. There is one man in Greece who has even More sway than the King himself. He lives here In Athens, and is surrounded by the Wealth of the World. A hundred servants stand Ready to do his bidding. He has achieved Much success in Poetry; and Greece follows His every thought. He achieved greater success, When he offered to pay our foreign debt, And liberate Greece from three nations' clutching Hands. Greece started on borrowed capital. Under the benevolence of Hermes Argicides, Greece could have paid the debt And interest back.

NAPOLEON. From what source does he draw his golden flow?

ANTIGONE. None seem to know. All Greece declares him Favored by the Gods. Those, who have attended At his table, say the cups from which he Drinks, and the dishes from which he eats, are Of solid gold; and that his fane to the Muses is a mass of emeralds, diamonds And other precious stones. He has the wealth To open every castle door with a Golden key. Although he has not Associated himself with the Grecian Society of Freedom, I

Think he can be prevailed upon to help
Us and the cause. His word, if given, is
Greater than all the forces of France and
Germany combined. Every man and child
In Greece will take up arms, or cast them aside,
For this beardless youth. The Courts bow to his
Wisdom; and the King peruses his works with
An ardency for learning. One word from
Him, and the King will step from his blazoned
Throne. The soldiers of Greece will take up the
Shout: "Hermes Argicides Forever."

NAPOLEON. If all you say is true, the battle is
Already won. It is better to win
By brain, than to win by force of arms and
Thousands slain. I fear, he will not listen
To our plea.

ANTIGONE. Woman has many charms. I will encircle
Him with my arms, as they encircle you.
I will kiss him, as I kiss you. I will
Tell him I love him, as I tell you. Do
You think he will heed me?

NAPOLEON. Princess Antigone, ever since I
Have learnt that you are a Princess, and not
A common Grecian maid, I look at you
In wonder. You are no mortal, but a
Goddess in disguise. As my arms creep around
Your waist, it is not the touch of flesh I
Feel; but the blue, mazy convolutions
Of Heaven. It is not a mortal heart
I feel against my own, Venus, Venus,
Venus.

ANTIGONE. You think I shall fail?

NAPOLEON. No, Antigone, you will not fail; mighty
As he may be, you will bow him to your
Wish.

ANTIGONE. There is a vacant place within his heart
For woman's love. He mourns the loss of a
Mother. I will take her place; then, I will
Give my love to you.

NAPOLEON. [Aside.] To me? Could she fill the place of Gladys?
No.

ANTIGONE. You meditate; tell me of your thought?

NAPOLEON. I was thinking that I am the happiest
Man in the World. What more could mortal wish,
Than the love of a Grecian Princess, fair
As the crystal drops of rain, with a form
That Nymphs could ne'er attain, and a brain of
Immortal fold.

ANTIGONE. We will repair to the fountain, and there
Dream of love. We will listen to the
Little birds, casting their pretty notes o'er
The falling mists, and dream of the luscious
Hour, when marriage joins our Souls. [Exeunt.]

Scene IV. A Room in Olympus' House.

[Olympus is seated at a table.]

OLYMPUS. It is time Thetis returned. I do hope
She will be successful, and secure the
Engagement. If she fails, then I do not
Know what we shall do. It is so hard to
Be unable to work. Starvation
Staring us in the face, and left without
A drachma. The furniture of the house,
And the carpet beneath my feet are no
More my own. If I could find my lost boy
Hermes, perhaps I should again dwell
Above this cruel World. Why do I cling to
The little floating ray of hope, that has
Urged me on for ten long years? Ten long years
All spent in vain. How the reminiscences

Of those past years float by; legible to
My sight, and as plainly read as in those
Ill-fated days, when I left my dear boy
Hermes, and departed with a joyous
Spouse for distant Spain. Three days from the Port
Of Piraeus, the sea rose in a terrible
Storm, and bore our gallant ship far from its
Destined course. On the sixth day the boats were
Lowered. The breakers thundered ahead, the
Ship rushed on the cruel rocks, and broke her bow
In twain. A moment she paused on the sable
Shelf; then slowly and gently sank to the
Bosom of the mighty deep. Of all those
Expectant souls, only three lived to tell
The mournful tale: Apollo, the Captain's
Son, a lad of six, and on his first voyage
Across the treacherous sea; my husband
And myself. Two long hours we lay fatigued
Upon the dampened beach. With our strength restored,
We climbed a sloping hill, and far below
In a spacious dell, we gazed upon a
Scene of rest and repose. On the Island
We found a friendly tribe, who cared for our
Wants; nursed us through our sickness, and made us
Feel that, even if they could not restore
Us to our native land, we could dwell in
Their midst, participating in their modes
And customs, and be treated as those of
Their own race. It was on the Isle, fertile
To the inventive brain, that dear, sweet Thetis
Was matured to the age of two. Her second
Birth-day dawned clear and bright. The Sun beamed down.
The sea wore a placid ripple; when away
In the distance was discerned a wreathing
Smoke. More distinct it became, until at

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Last the masts of a ship appeared o'er the
Bluish main. Closer and closer it came;
Until, attracted by a beacon on
The mount, it swerved from its course, and entered
The placid bay. Two days from our rescue
From the Isle, a pestilence raged throughout
The ship. My dear husband, and the lost Captain's
Boy Apollo, succumbed to the wasting
Disease, and were buried forever in
The liquid deep. Arriving in Athens,
I found that my sister, in whose care I
Had left Hermes, had died; that no one knew
Where he had gone. Then commenced my toil. With
Thetis, I searched in every State; still I
Seemed as far from being successful, as
I was, when I first began; perhaps, when
Near to my boy, I knew it not, and doubted
The proximity; fleeing away, far
And yet farther from the offspring I so
Ardently sought. Oh! Why is Fate's will
Against me, that I fail to find that which
I seek. The closest tie that binds the Earth
In Peace is the Mother's parental love
For her child. If I could find my boy—my
Boy. [Weeps.]

Enter THETIS.

THETIS. Mother crying? Mother, do not cry. I
Know I shall be successful and secure
The engagement. The gentleman was so
Kind. He placed his arms around me, as mine
Are around you, and kissed me on the cheek.
He said he would be here at eight o'clock.

[Bell strikes eight.]

There, the old bell is tolling the hour. 'Tis
He, Mother. 'Tis he. I know you will like
Him.

Enter HERMES.

HERMES. Good-evening, Little One. I have managed
To arrive on the hour. Is this the dear
Old Mother you were telling me about?

THETIS. Yes. This is Mother, one of the dearest,
And kindest Mothers in the wide, wide World.

OLYMPUS. Be seated, Sir. Thetis was telling me
How kind you were to her. I cannot express
My gratitude, for the interest you
Have taken in my only—only— [Faints.]

HERMES. Quick, Little One, some water, some water.

[*Exit THETIS.*]

The dear Mother has fainted. I fear she
Is ill. Her cheeks are as white as chalk. What
Reminiscences are brought back; there is
A charm about this Mother I cannot
Explain—I cannot explain——

Enter THETIS.

THETIS. The water, the water—is Mother——?

HERMES. Your Mother, Thetis, will recover. She
Has only fainted—her eyes open.

THETIS. Mother, I was so frightened.

OLYMPUS. It was only a passing faintness. I
Feel quite well now. I thank you, Sir, for your
Kindness. Thetis, you may now dance and sing.

HERMES. Yes, Little One, you will oblige me by
Singing and dancing. I have two other
Engagements to-night. It will be long after
Midnight when I turn my attention to
Rest. I am so subtle at outwitting
Saturn, the hoary Father of Time, that
I can rise as the Sun is peeping o'er
The distant hills, more refreshed from a four
Hour nap, than when I used to retire at
An early hour, and rise at eight. Thank you.

THETIS. "The Boating Song."

[Song.]

[1st Verse.]

When floating down the river wide
With sweetheart in the bark,
When floating down the river wide
Through Nature's gorgeous park,
With arm entwined around the waist
Of sweetheart by your side,
Your thought is loving of the stream,
And of the flowing tide.
Beneath a hanging water tree,
The boat allowed to rest,
You watch the sunbeams as they glide,
And 'mid the foliage nest'.
Your sweetheart plucks a tow'ring rose,
From off a briery bush,
And holding up before your eyes,
Commands of you to wish.

[Chorus.]

Your wish you have already wished,
Your thought is shallow deep,
'Tis as the willow o'er the pool,
That drooping head o'er weeps.
You wish that wealth would flow your way,
And give you all the sway,
And deck two heads with garland flowers,
As in the month of May.

[2nd Verse.]

Once more the white boat calmly glides
Along the margin edge,
Close by the floating water-plants
That from the shadows 'merge.
The distant bend draws closer near
The high ramparted cliff,

And round the river gently winds,
The current scarcely swift.
The Sun is resting 'hind the clouds,
Awhile the journey on,
And now the city looms ahead,
On velvet-colored lawn.
Your sweetheart closes fast her eyes,
Her hands in water lisp,
And op'ning deeply carmine lips
Bids you the future wish.

[*Chorus.*]

Your wish you have already wished,
Your thought is shallow deep,
'Tis as the willow o'er the pool,
That drooping head o'er weeps.
You wish that wealth would flow your way,
And give you all the sway,
And deck two heads with garland flowers,
As in the month of May.

HERMES. Lovely, Little One, lovely.

[*THETIS Dances.*]

OLYMPUS. [*Aside.*] How much he resembles my lost Hermes.
The features are the same; the chin, the nose
And the forehead seem that of my Hermes.
Why do I entertain hope? Time would have
Erased the youthful lineament. Mature
Age would have stamped the wisdom of worldly
Toil, where once lay the fair charm of innocent
Childhood. Yes, it may be.

HERMES. [*Aside.*] How subtly she controls every step.

OLYMPUS. [*Aside.*] I wonder if he will engage Thetis.

HERMES. Thank you, Little One, you sang and danced so
Enchantingly, I was carried away
By your sweet charm. If your Mother will
Consider an offer of two hundred

Drachma, for to-morrow evening and the
Next, I shall be the happiest man in
Athens. I have been meditating and
Musing, while you have been engaged, as to
Whether you and your Mother will accept
A small favor I wish to make. I live
All alone in a large mansion, with no
Little girl to meet me when I come home,
Longing for a sweet childish form to creep
Up behind my big arm-chair, and hug me
In a great loving embrace, filling the
Air with her sweet and joyful cries, and
Coming as a ray of sunshine to a
Weary and lonely heart. You will be
Mistress o'er the entire house, Little One;
Have a nice pony and cart to drive all
By yourself; and I will teach you how to
Steer my big automobile.

THETIS. Mother, just think, the gentleman says he
Is going to take us to live with him.
I hope it is like the large Castle with
The great grounds, and the big, spreading trees; how
Beautiful it would be to dwell in a
Mansion like that; it would be like living
In Sylvan Land. Do you remember, Mother,
Imprinted on the gate was the name: "The
Villa of Zeus."

HERMES. Why, Little One, that is where I want to
Take you and your Mother. I had almost
Forgotten about the inscription of
That beautiful name on the gate. The name
Of Zeus to our forefathers was as
The name of God to us. They knew something
Controlled life, and held the great universe
And planets in order; so they gave to

This force or power the name of Zeus; from
Zeus sprang other Gods and Goddesses.
When the mansion was in the course of erection,
I offered an ancient Attic talent
For the most appropriate name for the
Castle; this, Little One, was the chosen
Name.

OLYMPUS. I accept your kind offer, Sir. I find
How large the World really is. I began
To think people were all alike; such is
Not the case. Amidst a desert of thorns
Will grow a pretty rose, and in a barren
Plain will be found a fertile spring. I am
So happy that I cannot——

[Hermes brushes back the hair that droops o'er
His forehead; reveals a bluish scar.]

The same deep scar. Your name, stranger, your name?

HERMES. Yes. I forgot to tell you my name; but
Madam, I do not know whether I have
A name or not. My early life has always
Been a mystery. I have tried to solve who
Were my parents; thus far, I have to
Acknowledge myself defeated. As early
As I can remember was when I dwelt
In Nauplia, a lad of five, and cared
For by a kind lady, who tried to train
My infant tongue to call her Ma. The
Deception was vivid to my gaze. At
Eight I ran away, my heart set on the
Search for my real mother, the one who raised
Me from the cradle, and in the early
Hours guarded my tiny breath, willing to
Give her life to spare her babe. As I approached
The years of knowledge, I came to understand
That the only means of finding my parents

Was by the locket that hung from a gold
Chain around my neck, and in which was the
Picture of a child of two or three years.

By chance, I saved a rich gentleman's life.

He took me to live with him. After his

Death, I still kept his name, which was

Argicides, instead of that engraven

On the locket: "Hermes Olympus."

OLYMPUS. My son, my son, at last I have found you.

HERMES. You are my mother, my lost mother? The
Little One is my dear sister? [Places his arms around them.]

OLYMPUS. I am your Mother. Thetis is your sister.

See, here is a photograph similar

To the one in your locket, and taken

When you were three and a half years old. The

Ship was disabled at sea, and when

Overtaken by a storm drifted

Helplessly on to an unknown Isle. It

Was there Thetis was born. We were rescued

After many years of patient waiting.

Your father died at sea, and left me alone

To take up the search for the child that was

Left safe in his Auntie's care. Ten years have

I searched. At last I have found you; but the

Hand of age has now begun to rest

Heavy upon the once strong frame; as a

Last resource, I sent Thetis to apply

For the position I saw advertised

In the paper. Fate has indeed dealt kindly

With us, son.

HERMES. Yes, Mother, you and sister need have no

Fear of the future. I am the richest

Man in Greece. I am going to give you

Half of my fortune. Little Thetis will

Have a third, in her own name.

THETIS. You are so kind, brother. I told mother
She would be sure to like you. I loved you
From the moment I saw your handsome face.

HERMES. Thank you, sister. Your words are as sweet as
The fragrance that flows from the summer rose.

[Blast from horn is heard without.]

THETIS. How loud that horn clamors; perhaps someone
Has been run over. Let us go and see.

HERMES. No, Thetis; that is simply my chauffeur,
Warning me it is time to go.

THETIS. How grand; then I shall have a lovely ride.

HERMES. Yes. We will go. In a few minutes we
Shall be at the mansion. Farewell, old house,
For the night. It is here I found the joy
And happiness of life. Goodnight, goodnight. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

Scene I. A Room in Antigone's Mansion.

*Enter PRINCE and PRINCESS VITTORIO,
GLADYS, ANTIGONE and NAPOLEON.*

ANTIGONE. Alas. The cause is lost. I have pleaded
With the only man in Greece who could have
Helped us. He has turned a deaf ear to my
Entreaties. 'Tis lost. 'Tis lost.

NAPOLEON. Never mind, Antigone. There is not
A chain without a weak link. No matter
How strong it may look, there is always a
Part that can be broken, if enough
Pressure can be brought to bear upon it.

ANTIGONE. I am lost; surrounded by impossibilities;
Lost, lost.

PRINCE. Tut, tut, child; don't say lost, for nothing is
Lost while the spark of life remains. There is
No prison, no matter how safely it

May be guarded, that can hold brains. Gold will
Turn the door of the prison cell, while Justice
Sleeps. The poor man will risk his neck, to add
One more pleasure for those at home, and thus
The key turns.

ANTIGONE. How will it be turned, how can it?

PRINCE. Every Envoy is now on his way to
Every friendly Power; by night there will be
One on the way to Rome.

ANTIGONE. To Rome?

PRINCE. Orrie is to play a great part. Religion
Will work wonders. In informing you of
This scheme, we know you will aid us. You will
Have your staff of writers. You will not be
Able to do it all yourself. Poetry,
Dramas and press articles will be
Composed, to clutch the thought of the World; to
Mould it to our use. It is more noble
To conquer through the Church, than through a path
Of human blood. War will never cease, and
Homes will ever be torn asunder. Would
It not be a godsend to the World, if
Someone would shroud himself in Imperial
Authority, and through the agents of
The Pulpit, direct by a gentle hand,
Instead of the Iron Gauntlet of War?

ANTIGONE. It would.

PRINCE. Thousands of years have been preparing for
Someone to fill this place. The time has now
Arrived, and the wishes of the multitudes
Are to be matured. Gladys, read this, that
Antigone may know how mellow is
The present hour of time; that even Greece
Will rise, although her hope has fled.

[Gives book.]

GLADYS. "The Voice of Fame."

ANTIGONE. That poem was found engraved on the Fane at Delphi, and is believed by all Greece to Have been inscribed by Apollo himself. Read, friend.

GLADYS. [Reading.]

On, soldiers, on to the glory,
The Golden Path of Fame,
We'll hear our names throughout the land,
Sung by the Grecian dame.
On, soldiers, on to battle-fields,
We'll wave our swords afar,
We'll follow in the wreaking path
Of fearsome Are's car.
We'll wave our flag o'er all the land,
Our King with us we'll bear;
Immortal King of sceptred line,
Immortal King so dear.
Away to the heart of Egypt,
And Asia's throbbing soil,
We'll levy tax on all the land,
And gain the victor's spoil.
We'll make the Isles of Greece sung forth,
We'll bow them as our slaves.
We'll conquer haughty Turkey now,
And Italy's deep bays.
List' to the sound of battle;
Was that the victor's shout?
'Hurrah,' the cry is raised again,
The cowards form the rout.
Our flag is waving o'er the field,
The clang of war has ceased,
The hostile power is fleeting now,
And yonder plains they lease.
The field is crowded thick with slain,
Our comrades nobly fell,

They fell, and to revenge our wrong
Fell to the Victor's Dell.

[Scene is shown behind portraying

The action of the poem.]

They fell, but to climb yonder height,
Of Heaven's noble brow,
Zeus now guides them by the hand,
And Hermes wreath endows.
With happy shouts, endowed with bliss,
They watch the Greeks below,
They shout, as forth the heroes deal
To foes the sounding blow.
They join and sip the nectared dregs,
God to God they toast,
They fill the air with happy cries,
And of the future boast.
Then to the Throne fair Hera mounts,
A moment falls the calm,
As speaks she forth, the thunder falls
Upon her favored land.

[Hera narrates the verse in her own words.]

HERA. "Our Greece has fallen 'neath the weight,
Oppressor's hard, cruel hand,
Our name is no more feared abroad,
Along the Ocean strand.
Our Fanes are stolen from our sight,
Oh Lord, thy vow thus made,
Thou hast to a lowly depth,
Our favored land thus laid.
The Greeks of old from worship fell,
And scorned thy very name,
The fires and incense ceased to burn,
And in the victors came.
Thou sworest, until Hera gave birth
Unto a warrior son,

That Greece would moan beneath her fate,
And scorch beneath the Sun,
That Greeks would bow to Foreign Power,
That Greece would have a King,
A King that from a hated land
His Country's songs they'd sing.
Rejoice ye, throng of warriors bold,
Who fell in battle's fray,
A son will leave my throbbing flesh,
At Olympus to-day.
Then to the Earth he'll wend his way,
To save fair Greece's shore,
He'll drive the Nations from our hearth,
And through the Ocean door.
He'll go not in panoplied state,
But as a mortal low,
He'll struggle with a Foreign speech,
Ambition's seeds he'll sow.
He'll live as other mortals live,
Participate in their life,
Will fondle to his Godly breast
A clinging, passionate wife.
He'll tell us whence his lineage came,
Of his paternal home,
That to the Earth, for Greece's sake,
He's from Olympus made to roam.
His body yields as others yield,
To thrust and direful wound,
But if Death should his body kill,
Then God appears at noon.
The very Earth will reek in smoke,
The thunderbolts will fall,
And space will dwell where Earth once stood,
An open spacious hall.
Another ether World will form,

And mortals from his flesh,
Will leap with bountiful quick tread,
And by sweet Hera blessed.
The mortals then that dwell on Earth,
To Hades' Realm are cast,
Are flogged till, from their heated sides,
The blood runs down the mast.
Day in, day out, for evermore,
No punishment will cease,
Their very bowels, from out their sides,
Are torn by hungry beasts.
Greece once more given sceptred staff,
'Tis for the land to claim,
Two lots are given forth to choose,
Disgrace or lasting Fame.
If followed in the Godly path,
The historic page will turn,
The East, and mighty Europe too,
Will with the Greek name burn."

[The scene fades behind.]

PRINCE. Very pretty.

PRINCESS. Lovely.

NAPOLEON. Greek Poets have indeed struck the chord that
Vibrates between this life and the next.

ANTIGONE. Greece has fondled the piece ever since it
Was first dedicated at Delphi, and
Is firm in the belief, that Zeus will
Send a son to free the land from the Foreign
Yoke.

PRINCE. The piece and any others that treat of
The same subject will place Orrie at the
Head of Greece. He will come as a lowly
Mortal. As his Greek is none too good, he'll
Struggle with a Foreign speech. I think
Deception will win, where arms would fail.

ANTIGONE. It is a bold move, and if intrepidly
Carried out will guarantee success to
The man who has the bravery, energy
And the perseverance to deceive.

PRINCE. It is a deep laid plot, Antigone.
My wife, Gladys, Orrie and myself have
Been in deep consultation since we have
Arrived in Athens, planning out a scheme
By which we can conquer, without great loss
Of life.

ANTIGONE. Impossible.

PRINCE. England depends for one-third of its
Supply of bread upon Russia, Prussia
And America. What would she do, if
The ports of these Countries were closed to her?

ANTIGONE. I understand; you are then going to
Strike at England from her weakest side. Obstruct
Her commerce; and destroy the ships that
Convey her provisions to her; and people,
Thus thrown out of employment by the
Cessation of the import and export
Trade, can be relied upon in commencing
A revolutionary movement.

PRINCE. It is not the people we are going
To war with. It is their representatives.
Every man and woman is a member
Of the Government, but they don't know it.
Ireland has long sought to separate herself
From England, and Fenianism is
A society of strength, that is rearing
Its head higher, day by day. Britain's army
Is composed of Irish and Romanists,
To the sum of over one-third; and
Over half of the Artillery force is
Composed of this growing society.

If people refuse to act, when commanded
To do so, by those who are invested
With the Power of Government, what are the
Officials going to do?

ANTIGONE. Resign their power.

PRINCE. The Envoy we have sent to Rome bears a
Sealed document only to be given
Into the hands of the Pope. This informs
Him that we have sent Envoys to every
Country that we think capable of giving
Us aid; that they will be united and
Matched against the leading Powers; that if he
Will aid us, we will make the Catholic Faith
Universal in all Christian Countries.
Orrie will also represent himself
As the Prophet, thus fulfilling the prophecy
Of Mohammed; and if our desires cannot
Be obtained through stratagem, we shall know
The cause is safe, for every Mohammedan
Will face the cannon's ruthless mouth with
Fearless demeanor, with the firm belief
That his destiny is immutably
Fixed under every circumstance; and that,
As the Koran affirms, "He, who is slain
While fighting in defence, and for the
Propagation of Islam, is indeed
A Martyr." Thus we have a powerful Sect
To aid our ambitions; and if these
People are carefully managed, they will
Work harmoniously with the Church of
Rome.

ANTIGONE. You are a Catholic?

PRINCE. No, I worship at every fane that helps
To lessen the struggles of humanity,
That helps to carry the banner of

Benevolence to wearied souls. Show
Me the Church and benevolence, and I
Will bow at its fane. No matter if it
Be Roman, Christian, Jewish, Greek or Chinese.
A century after Mohammed's death,
The religion of that wonderful man
Ruled in Arabia, Syria, Persia,
Egypt, the northern coast of Africa,
And even to the precincts of Spain. At
The present time it is the prevailing
Religion, with that of the Church of Rome,
In Britain, France, Spain, Italy, Austria,
Egypt, Greece, Syria, Turkey and
Bulgaria. The State Church of England
Was primarily incorporated with
The Catholic Church. Thus we see the subtle
Working of the brain will accomplish more
For us than the Sword of War.

GLADYS. Father, then there are the Spiritualists;
Look how numerous they are in America.

PRINCESS. You will have to be the Champion of
Spiritualism too, Orrie.

NAPOLEON. Indeed I will; with more than a million
Adherents, Spiritualism will add
Many spokes to the newly burnished wheel;
And will give greater speed to our Chariot
Of Fame. The Jews, too, will accept all
Favors that will help to replace them on
Palestine's consecrated ground. They control
The wealth of the World. They are the strongest,
Yet the weakest, of races.

ANTIGONE. Their Religion portrays the appearance
Of an Antichrist. They believe they will
Form a covenant with this predicted
Personage; that they will again rise to

Be a great Nation, instead of a
Persecuted homeless Race. You indeed
Have the patronage of the Jewish People.

NAPOLEON. God bless the Jews. They know how to help each
Other, when adversity befalls them.
Their Church may seem strange to us, yet they have
Humanity.

PRINCE. Buddhism claims more than one-third of
The human race, and its followers are
Anxiously looking forward to the coming
Of another Boodh. From Gaudama's death
In 543 B. C., and after
His passing into Nirvana, it was
Predicted that many thousands of years
Would elapse before another Boodh would
Appear; so the time is now mature, for
Orrie to gain the support of these
People and, as their Prophet, to sway, where
The reeking sword can never penetrate;
In the tangled depth of the jungle, and
To sway at the fane of the thousands.

PRINCESS. If we keep on, we will conquer the World
Without a move, or a thought on our part.

PRINCE. The World, as we all know, has never been
Conquered; by conquered, I mean where one person
Has placed himself in such a position
As to be enabled to dictate and
Have his mandates carried out. All the great
Kings of the past, who have been recorded
In History as great conquerors, were not
Wont to sacrifice force to thought. They could
Not see beyond the advice of their wise
Men, nor beyond the pages of History;
What their ancestors accomplished; or what
Some Beast of Carnage performed, in hurrying

His brethren off to the Shades. We have seen
What those of antiquity have accomplished,
Through the recording pages of History;
And we know they made some serious
Mistake by which the ever-turning World
Was snatched from their grasp. Napoleon did not
Realize what a child he was, until it
Was too late. His mind became saturated
With the deeds of Alexander the Great,
And like that King, he at last believed
Himself immortal; so much so that he
Marched into Moscow, fully expectant
Everything would give way before him. It
Did give way, and Napoleon marched back to
France, a much wiser man. He failed because
He used force, instead of combining it
With Religion. He failed. He conquered a
Little, yet it was taken from him. It
Is more disgraceful to conquer and fail,
Than not to conquer at all.

NAPOLÉON. Even our meditated plans will receive
A severe test. The mind will ever have
To be revolving to deceive the millions
That are willing to follow, and those who
Will try to hinder the movement by
Pointing out the deception. One year from
To-day, I will herald myself throughout
The World as God's Apostle; regulating
Each Nation by its peculiar form of
Religion, and to gain the grand and final
Concentration, I will unite and have
Them work peacefully and happily
Together. This will necessitate time,
Perseverance and study.

ANTIGONE. You say it will necessitate a

Period of one year, before you will
Be enabled to proclaim yourself as
The predicted Apostle. Why so long?

NAPOLEON. If I were to proclaim myself God's Apostle,
Without a mighty army to support
Me, the World would deride and mock me. I
Should meet the same fate, as Christ suffered at
The hands of the Jews. I must first broaden
The shores of Greece, until they encompass
Syria; then, with strength in my veins, I
Will proclaim myself as God's Apostle.
The World will believe. As soon as possible,
Hired speakers will begin to preach to the
People of Greece the coming of the Apostle;
And by means of pretended visions will
Awaken a new interest in Religion;
And will proclaim the day, one year from now,
As being the time represented
In the visions for his appearance. Other
Speakers, lecturers, and ministers of
The Gospel will proclaim to the World the
Coming of the expected Apostle;
And the other denominations,
Seeing in this new movement a vantage
Point by which they can replenish their
Diminished flock, will spread it, and thus the
World in a short time will be prepared for
His coming.

GLADYS. That will be lovely, Orrie, you will be
A God as well as a King.

PRINCE. And a good one he will make, too.

PRINCESS. What will you make me, Orrie?

ANTIGONE. And me?

NAPOLEON. I have kept one secret from you all. My
True name is Napoleon Bonaparte.

PRINCE. Is this true, Orrie?

GLADYS. Then you are not Orrie. You are Napoleon.

PRINCESS. You are playing with us, Orrie.

ANTIGONE. When I first saw you, I knew the blood of Kings flowed within your veins.

NAPOLEON. I am the present legitimate heir
Of the Napoleonic Empire. Until
You, Prince and Princess Vittorio, and
Gladys, implanted the thought of Conquest
In my mind, I had not meditated on
An endeavor to claim my rights, although
I often pondered on how it could be
Done. My future, I thought, would be that of
A man of wealth and leisure. America
And Canada, from a business standpoint,
Have served me well. Friends, by right of birth I
Am the present legitimate Ruler
Of Greece and Turkey.

PRINCE. Napoleon I. relinquished his hope of
Conquering Turkey, when he was forced to
Abandon the siege of Acre. Syria
Was a hopeless dream.

NAPOLEON. Do not condemn me, Prince Vittorio.
Napoleon I. was too proud to lay claim
To Empires not attained by his own might.
One of our ancestors was David II.,
Emperor of Trebisonde, who was the
Rightful heir to the Throne of Constantinople;
But was put to death by Mahomed II.
His only surviving son, George Nicephor
Comnene, fled to Mania in Peloponnesus
In 1476, and was made Protogeras
Over the community settled there.
Ten members of our family held this official
Seat in succession. In 1675

Constantine Comnene, the tenth reigning
Protogeras, fearing he would be
Subjugated by the Turks, went to
Italy, taking with him three thousand
Fellow country-men. He arrived in
Genoa, January 1, 1676,
And obtained from the Genoese Senate
A grant of some tracts of land in the Isle
Of Corsica, which he colonized. One
Of his sons, Calomeros Commene,
Subsequently settled in Florence in
Tuscany, and as the Greek name Calomeros
Signifies in Italian, "buona parte,"
He therefore adopted the name Buonaparte.
In 1719 Antonio
Buonaparte emigrated from Tuscany
To Corsica, and the greatest member
Of our family, Napoleon Bonaparte,
Who was born at Ajaccio in Corsica,
August 15, 1769,
Was his grandson. Corsica was ceded
By the Genoese to France in 1768.
I will speak before the officials of
The Grecian Society of Freedom,
And bribe them with expectation of the
Future. When Luna shines down on Greece in
Her full raiment of silvery light, every
Grecian will rise, and welcome a Liberator,
Who has Greece at heart.

PRINCE. With such a claim upon these shaking Thrones,
Failure is impossible.

NAPOLEON. You asked me what honor I will confer
Upon you. Princess Vittorio will
Be Queen of Italy, and Princess
Antigone will be Queen of Greece.

ANTIGONE. [Aside.] Then he loves me. His affection for Gladys is, as he said: "Simply to gain The support of Prince Vittorio." [Direct.] Come, Friends, I have an agreeable surprise For you. As we sit by the laving waves Of the fountain, we will listen to Italy's most renowned singer.

PRINCE. You are indeed a model hostess.

GLADYS. You are so kind to us.

PRINCESS. We shall never be able to reciprocate Your kindness.

ANTIGONE. I am honored by your company, that is All I wish.

[Napoleon and Antigone *exeunt*
Last; as they are passing out, Antigone
Turns to Napoleon, saying:]

ANTIGONE. This is all for you.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

Scene I. Constantinople. Chamber in The Parliament House.

[Without, before the curtain ascends, a Trumpet sounds attention; then cheers of: 'Vive Napoleon,' are heard; then bands play The Constitutional Hymn.]

[Occupying benches and desks, and facing The Tribune, are Deputies, Senators, Dignitaries of the Moslem, Christian And Jewish Faiths.]

Enter PRINCE and PRINCESS VITTORIO,
GLADYS, ANTIGONE, NAPOLEON, and
Generals.

[They take their seats upon the Tribune.]

NAPOLEON. Gentlemen: It is with pleasure that I See you around my Throne. I am much gratified

To observe the progress which has been made
By my people. But there are still many
Things to be done ere the errors of our
Fathers can be effaced, and Turkey rendered
Worthy of the high destiny reserved
For her. The intestine divisions of
Our ancestors, occasioned by their
Miserable egotism and love of
Individual localities, led
To the gradual loss of all their rights.
The country was disinherited of
Its rank and dignity, bequeathed by those
Who, in remote ages, had spread afar
The renown of their arms and the fame of
Their many virtues. To restore that renown
And those virtues will be the object and
The glory of my reign. You are the wisdom
Of the Nation. To you it belongs to
Concert measures for the salvation of
The Empire. I come, surrounded by my
Generals, to ask for your support. Faithfully
Will I fulfil the task God has intrusted
To me. Let us not look into the past
For precedents. Nothing in history
Resembles the Nineteenth Century. Nothing
In the Nineteenth Century resembles
The present moment. I do not usurp
The throne, it is mine by right of birth as
Set forth in my proclamation to the
Turkish Nation. My life work will be to
Gather together the dismembered Kingdoms
Of my ancestors, to establish one
Grand Empire, Constantinople its
Capital. Those who stand by me will be
Made greater than the Princes of England.

Their palaces will be more sumptuous,
Their retinue more magnificent, their
Glory more dazzling. Their daughters will
Enter my court as maids of honor. Their
Sons will go in and out of my palaces,
The marshals of the Empire. Turkey no
Longer wants a Sultan, who confers wealth,
Splendour, and power exclusively upon
His favorites. Turkey demands a popular
Throne; a Liberator who will consult
The interests of the masses; who will
Throw open, to all alike, the avenues
To influence, honor and opulence. [Cheers.]
One of my grand objects will be to
Render education accessible
To everyone. With your help I will cause
Every institution to be formed upon
A plan which will offer instruction to
The public either gratis, or at a
Rate so moderate as not to be beyond
The means of the peasant. The museums
Will be thrown open to the whole people.
The populace of Turkey will become
The best educated in the World. All
My efforts will be directed to
Illuminate the mass of the nation,
Instead of brutifying them by
Ignorance and superstition. Referring
To my religion, as set forth in my
Proclamation, it is very simple.
I look at this universe, so vast, so
Complex, so magnificent, and I say
To myself: "It cannot be the result
Of chance, but the work, however intended,
Of an unknown, omnipotent being,

As superior to man as the
Universe is superior to the
Finest machines of human invention."
Search the philosophers, and you will not
Find a more decisive argument, and
You cannot weaken it. But this truth is
Too succinct for man. He wishes to know
Himself and his future destiny; a
Crowd of secrets which the universe does
Not disclose. Allow religion to inform
Him of that which he feels the need of
Knowing, and respect her disclosures. What
A solace the Koran is to one who
Has an undoubting conviction of its
Truth. I know men, and I tell you Mohammed
Is not a man. [Cheers.] The religion of Mohammed
Is a mystery, which subsists by its own
Force, and proceeds from a mind which is not
A human mind. We find in it a marked
Individuality, which originated
A train of words and maxims unknown
Before. Mohammed borrowed nothing from
Our knowledge. He exhibited himself
As the perfect example of his precepts.
Mohammed is not a philosopher;
For his proofs are his miracles, and from
The first his disciples adored him. In
Fact, learning and philosophy are of
No use for salvation, and Mohammed
Came into the World to reveal the
Mysteries of Heaven and the laws of
The Spirit. Alexander, Caesar,
Charlemagne, have founded Empires. But
Upon what did they rest the creations
Of their genius? Upon force. Mohammed

Alone founded his Empire upon love. [Cheers.]
At this moment millions of men would die
For him. [Cheers.] Ask the materialist, when
The night is calm, cloudless and brilliant, as
The Moon and the Stars, which God ordained, beam
Down upon the Earth with serene lustre:
"Who made all those worlds beaming so gloriously
Above us? Can you tell me that? [Cheers.] Why does
England refuse to worship at the fane
Of India? Why does India refuse
To worship at the fane of England? Why
Does China refuse to worship at the
Fane of America? Why does America
Refuse to worship at the fane of China?"
In the World are many Nations. In the
World are many religions. I have stood
By the little rock from which the mighty
Indus River flows out an abundant
Spring. I have watched it growing larger and
Larger on its adventurous way down
The mountains. I have ridden on its mighty
Bosom. I have emerged from one of its
Many mouths, into the Arabian
Sea. Religion, like the Indus, has its
Source. Look at the World around you, at the
Dome above you. Tell me, can more than one
Imperialistic God rule the great
Unknown?

ALL. No.

NAPOLEON. The Imperialistic God of Heaven
Is like the Indus. His Apostles, whom
He endows with wisdom, are like the many
Mouths of the mighty river, that tells the
Voyager there is something beyond. God
Nurtured Mohammed to teach us of his

Domain. [Cheers.] Eastern, Central and Northern Asia
Claim God nurtured Gautama, the twenty-
Fourth Buddha, to teach them of his domain.
The Christians claim God sent Christ, to teach them
Of his domain. As the regenerator
Of the Kingdoms of my ancestors, I
Will protect the teachings of those whom God
Ordained should enlighten the masses, of
The higher and greater Kingdom than their
Own, the Kingdom of Heaven. [Cheers.] To be a
Great and powerful nation, Turkey must give
Religious freedom to all. She must give
Protection to the people, who revere
The agent God appointed to teach them.
The followers of one shall not worship
Another; but the particular one God
Chose for them, shall revere the laws he
Compounded for their particular need. If
God ordained all should worship alike, he
Would have chosen only one Apostle.
He has chosen many. The Mohammedans
Shall not worship Christ.

MOHAMMEDANS. No.

NAPOLEON. The Jews and Christians shall not worship
Mohammed; but the Mohammedans shall
Worship Mohammed, for God appointed
Mohammed to teach them. [Cheers.] Gentlemen, a
Race, who for one thousand eight hundred and
Fifty-nine years, have been without a place
Of worship; without a country; who have
Been persecuted in every land, who
Are now the great capitalists of Nations;
Whose influence, as the bankers of Government,
Is felt in every capital of Europe,
Ask us to imbibe them within our Empire;

Think of the power God will give to us, by the
Holy act we shall perform in recognizing
The people who now see the folly their
Ancestors committed, in torturing
And driving from their land God's Apostle.
Great cities will spring up, and the wealth of
The World will be among us. The boundary
Of Turkey will be the boundary of the
World. [Cheers.] The Jewish Colonial Trust, with
Headquarters in London, with a capital
Of ten million dollars, subscribed by the
Jewish Race, have asked me to place them in
Their Father's Land. As the wisdom of Turkey,
I ask you to help me afford this
Nation the protection of our flag. With
This nation's wealth in our Government,
Constantinople will be greater than
London and New York combined. Constantinople
Will be the capital of the World. [Cheers.]

DEPUTY. In Anatolia, Syria, and
El Hejaz, you have not yet conquered. If
We should surrender Jerusalem, our
Fate would be sealed. Your armies could not save
Us. From Father to son, we have seen the
Mosque of Omar, setting, defying the
World, upon the site once occupied by
Solomon's Temple. At the Holy Rock
Mohammed prayed. Upon the Holy Rock,
On the Day of Judgment, Allah will place
His Throne. Jerusalem must remain
Mohammedan.

NAPOLEON. In Anatolia, Syria, and
El Hejaz, I do not want to conquer
By the power of the sword. I do not want
To tear the infant from its Mother's throbbing

Breast; or take the life of the gentle maiden;
For all fall beneath the implements of
War. Exploding shells do not distinguish
Between the just and the unjust. Gentlemen,
I want to conquer by love. From regions
I have not conquered, have come representatives
Of the people, ready to give their lives
In the interest of the Nation. [Cheers.] We
Are not doing justice to our Prophet,
And to Allah, when we allow the
Holy Rock to rest so far from the place
Where our Prophet left our World, by the road
He has shown us we must traverse to reach
The Kingdom of Heaven. Beside the rock
Our Prophet prayed. How can Allah place his
Throne upon it, when the grave of Mohammed
Is at Medina, and the Holy Rock
At Jerusalem? Allah will only
Descend to us at the place where his
Messenger's body lies, where his spirit
Left us. The body of Mohammed must
Either be placed beside the Holy Rock
At Jerusalem—

MOHAMMEDANS. No.

NAPOLEON. Then the Holy Rock must be removed to
The grave of Mohammed.

MOHAMMEDANS. No.

NAPOLEON. Gentlemen, who are the hundreds kneeling
In the Mosque of Omar—Jews? No. Moslems
Praying there because it is hallowed by
The memory of Hebrew Patriarchs.
The Jew, persecuted though he be, may
Smile in triumph; for wherever he looks
In Palestine, even to the tomb of
Abraham—the tombs of the founders of

The Hebrew Nation, he sees us zealously
Guarding memorials of his own race.
Let us not offend Allah, by worshipping
In Palestine. It was not there Allah
Took Mohammed away from us; but in
The land he ordained should be worshipped by
Us. Objects that were dear to Mohammed,
In Palestine, will be removed. We will
Treasure them; for Mohammed loved them. Let
Us not offend Allah, by restricting
His children, who will atone for their father's
Sins. Let us allow them to revere Allah's
Apostle, in the land where he nurtured
Him. We will revere Allah's Apostle,
Mohammed, in the land where he nurtured
Him. The body of Mohammed must
Either be placed beside the Holy Rock
At Jerusalem——

MOHAMMEDANS. No.

NAPOLEON. Then the Holy Rock must be removed to
The grave of Mohammed.

SENATOR. How are we to remove it?

NAPOLEON. It will be removed in sections, and put
Together at Medina. The Mosque of
Omar will also be removed, and will
Cover the rock and Mohammed's body.
Allah will bless us for the deed, and place
His Throne upon it.

MOHAMMEDANS. Allah, Allah.

NAPOLEON. Those who favor the covenant with the
Jews, the race who will place the wealth of the
World in our midst, who will help us to make
Constantinople the Capital of
The World, arise.

[All rise.]

ALL. Vive Covenant! Vive Napoleon!

NAPOLEON. Gentlemen, to-day Napoleon Bonaparte
Draws up the covenant with the Jews and
Submits it for your approval.

ALL. Vive Napoleon! Vive Napoleon!

[*Exeunt* PRINCE and PRINCESS VITTORIO,
GLADYS, ANTIGONE, NAPOLEON and Generals.]

*Scene II. The Golden Horn. A Ship's Deck. Constantinople
In the Moonlight.*

Enter SULTANA and PRINCE OF SERVIA.

SULTANA. To-night will be the last time I shall gaze
Upon yonder scene. Prince, to-night, I leave
Constantinople forever.

PRINCE. Napoleon does not force you to flee. He
Told me to tell you: "While Napoleon rules
Turkey, Zaza will be treated as a
Queen."

SULTANA. Mighty man, he is more than a mortal.
He is a God. Would Mars dare to rise, as
He rose, in Greece; gathering the little
Nations to him, and marching, unhindered
By the Nations of the World, into the
Heart of Turkey, into Constantinople?

PRINCE. Mars would not dare.

SULTANA. England has watched, and now watches from her
Little Isle, unable to quench this rising
Flame, that bids to consume her and Europe.
England renowned for coalitions, who
United the Nations against Napoleon
At Waterloo, and overthrew him; you
Find coalitions now of no avail.
Prince, this Napoleon is not like Napoleon I.
This one is a God.

PRINCE. Zaza, you do not know him yet. You only

Look at his splendor. Abide within his
Heart, as his Generals, soldiers, and I abide,
And you will feel love that is capable
Of building or dismembering Empires.

SULTANA. When I contemplate, I wonder. Prince, the
Imagination of the Bard can only
Trace Napoleon's work. He gathers power while
Russia, France and England are helpless to
Unite against him. His coalitions
Stretch an endless chain around the World. Every
Nerve of England's frame is aching. British
Somaliland, British East Africa,
Soudan, India, Baluchistan and
Afghanistan rose simultaneously.
England had no time to spare for Turkey.
England is being driven to the waves.
Morocco, French West Africa, French
Guinea, and French Congo, rose at the
Appointed hour. France is losing her hold.
Russia is more busily engaged in
War than she has ever been before. Japan
Is adding territory to her minute
Isles. The mass of Russia once more defies
The Nobles. Napoleon lends them aid.
Germany is silently waiting. Will
She choose England, or will it be France?

PRINCE. It will be both. Zaza, see how the moon
Plays upon the domes, mosques, minarets and
Palaces of the most beautiful city
In the World. Zaza, would you not like to
Be its Queen?

SULTANA. Alas, as the favorite wife of the
Sultan, I tried to make myself believe
I was its Queen. When I knew him to be
In the arms of another, could I believe

I was Constantinople's Queen? No. I
Knew I was only his favorite, that was
All.

PRINCE. And you fly to him, Zaza, when you know
His love is not all for you? In his flight
It was only of himself he thought.

SULTANA. Only of himself.

PRINCE. Napoleon could have beheaded him; yet
He left open the door through which he
Escaped. Zaza, unlike him, who was your
Master, I have not even one breast to
Feel against my own. Not even one mistress.
Zaza, will you stay in Constantinople?

[Takes her hand.]

SULTANA. Prince of Servia, a new love glows within
My bosom. I thought of Napoleon's kindness
Simply as the generosity of
A great man, to a woman forced to wanton
In her Master's desire. If you love me,
Yes, I will stay in Constantinople.

PRINCE. Napoleon has many Kingdoms. He will
Have many more. He said: "If you win Zaza's
Love, I shall not lose a Queen."

[Exeunt.]

*Scene III. Jerusalem. Solomon's Temple. Golden
Image of Napoleon. Jews in Worship
Before It. Incense Rises From Altar.*

IMAGE. I am the Apostle of him who gives
The stream its course, the mountain its height, whose
Eye is the torch of day—the glow of night,
Whose jewels are the stars and the planets, whose
Voice is the thunder, whose sword is the lightning.
By my Master's will, I have given unto
Ye the land of your Fathers. Ye have offered
Sacrifice unto the God my Master

From the altar of his temple, when ye
Are not yet clean. I have purged it of its
Filth. I have set within it my image,
That ye may worship me, that I may
Intercede with the God thy Master.

JEWS. Messiah, Messiah.

IMAGE. An Apostle of God thy Master cured
Your Fathers of the leprosy, gave them
Sight who were blind, placed words in the mouths of
Them who were mute, raised the dead. They drove him
From their land.

JEWS. Messiah, Messiah.

IMAGE. Until the whole World bow unto that which
Is my image, will the blind remain blind;
The lepers—lepers; the mute—mute; the dead—
Dead.

JEWS. Messiah, Messiah.

*Scene IV. The Same. The Former Wailing-Place of the
Jews.*

Enter Two Priests of the Temple of Solomon.

FIRST PRIEST. You counsel well. The wisdom of the Oracle
Is known unto the furthestmost bounds of
Earth. Welcome is the news: "America
Worships Messiah."

SECOND PRIEST. The hour is mature, when on the wings of
The wind will come: "England worships Messiah."

FIRST PRIEST. When England pays homage to Jehovah,
Every Nation will have recognized the
Kingdom of Heaven. Messiah will then
Cast Satan in adamantine chains to the
Deepest cavern of Earth, and cleanse us of
Our sins, that we may offer sacrifice
To God his Father.

SECOND PRIEST. When we are cleansed, Jehovah will transform
This tear-worn wall into a diamond more
Brilliant than the Sun. That will be seen in
The extreme parts of Earth, to be a guiding-
Star to those who may droop by the way, and
Become lost in the wilderness.

FIRST PRIEST. It stands a silent testimonial
Of the suffering of the Children of
Israel. From the fatal moment of
The destruction of the temple, they were
Carried away to be sold as slaves. A
Few of the faithful hid in tombs and
Caverns, and secreted themselves beneath
The falling columns, remained on the spot
Endeared to them by so many blissful
Reminiscences, and by the promises
Of their hereafter. The Roman centurions
Pursued them. The Greeks persecuted them.
The Persians slew them. The followers of
Mohammed tracked them with fire and sword. The
Crusaders trampled upon their necks; yet
They refused to abandon the home of
Their Fathers. With the Laws of Moses, and
The sacred Rolls of Esdras, they read in
Chambers, in caves and deserted places.
The Mosque of the Mohammedans reared its
Domes and minarets upon the site of
God's Temple; and they, the rightful inheritors
Of all the Land of Promise, crawled in abject
Submission to this wall, to pray for the
Peace of Jerusalem. They never despaired.
Centuries rolled on. Nations arose,
Flourished, decayed and fell; yet they still
Existed, increased in numbers. Under
Every privation and persecution

They preserved their identity, their faith
And nationality. At last the sign
Is given. The thunders roll over the
World. The people are at war with their Kings.
The Kings are overthrown. The chains of the
Jews are unloosed. At last we are elevated
To the rank of men.

MULTITUDE. [Without.] England worships Messiah. England
Worships Messiah.

SECOND PRIEST. Away to the Temple. We are cleansed. With
Sacrifice we will propitiate Jehovah.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Scene V. Constantinople. Throne Room in Napoleon's
Palace.*

[Napoleon's throne of gold is faced by five
Lower thrones of gold, and thirty tripods
Of gold.]

[The rear wall shows an Angel flying in
The midst of Heaven, with the Gospel scroll
On which is written: "Thy Master will come."]

Enter NAPOLEON, the POPE and six
Cardinals. The DALAI-LAMA and six
Khutuktus, the PAN-CHHEN RIN PO CHHE
And six Khutuktus, the NAKIB-UL-ESHREF
And six Kadi-askers, the Jewish High
Priest, and six Priests.

[They ascend their thrones. The attendants take
Their places at the tripods.]

NAPOLEON. What news is there from Rome?

[Six Cardinals kneel.]

POPE. The rebellion in England has been quelled.
All worship God through thee his Apostle.

[Pope and Cardinals resume their seats.]

NAPOLEON. What news is there from Potala?

[Six Khutuktus kneel.]

DALAI-LAMA. All worship God, through thee his Apostle.

[Dalai-lama and Khutuktus resume
Their seats.]

NAPOLEON. What news is there from bKra Shiss Lhun po?

[Six Khutuktus kneel.]

PAN-CHHEN. All worship God, through thee his Apostle.

[Pan-chhen and Khutuktus resume their
seats.]

NAPOLEON. What news is there from Mecca?

[Six Kadi-askers kneel.]

NAKIB-UL-ESHREF. All worship God, through thee his Apostle.

[Nakib-ul-Eshref and Kadi-askers
Resume their seats.]

NAPOLEON. What news is there from Jerusalem?

[Six Priests kneel.]

HIGH PRIEST. Thy image has been replaced in God's Temple;
The populace punished. All worship God,
Through thee his Apostle.

[High Priest and Priests resume their seats.]

NAPOLEON. 'Tis well. The Earth now dwells in peace. Warfare
Can be no more. Apostles of God, the
Wicked have been weeded out, the Holy
Left. In peaceful villages dwell the once
Starving multitudes of the great cities;
Happy in their new surroundings; giving
Praise to God, that they can till the soil, and
Fill their mouths with plenty.

Enter ANTIGONE, hair streaming.

ALL. The Queen of The Isles of Greece.

[Antigone ascends Napoleon's Throne,
And kneeling before him, with outstretched hand,
Gives schedule to him. Napoleon lifts
Her by the hand, and reads:]

NAPOLEON. "Ode to Eros."

"Fair God of ethereal, ambrosial love,
Who aims his bright darts from Cloud Realm heights above,
That enthril, and fill the heart with pensive joy:
'The song of ancient Roman dames to decoy
The subtle shafts, and enthrall the throbbing heart
Of the noble Hero, of the martial cart.'
Eros, fair God of love, whom I love so well,
My heart quickens, of thy joyous words to tell.
I feel thy feathered shaft pierce, transfix my soul,
I hear thy wedding-bells day- and year-long toll.
Subservient fair God of amorous Love,
Descendant of all-powerful, thundering Jove,
I partake of thy limpid, clear brimming spring;
And ever gay and youthful thy praises sing."

[To Antigone.] My heart belongs to you; yet my heart and
Will belong to her.

[Trumpets sound without. Antigone drops as if dead.]

Napoleon stretches forth his hand. Antigone
Arises. Napoleon casts aside his
Robe, and is shrouded in a garment of
Gold and jewels. The words upon the Gospel
Scroll carried by the Angel change to words
Of fire: "Behold, I am God."]

NAPOLEON. Behold, I am God.

[Antigone falls before Napoleon,
Her arms around his knees.]

ALL. [Kneeling.] God, God.

NAPOLEON. Away to my Temples! I will show
Unto my children that I have come for
Many years to dwell a mortal among
Them. To show them the observance of my
Laws, given unto them through my Apostles.
Away to my Temples. I abide as a
Mortal among you.

*Enter PRINCE and PRINCESS VITTORIO,
GLADYS and Maidens.*

[Napoleon lifts Antigone by the
Hand, and leading her, descends the Throne.
Gladys, Prince and Princess Vittorio,
And maidens, kneel. Napoleon raises
Gladys by the hand, and is placing their
Hands together, when Antigone quickly
Kneels, and kisses the garment of Gladys.]

NAPOLEON. America, the Atlantic, Europe,
Asia, Africa, Australia, and the
Pacific, are subservient to my
Dictations. Apostles, away to my
Temples!

[All arise.]

[Gladys raises Antigone, and places
Her arms around her.]

[Maidens sing.]

MAIDENS. All hail to God our King,
To the God of Heaven we sing;
He hath come to rule us,
Us all his children formed from dust.
To his Temples we go,
We his Earth-children meek and low,
At his altars we'll kneel,
Within our bosoms we shall feel
The force of our King's love,
Of his mighty Kingdom above.
In his Temples he'll show
Us his Earth-children meek and low,
That we must choose a mate,
And cast away all earthly hate.
All hail to God our King,
To the God of Heaven we sing;
He hath come to rule us,

Us all his children formed from dust.
[A mighty peal of thunder is heard. All turn.
The wall, Angel, and fire become transparent,
And away in the far distance can be
Seen God descending, surrounded by his
Angels.]

NAPOLEON. God!

ALL. [Kneeling.] God! God!

[Napoleon does not kneel; but as Gladys
Is doing so, he bears her up in his
Arms, pressing her to his breast. God raises
His hand, and a flash of lightning is emitted
From it. Napoleon kneels with Gladys—
Exclaiming:]

NAPOLEON. God! God!

THE END.

