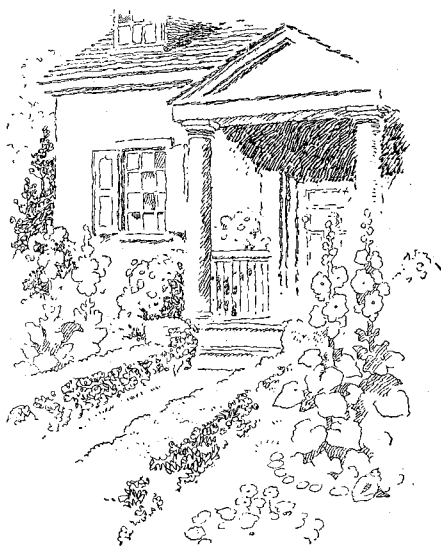


Illustrations by Will Crawford

When white canvas towered in tiers,  
From the sea-rim, cloud by cloud,  
When from roadstead out to offing  
All the sea gleamed thick with fame,  
In from Java and the East,  
From the lairs of God and beast,  
With a wake like mermaids dancing  
Aymar's *Flying Castle* came.



She was laid in Port o' Moonbeams,  
She was launched in Noah's prime,  
She seemed older than the triremes,  
As we peered from headland grass.  
In her hold was gold and cedar  
Out of Tarshish, Tyre, and Edar,  
And she trailed a bannered sunset  
On a tide like burning glass.

Aymar, master of the cove,  
Every salty shipwright knew  
Everywhere a rope was rove  
Or a mate signed on a crew;  
Trim white house, with hollyhocks,  
Walk of shells, and hedge of box—  
Meet him rolling down to harbor,  
Buttons blazing from his blue.

Bought that black in Mozambique,  
 Some outlandish port of call;  
 Brought him home that very week  
 When we saw her tower so tall.  
 Be a garden: for the lady,  
 Keep her little garden-close.  
 How we watched him weed, of mornings  
 With the bangle in his nose!  
 Soon enough the *Flying Castle*  
 Faced the seas where Auster blows.

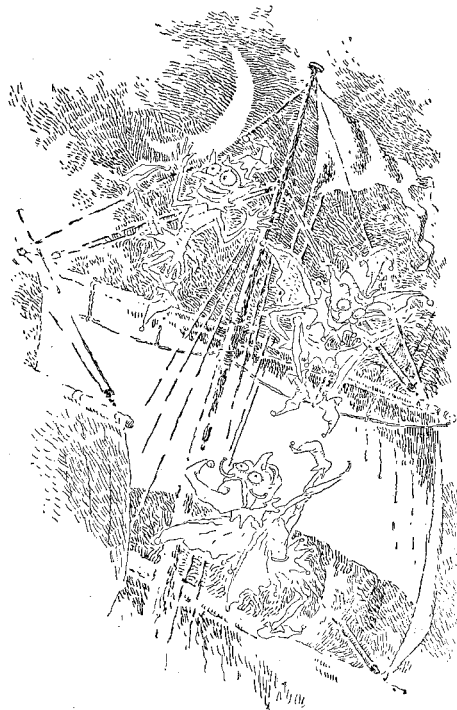


Talked like Choctaw, did the black,  
 Lifted gentle, dark dog's eyes;  
 But we scouted through a crack  
 Of his shanty, and grew wise.  
 He would hold the withered charm  
 High with one long, ape-like arm,  
 Muttering, moaning as he swayed,  
 Till we crowded close together,  
 Hurrying homeward, yes, and prayed!

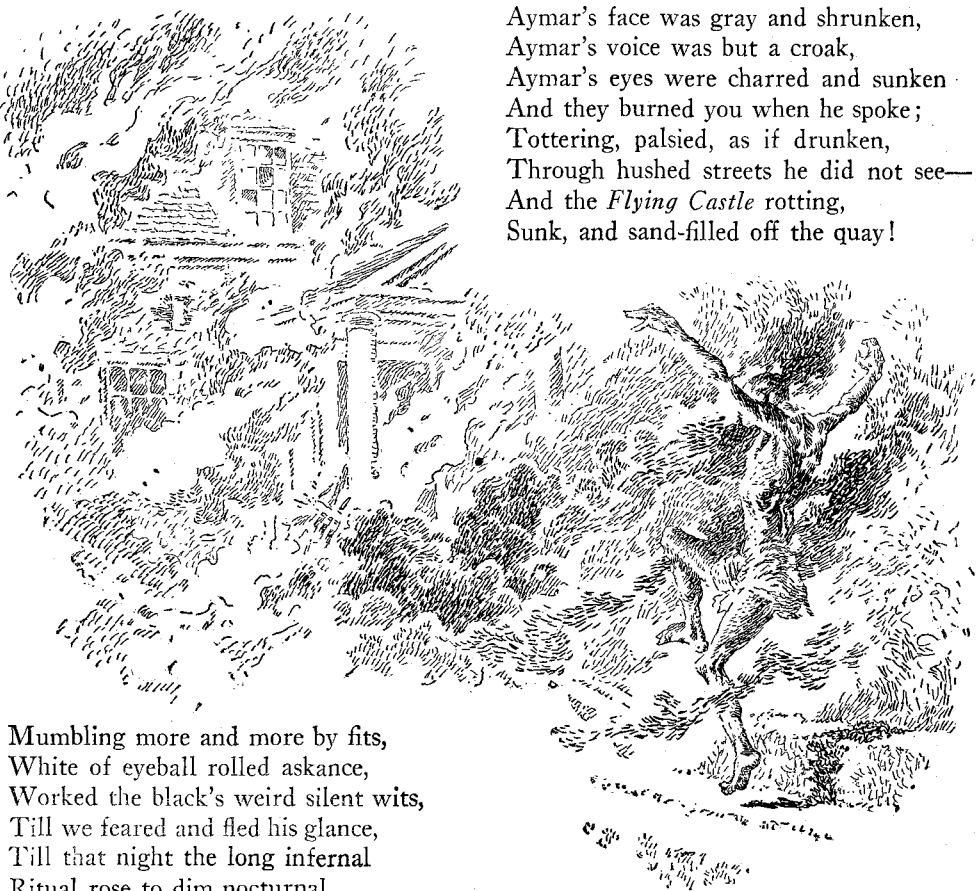
When the autumn storms were brewing  
 And the trees were leaved with flame,  
 Like a lover to proud wooing  
 Home the *Flying Castle* came.  
 Goblins jigging in her rigging,  
 Were the freezing flaws of spray.  
 Every samphire-bearded Triton  
 Greenly hailed her on her way.



Plunging, rearing like a stallion,  
 In the trough and through the crest,  
 Bulking golden as a galleon  
 On the witchcraft of the west,  
 Purple night in all the shrouds  
 Of her tropic-tinted clouds,  
 Till the headland flowered its beacon,  
 And the fiend stood manifest.

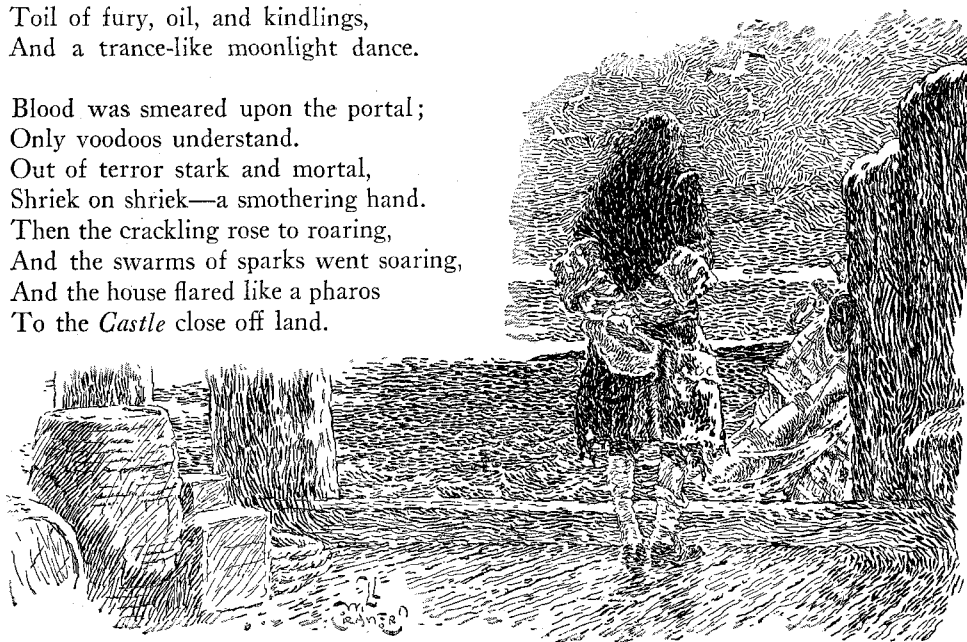


Aymar's face was gray and shrunken,  
 Aymar's voice was but a croak,  
 Aymar's eyes were charred and sunken  
 And they burned you when he spoke;  
 Tottering, palsied, as if drunken,  
 Through hushed streets he did not see—  
 And the *Flying Castle* rotting,  
 Sunk, and sand-filled off the quay!



Mumbling more and more by fits,  
 White of eyeball rolled askance,  
 Worked the black's weird silent wits,  
 Till we feared and fled his glance,  
 Till that night the long infernal  
 Ritual rose to dim nocturnal  
 Toil of fury, oil, and kindlings,  
 And a trance-like moonlight dance.

Blood was smeared upon the portal;  
 Only voodooos understand.  
 Out of terror stark and mortal,  
 Shriek on shriek—a smothering hand.  
 Then the crackling rose to roaring,  
 And the swarms of sparks went soaring,  
 And the house flared like a pharos  
 To the *Castle* close off land.



# The WAR and AFTER



## The Roots of the War

By WILLIAM STEARNS DAVIS

In collaboration with  
William Anderson and Mason W. Tyler

### V. THE SICK MAN OF EUROPE AND HIS SURGEONS

**I**N 1875 the peasants of Herzegovina, a district of Bosnia, infuriated by the taxes imposed by the Turkish officials and also by the demands for forced labor by their own Mohammedanized nobles, rose against their oppressors and defeated a small Turkish army. Instantly their Slavic brethren in Serbia, Montenegro, and even in the Austrian province of Dalmatia, flocked in as volunteers. Serious fighting set in, and diplomats began to spend anxious evenings and did much telegraphing. There is good reason to believe that both Austrian and Russian agents had been stirring up discontent in the province, for neither Czar Alexander II nor Kaiser Francis Joseph were men unwilling to fish in suitably troubled waters.

The case, nevertheless, soon became so dangerous that the European consuls in Bosnia had to stir themselves to end the disturbances. The insurgents, however, were tired of Turkish promises and of mollifying speeches from Christian peoples more fortunate than themselves. They demanded what amounted to autonomy. The sultan responded with pledges of glittering reforms. These did not end the insurrection, and on top of this the Turkish Government was obliged to display its evil

state to all the world by announcing that it could not pay the full interest on its public debt. Such an act, of course, forced the issue. Many millions' worth of Turkish bonds were held throughout Europe. The bondholders were far more influential, and their outcries carried much farther, than the wretched Bosnian peasants. The first fruits of their clamors was the formation of a common program by the three great imperial powers, Germany, Austria, and Russia, which were then loosely allied together in what was known as the "League of the Three Emperors." With the consent of the other two empires, Count Andrassy, Chancellor of Austria, addressed a solemn admonition to the sultan, reciting the sins of his Government and specifying certain reforms which seemed indispensable. The Ottomans received this Andrassy note in January, 1876, with the nominal acceptance of most of its clauses; but the Bosnian insurgents were not willing to lay down their arms merely because the Austrian consuls now told them that the sultan had promised to be good; and the Turks retaliated by saying they could not institute reforms in taxation, fair treatment of the peasantry, the administration of justice, etc., while their subjects were still in arms against them. The insurrection thus grew, instead of ending. Serbia and Montenegro seemed on the point of declaring a regular war in behalf of their brethren in Bosnia, and