

# THE SMART SET

Edited by  
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and  
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AND

HALF A HUNDRED BURLESQUES, EPIGRAMS, POEMS, SHORT SATIRES, ETC.

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# A TALE OF LONDON

By Lord Dunsany

“COME,” said the sultan to his hasheesh-eater in the very furthest lands that know Bagdad, “dream to me now of London.”

And the hasheesh-eater made a low obeisance and seated himself cross-legged upon a purple cushion brodered with golden poppies on the floor, beside an ivory bowl where the hasheesh was, and having eaten liberally of the hashish, blinked seven times and spoke thus:

“O Friend of God, know then that London is the desiderate town even of all earth’s cities. Its houses are of ebony and cedar which they roof with thin copper plates that the hand of Time turns green. They have golden balconies in which amethysts are where they sit and watch the sunset. Musicians in the gloaming steal softly along the ways; unheard their feet fall on the white sea-sand with which those ways are strewn, and in the darkness suddenly they play on dulcimers and instruments with strings. Then are there murmurs in the balconies praising their skill, then are there bracelets cast down to them for reward and golden necklaces and even pearls.

“Indeed but the city is fair; there is by the sandy ways a paving all alabaster, and the lanterns along it are of chrysoprase, all night long they shine green, but of amethyst are the lanterns of the balconies.

“As the musicians go along the ways dancers gather about them and dance upon the alabaster pavings, for joy and not for hire. Sometimes a window opens far up in an ebony palace and a wreath is cast down to a dancer or orchids showered upon them.

“Indeed of many cities have I dreamed but of none fairer, through many marble metropolitan gates hasheesh has led me, but London is its secret, the last gate of all; the ivory bowl has nothing more to show. And indeed even now the imps that crawl behind me and that will not let me be are plucking me by the elbow and bidding my spirit return for well they know that I have seen too much. ‘No, not London,’ they say; and, therefore, I will speak of some other city, a city of some less mysterious land and anger not the imps with forbidden things. I will speak of Persepolis or famous Thebes.”

A shade of annoyance crossed the sultan’s face, a look of thunder that you had scarcely seen, but in those lands they watched his visage well, and, though his spirit was wandering far away and his eyes were bleared with hasheesh, that story-teller, there and then, perceived the look that was death and sent his spirit back at once to London as a man runs into his house when the thunder comes.

“And, therefore,” he continued, “in the desiderate city, in London, all their camels are pure white. Remarkable is the swiftness of their horses that draw their chariots that are of ivory along those sandy ways and that are of surpassing lightness; they have little bells of silver upon their horses’ heads. O Friend of God, if you perceived their merchants! The glory of their dresses in the noonday! They are no less gorgeous than those butterflies that float about their streets. They have over-cloaks of green and vestments of azure, huge purple flowers blaze on their over-cloaks, the work of cunning needles, the

centers of the flowers are of gold and the petals of purple. All their hats are black." ("No, no," said the sultan.) "But irises are set about the brims and green plumes float above the crowns of them."

"They have a river that is named the Thames; on it their ships go up with violet sails, bringing incense for the braziers that perfume the streets; new songs exchanged for gold with alien tribes, raw silver for the statues of their heroes, gold to make balconies where their women sit, great sapphires to reward their poets with, the secrets of old cities and strange lands, the learning of the dwellers in far isles, emeralds, diamonds and the hoards of the sea. And whenever a ship comes into port and furls its violet sails and the news spreads through London that she has come, then all the merchants go down to the river to barter, and all day long the chariots whirl through the streets, and the sound of their going is a mighty roar all day until evening, their roar is even like. . . ."

"Not so," said the sultan.

"Truth is not hidden from the Friend of God," replied the hasheesh-eater, "I have erred, being drunken with hasheesh, for in the desiderate city, even in London, so thick upon the ways is the white sea-sand with which the city glimmers that no sound comes from the path of the chariooteers, but they go softly like a light sea-wind." ("It is well," said the sultan.) "They go softly down to the port where the vessels are, and the merchandise in from sea, amongst the wonders that the sailors show, on land by the high ships, and softly they go, though swiftly, at evening back to their homes.

"O would that the Munificent, the Illustrious, the Friend of God had even

seen these things, had seen the jewelers with their empty baskets bargaining there by the ships, when the barrels of emeralds came up from the hold. Or would that he had seen the fountains there in silver basins in the midst of the ways. I have seen small spires upon their ebony houses and the spires were all of gold, birds strutted there upon the copper roofs from golden spire to spire that have no equal for splendor in all the woods of the world. And over London, the desiderate city, the sky is so deep a blue that by this alone the traveler may know where he has come, and may end his fortunate journey. Nor yet for any color of the sky is there too great heat in London, for along its ways a wind blows always from the South gently and cools the city.

"Such, O Friend of God, is indeed the city of London, lying very far off on the yonder side of Bagdad, without a peer for beauty or excellence of its ways among all the towns of the earth or cities of song; and even so as I have told its fortunate citizens dwell, with their hearts ever devising beautiful things and from the beauty of their own fair work that is more abundant around them every year, receiving new inspirations to work things more beautiful yet."

"And is their government good?" the sultan said.

"It is most good," said the hasheesh-eater, and fell backwards upon the floor.

He lay thus and was silent. And when the sultan perceived he would speak no more that night he smiled and lightly applauded.

And there was envy in that palace, in lands beyond Bagdad, of all that dwell in London.