

THE
REBELLION OF HELL

A POEM

BY JAMES WYNKHOOP



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JAMES WYNKOOP



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AUTHOR'S NOTE.

Like the epic poets I have mingled throughout, the probable and improbable, in art. Homer in his Iliad mixes mortals and immortals, that is, men and women, with gods and goddesses; the first being the probable and the last the improbable. When Neptune rides through the sea to the shore for the purpose of inspiring the troops by means of a speech, and when Venus with wounded hand from the battlefield mounts weeping to heaven, we know that, while such things are improbable, they are necessary to carry on the main design of Homer. Virgil is a reflection of the Greek. The Catholic epics, Dante and Tasso, and the Protestant, Milton, have each used different forms of the improbable, all of which are unlike those of the Iliad. Tasso has his spells and enchantments, Dante his shades and angels, Milton his personal god and devil, and each a mixture of all. But modern Christianity requires another form of expression in heroic poetry aside from any of these.

As is seen in *The Rebellion*, both Heaven and hell are considered as present conditions of mind, divided into the Spiritual and carnal, and fought accordingly. That much is strictly metaphysical, thoughts taking human shape and going about as men; and this, according to art, is the improbable. But there is something else.

Throughout the poem is seen portrayed immortality of life in the flesh (the ideal state), and also in the last canto, how man, no matter how wicked he may be, is saved into the Spiritual Mind by overcoming his faults. Love neither damns nor destroys.

Of course bad thoughts cannot be saved, hence the destruction of the carnal mind, bad thoughts. But with Villard, Boncella and the conquered hero Mideon we deal in the probable. These three, that I be enabled to carry on the second design, immortality in the flesh, are human beings (not thoughts), as are also Clement and Cassia. That the poem be not confused, the smallest possible number of probable characters has been used; and aside from these five, I believe that the probable has been brought into action but once throughout the entire poem, and that is in the tenth canto, when Lytheus orders the people of the City Lust to fly for their lives beyond the rampart.

That Love neither damns nor destroys is portrayed in still another way in the metaphysical battles. It will be seen that not a single chief of the carnal mind dies at Heaven's hands. Every one of them meets death from wounds inflicted by hell itself. However, thousands of its troops are killed by Heaven in battle; but that is necessary to carry on the main design.

The chiefs alone are representative of the various states in thought.

THE REBELLION OF HELL

CANTO THE FIRST.

Goddess of Wisdom, whisper to my soul
Thy strains heroic as the visions roll:
Hell spurred by vengeance from small causes
given

To war against the Sovereign State of Heaven,
And of the spiritual Powers' defense renowned,
Enclosed by modern thought, O Muse! resound.

Let thou the scene be laid on *planet mind*,
The sphere of fancy for the time designed,
Where Fable may have ample room to soar,
To sing anew of man's most ancient war:
The Good against the bad. And now, O Muse!
This humble song with liberal truth diffuse.

Upon the *planet of the mind* we stand,
The Spiritual and carnal at each hand;
This way, an Empire* built of many a state,
And that, a group of single nations great.

'Tis twilight hour. The darkening shades in-
crease.

* For poetic effect only are ancient customs used throughout this poem. "The Empire" in every sense but name is an ideal republic.

Within the states, now wrapped in martial peace,
 From war removed, employed in realms of rest,
 Are seen the Good and carnal at their best.

This way, the heavenly Mind, by walls enclosed,

On every side to states in hell exposed,
 Where rich simplicity shows full her face,
 Where close to Nature dwell the sovereign race;
 That peaceful thought observed where'er ye
 roam,

Who live for Love, for country and for home,
 At one with all, no matter what the creed,
 Accepting not religion, but the deed,
 Not party but the Truth wherever found,
 Not social glare but kindly wisdom sound.
 That way, the carnal mind, the rich in show,
 In mammon, man's religions, pride and woe,
 And all corruptions rising out of these,
 From hate to murder, falsehood to disease;
 With each her states awaiting but the word
 To send it rampant into war absurd;
 With each enclosed by walls like Spirit Mind,
 But unlike her's to sin's defense assigned.

'Tis even's hour. We travel through the night,
 Beyond the heavenly State, with stars to light.
 All quiet seems as if 'twere ever so,
 This carnal plane of almost ceaseless woe.

A desert separating Heaven from hell
 We leave behind, in beauteous realms to dwell.
 Some distance from the wastes, in forests cool,
 A college stands, 'tis sage Rodolphus' school.
 (Rodolphus who has long the carnal youth
 Instructed in a creed opposed to Truth;
 Rodolphus, foremost priest to *god of fear*,

Renowned for learning, famous far and near;
The greatest scholar of his age and kind,
And most insatiate foe to Spirit Mind).
Upon the border of three nether lands—
Hate, Vengeance and Excess—the college stands;
Of various buildings, built of marble white,
Stone and rich metal reared to lofty height;
Round which has nature taken liberal pains,
In beauty clothed the groves and rolling plains.
The most magnificent of tropic trees,
Foliage and flowers the carnal student sees;
While all the arts and sciences combined
(As taught in hell) are here to school his mind.

Now, in the sanctum of this learned seat,
Rodolphus walks the floor in passion's heat.
Tall, slim, of peaked face, of hoary beard,
Of pointed nose, of eyes both small and bleared,
Advanced in years, determined in his mien,
The foremost sage of carnal thus is seen,
Beside an open window Villard stands,—
Son of a chief possessed of great commands,—
Of medium height, with form and mien of grace,
Young, handsome, dark of hair and fair of face;
As forth and back before him walks the sage,
And thus delivers loud his bosom's rage:

“Ungrateful youth! for whom all has been
done,

Pray why your duty thus ignobly shun?
Turn traitor to my school, disgrace your sire,
Yourself, your master, and call forth his ire?
But, nonsense! why these questions ask of you;
A blind man could your wicked plan see through!
Love for that Cassia, princess of the Mind,
The Spirit State, has turned you to her kind.

That you have sunk into blasphemous fire,
 Have been misled to join the Love Empire,
 Have severed your connection with my school,
 Disgraced your father, crowned yourself a fool,
 Gone to damnation for an artful maid,
 And at my door the curse of carnal laid,
 Is plainly seen. We need no more converse,
 Love's vile blasphemy or your deed rehearse!"

To which the youth: "O master, you mistake!
 For Love I did not *fear's* domain forsake.
 Pray, how could carnal's curse upon you fall,
 E'en though I did upon the princess call?
 I Cassia met by chance, and since have paid
 But slight attention to the Spirit maid.

The sage rejoined: "No? Comprehend you
 not,
 Else you would shudder at your father's
 thought;

That of the monarch of Illusion Land,
 To *god of fear* the right and ablest hand,
 The mighty Scowlard, ruler of this plane
 For *him above*, the *lord* of wrath and pain.
 Know then his order when you entered here:
 'School Villard well, keep him belov'd of *fear*;
 And, sir,' he whispered in a wrathful breath,
 'Should he with Love commingle give him
 death!'

(The face of Villard turned an ashen hue,
 From fright he trembled, and his dagger drew)
 Not for an instant shall you *fear* deny;
 The wage is death; you now are doomed to die!"

This said, he from his girdle snatched a blade,
 And through the darkness for his pupil made.
 A quick and vicious struggle then ensues,

In which the flagrant two their daggers use,
In which strong youth soon conquers failing age,
In which uninjured is disarmed the sage,—
Who from exhaustion sinks upon the floor;
And Villard hastens from the college door.

Secure without he leaps upon a horse,
And straight for Spirit Mind directs his course.
Down through the forests, o'er the fertile plain,
Across the desert, suffering violent pain
(Rodolphus' blade had thrice inflicted wounds),
Onward he travels t'ward the Spirit bounds;
Passes close by the Castle Excess, where
Re-echo festive voices on the air;
Arrives before the Gate (the pass is given)
And rides adown the boulevard of Heaven.
The Realm of Beauty, simple and refined,
(No glittering pride), by Love all things de-
signed,

For peace and comfort;—Nature's sovereign
home,
Where perfect seen is God's unscribbled poem;
Where man *is* ere by selfish prophet led,
Where he returns when all is done and said;
The first, the last, above the scribbling liar,
Where Love makes good, not threats of endless
fire.

Upon the green, with whispering trees around
(A valley by commanding mountains bound)
Is seen a youthful group who dance and sing,
While far away the rippling echoes ring.
Further on various other groups are seen.
Some play at games upon the rolling green,
Some sit in narrative beneath the trees,
Some grouped in pairs partake of silent ease,

Some to the lyre's enchantment listen still,
Some steal away to climb the neighboring hill,
Some sail abreast the moon-bathed tranquil lake,
Some mounted of the beauteous night partake,
Some charioteer adown the boulevard,
And some observe the racing pastime hard ;
And some with sword or javelin, spear or dart,
In tournament enjoy the martial art ;
Others the drama choose for pleasure's scene,
In open acted on the distant green ;
In brief, all do what fancy bids they might,—
'Tis Heaven at play, and pleasure rules the night.
Peace reigns throughout, and peace to celebrate
Is this great gathering in the Spirit State.
All day her people had themselves enjoyed,
Thus with the natural pleasures full employed.

A group of girls had wandered near the wall,
Had heard the sentry to Sir Villard call,
Had seen him pass the Gate and tottering ride,
Had seen him faint and tumble at their side.

One of them, crowned by Nature to command,
With rounded arm outstretched and little hand,
Blue-eyed, of noble features, rosy fair,
Not very tall, with dark brown wealth of hair,
Of figure solid, graceful and refined.
Forth hastens Cassia, princess of the Mind.

Over the wounded scholar, ghastly white,
She bends amidst the moon's caressing light,
And speaks, in accents most sincerely sweet :
"Love has arranged that we this even meet.
Sir Villard, know to God thou art akin,
The God of Love, who knows no pain or sin,
The God of Nature, perfect in her plan,
The God of Life ; the God of sovereign man,

Who perfect health must first possess to reign,
Else He had made him monarch of all pain.
But no! He gives all life, nor takes away;
'Tis carnal that would have His works decay;
'Tis carnal mind attacks him everywhere,
Makes seeming bad in man and Nature fair.
But carnal must surrender up its shade
When bold upon it Spirit's hand is laid.
Foul spectre, Heaven commands thee back to
hell;

Vanish, vile thought! Sir Villard, thou art well."

Without a single pain, without a wound,
He stands, as while the girls him close around,
And thus addresses Cassia: "Thanks to thee,
From death in hell thou hast delivered me;
I can no more return, for there the knife,
In priestly hands, awaits my guiltless life.
Shouldst thou permit, I here would glad remain,
To serve thy State at home or on the plain."

And Cassia made reply: "My State is free,
To willing hearts; its keys are given thee.
Come, join our group, our festive spirit don;
A quiet feast awaits us on the lawn
(Where it we had prepared when you appeared)
Beside the brook, amidst the forest cleared;
As while the tranquil moon extends her care,
And distant music lingers on the air.
The mellow fruits of Nature and her bread,
Fresh from the fields, and laurel for each head;
Her sweet refreshment bubbling from the spring,
Her blessed scenes, as nightins softly sing;
Her peaceful canopy of stars above,
Her myriad voices whispering only Love."

She ceased; and straight the youthful party
 goes,
 To long with Nature feast in sweet repose.
 * * * * *

Meantime, within the bordering carnal land,
 At Castle Excess, looms a function grand.
 Another peace assembly. Local hell,
 That is, the folk who near the borders dwell,
 Are now at Excess wrapped in full delight,
 Fulfilling Festus' call: *I feast to-night*;
 Which meant that all were welcome, rich and
 poor,
 And none could be displeased who passed his
 door.

Festus, the carnal lord of mirth and feast,
 Who never from his door turned man or beast.
 In from the desert, and surrounded well
 By groves, abides this jovial prince of hell;
 Within a marble house sublimely made,
 Rising above the lofty realms of shade;
 Entwined by vines, with flowers and brooklets
 clear,

Commanding all the neighboring country near;
 As fond enchantment full pervades the place,
 And entering hearts enfolds in mirth's embrace.

Within the castle grouped around the boards,
 The guests partake of all the feast affords.
 All banquet blessings here are richly seen:
 Old wines, the luscious fruits and produce green;
 Meats roasted, fried and boiled are steaming
 laid,
 And flowers of every kind in taste arrayed.
 All things that please the mouth and eye are
 found,

For by resplendent wealth is Festus bound.

The walls inlaid with glittering stone, reflects
The torches' ray on rosy-tinted necks;
And arms, with all their crimson hue and white,
Enchant the more in this reflected light.

Music supplies the feast with winning strains,
That aid the nymphs to captivate the swains;
These, with full tones of laughter, fill the hall,
Float past the windows and re-echoing fall.

Soft scented breezes fresh from mountain snows
Caress the feasters, cool the lovers' throes,
The sweethearts bathe, refresh their bosoms
white,

Sweep through the house and vanish in the night.
Throughout the palace cluster groups of
maids,

Superbly robed in color's various shades;
With eyes enticing, through deception coy,
With practiced modesty their charms employ.

Around the board, within their lovers' arms,
Some feast, as wine improves the natural charms.
Cups pass around; they pledge; the lovers' lips
The same spots touch and vow true love in sips.
A nymph who thinks her flame is much too old,
With amorous eyes reviews a younger bold;
And envious she, the youthful handsome's fair,
Who with a cutting glance returns the stare.
One jealous eye attacks a neighboring lord,
As he toward his dame looks o'er the board.

The man observed thus, with a furious eye,
Shoots forth a glance that does the spouse defy.

Some choose, beyond the castle's sumptuous
door,
In darkness deep, to practice cupid's lore.

An arbor, hid by spreading ivy vines,
Shields two, to hide the damsel's blushing lines.
A statue tall conceals two happy heads.
The shrubs make many snug immantled beds.
And midst the confines of a shadow great,
A warrior best prefers to woo his mate;
While some the groves, beneath the leafy green,
Their places choose for love's sequestered scene.

Upon the housetop scores of children play;
And dreamy age recalls another day,
Comments upon the times as being cold,
And hands around the latest gossip told.

Festus himself in every realm is found,
In upper places, down upon the ground,
Amidst the shadows, where the moonbeams
shine,

And in the banquet hall of mirthful wine.

A kiss he here bestows upon a fair,
While there a word rejoins a stubborn pair;
And when a youth through meekness slight a
miss,

A glance inspires him straightway her to kiss.
Man, woman, child and beast of every land,
All come, all feast, all play at his command.
The jovial host of Excess, rather tall,
Of portly build, in robes that loosely fall;
With hair of gray as like his pointed beard,
Of crimson face and arms; of all endeared;
With honest eyes that speak a kindly truth,
With voice electric and the heart of youth.

Now, wrapped in silk attire of tissue fold,
Her figure well displayed in manner bold;
A graceful form, voluptuous, medium tall,
Arrayed in sparkling gems offsetting all;

Of brown eyes dark, rich curly raven hair,
Of bosom, arms and face as lilies fair ;
A maid, whose beauty all the crowd excites,
Appears to view beneath the flaming lights.
Boncella, friend to Festus and Excess,
Strolls slowly round in active idleness ;
The queen of coquettes, beauty of her day ;
As while her amorous eyes the guests survey,
As while each step her ample members move,
In lazy play her conquering powers improve ;
As just the faintest smile her dimples dent ;
With just enough exposed to discontent.

Lord Festus entering looked at every head,
Boncella singled out, approached and said :
"Ah! beauty, vowed of all the nation's choice,
Greeting! make merry and in love rejoice!
I have full long amidst our happy guests
Looked for the face my vision now arrests.
(He draws her near). I must a service ask,
One which methinks should prove a pleasing task.
Lubin, a handsome youth, has lost his mate,
Who stole away because he was sedate.
The boy reluctant failed to find his tongue.
Impatience pierced her rapturous bosom young ;
Her touch inviting and love-longing eyes
Were brushed aside as summer's tickling flies ;
Until at last she gave the slip and went
To seek a beau on bolder love intent.
Now, you have learned, 'tis not for maids un-
skilled

To teach of love a youth with meekness filled ;
Learned, too, 'tis wiser they seek daring mates,
In whom requited love for them awaits.
And so this lass to find a bolder one

Has left poor Lubin to himself alone.
 He wishes love but has not learned the art,
 The sight of woman quite unnerves his heart.
 That he may happy grow, or love be taught,
 I seek Boncella's beauty, charm and thought.
 Her fertile mind and rare dramatic power
 Can Lubin teach the game within an hour.
 Assured of such assistance all is well,
 For she as love's preceptress does excel.
 Prithee, Boncella, wilt thou Lubin teach?—
 Then after thou may'st practice what ye preach."

In answer she but smiling bowed consent.
 They then with arms entwined for Lubin went;
 Who soon was found within a dark retreat,
 With clouded brow, lamenting his defeat.

At their approach, he glancing up beholds
 Boncella's figure, draped in tasty folds;
 Struck by the supple form in silk tissue,
 Designs elysium bowers for lovers two;
 And brews ferocious thoughts at her expense,
 As like a dove's his bosom swells immense.
 But brief the time he thus enjoys her charms
 Ere fear his bosom fills with wild alarms;
 He crouches, trembles, wishes to be home,
 Lest she should him observe and nearer roam
 A wink from Festus bids the girl enclose;
 He then departs and t'ward the castle goes.

"O moon!" sings sweet Boncella, "how sub-
 lime!

Your grandeur does inspire the lover's rhyme;
 And beckons him to tempered deeds of love,
 The kiss, embrace, till hearts in rapture move.
 On grasses cold you make the dewdrops shine,
 These frozen tears to sparkle all divine.

Your liquid light enchantment lends the wood ;
Steals on the heart in feelings fondly good,
So something strange the senses soft excite,
Makes bosoms long to mount the loftiest height.
With all the happy young you share in mirth,
But poor Boncella, lovable from birth,
Stands in your light in burning tears of grief,
Unloved, unpitied, singing for relief.

Prithee, my tears make glitter like the dew :
Though cold it burns and sheds a luster, too ;
While o'er my cheek the scalding drops of woe,
Slighted by you, are left without a glow.
Hear then, O moon! the pleadings of a maid,
Who far beneath you lifts her hands for aid,
Begs that you will, when she soon slumbering
lies,

Make sparkle every tear that leaves her eyes ;
Till strolling guests review that touching scene,
Like now I do behold this sleeping green.
Then ah! sweet moon, some handsome youth
may see,

And moved to pity come and waken me ;
In fond compassion nestle at my side,
And with caresses all these sorrows hide.
Sweet moon, your blessings on me now bestow.
The heart aches and the joys 'tis thine to know ;
So scan my bosom and behold it true.
Good night, sweet moon ; I throw a kiss to you."

Thus rippled clear the rare soprano voice,
To make the timid lad in hope rejoice ;
As while the moonbeams dancing on her face,
Belied each lyric sung of loveless grace.
Aye! far more beautiful than sparkling grass,
Were those false tears of this designing lass.

Then slowly, of a languid step and soft,
 She him approaches with her eyes aloft;
 And then: "Amidst yon trees in shadows deep,
 I shall enclose myself in virgin sleep;
 There poor Boncella weeping to be loved,
 Must spend the night in solitude unmoved.
 And now I lay me down as captive beast,
 In famished sleep while others fondly feast."

Then close to him she nonchalantly strolled,
 Wrapped tight her mantle round her perfect
 mould,

Collapsed into a feigned unconscious mien,
 And tragic-like sunk trembling to the green.

No sooner had this stratagem been cast.
 Than round her figure Lubin's arms were fast.
 "O, lady, thou art ill! An ugly fall!
 Art injured much? Shall I assistance call?"

This spoken loud he softly thus proceeds
 (While she jocose upon his logic feeds):
 "She does not countenance my loud appeal,
 Nor round her my full arms so much as feel.
 The turbulent heaving of her rounded breast
 Proves she still lives though dangerous be her
 rest.

But what to do! I cannot summon aid,
 Lest Festus should conclude I harmed the maid;
 Say I detained her here and bolder grew
 Than one toward her should—a stranger too!"

This period reached he deep in silence fell,
 But thus proceeds, when rid the thoughtful spell:
 "I have it now! the damsel is unloved;
 A while she spoke of solitude unmoved,
 Came weeping hither, wrapped in deep despair,
 To sleep as dewdrops sparkled on her hair;

Expecting thus some passing guest to charm,
Till pity-moved he lent the loving arm.
If such as she, so rich of voice and mind,
And form voluptuous, can no comrade find,
Then hope is mine; I shall succeed at last;
This night successful will remove the past.
This sleeping innocent 'tis mine to woo,
And though her teacher, I shall profit too.
A glorious scheme! all former faults away!
The drama starts and Lubin leads the play."

This low was said; the girl is now address
(His voice is calm, his timid heart at rest):
"Ah, lovely maid, why seemest thou so sad,
For want of heartease border on the mad?
Why thus disheartened on the sordid earth,
When all the guests participate in mirth?
Look up! the moon in answer to your prayer,
Has placed nearby a comrade passing fair;
So be no more morose; his mission here
Is thee to succor and transform to cheer.
The most reluctant, broken-hearted too,
With his attention soon are made anew.
And long experience in these realms of art
Has taught that first he must a kiss impart;
A friendly kiss, that easy makes the way,
A kind of prologue to the larger play."

This finished he, with rapture-lighted face,
Boncella raises in a close embrace;
Presses, as though a fire, her rosy lips,
And novice-fashion of love's nectar sips.
At which the coquette slightly moves her brow,
Sighs faintly with the murmur, "Who art thou?
What fond diviner of my bosom's throes
Comes hither to make light these many woes?"

What kindly hand has smoothed my ragged
locks,

Who me now cradles and so fondly rocks?
And what was that possessed such soothing bliss?
Could it be possible it were a kiss?"

These words on Lubin had a shivering tend,
His courage failed, his bravery came to end.
Assured she slept, removed in heavy swoon,
A confidence had warmed the cub buffoon;
But at the first sign of her coming to,
His fear returned; he trembled through and
through,

And dropped Boncella like a heated steel,
As while his hands amongst his garments feel;
Feel as for something but he knows not what—
They like a spider wiggle when it's caught.

And then Boncella, cunning, calm, resigned,
Opened her eyes, of aspect most refined;
Looked up at him from her enticing bed,
With hands enclasped beneath her languid head,
With arms at angles, soft and shapely bred,
Sparkling with gems, as this she smiling said:

"Ah, do mine eyes see true, can this be so,
Or am I still in dreams of mystic show?
I begged the tranquil moon to quiet me,
My heart from longing wretchedness to free;
And now, good-natured thing, in answering
prayer,

Has sent a youth of charming mien and fair.
Ah, too, sweet moon, his figure is sublime,
As fancy paints in life's romantic time.
(She raised her hand and touched the frightened
breast)

But that my head could here forever rest!

How happy then my erstwhile dismal lot,
To dwell in love, save love none other thought!"

She subtly here arose upon her bow,
And loosed her robes exposing much to show.
One glance and then the pupil tried to bolt.
But his preceptress charmed him back to holt.
With cooling hand upon his heated head,
She drew him near and more emboldened said:

"Ah, lovely youth, why would you run away?
The night gives promise so 'tis well to stay.
How sweet that smile! far better than the scowl;
You now have learned I neither sting nor growl.
Smile on, belov'd; your smile is rainbow ray,
Succeeding storm that clouds the darksome day.
O, why did you not sooner give it me?—

A smile is such a little thing, and free.

'Tis it that first breeds confidence in love,
And prompts affection-smitten maids to move:
In strong assurance of a love returned;—
The smile has many a man an Eden earned.

And now, as round you placed are these warm
arms,

My bosom swells with rapturous love's alarms;
Each pore imparts a sweet-bewildering pain,
On which I dote and ever would retain.
My own, dost feel my heart beat strangely fast,
It feel beneath a warm soft melting cast?
With maddening measures panting in its nest,
Re-echoing rampant through my humid breast?"

While speaking this, her arms enclosed his
waist,

And close to hers his bosom long embraced.
But he made no reply; bewitched by her,
His mind and body both refused to stir.

His eyes no rest received; to left and right,
They shot around as blinded by the night.
His teeth made chattering discords and his
hands

Each other gouged, and so his heels the sands.
His wish was pleasure, but his heart rebelled,
Between two fires was by the woman held.

Boncella seeing that her charms were power
(Which ever were from their first budding hour)
Wisely and slowly made the final play,
In which the timid grew the happy prey.
The fond preceptress of experience large,
Instructed as she full enjoyed her charge.
All transports in the *art of love* were used
To keep her pupil, Festus' guest, amused;
As while the moon on other pleasures bent,
Beyond a cloud retired in full content.
And now we leave them, too, alone with love,
As night forbidding guards the envied grove.

CANTO THE SECOND.

Thus Excess full a mirthful time enjoyed,
Till one appeared and carnal's peace destroyed.
Rodolphus at the midnight hour is seen
To hobble past the gate and up the green;
To cross the threshold, mumbling discontent,
Supporting with a staff his figure bent.

Festus was with the feasters in the hall
When he received this unexpected call.
Neither could he nor anyone divine
What brought the sage to realms of mirth and
wine;

Both which he hated, for all things of cheer
Contrary were to his religion dear;
Hence from surprise the folk their pleasure
ceased

And straight assembled round the scholar-priest.

The cordial Festus him to welcome sped,
But was repulsed as stepping back he said:
"Greeting, my lords of carnal, strong in arms,
Rulers of neighboring nations, towns and farms!
This night you mingle here in mirth and feast,
For such these realms are famous west and east,
From north to south; while open is the door,
Alike to youth and age, the rich and poor.
Wrapped in the pleasures of a festive vein,
My lords neglect their duties on the plain;
There at this instant you should be with arms,

To fight the Empire that in secret harms.
 Its spies and sorcerers when'er they please
 Invade, and rob my carnal lords of ease.
 E'en while you here attend this drunken meal,
 They slurk around and many a convert steal,
 'Tis youth not age that does to them succumb,
 And this is why your arms to war are dumb.
 So long as to her chief each state is loyal,
 Ye trouble not when youth with serpents coil;
 But read upon the wall your dreadful plight:
Bereft of youth the strongest fall in fight.
 These in the battle shoulder all the weight,
 Hence with them rests the destiny of state.
 Then guard the youth, fear more for youth than
 age,
 Think not of self, with youth let all engage;
 To him alike be each a martial lord,
 And as example wield the peerless sword.
 Bear arms! bear arms! until ye victory gain,
 Till Spirit Mind is swept from carnal's plane!
 This dread imposter, robed in empire rites,
 Whose viper hovers near and deadly bites:
 Beneath your very noses steeped in wines,
 Wiggles to conquer, unmolested shines!
 And ye thus threatened sit, to duty mute,
 By drink depraved, sunk lower than the brute.
 But every second that ye so defame,
 Makes harder still to quench the Spirit flame.
 They stand in arms of daily rising power,
 While you neglectful, weaker grow each hour.
 Think on it, Lords: all carnal is at stake—
 All quick in arms—the Spirit's strength to
 break!"

He ceased and Festus thus replied in brief

(As scanned he close the face of every chief):
"A speech of feeling, but your proof that they
I have hither come and converts led away.
The chiefs, I note, are ready now to act,
But as for me there must be vital fact.
Unlike the chiefs, I hate not Spirit Mind,
And without me they could no battle find,—
At least in these surroundings, for you know
My nation bounds on that of carnal's Foe.
Yon desert is the seat of war, and there
Hell shall not fight unless her cause be fair.
Now, sir, the reason why you came to-night
To spoil this reign of peace and war incite."

This said in firm and diplomatic tone,
As strength of purpose by his face was shown,
Had its effect on all. They Festus knew:
Though not of Spirit Mind, a statesman true;
Of kindly feeling for each fellow man,
Unmindful who he be, or what his clan;
Who seldom lost a fight when forced to war,
And though her foe t'ward Heaven no hatred
bore.

Rodolphus feeling now his rash mistake,
That of refusing Festus' hand to shake,
Ignoring him by speaking o'er his head
To those around, smiled all abashed and said:
"Most noble host of Excess, pardon me.
I shall make answer and address but thee.
I can not now deliver you the proof
That they have worked beneath your actual roof;
Yet there is that sufficient to conclude
Throughout these realms they have such course
pursued.
To note the Spirit's ever rising power,

And your decreasing strength from hour to
hour,
Does well suffice; if nothing more we knew
'Twould give sufficient proof my words are true.
But one thing certain I have learned of late:
My favorite pupil has denied his state,
Has traitor turned, not only on his sire,
But holy writ, by joining Love's Empire.
Sir Villard, son of Scowlard, fearful chief,
Has from my hands escaped and brought me
grief.

His father shall a curse pronounce on me,
Unless I save his son and carnal free,
Through union of the nether state, defeat
The Spirit Mind and sink beneath our feet.
And what is my concern should be yours too,
For carnal's youth I teach the knowledge true,
Their future mould, the coming ages make;
Therefore, O chief, wouldst thou my cause for-
sake?"

To which the host: "All causes are alike;—
'Tis malice ever forces man to strike;
So call it well a cause, Rodolphus, and
Continue with your wrath for Spirit Land.
Your pupil has withdrawn from carnal mind,
But dare he not another refuge find?
To-night a goodly number fill my home,
But should I hate all those who failed to come?
You churchmen are most inconsistent, sir,
In name of god the whole of carnal stir,
Get them to serve your personal selfish ends,
Whereas, a peaceful Festus much offends.
Yes, from a carnal view, your cause is right,
Nor shall I labor to avoid the fight.

For that would foolish be and end in naught,
 For here I dwell amidst the carnal thought,
 And keep an open house for every man;
 And Excess is itself a nether clan.
 Therefore, to carnal laws 'tis mine to yield,
 And when compelled, engage upon the field.
 Your cause sufficient is, but very poor.
 Proceed; give now the manifest of war."

Stung by the host's reproof of narrow creeds,
 But pleased with his consent, the priest proceeds:
 "My chief of Excess may not comprehend:
 This Love Religion does the *lord* offend;
 It is antagonistic to *his* view,
 Which is the word, the church and only true.
 It is not personal motives make us fight:
 To kill for *him* is sacred in *his* sight."

The host here interrupted: "But proceed!
 We know that hatred is the soul of creed.
 Take not our time explaining th' unexplained;
 Go on! what wouldst thou have of hell in-
 flamed?"

Rodolphus trembling thus continued straight:
 "First, that you war against the Spirit State,
 Till it is conquered, trampled under foot,
 Till *mind* is ruled by carnal absolute;
 Next, that my pupil be returned, to die:
 To punish him and raise his soul on high;
 And last, that his seductress, Cassia, pay
 The lewdest price and then be burned away.
 That is the manifesto sent throughout
 The carnal mind, to every state in thought,
 This night before departing from my school;
 To each the foreign chiefs 'twas giv'n in full.
 In that dispatch I told of Spirit's power,

Of carnal's suicide from hour to hour;
 That not a moment should be lost, else they
 Would sink forever into quick decay;
 That, full considering Spirit's solid might,
 As one the whole of carnal mind should fight;
 That state disputes should be forthwith forgot,
 Else would triumphant rise the Spirit Thought.
 I closed, informing them of Scowlard's loss,
 And begging that they now these borders cross,
 Speed hither to the Castle of Excess,
 Join arms with you: this wrongness to redress.
 And, chiefs, they should appear this very night,
 With you to counsel and design the fight."

Lord Festus thus: "'Tis very well to fight,
 Attempt to down the Spirit's growing might
 (If fight you must), but why your pupil slay,
 Or innocence defoul and burn away?
 Why not take issue only on the grounds
 That Spirit is encroaching on our bounds?—
 That, sir, methinks, sufficient is for you,
 And gives to war a less malicious hue."

Rodolphus, now encouraged by the wrath
 Upon the chieftains' faces, feigned to laugh;
 And snarling thus replied: "Your guests are
 fired,

Each moment grow they more and more in-
 spired:

The wrath of *god* is in them, each and all;
 Oppose them not again else ye shall fall!
 Behold their faces; written there is seen
 The power almighty to redress *his* spleen.
 The will of *him* has spoken from on high:
 My pupil and that Cassia both must die.
 And sir, loose master of this godless place,

Ye now must silence keep else war embrace."

The diplomat, with passions fully manned,
Around him each the murderous chieftains
scanned;

Saw righteous argument against the sage,
With such as they, would not remove their rage;
Saw carnal had descended past his power,
Saw tact was only his at such an hour;

And, therefore, smiling said: "Ha, ha! Brace
up,

My noble guests, and drain a friendly cup.
Ere anything be done, we must await
The coming of our foreign chiefs of state;
Rodolphus says they should arrive to-night,
So let us while we may in mirth delight."

This said he seated them around the board,
Then filled himself the cup of every lord;
Ordered the music start, and cracking jests
Sat down between his two most angry guests.

Just then Boncella and her charge are seen
The hall to enter from the realms of green.
While Lubin stands, she hastens to the side
Of Festus, her adventure to confide.
Festus (with sparkling eyes) bestirs his staff,
Leans back and utters loud a hearty laugh.
Learning the cause, all join the boisterous move,
Which fills with mirth the hall and neighboring
grove;

While shame-faced Lubin, seeing he is sold,
From Excess runs, far wiser than of old.

Amidst this mirth the foreign trumpets sound,
Through distant hills which flank the state
around.

On every side the martial music chimes,

The native airs of many different climes :
 The states of carnal to the golden east,
 Where Avarice, Lust and loose Corruption feast ;
 Those of the north, that cold and heartless land,
 Where loathed Autocracy has prime command ;
 Those of the hills which kiss the western sky,
 Where Selfishness, Conceit and Vice belie ;
 Those of the tropics, of the southern plain,
 Where Malice, Murder, Fear and Sorrow reign ;
 And all the rest composing foreign hell,
 Which far around the local nations dwell,
 By sage Rodolphus' scroll of war alarms,
 Unto the Castle Excess bear their arms.

The plains and hills are now alive with troops,
 On every side to march in numerous groups.
 All straight advance toward the destined place,
 Where carnal is to mingle face to face ;
 Where the gigantic council will be held,
 There portion of the *planet mind* to weld ;—
 Hell's mighty states beneath one common crown,
 To force the Love Empire forever down.

The troops of Festus bear the trains along,
 A powerful escort for each foreign throng ;
 For when the trumpet-airs approached the house,
 He bade his captains straight their arms es-
 pouse,

Advance in all directions o'er the land,
 Receive each foreign chief with his command,
 And welcome them within the castle wall,
 Where friendly hearts await them each and all.

The trumpet-blasts which on the house de-
 scend,

And clank of armor tell their journey's end.
 The men stack arms amidst the foliage damp

Around the castle pitch a temporal camp.
The chiefs in helmets bright and proudly
groomed,

As banners of their states around them loomed,
Their armor clanking at each martial bend,
Appear within, hell's awful wrath to mend.

The lords of carnal from all foreign climes,
Birth and conditions mental for all times;
Those awful chiefs, whose scabbards clank the
floor,
Who ne'er in peace had crossed their eyes be-
fore,

Before Rodolphus, priest to *god of fear*,
And diplomatic Festus now appear.

When all were safe within, the host began:

"Welcome, sir chiefs, for each and every man!

The state and castle of Excess are thine,

So drink, make merry and as brothers dine.

What ere you wish that in these borders lie,

What ere you see that wins your generous eye,

Without a word, devoid of asking, take;

Behold it here for your especial sake.

The martial mission of your mighty trains,

Foregoing battle on the carnal plains,

You will decide with him, who far and near

Sent forth the message which has called you
here;

Him, who without election at our hands

Appears the chief of these contiguous lands.

His fame abroad, and hate for Spirit Mind,

Prove that we could no better chieftain find.

The great Rudolphus of Illusion Land,

In our behalf, awaits my lords' command."

His task of welcoming the guests at end,

Lord Festus bowed and bade the sage attend.
 Then from the crowd Rodolphus stepped ahead,
 To front the line of dazzling helms, and said:
 "Sir chieftains of the foreign states in *mind*,
 Through duty forced to leave thy homes behind,
 In full response to my appealing scroll,
 Accept my thanks; I weeping thee extol.
 (He paused and wept.) My mission is to teach,
 And of the *fearful lord* to meekly preach;
 Yet I do falter not, but rather bow,
 When crowned by these at such a time as now;
 When life, when truth, when justice is at stake,
 'Tis right I lead them on—for *father's* sake.
 The ruling force compelling them to act,
 Was not my faith nor military tact;
 For in religion few with mine agree,
 Though no contention has been given me;
 And I, the foremost priest to *god of fear*,
 With sword in hand would but a knave appear.
 Yet, there be blood within the mortal veins
 Which grows inactive when ambition wanes;
 When great attempts of men close with defeat,
 They will low pleasures but too often greet;
 And so these lords of carnal here reviewed,
 Repulsed in war, have lowly pastime wooed.
 Their blood needs be refreshed with godly fire,
 With generalship of *fear* which ne'er can tire.
 This borne in mind, 'tis but a sacred rite
 That I their guide become and war incite."

This speech at end, Rodolphus' trembling hand
 Salutes Lord Scowlard of Illusion Land;
 And then he him addressed: "Most mighty chief,
 My sympathy is thine in this, thy grief.
 Thy erring son I did my best to save,

But youth o'er age the fatal victory gave,
 And made escape. (He points to Spirit Mind.)
 There, with the damned, thou wilt the traitor
 find."

Illusion's heartless monarch thus replied:
 "Would that he had by righteous slaughter died!
 But what to do? he now is gone; so then
 There but remains to battle Spirit's men:
 Yon reptiles loathed by all the powers at hand
 Who now are come to join in union grand.
 Enough preamble! Business must be done,
 To be prepared for war by rising sun.
 This vast assemblage of the carnal chiefs,
 Proves that there now remain no former griefs.
 All civil war at end, we shall unite,
 The common foe to crush beneath our might.
 (He paused.) If opposition does abide
 Within these walls, all such must step aside;
 We need them not and charge them now to go.
 (Another pause, in which all silence show.)
 Then, chiefs, one question answer:—aye or nay;
 Shall brotherly we stand in this affray?"

The chiefs in strong affirmative replied;—
 One adding: "If the general's fame is wide;
 If he possesses strength enough to lead,
 Is just, is brave, is mighty but in deed."

To which Illusion's chieftain frowning said:
 "Rodolphus to the best would give the head.
 But, shall the counsel for these native bands
 Preside o'er us who hail from distant lands?
 (They pleased make answer, "yes") Rodolphus,
 then

Attend your berth, all carnal's chief of men;
 And all the duties of chief counsel do,

Command with *fear* and we shall follow you."

Rodolphus thus: "All that by carnal willed,
Upon my honor, shall be well fulfilled.

To choose the great commander-in-the-field,
Must first of all my sacred duty wield.

Those past defeats which sunk my lords in woe,
I well observed, to cause me wiser grow:

Chief to those crushing failures on the plain,
Were men whose blood pursued an aged vein;

Men for whose valor I shall ever love,

But men who lacked the power to rise above;

Men who with age became of care so full,

That martial strength and energy grew cool.

And these two virtues—ah, most happy mates—

So needed to revive the carnal states,

Belong to youth, a youth with them ensealed

Must be my first commander-in-the-field.

And Mideon, Scowlard's son of great renown,

In war unconquered, shall receive the crown.

This youth, whom you have either praised or
damned,

Will now appear and carnal troops command!"

This summons finds its man amidst the crowd.

He straight obeys, as all the house applaud.

Tall, athletic, armed from head to foot,

With dark eyes fierce, of purpose resolute,

With powerful face and aims of carmine hue,

Is seen chief Mideon as he stalks in view.

Soon as the front was reached he hurled his
sword

With force vehement at the pleasure board,

Close followed in pursuit his blazing shield.

Both crashing struck; the bulky table reeled.

Both men and women with the board capsized,

Sunk to the floor, all drunken and surprised;
While those around stood silent out of fear;—
Chief Mideon's presence none dared but revere.

He for a moment looked that body o'er,
Then loud of voice arraigned the guests afloor:
"Ye things of appetite profoundly low,
Who breed disaster wheresoe'er you go;
Ye flabby monsters bloated out of shape,
Who swell supinely on fermented grape;
Ye vile defenders of behavior loose,
Who stab mankind and tie the penal noose;
Ye varlets of a sick disordered brain,
Who look no higher than the lustful vein;
Ye social wrecks to loathsome pleasure sold,
Who for a bribe will any cause uphold;
Ye martial cowards whom the rankest wench
Can at a touch your life's ambition quench;
Ye, who amidst the war's appealing call,
Of camp complain, condemn your chiefs, and
bawl:

And ye, foul women, counterparts of wine,
Viler than poison from the fatal vine;
Ye human vultures clipped of lifting arms,
Forever damned of man to sell your charms;
Ye who exist on flesh and bones of death,
Where once brave masculinity drew breath:
All ye, ye harlots and ye men deceased,
Behold this termination of your feast!
If chief I stand I stand the chief profound;
Soldiers I have instead of sots around!"

Festus insulted at this angry burst
(For 'twas his wine which caused the trouble
first),

Rushed forward with his sword ungirded
waved!—

But Reason then his nobler honor saved.
Unseen she rushed and smote his passion dead;
And, when the calm returned, he justly said:

“My son, I love thee but must thee rebuke.
This, thy behavior, hath my patience shook.
'Tis not for thee to censure at Excess,
Whereat I reign and live in happiness.
This region I have ever ruled alone,
And for assistance do solicit none.
Upon the field thou bidst and I obey,
But in my house thou canst not say me nay.
This act I pardon, but remember well,
The Castle Excess is the best in hell.”

This said they lapse in conversation low,
Their grievance settle without further show;
In smiles conclude and their two ways retake,
Festus to jon the chiefs as Mideon spake:

“'Tis dawn: the sun comes slowly o'er the
hill,

To martial-like the soldier's heart enthrill;
The war-horse, anxious, sniffs the morning air,
Stamps with impatience for the battle's scare:
So now, Sir chieftains, scan your armies through,
And organize them for a grand review.
Beyond the rampart you will then advance,
The javelin, axe, the sword, the bow, the lance;
All arms and men your myriad legions boast
I shall review, then storm the Spirit's host.”

He then salutes. The chieftains wave their
thanks,
And leave the castle to prepare the ranks.
The general tarries for a moment brief,

Then follows with the host, and counsel chief,
The host escorts them past the castle door,
And then departs to line his troops for war.

Boncella from a crowd of carnal belles
(All whom in beauty she by far excels),
The youthful chieftain deeply contemplates,
As he departs to view the nether states.
Emotion then commands her cross his way,
To then recross and from the castle stray:
A pace or two ahead of him to go,
And frequent glances o'er her shoulder throw.

She ponders thus: "What motive leads me
here?"

What means this panting breast and daring fear?
How whimsical! This chief is but a male;
The same as many another whom I hail.
But all past pleasures now appear as tame;
To specks they dwindle at this newest flame.
They thrilled me not as this—this, what is it!
Has wise Boncella lost her native wit?
What drives me forth?—I do not choose to flirt;
Mine eyes are only in the night alert.
'Tis now full dawn and time for me to sleep,
Instead of roving thus in wonder deep:
Half conscious of the wakeful, half of dream,
While things around a fairy rebus seem.
Methinks my heart shall jump from out my
breast

Each time mine eyes upon this chieftain rest;
And yet! ah me, still greater is its bound,
When I look from him to the blank beyond."

She thus engaged in semi-spoken thought,
Till time her to the chieftain's chariot brought.
Fatigued, she sits and lifts her languid eyes,

As Mideon her observes with dark surprise.
 She looks at him (her hands upon her knee),
 Then blushes, smiles, assumes a manner free.
 The chieftain's wrath is struck; his dagger
 gleams;

It rises—falls—Boncella bleeding screams!

He then commands: "Away—from out my
 sight!

I come not here to brothel, but to fight.
 Thy ruse of conquest may mislead the boy
 Or man degenerate, but not me decoy.
 Find thou thy place, the house, this wound allay,
 And intercept me not again. Away!"

She weeping from the chariot floor arose,
 And to the castle went, to nurse her woes;
 There from a bower which overlooked the grove,
 To doting see her fierce assailant move.

"How brave, how handsome is this awful chief,"
 She softly said amidst her joy and grief.

"Why did he smite me with that loathsome knife?
 There was no cause for this attempt at life;
 I but reposed upon his chariot floor.

And certainly my face no conquest wore:
 Of this he did accuse me with perforce—

As though Boncella could bring man remorse!

Why! have these charms ev'n once ensnared a
 boy—

Or man degenerate—save to give him joy!

I give my love and ask but love in lieu,

For I have wealth and youth, and prestige, too.

What strange commotion breeds this ugly
 wound!

Shall he be cursed or shall his praises sound?

Strange have I felt ere now when pleasure
reigned,

But ecstasy before I never gained.

Ah! bosom mine, how sweet the crimson flood

Thou dost impart is for affection's food!

It bubbles from thee like a mountain spring,

To make me weep and through my tears to sing;

To force the heart that beats beneath thy gems

To pine for him my woman's pride condemns;

To make me glory in his cruel deed,

To make me wish I could forever bleed.

I hate this dreadful chief!—and yet admire;

In baffling me he sets my heart afire.

Ah! Mideon man, I pardon thee for this:

Thou may'st in hate my every vein dismiss;

Or hang my suffering body on a spear,

Let hungry beasts my parts to atoms tear;

Do what ye please, and I the deed approve;—

Of all thy sex I fear thee yet I love."

This said, from weakness and emotion deep,

She screams, and falls unconscious in a heap.

Quickly her maids rush to their mistress' side,

Bear her to bed and stop the crimson tide.

And while they thus, the brazen trumpets
sound,

The blooded coursers plow the fertile ground,

The lash's crack inspires the restless horse,

Which four-in-hand pursue a circling course.

Chief Mideon thundering swings around the
tents,

Th' engines of war and human battlements,

Amidst a massive cloud of dust appears

Before the wall, attended well by cheers;

Then, with Rodolphus and a favored few,

Ascends the rampart for the grand review.

The trumpets sound, the chieftains' chariots
roll,

The troops advance in one commanding whole ;
Far, far away, until they fade from sight,
One glittering streak amidst the morning light ;
With banners, flags and plumes upon the wynd ;
With chariot, horse and foot in legions lined ;
Past Excess o'er the plains their course pursue ;—
While follows thus in brief the grand review.

Review of the Carnal Troops.

First Festus, chief of Excess, to the north
From southward leads the local nations forth.
The next in line is Monden, lord of Hate,
Who without cause despises every state.
And next is Vengeance, chiefed by Burganand,
Who robs the law by taking it in hand.
Then Crephus and his state Deceit are nigh,
Who tell no truth if they can think a lie.
Next, Buno leads Impatience o'er the track :
They who push forward, grieve, then tumble
back.
Balsaba next, of Mount Indifferent :
Of firmness none ; t'ward every issue bent.
Then Nancalot, the lord of Ignorant Land,—
The hot-house breeder of hell's grossest brand..
Zinehas, lord of Boasters, and his class,
Succeed in line with roaring lungs of brass.
Rebalt of Envy next appears to view ;
Who praise for his superiors never knew.
Then Waraluke, the leader of Discord,
Whose growls and kicks are barren of reward.
Perenus next, with Bigotry's command,

Whose creed and state are right, all others
damned.

Then Deification, Vadal's clan is seen ;
Who, prophet-drugged, begod the quack serene.

Hypocrisy, by Alzarica led,
Now issues forth, with smiles profusely shed.

Dan and Idolatry come next to these ;
Who nothing but the gross material please.

Next Sylbon, chieftain of Falacious Pride,
Sweeps o'er the plain and looks to neither side.

And then Fanaticism, chief Balachi ;
Religious drunks or man-made fakes on high.

Then next Procrastination, Jathon chief ;
They who put off, then wonder why their grief

Then Negligence, whose lord is Actabod ;
With whom neglect has grown to be their god.

Next Bonarue with Judging passes by ;
Who sentence first, then prove and lastly try.

Forenzo, chieftain of Oppression, then
Drives in review with his subjected men.

And then Pauldemus, lord of Castle Doubt,
Who having proof still questions it about.

Next Dumphrey, chief of Mount Saint Egotism,
Whose text is "I," and "I" his theme and rhythm.

Then Pedantry, with Roshen in command ;
What they know not was written but on sand.

Then Prejudice, Lord Personesus' state ;
Who without knowing form opinions great.

And then Duplicity, whom Orthon leads ;
Who flatters first, then robs and lastly bleeds.

While next, the last of local carnal bands,
Is caddish Indolence, whom Doff commands.

Thus pass the nether troops who near abide,
But close to them the foreign monarchs ride.

First, Scowlard and Illusion Land appear ;
 Rodolphus' state of *holy curse* and *fear*.
 And then Bulander and his Angry state ;
 Who fly to pieces without cause for hate.
 Next Strybaris, chieftain of the Jealous clan ;
 Who fancies personal wrongs from every man.
 Then Malice, chiefed by Oxtan, forward draws ;
 Who loves to injure others without cause.
 And next Eliphalet, the lord of Vice ;
 The carnal nation's medium to entice.
 Close follow Montez and the Timorous lambs ;
 Who court distinction but whom meekness damns.
 And next Obestes of Ingratitude ;
 Who forgets those who labor for his good.
 Then chiefess Niomis of Coquette's clan ;
 Impulsive creatures loved by silly man.
 Then Noami and Loveless Woman's state ;
 Who men and children, home and labor hate.
 Anxiety is next, by Quaken led :
 With peace to-day, the morrow racks his head.
 Next Vanity arrives with chief Weo ;
 The state of false delight and idle show.
 Sorrow and lord Bensolus next appear ;
 The carnal grief, of lost-desire and fear.
 Then Tyranny, Malthedes at the head ;
 By terror born and nursed, inspired and led.
 Then Selfishness, Romandaline the crown ;
 Where one to rise must crush a million down.
 Next Glaco, lord of Melancholy comes ;
 Who, shunning reason, deals in mental scums.
 Submission next, by Hyasaxton led ;
 By whom all sin is courted, housed and fed.
 Tyburgas, prefect of the City Lust,
 Wherein abide the vicious and unjust.

Then Guy: his wretched legions of Desire,
As famished wolves on prey, to lust aspire.
Adultery, lord Stravo's army, then;
Where men forget their wives and wives their
men.

Then Fornication, Zota chief, is seen;
The single rascals of that traffic mean.
Polygamy, chief Desert, next appears;
Who raise up self and women sink in tears.
Next Gluttony, whose chief is Polymore,
Who for cash down has every vice in store.
Then Arrogance comes, with Palops at the head;
The gutter swine for Lust's commanders bred.
Corruption next; by lord Betamias moved;
Who see that statute books are not improved.
Then Sophronand, the chief of Lawless Theft,
Whose victim robbed at least has justice left.
Then Scorparon, of Trusts the mighty lord,
Who robs beneath the law's protecting sword.
Next Parmley and his Lawful Pirates reel;
Who preach on Sunday and on Monday steal
Then Speculation, Goldred's host, is nigh;
By principle they covet, cheat and lie.
Next Fondlan, chief of Lawless Gamblers
rough;

Outlawed because they do not steal enough.
Close to the thugs is Bragdon, lord of Cant,
Their vile defender and their sycophant.

Janaquil next; the Pessimistic lord,
Who damns perfection and who damns discord.
Then Hebron, lord of Anarchy, arrives;
The monster who on butchered justice thrives.
Autocracy, czar Beria's state, is next;
Where one man rules and slaughters by the *text*.

Then Murder comes, commanded by Bravoo,
Whose bloody hands from mad injustice grew.
Then Despond, Kibber chief, arrests the eye;
With hope abandoned, what else, but to die!
And then Disease, whom Carnademus leads;
With groaning legions and with coughing steeds.
And last Death's army, chiefed by Helomed;
That mighty nation of departed dead.

The carnal troops reviewed return to camp,
Where night soon hides the day's celestial lamp,
Where chief and man relax in sleep profound,
While bawling panthers swarm the hills around.

CANTO THE THIRD.

Scouts of the Spirit State, to news inclined,
See what transpires within the carnal mind ;
See that the whole of God's malignant foe,
Is soon against the heavenly arms to go ;
And then depart,—from every point in hell,
Where duty them had ordered late to dwell,
O'er chains of mountains, through the deep ra-
vines,

O'er land and sea, till past the carnal scenes,
With fabulous speed, the nearest trails to
choose,—

Arrive in Heaven and spread around the news.

The festival of peace at once disbands.
The chiefs depart to general their commands.
The men themselves, when told of hell's alarms,
Rush to the barracks and resume their arms ;
Line up for march, without an order given ;—
A man is master of himself in Heaven.

The castle reached, the scouts throw down the
rein,
Leap from their steeds and trumpet war's re-
frain ;

Then rush inside, salute and tell in brief
The news to Clement, Heaven's commanding
chief.

That great and perfect nobleman of Love,
Raised by his own unselfish deeds above ;

That prince of Nature, simple and refined,
 With strength to do whatever task assigned;
 That mountain of endurance, to inspire,
 By storm unmoved, though little men retire;
 By hardship freshened and unknown to time;
 Tall, large and gentle is the chief sublime.

He hears the news, salutes the scouts (they go)
 Then to the window steps and looks below;
 And ponders thus: "Rodolphus, priest to *fear*,
 United hell has chosen as its peer.

O well, perhaps their choice is for the best;
 But what a cramped, malignant manifest!
 No bigot is a fit thing to command,—
 I fear me, carnal, yours is fated land.

And yet, you have a field commander there,
 In Mideon have a man both brave and fair.
 On him shall rest the burden of the fight,
 And it shall heavy be, if judge I right.
 'Twas ever so, when bigots drunk with hate,
 Bring on a war, the brave must bear the freight.
 That manifest!—A gross fanatic's deed—
 Shall never harm my child nor Villard bleed.
 The trumpets sound! I must to war begone!
 Come on, O hell! if fight you must. come on!"

This said, he threw aside his civil gown,
 Buckled his armor and his helmet on,
 To Cassia and her mother bade adieu,
 And, taking from the wall his arms, withdrew.

Outside, far off adown the boulevard,
 The troops are lined for march and conflict hard;
 Divisioned off in states, and each replete
 With various arms, well disciplined and neat.

Their chief appears, ascends his chariot, and
 Drives down the boulevard to take command.

The men hurrah; all know and love him well;
They feel his burden and through plaudits tell.
He knows their motive is his lot to cheer,
Bows to them all and sheds the grateful tear..

But when the front was reached he met delay;
Sir Villard halts him in a haughty way:

“Chief Clement, how is this! late prince in hell,
I now am ordered in your ranks to dwell?

How is it there is no command for me,

A chiefship, or at least a captaincy?

Injustice rules. An educated man,

A scholar forced to serve in Spirit’s clan;

A brother to the nether’s ranking chief

(A man, though skilled in arms, of schooling
brief),

Compelled to serve when station bids I lead,
Not soil my hands and with mere soldiers feed.”

To which the chief: “Sir Villard, how is it?

Well, simply that your age does not permit—

For one thing; and another is that you

In all your past no martial weapon drew.

You schooled yourself, and that was proper, still

Your books unpractised would but serve you ill.

By age is meant, your stay in Spirit Mind;

’Tis very brief—you scarce have hell resigned:

Remember that; and this one thing abide:

In Heaven can rise no man possessed of pride;

And I may add, ingratitude and caste:

Possessed of these no man (or state) can last.

Therefore, presume you did command a state:

When Mideon charged, ’twould meet disaster
great.

O, dare not once compare yourself to him,

The great in war, although of carnal grim;

Go prove your worth, a tenth his virtues prove,
 And strength itself shall you to greatness
 move!"

This said in manner pleasant to inspire,
 Failed of its purpose as the two retire ;
 One to command, the other to the ranks,
 Who when saluted scorned to wave his thanks,
 Who mumbled, "I shall split this Fraud apart,"
 And fell in line with treason in his heart.

The chief a moment tip-toed in his car,
 Looked o'er his armies off in distance far ;
 Then, satisfied, commanded : "To the wall!"
 And led them forth to challenge carnal's call.

Review of the Spiritual Troops.

First Genius, Inspiration's chief, appears ;
 Heaven's counsel, to inspire and banish fears.
 Next Love, chief Sovorn's state, succeeds in line ;
 The consummation of all things divine.
 Then Strength, by Tacias led ; of purpose fast ;
 With power to concentrate and win at last.
 Stability, chief Zuff, fills next the street ;
 The state of giants, strangers to defeat.
 Then Liberality, chief Stevas' charge ;
 Of mind impartial and of action large.
 Tamaris next, the prince of Gratitude ;
 Who honors and returns each service good.

Next Harmony, chief Sumitar's command ;
 Where discord shrieking falls beneath his hand.
 Then Virtue, led in war by Dectarome ;
 The lasting bond of Nature, state and home.
 Succeeding whom is Patience, chiefed by Brend ;
 Where calm devotion triumphs in the end.
 Then Concentration, led by Formeo ;
 Who set to work without presumptuous show.

Benevolence, chief Livachus, is next;
With love for all, devoid of vain pretext.
Then Charity, prince Zamba in command;
Who give, relieve, with both the heart and hand.

Then Mercy, Rebin chief, oppression's foe;
Who lift the burden of the grieved and low.
And then Fidelity, prince Truba leads;
The faithful friends of helpful thoughts and
deeds.

And next is Dion and the state True Pride;
The nobly plain who let their works decide.
Next Intellect Divine, prince Landamore;
The literati rich in Nature's lore.

Then Equity, chief Stilvan in command;
Where, freed from statute books, all equal stand.
Then Piety, prince Luvanelus leads;
Who reverence country, home and noble deeds.

Then chiefess Clاند and Beauty issue past;
The natural sex—the best, the first and last.
Next Fortitude, the prince Savinium's state;
Of courage, action and endurance great.
Then Energy, chief Divrum, fills the street;
The vigorous arms uncooled by action's heat.
Next Optimism, chief Pacia, comes to view;
Whose thoughts are ever peaceful, bright and
true.

Next Bandel and his state of Judgment, where
By reason just all things are settled fair.
Then Loyalty, prince Baltimore in command;—
When love reigns, people by their leaders stand.
Humility is next, prince Zena's state;
Who know their worth but never overrate.

Prince Lovedon's army, Modesty, is next;
The chaste and simple, void of vain pretext.

And then Lunbusium's state of Sacrifice;
 Who win by immolating earthly vice.
 Next Frenzen with Affection's forces blest;
 With love for all the righteous and oppressed.
 Chief Warathon and Honor's state are then;
 Who justice know and live it by all men.
 Next Prudence, Belaford's command sublime;
 Who, to avoid, can danger see in time.
 Then Homage, Freon prince, arrests the view;
 Who despise trash and tribute pay the true.
 Next Conavoy and Honest Wealth, uncursed;
 Not great, for love and charity are first.
 Then Labor's army, Trius in command;
 No greedy drone subjects this noble band.
 And then Good Government, chief Chevaleers;
 Where Nature followed, brings no one to tears.
 Then Moral Courage; general Lytheus leads;
 Through storms opposing he for truth proceeds.
 Then Truth, prince Vistaro's belov'd command;
 The only magistrate in Spirit Land.
 And Wisdom, prince Rodova, next we view;
 By Nature bred in all things good and true.
 Beaucoleon, the chief of Justice then;
 Who having wisdom justly deals by men.
 Then Servaton, the prince of soothing Hope;
 That guiding light when men ascending grope.
 Next Progress, led by chieftain Landamore;
 The foe to tyrants, creeds and selfish war.
 Then Peace, prince Romba, our attention draws;
 That quiet state above ambition's claws.
 Then Health, chief Vigatho's command, is
 seen,—
 A sinless mind preserves the body clean.
 And last is Life, prince Justin's army great;

The most advanced command in Spirit State.

Such are the arms and chiefs at Heaven's
command,

Who march to war against the nether land;

Who now line up for action on the Wall,

On the defense—as night envelopes all.

CANTO THE FOURTH.

Now, when the weary night her work had
done,
Had o'er a mountain beckoned to the sun,
Had kissed the dawn and slowly crept to bed,
As tranquil day upraised his lovely head,
When all was peace the carnal troops arose,
Eager with Spirit arms their own to close.

Chief Mideon mounted soon resumes com-
mand,
To lead them out toward the desert land.
Now through the forest, then a deep ravine,
Then o'er the plains his blazing arms are seen
Dressed justly in a heavy suit of mail,
Of no pretense, of features strong and hale,
With bare arms scarred, is carnal's dauntless
son,
Without a guard and with attendants none.

Rodolphus in the rear is driv'n along,
Secured from danger by an army strong;
A legion to surround him through the fight,
While he the troops with murderous thoughts
incite.

His coat-of-mail is covered with a gown,
And "*Vengeance is Mine*" is blazed upon his
crown.

The desert reached the forces halt, and then
The chiefs await the word to line their men.

The general pondering silent sat his horse,
A moment thus then rearward spurred its
course,—

Straight to the chariot of Rodolphus sped,
And, him saluting, for a purpose said:

“My lord, the chiefs the final word await.

Shall I lead off against the Spirit State?

Shall we en masse at once attack the Wall?

Or should we something else do first of all?

To which the counsel chief: “No, nothing,
no!

Straightway direct your arms against the Foe.

But in that last I can no meaning see.

Why, Mideon, thus slow-measured question
me?”

The chief: “Because the Spirit State is just,
Is nobly fair in every martial thrust;

And, therefore, should be met in council first,
Not jumped upon as some vile thing accurst.

Uncommon too is Clement, chief and man,

In whom one fails the smallest fault to scan;

Who when afield is master of his mind,

Collected, keen, imperative but kind.

We oft have met in war, so when I say,

He stands my most respected foe to-day,

The truth is said; a chief of tactics clean,

A man whose equal I have never seen.

With rank of Spirit or of carnal lord,

I care not which, he wields a faultless sword;

Meets at all times his adversary's thrust,

Proves the true hero—calm, untiring, just.

So pray, Rodolphus, hold! postpone the fight

Till we to council Spirit's chief invite;

All issues of the war before him lay,

Like soldiers, just respect to soldiers pay!"

Rodolphus thus: "What sentiment has youth!

To praise an evil as we praise a truth.

A snake because it rattle, hiss and bite.

Will youth its bravery for a moral cite.

Now, that this human reptile, throned and crowned

(Whose proselytes, whose minions, fiends unbound,

Behind yon Rampart watch with ready bow)

In war is brave you wish me homage show.

But, sir, this reptile shall not such receive;

He straight of life must take a felon's leave.

Think not Rodolphus, priest to *god of fear*,

Would sink so low as this imposter hear;

With such as he no terms of war I treat;

Arms only shall the arch-corrupter meet!"

Then Mideon thus (to test the sage's nerve,
And gain, perhaps, what Clement's troops deserve):

"Rodolphus never has been on the field,

When Spirit arms and ours were shield to shield;

Therefore, 'twere wise he heed a youthful lord,

One who with Clement oft has crossed the sword.

Though but a youth whom "snakes" have morals taught,

I know some things your aged mind does not;

I know an army from a coward-band,

Be it in Vengeance, Fear or Spirit Land.

My place has ever been upon the field,

And every nation has opposed my shield;

And every one (save one) has met defeat,

And bleeding begged the privilege of retreat.
The one unconquered, needless to relate,
Is this same Clement's well conducted State.
These Spirits know their arms and use them
well:

Mark me, they strike not lest they strike to tell;
Mow down the foeman as the reaper hay,
And on the field from dawn till midnight stay.
You now command me, muster for a charge—
To do this I need all my army large;
Therefore, sir chief, your body-guard of Hate,
Must with the rest move on the Spirit State."

This said he scanned the sage's features
hard,
Then turned and hailed the general of the guard.
Rodolphus quick: "Young man, one mo-
ment, stay!

Must this my legion-body-guard away?
Are not there troops sufficient to sustain
You through the siege without my meagre
train?

Yes, yes! a council you had better call,
Invite the Spirit chief, and settle all
(If possible without destructive war):
A full surrender now and ever more;
With the return of Villard; and a trial
For Cassia, judged by me in reverent style.
So haste, my son! I give you power to act,
And know this business you will well transact."

His object gained, the chief reversed his
steed,
And for the front rode off at highest speed.
A mounted scout dispatched to Clement's walls,
Trumpets an air which echoes as it falls.

Swiftly he rides, the flag of truce in hand,
 As rise around him clouds of desert sand.
 The wall approached, again resounds the air,
 Troops meet the scout and past the rampart
 bear;

As inside and without the walled Estate,
 All wondering watch in expectation great.

Not long they thus ere Clement mounted
 well,

Is seen to pass the Rampart into hell.
 Alone he comes, so carnal's chief alone
 Toward him goes—an equal homage shown.
 The two commanders meet upon the waste,
 Salute and side by side proceed in haste,
 Beneath a solitary tree alight,
 And stand in council o'er the brewing fight.

First Mideon spoke: "My most respected
 foe:—

Why we have met it needs not me to show.
 You stand aware the states of carnal mind
 Against the Spirit have their arms combined.
 But, sir, without at first informing you,
 I could not, would not, an attack pursue.
 This, with a deep respect for one so brave,
 Forced me the battle for the present waive,
 And to just council hail my honored foe,
 That he might both our cause and object know
 (Both which you doubtless know in every line,
 But, Clement, that is your affair, not mine);
 That he from *me* this cause and object learn;
 And so, perhaps, to peace these troubles turn."

To which the Spirit chief (his thoughtful
 eye

Observes the foe with admiration high):

“My compliments, sir chief; accept my thanks;
One man, at least, commands the carnal ranks.
(The other—well—’twere better he resign;
But, Mideon, that is your affair, not mine):
Long ere I fought you you received my praise,
For strength, for courage, for unbiased ways;
And later, when in war we crossed the steel,
To fight you always made me flattered feel;—
But all this withers as an autumn flower,
When I behold in peace your grander power.
Yet, if my scouts the truthful news obtained,
I doubt if any good will here be gained;
Still let me hear what you would please to say,
Peace then perhaps will crown this doubtful
day.”

The nether chief: “The carnal lord demands:
That Villard be delivered to his hands;
That he the princess try for various harms;
And that the Love Empire surrender arms.
Observe my ranks, ten times your count, and
more;
Then answer, Clement, whether peace or war.”

His answer was direct: “’Tis clearly
shown,
Your troops in numbers far exceed my own;
More than ten times my total yonder stand,
To fight me waiting but their chief’s command.
Yet this great army massed on carnal’s field,
Is not conclusive that I now must yield.
And to give Cassia to your bigot vile,
To stand, for no offense, a partial trial,
Would be with virtue feeding gluttonous vice;
Such peace is worse than war’s great sacrifice.

The soldier real, is willing to defend
 His nation, home and loved ones to the end;
 Willing to fight, defying all retreat,
 To stand his ground till victory or defeat!
 No more shall Villard ease that bigot's smart,
 Than Cassia, lovely daughter of my heart.
 Therefore, but one course have I to pursue,
 The last named option, to combat with you."

Then Mideon, speaking, to his charger goes;
 "This council, then, sir chief, is at a close.
 You choose to fight—that also would I
 choose;—

A *man* would rather life than honor lose.
 I feel my conscience shall not now rebel;
 My duty t'ward the brave is done. Farewell."

He said and in the stirrup placed his foot;
 Then pointing Heavenward spoke in language
 mute:

"Till you are safe, from carnal's clutch away,
 To guard you, here twixt Heaven and hell, I
 stay."

Chief Clement understood and thus replied:
 "Your honor ever shall with me abide.

When I was asked to leave the Spirit Land,
 To visit hell, her legions close at hand,
 I would have scorned to quit my battlement,
 Had any man save you that summons sent;
 But Mideon's word, as good as walls of stone,
 Was guard enough, and so I came—alone;
 Knowing whatever from this tryst arose,
 That word protected me against my foes.
 I preach not, but your place is not in hell.
 (He mounts his steed). My noble foe, fare-
 well."

He then for Heaven departs, as Mideon,
tall,
Most stately still, stands guard till past the
Wall;

And then he, too, forsakes the council plains.
Throughout both camps an awful silence reigns.

And now, O Muse, celestial Wisdom, guide!
With me, thy servant, through this war abide;
My pen direct in Truth's unbiased sphere;
My verse make pleasing and my reason clear.

When Mideon had returned, he summoned
all

His chiefs around him for the final call:
"The Love-commander stands for war alone;
He scorns, and justly, to give up his own.
So haste, form lines of each your native charge,
In close battalions spread for action large.
Let each advanced-guard, flank and body-main,
With weapons drawn, proceed along the plain;
Behind, between, on every side, withal,
Let engines belch their issue to the Wall.
Let them, their powerful missiles, tear at start
The stone construction of the Mind's Rampart.
This done, the bows and javelins hasten in,
They man to man the battle to begin.
And when they have secured sufficient way,
Advance at once your heavy-infantry.
Then side by side, abreast the common foe,
Let every sword and axe effect its blow.
And above all keep well these forces lined
With powerful rear-guards, for attacks behind.

"Upon the field arrange from left to right,
Your troops as they were gathered yesternight,

When (when the business of the day was through)

Each state remained as in the grand review.
Hence Excess shall command the leftward wing,
And so on down shall each his forces bring;
Illusion Land shall from the center fight,
And Death, the last division, guard the right.

“Let each of each his legions form, of course,
An army full of infantry and horse;
Creating each of them ten thousand sound,
One mounted troop for every ten aground.
Spread out each legion into columns three:
The first of youth who most ambitious be;
The next let middle age predominate,
And last the veterans scarred, of honors great.

“And when the cavalry you scatter loose,
Consign it duty of the largest use:
With it support and cover well your main,
Flankers and guardsmen, skirmishers and train;
Also break through our enemy’s command,
Strike and disorder him on every hand.
Observe this edict well and well obey.
And now to arms! to arms! without delay.”

He waved his sword, this last to emphasize,
And they rode off, their troops to mobilize.
And then he leaps aground, to rest his horse,
To ponder long upon the battle’s course;
Bowed in deep thought an hour unmoved to stand,

In patience waiting for his great command.

The chiefs arrange in haste their armies large,
According to instructions, for the charge.
They ride around, their captains to direct,
To choose positions and mistakes correct.

And thus they labor till their task is done.

'Tis morning still, but torrid is the sun.

The trumpets' sound—'tis battle's signal call—

Great carnal moves against the Spirit Wall—

The battle starts. The sin-united state,

Attacks in fury Love's dominion great.

Missile on missile from the engines fly,

To shattering strike or clear the rampart high,

Without result. The chiefs their archers call;

These, while the engines strike, to sweep the
wall.

Then far along to leftward and to right

Unnumbered arrows interchange in fight.

Love's army, quick to battle hell's attack,

With deadly force, with arrows answer back

Cry upon cry ascends from those below,

Those whom the shafts reduce to mortal woe;

Who gasp for life; but hating life's Domain,

The Spirit State, they perish on the plain.

Straight to the foremost ranks chief Mideon
rode,

While round him engines at the Wall explode.

"Strike, sons of carnal, strike!" he orders loud;

"Let all your strength against the Rampart
crowd.

Turn every engine in your service loose,

While archers guard them from the foe's abuse.

Behold great Monden, Hatred's dauntless chief,

Right in the face of battle's slaughtering grief,

Advance his men upon the destined prize—

But go! assist him else his army dies.

Attack! attack! O chiefs, each one and all—

Quick, force a passage through the Spirit
Wall—

Let all your strength for that effect be placed—
Naught can be done until it lies in waste!"

This said he vanished midst his armored host,
To help, wherever help was needed most.

"Ye sons of Hatred!" Monden thus, "O stand!
Ye braves of carnal, strongest in command;
Stand or advance but never rearward move,
Yield not an atom to the chief of Love.
He yonder hides, but Hate's destroying might
His wall shall crush and force him to the sight.
Love Hatred's pressure can not long endure,
So we shall soon a passage there procure.
Think not of arrows, nor of blood that flows;—
Hate with reverses but more hateful grows!"

This them inspires. They straight beset the
Wall,
As hundreds of them shrieking, dying fall.
Volley on volley rakes the rampart's top,
And Spirit answering, shafts and missiles drop.
Both sides with archers skilled and engines
great,
Thus on each other with disaster wait;
But with those odds against the Hatred band,
Which Love's superior ranks, and Wall com-
mand.

To Hate's relief proud Bigotry arrives,
And blindly in the jaws of battle dives;
To left, to right, they group upon the plain,
And with the hateful mix their arms and pain.

Their chief Perenus thus to his command:
"Strike down the Wall! to death send Spirit
Land;

That Clement conquer—beat the tyrant down,
Divest him of his Empire, throne and crown.

We fight for justice and the truthful creed;
 To further them all enemies must bleed.
 On, brothers, on! these truth-pretenders' Wall—
 O! men of truth—shall soon before us fall;
 It can not long endure our godly zeal;—
 We right are always, never shall we kneel!"

They, while these words receive a loud ap-
 plause,
 Past Hatred rush, alone to fight the cause.
 Soon Anger, Malice, Vice, and Envy's state,
 Unite with them against the Rampart great.
 Their engines at one common point discharge;—
 The Wall but trembles from this action large;
 It is not weakened—it in wholeness stands,
 The pride of Love, the curse of hell's com-
 mands,

Chief Mideon sees these forces meet defeat,
 Then orders up his whole command complete;
 Collects them in the smallest space—yet large;
 The engines close; then all united charge.
 Out-shoots the loads, which, with an awful
 crash,
 The Rampart strike, and then to atoms smash.
 Cheers upon cheers come echoing from the Wall.
 The shattered shot upon its authors fall.
 Their shrieks unnumbered in a volume rise,
 And as the thunders rumble through the skies.

Repulsed, but undismayed, chief Mideon
 spake:
 "Back, sons of carnal, back! of rest partake.
 'Tis but the first reverse we here have met;
 'Tis but to prove us, we shall conquer yet.
 We nothing care for conquest simply won,
 Unworthy it of battle's dauntless son;

Quick-purchased fame of greatness is no sign,
Victory is sweetest when 'tis steeped in brine!"

At this command they backward from the
Wall,

In great confusion and dejection, fall;
When out of reach of their opponents' fire,
To halt and mix their speech and spleenful ire.

"What bald-faced nonsense!" thus the prince
of Doubt;

"What useless warfare are we here about;
The Wall can not be downed by any force,
Crush it we can not, we have run our course;
Our troops in union joined have tried and lost,
Have strewn the plain with death at carnal's
cost!"

"Pauldemus, hush! cease thou this doubtful
speech!

Wouldst, sir, base treason to thy comrades
preach?"

So spake Bulander, Anger's ranking chief;
And then at large continued thus in brief:

"This monstrous Clement, how he stings the
brain!

O, that I could but meet him on the plain!
I would of him a toothsome dinner make,
Drink of his blood and of his flesh partake!"

"But, sir, be frank," thus Envy's chief, Rebalt;
"Our failure to procure him was your fault.
With mine your troops conflicted, hence defeat;
Next time know better than position cheat."

"Rascal, you lie!" Bulander thus enraged;
"I robbed you not, apart my troops engaged;
Their own position kept the battle through,
And did not, liar, much as notice you!

You grudging mouthpiece of a grudging cult,
Draw and defend—I challenge this insult!”

At this both generals draw their swords, and
fight;

As those around observe with mad delight.
Anger, aggressive but of reason void,
His mind-burnt passions with his steel alloyed,
Leaped forward tiger-like abreast his foe,
And without judgment wielded blow on blow.
But sly and cautious Envy, on his guard,
Made fewer thrusts, and all his foe's de-
barred;—

He with observant eyes his turn awaits,
By craft not force the final outcome rates.
At length his foe through great exertion tires;
Weaker becomes his sword and mental fires.
He becomes dizzy, mist beclouds his eyes;
He staggering falls—the prey to Envy lies.

The victor, warmed by plaudits of delight,
To silence once for all the fallen knight,
A foot placed on the bosom of his foe,
And raised his sword to deal the fatal blow.

“Hold, Envy, hold! slay not a fallen man,
To heap disgrace upon thyself and clan!”
So spake the chief of Excess, as his sword,
To restore peace, clinched that of Envy's lord.

But he (the latter), thirsting for his prey,
Roared: “Festus, this concerns you not, away!
What I have won in combat is my care,
Hence you, sir, and the rest around, beware!”

This said, he battles off the former's sword,
And tries again to murder Anger's lord;
But Festus foils him. Then his passions turn:
Their swords conflict and like electrics burn.

Envy attempts to deal a mortal blow,
While Excess tries to but disarm *his* foe.

The latter, portly yet with strength of youth,
Possessed of certain noble traits of truth,
At length disarms his man and backward sends,
Then rushes to him and his hands extends.

“Rebalt, my neighbor, wouldst thou be my
foe?

Wouldst kill thou me, thy friend in every woe?
Who shares thy pleasant days with pleasure less
Than those of sorrow, pain or wretchedness?
Is this attempt to slay a faithful friend
The best affection that thou canst extend?”

Rebalt glanced once within his neighbor’s eyes,
Saw written there deep sorrow and surprise,
Then grasped his hands and said: “Most noble
chief,
Accept my pardon and forget this grief.”

“Go raise the comrade whom you late would
kill,

Then you my pardon have and my good will:”
Rejoins the diplomat, as smiles erase
The erst-while sorrow from his pleasant face.

No sooner said than done; relieved of pride,
Rebalt advances to the sufferer’s side,
Administers a drug, which serves its cause,
And raises him amidst the crowd’s applause.

Mideon, returning from a grove afar,
Where he had gone to meditate on war,
Observes, and learning of its object grand,
Leaps from his steed and wrings the hero’s
hand;

And: “Bravo! bravo! peace-respecting knight,
Thou hast from dusk restored the radiant light!

When carnal breaks the covenant of peace,
Herself attacks, her powers to govern cease.
She must united war the Common Foe—
Here lies her glory, in all else her woe,
Time was she could engage in civil war,
But ah, alas! that time shall be no more.
Love's Empire now shall never know defeat,
Unless we stand in peace in strength complete,
Hence, Festus, thou hast done a service grand,
By peace restoring, saved the nether land.
I pledge the hero, but I touch not wine:
My thanks, my gratitude, be ever thine!"

He then re-mounts and orders: "To the Wall;
Attempt again to bring about its fall!"
And leads them forth to make a second trial,
Strung out in columns of the legion style.

Soon war and carnage sweep the fields again,
Deafening the din, and loud the cry of men.
Like thunder rumbles forth the carnal ire,
Like thunder rumbles back the Spirit fire.
Both sides engage their whole combating
strength,

Maintain their ground and battle on at length.
Each chief commands his men with rigid force,
And wavers not in his intended course;
Draws up his lines to their advantage best,
Grows warm in action and denies all rest.

Upon the plains before the stubborn Wall
Repose the dead in blood's disheartening pall;
With this besmeared and sickening scene of
death,

The wounded mingle their expiring breath.
Some with their limbs dismembered at the pit,
And some with stomachs to the vitals slit;

Some with their entrails shredded on the ground,
 And some by javelins struck to earth and bound.
 Some without crown and with the brain ex-
 posed,

Await their doom by agony enclosed.

Some bite the sand and mad-like think it
 sweet;—

Water and sand are one in fever's heat.

Knights rise upon their fast declining joints,
 Embrace their swords and perish by the points;
 While others to their able comrades cry:

"O lend the welcome sword that we may die!"

One wretch arises feebly to his knees,

A chieftain's scabbard grasps, imploring
 "please!"

Him thus addressed by pity moved consents;

One blow the sufferer's head and body rents.

Another wretch with effort gains his feet,

And staggers forth a flying lance to meet;

And one possessing but the strength to crawl,

Seeks out a horse's hoof to silence all.

Thousands attend the rattle of release,

Which takes them yonder to the doubtful peace;

All those who can dispatch their mortal breath,

But those too weak, in torture wait for death.

Afoot in terror and aground is pain,

Death, chaos, murder and destruction reign.

Clouds fill the skies and thunder shakes the air,

Fierce blasts of lightning through the mountains

tear;

Torrents of scalding rain the fields attend,

And to the heavens great balls of steam ascend.

CANTO THE FIFTH.

'Tis in this state that crowding darkness finds,
 At close of day, the two combating minds.
 Drenched to the skin, through blood-bespattered
 mires,

Carnal to camp till break of day retires.
 Heaven's forces watch the last retreating foe,
 Till lost in darkness, then in quarters go;
 There to remain till summoned forth again,
 To meet in battle hell's belligerent men.

While they partook of rest, the state of Life
 For Spirit labored on the Wall of strife.
 Prince Justin as he down the Rampart walked,
 In slow and meditative manner talked:

“When hell delivers us her poisonous breath—
 Hate, envy, vengeance, fear, disease and death;
 And all else wicked that her kind create—
 She harms us not, but stronger makes our State.
 The tried-and-proven stand uninjured, well;
 None but the novice can succumb to hell.
 She soft spots shows beneath the rosy skin,
 To bring to light all weakness from within;
 But gouges only what she rotten finds,
 Not once attends the culling of true minds.
 So these good men, brave champions of the
 Truth,

Who fell in battle, are but Spirit's youth;
 Beginners in the Life which never ends,

Which never stagnates, which each hour ascends.

They fell for want of battle's seasoned growth,
They shielded not themselves from missiles loath;

Nor did they use their arms as soldiers proved,
Who firing once, that aimed at is removed.

Their want of age did their soft spots reveal,
Hence, in their case, thrice blest is carnal's steel.
The bad removed, there tarries naught of hell,
Vanish, O pain! O death! Love's troops are well.

These words reclosed each cold or fatal wound,

Limbs torn away to their own bodies bound,
Members all shattered knit to perfect makes,—
In brief, each troop to happy life awakes.

They then depart, with words of gratitude,
To join their various states for service good.
Soon Justin also leaves, and quiet reigns,—
In Heaven but not upon the carnal plains.
There Death is working with his strange command,

Amidst the fallen of the carnal land.

Chief Helomed is heard: "A glorious day!
Death's glory earned you, and your fame shall stay.

'Tis grand to perish on the plain of woe,
And bowed with honors to Death's kingdom go;
To here sojourn from all life's shackles free,
No more to drift abreast the shoreless sea;—
The sea of systems, built for only greed,
The few who reign, but which the masses bleed;
Those of the law, that *nom de plume* for fraud,

Those of the church, that mockery of God,
 Those of the party, loafers paid to lie,
 Those of society, the rogues on high.
 With naught to do with these, base earthly
 strife,

O what a joy to quit this mortal life!
 And, in these days of systems, sin and crape,
 How many do the mammon god escape?
 Some think they do, and go so far to say:
 'We have advanced beyond medieval day;
 'Have liberal thought religious to sustain,
 'Remove all evil, make the nations plain;
 'Have now a just impersonal god of love,
 'Have become perfect and advanced above.'
 That sounds correct, but Love is not for creeds.
 They started well, then grew, now dollar leads.
 First Truth, then power, then rottenness again;
 So revolves every system built by men.
 Hence, thou art here, or woman, man or saint,
 In hell, vain creature, stripped of righteous
 paint."

He pondered thus while with his large com-
 mand,

He worked upon the dead of carnal land;
 Removing armor and all outward ware,
 To leave upon the waste the bodies bare.
 This done a whistle brings upon the plain,
 Long-idle panthers starved and wild for gain;
 Which fall upon the leavings of the war,
 Devour their flesh and lap their clammy gore,
 Their bones to atoms splinter round about,
 Or bury, in the future to dig out.

This feast concluded, spoke chief Helomed:
 "Come forth, O shades, and join the army dead;

Come forth and your inheritance possess,
Come, join the hosts of peaceful nothingness."

And straight they come, ten-thousand shades
and more,

Forever free from bigots' bloody war.

The chieftain then commands the panthers:
"Go!"

And they reluctant, growling fade from show.

This scene transpires without; within the
camp,

Chief Mideon sits beneath a candle lamp,

Within his tent, upon a soldier's cot,

With head bowed low, remote in troubled
thought:

"What can be done?—stands firm the Spirit
Wall—

It has resisted—my great forces fall;

Before it they appear and make attack,

In terror bleeding to be driven back.

'Tis worthless to combat along that line—

The Wall will stand—new tactics must be mine.

Clement, wise Clement, you the trick have ta-
ken;

'Tis now my shuffle, watch, lest ye be shaken.

Methinks the next time Mideon wins from thee,

But without boasting let us wait and see.

I have a scheme, a scheme devoid a doubt,

To bring you, Clement, from that Wall with-
out.

I nothing ask but this; upon the field,

In open fight, to meet you shield to shield."

He calls without: "Ho, Festus, are you there?
Come in a while if you the time can spare!"

Festus, whose tent was next to Mideon's, hears,

Answers: "More time than needed," and appears.

"This war is going wrong. A change must be.

That handsome girl at Excess—who is she?
Dost know of whom I speak?—the dark-haired
lass,

Who did before me to the chariot pass;
Dost know?—then tell me, Festus, what her
name.

I seek her not for self, but carnal's fame."

"For carnal's fame, ha, ha! Wisely, sir chief,
Boncella loves but ofttimes brings to grief.
She would, no doubt, delight you like the rest,
And your poor heart like theirs with pain infest.
Brave youth, beware—Boncella keep away—
All your affection to your army pay.
Although I love her I love Mideon more,
And, loving him, him love the best in war.
Here you are chief, united hell command,
In battle lead us with a master hand;
But let Boncella once your reason waive,
And you, the monarch, dwindle to the slave.
Stay this love-passion, sir; to war attend;
Not now but latter for Boncella send."

"Stay this soft speech! and, Festus, hark to
me:

I battles plan and carnal's destiny.
Not for myself nor passions of the weak,
But war's success I do Boncella seek.
When first my eyes did on this woman fall,
I saw that many powers obeyed her call.
These powers I now can use. Conduct me hence,
To plan with her a stratagem immense."

"Amen," responded Festus, as the two
Passed in the night and t'ward their chariots
drew.

"I questions none shall ask, but sir, beware,
Lest Mideon, general, fall in Mideon's snare;
Boncella sinner and Boncella saint,
Both parts can she in like proportions paint."

The general answered not. They board their
cars,

And drive beneath a sky now laid with stars;
Not very fast, athwart the desert wide,
T'ward Castle Excess travel side by side.

The castle reached,—the castle dark as night,
Deserted now where late was jovial light,—
They enter, feel their way amidst the gloom,
Pass up the great stairs to Boncella's room.
The host of Excess softly sways the door,
And both tip-toe along the polished floor,
Amidst the purchases of tasty wealth,
On through the outer room as though in stealth,
And draw the curtains at the passage way—
Inside upon her bed Boncella lay.

She seemed asleep, her head toward the wall,
As o'er the eider rich her tresses fall;
With one arm for a pillow, one at rest
Upon the bed-robe, o'er her wounded breast;—
While just the tiniest light illumines the room,—
A fairy struggling with the giant gloom.

"Boncella, 'tis but Festus and a friend;
We came to cheer you and a moment spend:"
The host thus silence broke. Boncella stirs,
Toward them looks. Their eyes are met by hers.
Surprised, she pales at seeing, midst the shade,
Chief Mideon, and half-shrieking starts afraid.

“Fear not, Boncella; he shall harm you not.
This time are you by carnal’s chieftain sought:
To help the cause, he did request of me,
That I him hither bring to speak with thee.
So give him help if such to war relates,
If it will aid the cause of carnal’s states.
But hark; Boncella, love not with this man;
His place is war, his love the nether clan.
No time has he to waste in woman’s arms,
So tempt him not with your long-practised
charms.”

“Of me, poor me, why need you thus request,
You know ’twas he who made this wounded
breast.

He stabbed me deep in payment for the love
I could not help but proffer in the grove.
Since once he has resisted my advance,
Me tried to kill, I take no other chance,
Lest he conclude the task so well begun,
From my poor eyes dissolve the living sun.
But what would Mideon have? You need but
speak,

I serve you best I can, though deathly weak.
Your knife, sir chief, has brought me near the
grave;

But while above, I to your bidding slave.
Proceed. What would you have of me to-day?
But breathe the word, and straight I will obey.”

To which the chief: “Boncella, thanks to thee.
Your words denote that you have pardoned me.
I acted while in wrath. Pray let it pass,
And let us now be friends of noblest class.
I wish you go within the Spirit Mind;
Get in some way; the princess Cassia find;

Induce her by some ruse to visit hell;—
Remembering, I shall see her treated well.
A risky service to your lot must fall,
Which with success brings Clement from the
Wall;

But failing renders useless any war
Against the Spirit State forever more.
Hence, in your task commit no dire mistake;
And, on your life, do not this cause forsake.
So now, Boncella, rise, for battle dress,
Not as a tinselled toy but conqueress.”

This last advice Boncella needed not,
For as he spoke her plan she rounded out.
A cunning woman needs not man's advice,
On how to dress or act, or how entice;
And so Boncella, glancing up, with glee
Said simply: “Mideon, leave you that to me;
And now retire till I my figure bind
With proper armor for the task assigned.”

The men withdrew. Her maids attend their
queen.

And soon in dress appropriate she is seen:
Loosely in white; the folds caught here and
there,

One shoulder covered and one shoulder bare;
Her hair all fluffy falling to the waist,
While naught but sandals on her feet were
placed;

Nor on her person seen one precious stone;—
This time 'tis clear she courts the mind alone.

Then, leaning on a maid for just support,
She leaves, to join the men within the court.
The chariots there awaited them; and they,
The group of four, are soon upon their way.

And while en route to where the camp is laid,
Boncella, questioned, this in answer made:

“’Tis simply go, and every moment do
With quick dispatch the things which come in
view.

A hundred plans now flutter through my mind,
So should one fail I can another find;
And should I twice a hundred failures score,
Each one shall prompt a thousand actions more.”

Arrived in camp, chief Mideon leaped
aground,

A charioteer for her assistant found,
Prepared both maid and mistress for the ride,
Then shouted: “Go—hell’s destiny decide!”

Straight for the grand gateway of Spirit
Mind,

Boncella’s charioteer his course designed:
The steeds upon the breeze unloose their manes;
The chariot rumbling dashes o’er the plains.

Without delay they cross the desert great,
Arrive before the closed and guarded Gate;
Where sharp is heard the sentryman’s com-
mand:

“Who hither travels from the nether land?”

To which she answers: “Friends! Though
come from hell,

We fly the flag of peace and wish you well.

Boncella, princess of the house Excess,
Has hither come on mission of distress.

I wounded am, and death shall soon be mine,

Unless I pass within this Gate divine.

I seek assistance from the hand of Love,

To heal me and conduct me on above.

That, sir, is all I wish; pray, swing the Gate;

'Tis life or death, so do not make me wait!"

This stratagem spun out with tragic ease,
Had its effect; it did the guard appease.

"Excuse sufficient you have giv'n to go
Within the Spirit State from realms below.
But ere you travel, proof I first will need;
Show me the wound and then you may proceed."

This said he came below. Boncella drew
Her dress aside and "proved" her words were
true;

Him showed the bandage o'er the swollen part,
And pressed his hand against her weakened
heart.

He then convinced; "And so you would em-
brace

The Spirit State; on carnal turn your face?

Discouragement I would not offer you,
But what I now shall say believe it true.

The Love Republic is a viper masked,
Wherein to come no recommend is asked.

It is a trap. Be wise and treat as such,
And confidence in it invest not much.

You here perhaps may be relieved of woe,
But end it then and back to carnal go.

Draw forth a lesson from my station grave,
Once prince in hell, now Love's subjected slave.

I, miss, am Villard of Illusion Land,

A brother to the chief of hell's command,

Who here between two hostile forces hang,

Hell's hate to left, to right the Spirit's fang.

One side revengeful seeks to capture me,

Murder, their plan, their cause, base bigotry;

And one reduces me to sentry guard,

To long endurance and to labor hard.

I here unwilling clutch the Spirit State,
And charged with terror shrink from carnal's
hate;

Between them hang and watch their movements
base;

One would destroy, the other does disgrace."

Boncella drank with joy each word which fell,
Then answered (winning her first fight for
hell):

"Too bad, my lord of carnal, that you find
Yourself reduced in rank by Spirit Mind.

The sad affair will save me future grief;

My stay in Spirit shall be very brief—

Just long enough to gain my point, and then
(Her eyes flash mischief) back to hell again!

But back to hell (she penetrates his thought,
Sees treason there) alone I travel not.

A princess of the sovereign house of Heaven,
Shall then with me to Mideon's camp be driven.

You need not speak. Your eyes discover all:

You Cassia love, but she has let you fall;

Your feelings shattered, trampled on your pride,
Left you to struggle in an ocean wide;

Burnt bitter vengeance in your humbled breast,
Made you still love her more but Heaven detest.

Speak not—I know! But what of vengeance
sweet?

Would you her bring repentant to your feet?

I this will promise, and will promise more,

A safe return, though hell be drunk with gore,

If you with me will go, as pilot act,

Assistance lend, my business help transact."

The sentry paled, and trembling looked
around,

To listen but to hear no living sound;
 Then opened full the heavy Gate to woe,
 Leaped in the chariot, saying: "Quick! I go."

Again the party on its mission moves,
 Up the great boulevard; amidst the groves,
 And fields of foodful grandeur, onward flies.
 Beneath the tented beauty of the skies;
 On, on! without delay, without a sound,
 Save crickets, tree toads, and the chariot's bound;
 On, on! amidst the workmanship of man,
 The simple beauteous homes of Spirit's clan;
 On, on! until a forest rich and grand,
 In which abides the chief of Heaven's command,
 Is reached: a rugged, glorious, natural place,
 In which is built the castle of the Race;
 Built from the mountains, which do ever call:
 Preserve the tree and we will give you all.

The chariot stops amidst the foliage here,
 Boncella whispers in Sir Villard's ear.
 The traitor leaves upon a mission great.
 The rest the outcome of his call await.

He goes within. The door is never barred,
 Nor round the castle placed a despot's guard.
 Some time he tarries, then again is seen,
 The princess with him, coming down the green.

And when abreast the chariot, Cassia said:
 "Who now is here who late in battle bled?
 Who for assistance, Villard tells me, came,
 I now am here to serve in Spirit's name."

Boncella, staggering from the chariot, spoke:
 "I bleed—my veins are poison, O—I choke!
 I come to Cassia and beseech her aid—
 Help, else I die amidst your very shade!"

She said and fell; her speech was all sincere;

Her wound had opened and her heart was fear.
The princess raised her as she Villard had,
By striking with the Mind the matter bad.
The wound reclosed, no poison did remain;
Boncella cured arose without a pain.

“Good Cassia, thanks. How could I do but
right?

What is it fills me with repentant light!
Commands me with soft music halt and turn,
My black commission like an adder spurn!
But (falls her voice) hush, spirits of the dark—
My mission here—my duty—Mideon, hark!
That voice—’tis his! the chief commands me,
haste!

For carnal’s destiny—no moment waste—
’Tis almost murder, villainy profound—
What, oh—that music—strains of sacred sound!
My soul commands—forbear! again the voice—
Your duty—hell preserve—’tis Mideon’s choice!
I love him—yes; ’tis love or gratitude.
I must decide! but which—the bad or good?
Choose now your way—I hear him yonder
call—

Or love or duty, quick! or turn on all!”
She pauses, then: “’Tis Mideon, love and hell—
I promised him—and so, my soul, farewell!”

This said she whispered in Sir Villard’s ear;
“Now, sir, to duty and we fly from here!”
At which the traitor, with a fiendish bound,
Clutched Cassia’s throat and hurled her to the
ground;

Her gagged and tied (as robber’s victims are),
Then raised her up and threw her in the car.

Again is heard the lashes’ cracking sound,
Again the coursers plough the pebbled ground,

Again the chariot rumbles through the night—
 Again is carnal drunken with delight.
 She shakes with rapture o'er the victory won,—
 The Spirit Mind by woman's wit undone.
 The chariot reaches camp as heralds fly,
 And spread around the hell-victorious lie.

The crowds assemble, round the chariot
 swarm,
 Like bees the hive when thunder tells a storm.
 Their savage shouts, their cheers and frenzied
 eyes

Besiege the captives stricken with surprise.
 The truth as lightning is to Villard laid:
 He is by his own wickedness betrayed.

Rodolphus wakes from his belabored dreams,
 To hear the news which past believing seems;
 But when assured 'tis not a slumber tale,
 That he himself is rid of sleep's prevail,
 He hastens forth (a guard surrounding him)
 With thoughts of justice orthodox and grim.

The princess reached he said: "Ah, Love, the
 wise,
 All-seeing wisdom, trapped by woman's lies;
 Who now is master, who the Lord above,
 The *god of fear*, or your base God of Love?
 Which one the Truth? The most unlearnéd
 here,

Will without hesitation vow 'tis *fear*.
 My god is ruler o'er the realms of *mind*,
 And yours, foul woman, shall forever bind.
 This night has truth directed Mideon send
 To your base Empire one to *fear* a friend;
 Who brings, as like a miracle of *hate*,
 Destruction, wretch, upon yourself and State:

Soon you shall be destroyed at *fear's* command.
 And my field-general shall destroy your Land.
 He, when your father issues from the Wall,
 In search of you, shall make of Love a pall.
 Beneath protection of a rampart high,
 You can, though cowards, carnal's chief defy;
 But now the times command you to the fray
 In open combat, to be swept away.
 That is my general's task. Mine here re-
 mains:—

To rid the *planet* of these hideous stains:
 You, wretch, the hated cause of all my woe,
 Shall be debauched, the vilest of the low;
 Unto the foulest fiends these realms possess,
 You shall be hurled—*fear's* anger to redress!
 And Villard, traitor of my church, shall lie
 Entombed, unfed, in torture left to die."

This said, a wicked, half inhuman grin
 Triumphant played around his bearded chin.
 Then turning to the crowd he thus resumed:
 "This woman is to th' adulterous Stravo
 doomed;
 And Stravo done, she shall both burn and
 bleed;—

Duty demands and *scripture* rights the deed!"
 Shouts of approval from the crowd arise,
 To mix with slurs and Heaven-denouncing lies;
 As Stravo rushes to the captive miss,
 Ungags, unbinds her and attempts to kiss.
 She screams and battles him. He drags her
 down,
 Within the dust to lie while all look on.
 She begs, she weeps, she battles for release;

She claws him, strikes him, and her cries increase.

Without avail. But hold! Will none befriend?
With virtue staked, will Love no champion send?

A clatter of hoofs! the valiant knight from
God!

He like a demon plunges through the crowd!
'Tis Mideon, sword in hand, in armor bound—
"Stop thief!" he roars, and dashes to the
ground—

To Stravo runs and chokes the rascal white—
Throws him to earth in agony and fright—
Bears up the princess to his armored breast—
And then indignant thus the crowd address:

"I stand the chieftain of the carnal mind!
And captives at my hands shall justice find!
Your vile abuses of a former time,
Your torture, rape and murder—every crime!
Bestowed on captives taken while in war,
At *my* command shall be the law no more!
And you, foul coward (turning to the sage),
O noble way in which to cool your rage!
A priest, our counsel, by deep schooling
weighed,

To pass such judgment on a harmless maid;
Let all your malice for the Love Empire,
Burst on the guiltless like exploding fire;
As though that sentence, vile, degrading, low,
Could help our course or weaker leave the foe!
A sentence void of manhood, rank with hate,
Disgraceful to the prince of hell's estate.
Commend yourself to *fear*, or any god,
That will such hatred, malice, vice applaud;

But tamper not again with hell's affairs—
I need you not and shall assume all cares.
Though counsel, you shall not my honor stain,
I stand responsible upon the plain;
'Tis mine to deal with captives as I please,
And none shall suffer from unjust decrees.
You rank above me, me you can depose,
But while in power I justice give my foes;
So mark me this: till you my senior find,
I stand the chieftain of the carnal mind!"

Rodolphus trembled under this rebuke.
The crowd undone, its various ways betook.
The chieftain whispered: "Princess, fear no
more.

I hold you but a prisoner of war;
All kindness, all respect to you extend,
And pledge my life your person to defend."

This said, he threw Rodolphus from the car.
The lashes crack, and they are whirled afar:
The maid, Boncella, Villard and the chief,
With lovely Cassia, thankful for relief.
They on for Castle Excess take their flight,
As crimson dawn concludes the dreadful night

CANTO THE SIXTH.

Then, when the sun embraced the crimson
 dawn,
 Drank up the moisture from the velvet lawn,
 Opened the flower, regaled the field and grove,
 Sublimely fired the heavens and earth with love,
 The sad announcement of the princess' fate,
 Plunged as a dagger through the Sovereign
 State.

The people stand, enveloped with surprise,
 Chagrined that carnal cou'd them thus chastise;
 This, too, when their whole State was full in
 arms,

With guards alert for subtle hell's alarms:
 Therefore, they ponder, weighing each detail;—
 And thoughts of action o'er the troops prevail.

Soon scouts appear and full reports disclose:
 The artful scheme the chieftain Mideon chose;
 Boncella's stratagem, Sir Villard's crime,—
 The girl abducted, sentenced, saved in time;
 The speech which proved who master was in
 hell,

Which told that Cassia would be treated well,

Clement a father's loving tear uneyes,
 Feels deep the pang which in his bosom lies,
 Commingles his with Cassia's mother's grief,
 And for the time is parent *not* the chief.

His sorrow checked and that of Spirit's
queen,
He calmly hastens to the martial scene;
With set determination on his face,
Strength in his eye and action in his pace.

His army reached, he said: "My fellow
men;—

We must without delay to war again.
But not upon the Wall. That strength is lost.
Last night's affair has us our Rampart cost.
But who must bear the blame? The nether
chief?

The wounded girl who came and got relief?
Or does the fault to treacherous Villard fall,—
Him guilty of the blackest crime of all?
The traitor of the Good Mind to the bad,
Is he the cause of these conditions sad?
No, no; pierce deeper than the traitor's ken:
The blame belongs to Clement and his men.
Neglect is ours. Last night when victory ruled,
When carnal was repulsed, our caution cooled;
We were too certain without ample cause,
Forgot our duty in our green applause.
With hell unmastered swarming all around,
We should have placed a heavy guard, and
sound;

Selected men of honor, strength and age,
Ten times the number which we did engage.
But count it as a good mistake at best,
And now to arms, your strength and courage
test.

In hell we go to battle hand to hand,
To restore peace and Cassia to the Land."

Thus, Mideon's stratagem reversed the tide;

It placed the Spirit on th' attacking side,
 And carnal on the absolute defense;
 And brought the former from his Wall im-
 mense.

* * * * *

Now, to the Castle Excess let us haste,
 To see what happened to the captive chaste.
 Lord Festus had returned to his estate;
 And now expectant stands before the gate.
 Then in the distance is the chariot seen,
 To soon draw up amidst the foliage green.
 The host receives the group with heart and
 hand,

Like Festus can, in manner nobly grand,
 With cordial features, crimson as his wine,
 With eyes that lift and every care resign.

The princess him addressing clasped his arm:
 "Your features tell, I here receive no harm.
 Is that the truth, lord Festus? do I trace
 A heart of human kindness in your face?"

"Yes, Cassia, but as *lord* address not me.
 While you remain I will a parent be.
 A parent's arm and honor here are thine,
 So calm yourself, to circumstance resign.
 Rodolphus' plan at first I disapproved,
 Though later on for Cassia's capture moved.
 'Twas tact, the common scepter at Excess,
 Compelled me to his mandate acquiesce.
 I reasoned, Spirit Mind was not to blame,
 When converts pleased within its borders came;
 A perfect right had they to change their
 views;—

A man drinks not at Excess lest he choose;
 But love I him no less, if he decline

The passing pleasures gathered from my wine.
Hence, our lord counsel labored in the wrong,
But (thanks, O chief!) he did not labor long;
Not till his spite could blacken innocence,
Nor Villard by starvation banish hence.
Peace, daughter mine; at Excess live at ease,
Yourself amuse, and worship as you please."

This said, as gift appropriate to the chaste,
Around her neck a string of pearls he placed.
The giver thanked, the party long in fast,
Within the house, attend a rich repast.

And while they feast, the chief to Villard
thus:

"Brother, by what means did you come to us;
Of your own will? or by Boncella's ruse
Were you deceived, the carnal plane to choose?"

"In part her ruse, in part my hapless state,"
He said and told their meeting at the Gate;
Her speech, his grief,—how Spirit had belied,
The girl's abduction, and the daring ride.

The princess as he spoke disclosed surprise,
Great tears of disappointment filled her eyes.
From earliest childhood used to men of
strength,

Brave, trustful men, she silent looked at length.

Expecting her to speak, the chief was still;
Then, soon is heard the thunder of his will:

"Why did you not do honor to your post?
Of all vile traitors you have sinned the most!
My envoy fooled you, yes! in war 'twas right;
To Heaven she gained an entrance without
fight.

Her deed is to be praised but, sir, your own!—
Although my brother, I such kin disown,

Shame on you, thing! Your hapless state, you
say;

Your hapless state: made well when almost clay.
You, whom Rodolphus made the cause of war,
By Heaven protected, such a life deplore!
With all provided, then with hatred burn,
Of burdens whine, on your preserver turn.
O loathe I him who trails his chains in dust.
And doubly loathe him faithless to his trust!
And what, sir, are your burdens—pride and
ease.

Call them injustice, cant or what you please,
It matters not; the truth shall yet remain,
That yours can never blot this treason stain.
Festus or I, yes, any soldier might,
If placed like you, presume Boncella right,
Permit her pass within for pity's sake,—
But would have scorned her counsel like a
snake!

Yet she with men would not have been so bold.
On you, a fop, she found an easy hold.
In hell will you receive no punishment?
Will you repose in luxury content?
Will you resume the haughtiness of yore,
Hating all labor and the toils of war?
O no; you ride to battle at my side,
To suffer hardship and be cured of pride;
Where sentry duty at the Spirit Gate,
Shall when compared appear an office great."

The traitor answered not. The subject
changed:

"I hope this night has not my guests estranged."
Lord Festus thus. "And, princess, understand,
'Twas not Boncella's choice but hell's command,

That you be trapped. 'Twas duty on her part,
And such that now does almost break her heart.
Behold her tears; I promise they are real;—
E'en carnal women stings of conscience feel.
She grieves that she has sinned against you
much,

So, when you judge her, pray be light of touch."

Boncella, while the rest of food partook,
Bowed low her head, as her whole body shook;
Her hair disheveled hid her face from view,
A face contracted in deep sorrow true.

The princess, when the host had finished,
thus:

"Boncella, you have acted ill by us;
Have played an awful part this bitter night,
But let it pass forever from the sight.
I do condemn the deed but that is all,
My many pardons on Boncella fall."

Boncella raised her head and sobbing cried:
"No, no! thou canst not pardon one who lied,
Betrayed, insnared and almost ruined thee;
Still let my sin, my conscience torture me;—
No pardon grant till I through service prove
Myself as worthy such unshackled love!"

The host rejoined: "Boncella, calm your
woe,

To your apartments with the princess go;
Supply her with the richest and the best,
And treat her as you should a sovereign guest."

He then to Cassia: "Here I hope you find
Amusement till returned to Spirit Mind.
My house, my gardens and my groves are free,
Their beauty, grandeur, wealth are all for thee;
So merry make your stay, do what you please,

And strive my poor Boncella's heart to ease."

"I thank you, Festus; I will do my best
To prove myself a kind and grateful guest,"
She thus replied, and nothing more was said.
Boncella from the hall her comrade led;
The men withdrew and mounting rode away,
Out o'er the desert to the dread affray.

* * * * *

The forces halt upon the open plain.
Both Heaven and hell do their positions gain,
Line up their great divisions face to face,—
Between each army but a mile of space.
The long divide and walls of armored might,
Which way observed, outdo the mortal sight,
Until two streaks appear to join in one,
To specks diminish and to nothing run.

The Spirits first attack. Their chiefs com-
mand,
And they advance to battle hand to hand.
Swiftly they march, their feet made doubly
light
By carnal's theft, her victory of the night;
And then they charge upon great Mideon's
arms,—

But he stands ready for their first alarms.
His words commanding travel down the line,
Till all the seconds know their chief's design.

The battle starts and straightway waxes
warm.

The arrows plunge like torrents of a storm.
The hungry javelins, eager on the wing,
Famished for blood, destruction with them
bring.

The murderous spears their shivering journeys
make,

Leaving unnumbered sorrows in the wake.

The ponderous axe, most terrible of blow,

In hands of sinew, batters down the foe.

And crafty swords, the master-arms of war,

Show full their strength and flood the plains
with gore.

All down the fighting front the forces mix,
Unfold their might and catalogue of tricks.

Now here, now there the tide of battle flows,

First with the Spirit, then with carnal goes.

Heaven gains a point; 'tis matched by hell's at-
tack;

Hell forward moves—is promptly driven back—

Renews the charge and storms the Spirit men;

Heaven first retreats but gains her ground
again.

Scattered in squads, both cavalries alike

Their foes harass, disorganize and strike.

As a tornado sweeping clean its course,

They plough the infantry to break its force;

Where least expected spring up like a flame,

Spread terror quick and vanish, as they came.

Now horse and horse with one another clash;

Now to protect their infantry they dash,

Strike telling blows, to flight their foemen put,

And clear for action by the ranks afoot.

The States of Wisdom (Prince Rodova's
clan)

And Ignorance (Nancalot's) the fight began.

Like angry clouds long pregnant with revolt,

They clash, resounding as a thunderbolt.

“At last! at last! my arch-opponent's race

In open combat meets me face to face!
 Ah, what delight! O sons of Ignorant Land,
 Lay to your arms, your glory is at hand!
 The hour is come to prove that boasted worth,
 To Wisdom prove your claims to greater berth.
 'Tis Ignorance which has ever made the soul,
 The gods almighty that the race control,
 Wisdom is common, is of Nature's plan,
 Is far beneath the dignity of man.
 He thirsts for more than Nature has to give,
 So must depart from her in self to live;
 Where Wisdom's pleadings can not change the
 soul,—

His god is Ignorance and a crown his goal!
 Hence, let your greatness by great deeds be
 proved.

They come! advance and battle them unmoved;
 Their shackled Wisdom to the vultures cast;
 Your hour of fame is here, at last, at last!"

At this they rush to meet the foe's attack,
 Bear down upon and force him quickly back.
 One powerful legion led by Nancalot,
 Straightway the rear part of his army caught;
 One closed his right, his left another closed,
 Shutting him in, to their torments exposed.

Loud Ignorance then, enraptured by success,
 Shout upon shout and curse on curse express.
 Barren of Judgment, they look not beyond
 The moment but view only that around;
 Where they behold the foe by one reverse
 Conquered and at their mercy to disperse.

Rodova thus observes and then commands:
 "Come, knights of Wisdom, come and lend your
 hands;

Together bring forthwith your forces large,
That we may rush in one harmonious charge.
'Tis Ignorance which has turned mankind from
God,

Raised up the prophets who the race defraud;
Which made the heavens of gold and earth of
sin,

Turned Nature out and mammon thronged
within.

'Tis Ignorance which has ever Wisdom fought,
Degraded men and murderous bigots taught;
Loathed Nature's Book because it fails to hate,
But sets th' example to both church and state,—
Which few will follow for no room is there
For foul ambition's gold-embellished snare.
And this same Ignorance now surrounds us
here,

Shouts loud its venom and its vulgar cheer.
But come! 'tis time to stop its nonsense large;
Attention, all combined — now — forward —
charge!"

'Tis done. The spearmen with their arms
abreast,

In one grand column move ahead the rest.
The spears like one great battering ram appear,
Strike with vehemence, plough a passage clear.
The foe then closes round enraged and fierce,
And spears to spears, their adversaries pierce.

Hot grows the conflict. Then the swords be-
hind,

Eager for action come and action find.
Them with a master hand Rodova leads,
Long exercised in mind and martial deeds;

With care observes, with greater care com-
mands,
Attacks with caution and with profit lands.
Most grand, most fearless is this chief's ad-
vance,

As sunbeams on the shields and weapons dance;
The helmet plumes vibrating to the wynd,
And each great column in perfection lined.
The right hand gripping firm the weapons hard,
The shields within the left hand held at guard,
With faces set and barren of all fear,
The troops in faultless discipline appear.

Now, hand to hand they clash; to left, to
right,

They move amidst the fires of rapid fight;
Nimble of body move around the field,
Sometimes to conquer and sometimes to yield.
'Tis here that Wisdom, there that Ignorant land,
The battle favors with the stronger hand.
'Tis equal now; both sides the struggle claim.
Then Wisdom dashes Ignorance down to shame.
One mighty charge compels her to retreat.
She turns again—an adder blind with heat—
Rushes headlong and strikes an awful blow,
Repeats th' assault, till backward moves the foe.

And then Rodova springs at Nancalot,
To hurl a challenge for a single bout.
It is accepted and their swords resound,
While their commands pursue the fight around.

“Sir chief of Ignorance, we this hour have
met,

To settle for all time our ancient debt;
We now shall compensate all former wrongs;
This combat tells to whom the field belongs.”

So spake Rodova. Nancalot replied:
"Never were truer words from lips untied.
This struggle tells the master and the slave,
And proves whose banner shall forever wave,
Whose must go down; 'tis Ignorance now or
lore—

This combat proves who strongest is in war."

Thus each commander speaks amidst the
fight,
Which settles all and proves which one is right.
Skilled in the various tricks of sword and
shield,

Each feels he shall triumphant leave the field.
Rodova, handsome, scholarly of mien,
Moves through the combat gracefully serene;
While every action shows the master hand,—
Mind leads him and his arms obey command. '—
Heavy of blow and faultless as to art;
His sword though lifeless seems of him a part.
The brute-faced Nancalot, of oxen strength,
With arms to match th' orangoutang's in length.
Mighty of blow but void of mental force,
Clumsy yet skilled, moves through the battle's
course.

Down comes his ponderous weapon like an axe,
Against his foeman's shield with vengeance
cracks,
Casts angry sparks and odious smells around;
Each time it strikes it strikes with greater
sound.

With no result they struggle on at length,
Possessed throughout of unremitting strength.
When lo! upon a sudden all is turned,
The prince of Wisdom has the victory earned.

The shield of Nancalot receives a thrust,
That whirling sends it clanking to the dust.
Another blow—his helmet strikes the ground;
A third, his weapon from his hand unbound.

And when disarmed the warrior scorns to
break;

Rodova's sword in madness tries to take;
Strikes with bare kunckles his opponent's head,
Attempts to choke and last to bite him dead.
But Wisdom's monarch pulls the monster loose
Ere he succeeds but not till streams profuse
Of blood had issued from the tooth-bored veins,
Besmeared his breastplate and bedashed the
plains.

“O Nancalot, O most inhuman wretch!
This deed of yours shall you to torture fetch.
I conquered you and fairly did I war,
But now, O chief, I shall not fight you more.
This coward's act must be repaid by hell;
The coward I refuse to fight. Farwell!”

This speech was scarcely finished when a
spear
Discharged at Wisdom's chieftain passed him
clear,
And crashing struck his coward-foe to
ground,—

A violent blow, a recompensing wound:
His right arm severed at the shoulder joint,
Drenches the sand; the fingers at him point;—
An awful sign, stronger than words could say:
Vengeance is evil's, evil will repay!

The Ignorant ranks behold their chieftain's
fate,
Then weak resistance give the learned state. !

They fall before her sweeping swords' alarms,
 Curse their ill-fortune and her conquering
 arms;

And soon desert the field, in terror fly,
 To fade from view amidst the mountains high,
 Repulsed forever by their foe refined.

Thus ends the conflict twixt these *states of mind*.

But all around, the plains are drenched with
 gore,

And Heaven and hell are deep in final war.
 While Wisdom and her foe pursue the fight,
 The rest contend for long-disputed might.
 Never before upon the *planet mind*,
 Did arms such license and such slaughter find.
 Forced by this universal strength unbound,
 The mountains tremble and the clouds resound.
 Heavy and silent hangs the atmosphere,
 Which becomes sickening, with the sun severe.
 Th' embattled plains, as turned to sheets of fire,
 Flooded with blood, with odors vile, perspire.
 But *mind's* opponents, Heaven and even hell,
 Buried in war know neither heat nor smell.
 One supreme passion rules the heart within:
 Sin to crush Spirit, Spirit to crush sin.

They thus are seen. Within the center stand
 Fidelity and Mount Indifferent Land;
 Their various arms enraged by memories old,
 In slaughtering combat awful to behold.

Till now, to hell Indifference had been true,
 As when the battle winds impartial blew;
 Before Fidelity's fast-rising powers
 Hammered her ranks with steel-distressing
 showers.

Then thus her chief Balsaba loudly cried:
 "Prince Truba hold and turn your arms aside!
 O Turn, O turn them from your fellow man,
 Who now believes you lead the righteous clan;
 Who sees his error, sees his cause as wrong,
 Sees that he has in darkness labored long.
 Pray, let my forces with your army dwell,
 Where we will gladly breast the troops of hell,
 Beside you fight till victory or defeat;
 So come, O prince! in peace your brothers
 meet."

Then Truba thus replied: "Balsaba, no!
 Embrace in friendship my most worthless foe?
 Ha, ha! how mirth-inspiring does it sound—
 Fidelity and loose indifference bound!
 Indifference flopping on the popular tide,
 Bent t'ward each issue circulated wide;
 'Tis politics, religion, art in skims,
 Conservative and radical by whims.
 Nay, nay, Indifference, you can never be
 A member of the State Fidelity.
 You are of hell a resident since born,
 And must till death her various realms adorn.
 There you can change your notions every day,
 But Heaven admits you not; Indifference, nay.
 But come, Balsaba, we no time must waste;
 Command your troops, I now attack in haste."
 And so he did. Balsaba much "abused,"
 That Truba had his offer thus refused,
 Addressed his troops. As they in battle move,
 He thus: "This insult shall our cause improve.
 The troops opposing scorn to be our friends;
 Their chieftain laughs and our good state
 offends.

'Tis well, for after all we nothing lose;
Fidelity is no fit thing to choose.
Her speech is poor and poorer still her thought,
Her mind is narrow and her teachings rot.
We court the intellect in every form,—
Our minds in every controversy warm,
In every party, school, religion taught,
And thereby master all the current thought.
'Tis fatal to remain at one thing long,
Like workmen dense or poets crazed by song;
Or like our foe, Fidelity uncouth,
Blinded and chained by one poor silly Truth—”

Just then a javelin sped from Heaven's array,
Crashed through his teeth and tore his tongue
away;

And straight he sank in torture to the ground,
Never again his errant thoughts to sound.

Crys of despair throughout his ranks prevail.
They charge the foe but in their efforts fail.
The foe's command, superior everywhere,
Disorganizing drives them here and there;
Till they confused see neither foe nor friend,
Their comrades strike and to destruction send;
And then at last to Truba's forces yield,
Throw down their arms and shrieking quit the
field.

Meantime, two nations battle at their side,
True Pride of Heaven and hell's Falacious
Pride.

With armies full they clash, in action warm,
Use all their talents to direct the storm.

“O Dion,” thus Falacious' monarch spoke,
“Come, lay aside this ill-becoming cloak;
The cloak of service wrapped around the poor,

The worthless set that batters down your door ;
 The cloak of treason to the prosperous class,
 That does and justly snub the groveling mass ;
 The cloak of silence keeping you unknown,
 When you should reap the harvest you have
 sown.

Come, Dion, why not take your proper berth,
 Have prestige, pleasure, friends and social
 worth,

Create esteem by palaces and show,
 Not waste your life consorting with the low ;
 But let your pride upon your person be,
 That all who meet you can your greatness see.
 Come, Dion, come and quit this martyr life,
 And quitting it conclude our ancient strife."

"Martyr, O Sylbon, martyr did you say?
 Ah! know you not the word to talk that way.
 The martyrdom of True Pride is to stand
 The shafts of wealth, the hatred of the land,
 The powers combating every noble deed ;
 Is to fight bravely and by work succeed,
 Triumphant rise above th' opposing tide ;
 And then when up to let your work decide,—
 Be modest, temperate, fearless, just and plain,
 Let past and present work your laurels gain ;
 Not turn the tyrant whom you late did fight,
 And think o'er man you rule divinely right.
 Still you would have me take my proper place,
 But where, O Sylbon? with your haughty race?
 With prestige which is naught but worshipped
 gold?

With pleasure, but a life to passion sold?
 With social worth, but palaces of snow,
 Which melt when riches from their portals go?

With friends, but cats that suck the sleeper's
breath,

That purr and hug him, till he suffer death;
That when he can not entertain them more,
Forget him, strip him, drink his very gore?

Is this my place? Falacious monarch, no!

Love does on man a greater pride bestow:

That simplest, noblest virtue, *being kind*,

Which does more good than all the bullion
mined.

And kind to whom? to stranger, brother, self.

Serve all alike, and never serve for pelf;

Lead none astray, from sin keep far apart,

Respect one's health, one's honor, mind and
heart.

This, Sylbon, is the pride which rules my race,
Labors for Love, in Nature has its place."

To which Falacious: "Then without avail
I beg you luxury and prestige hail.

You prefer trash to gentlemen of ease,

Who soil no hand with misery and disease,

With cent-less man who can but be despised—

For being poor 'tis right he be chastised;

Who could be wealthy if he half-way tried,

Who gets but counsel from Falacious Pride.

Us let him choose as models, then begin,

And through starvation try our heights to win.

That, sir, is charity. Advice not gold

Is best for man in hunger, rags and cold.

But ah! does Dion with an open ear,

To practised truth an auditor appear?

Nay; he too blinded is, too far removed

From life by Nature to be thus improved.

Yet certain am I this, the battlefield

Compels us both one common judgment yield:
 War respects not the person but the cause,
 Gives tears to weakness and to strength ap-
 plause.

Who then shall conquer, who shall drain his
 eyes?

Come, let us war and see where victory lies."

His foe consents. The fight again renews,
 With war's unfailing grief the plain bestrews,
 Reaches a climax with gigantic strides,
 With slow and stubborn laxity subsides.
 Sylbon is vanquished, driven far to rear,
 Ruined, chagrined and victimized by fear;
 Riches and power (to gain a lifetime cost),
 Swept from his province and with prestige lost.
 As though a tameless bull for slaughter bound,
 In blood and anger soaked, he storms around;
 At reason swears, sees nothing but the bad,
 Snarls like a mastiff, and goes shrieking mad.

And while this scene transpires, to Sylbon's
 aid,

Submission rushes fresh for war arrayed;
 Upon the rear attacks True Pride's command,
 Ploughs through and flanks her quick on every
 hand.

But watchful Clement orders out relief,
 Bids Fortitude, with great Savinium chief,
 Attack Submission, break her dangerous flanks,
 And rescue Dion's close-surrounded ranks.

This order executed to the word,
 Savinium, stalking t'ward his foe, is heard:
 "Come, Hyasaxton, fight your common foe,
 My forces fight, and look you be not slow.

True Pride has done her share and earned a
rest,

So you and I shall now our talents test.

Your servant, sir, I wait upon your board,—

Select the order you can best afford:

Shall it be single combat served with gall,

Or foot or horse, or shall it compass all?"

"O Prince Savinium, none! You me mistake:

I did but strive my friend's disaster break.

Sylbon, like every chief in carnal mind,

I have befriended, entertained and dined;

So when 'twas seen his foe the field had won,

I felt compelled to his assistance run.

I love not war; a peaceful man am I,

And honor all, before all humbly lie.

Command you me of war to make my choice,

Foot, mounted, single, all. None do I voice.

Above them, which alike are born of sin,

I prefer peace, which scorns the battle's din,

Which is the mother of a good increase,—

Health, virtue, happiness. My choice is peace."

"O what a slander on these sacred truths!

O what base sophistry your mind pursues!

To talk of virtue, *you*: submission fop,

With whom the vices their vile mansions mop;

Whom they employ, in their corrupted plan,

To lewd the woman and degrade the man.

You talk of peace! foul monster of the mire,

Peace such as thine has residence in fire,

In seas of sorrow, agony and death,—

The peace which lives on butchered virtue's

breath.

Of happiness! what happiness is thine?

Mankind to ruin and to see them pine;

All sin to court, surrender up your soul,
 Hold naught as sacred and in gutters roll.
 And health! ye transient graveyard of disease,
 But prick your flesh and poison flows with ease.
 Disclose your mind; no knife is needed here,
 Its contents I can only see too clear:
 Hate, falsehood, theft, oppression, murder see,—
 Yes, all of hell's most vile iniquity
 Is pictured here in daubs of glaring paint.
 And you thus branded dare to pose the saint!
 But now no more. Your wretched troops com-
 mand;
 Come on, or I shall strike you where you
 stand!"

Straightway the trumpets spread their strains
 abroad,
 The troops of Fortitude their chief applaud,
 Make haste to close with Hyasaxton's arms,
 Attack, and propagate new war alarms.

Submission classed with such a state im-
 mense,
 Though crafty furnishes but weak defense,
 Does not one blow of consequence extend,
 Is loser from the opening to the end.

"O prince of Fortitude forbid the fight;
 Behold my wounds, my army's dreadful plight;
 Behold these bloody plains, Submission's gore;
 O cease, Savinium, cease this cruel war!"

"Ah, now you, heartless murderer, can see
 Oceans of evil, tears and agony;
 But not before, when you the villian bold.
 While slaughtering virtue worked with con-
 science cold,
 Not then, for carnal hammered not your door,

Summoned you not afield to painful war.
But now, with Fortitude to face, you prate,
'Behold my wounds, my army's dreadful state.'
Ah yes, behold I these but stand unmoved,
My pleasure is by carnal's grief improved.
I take delight in misery from that source,
'Tis but her death-march down destruction's
course.

Therefore, I shall no quarter give to thee.
The sword alone exists twixt you and me."

And while the chiefs in speech were thus engaged,
The fight between their various forces raged.
No rest they took; Submission striving hard
Fortitude's vigorous weapons to retard;
And Fortitude attempting to surround
Submission or compel her quit the ground.

At length a missile from a ponderous bow,
Strikes Hyasaxton prone a crushing blow.
With shattered teeth and nose and various
bones,

He backward falling thus in torture groans:
"Savinium, mercy—mercy, prince of Heaven!
O. has not punishment enough been given?
Call off your forces and at once I flee,
Where Heaven cannot and shall not hear of me;
Remote in carnal mind to make my home,
And ne'er again near Love's Dominion roam."

His foe consents. "Enough! Submission
yields,
Begs that he may this instant quit the fields;
So rest your arms and let him do his will.
We nothing more could gain were we to kill.
His first plea was for me to stop the fight

When he still fancied his conduct was right,
And wished, when only half reduced, to leave
(A half-hour later other hearts to grieve);
But now, completely conquered, he may go—
He can no more pursue his trade of woe.
Our work is ended when we conquer sin,
For hell herself destroys her wicked kin.”

This speech concluded, him his troops obey.
Submission o'er the desert melts away.
One faithful friend conducts the conquered
chief,
Within a car, beyond the plains of grief.
And everywhere the desert drips with gore,
With Heaven and hell still deep in final war.

CANTO THE SEVENTH.

And while Submission from the field with-
draws

Fortitude entertains a loud applause;
The states of Energy and Indolence
Their forces mix amidst confusion dense.

The lines draw up and Divrum then com-
mands:

“Now charge this state which scorns to soil its
hands;

These caddish weeds, to progress as a drug,
Who live on what their kinsmen stole or dug,—
Or if not rich, who live on family ties,
And strive through foppish dreams of wealth to
rise.”

Indolence, now besieged by this command,
This vigorous army, falls on every hand;
Makes desperate trials at using arms of war,
Things their soft hands had never clutched be-
fore.

“Foul nabob Divrum!” thus the lazy Doff
Himself delivered of long-treasured scoff;
“’Tis you who dares attack me, Divrum, *you*,
Who from the lowest ranks your lineage drew;
You, who had parentage of lowest birth,
Who like the mushroom sprung from favored
earth.

And this, your mob, upon my army springs,

Upon those who descendants are of kings;
And who since birth have been the social class,
Refined, polite, above your vulgar mass.
You, Divrum, you of coarsest mind and hand,
Dare thus attack my gentle folk's command."

To which the energetic chief: "I dare!
And for your lineage not an atom care.
These are the days of all-triumphant deeds,
When to be noble one no lineage needs.
You, sir, were born too late to brag a line;
Hard work alone does now the man refine."

So spake the chiefs while action shot around,
And mowed Doff's army shrieking to the
ground.

Divrum triumphant everywhere is seen,
Rigorously fighting but with tactics clean.
A ball of flaming oil from out his ranks,
Ploughs through the center of his foe's phalanx,
Explodes and scatters in a thousand ways,
Setting the whole of Indolence ablaze.
Chariots and wagons, freight and weapons turn
To conflagration and to fragments burn.
The forces stripped of clothing, robbed of hair,
With blistered bodies from the battle tear;
Leaving behind all armor red with heat,
Thousands of soldiers cooked for vulture's
meat,

As many horses, and a vanished name,
A glorious tomb to family nonsense fame!

To Doff's assistance flies chief Burganand,
The chief of Vengeance with a full command;
Bears down on Energy with foot and horse,
To strike her infantry with telling force.
But she resisting stands and not afraid,

Till Justice seeing rushes to her aid.

"Back, Divrum, back!" spoke just Beauca-
leon;

"I will with Vengeance battle, so begone.
O'er Indolence you won a victory grand,
So rest while I attend to Burganand."

The Energetic chief obeys. And then:

"Now Vengeance come and meet the Justice
men;

They who have wisdom, do their best by all,
And never do on murderous passions call;
Who, when injustice rules, attack the cause,
Abide, though rotten, man's unequal laws!"

These forces small compared to Vengeance'
clan,

Then charge, and bravely battle every man.
Sublimely scarred, in opposition skilled,
The terror to the mind with evil filled,
The just move nobly on without concern,
And know they shall at last the victory earn.

"Though rotten, eh?" chief Burganand re-
plied;

"Though rotten, by the rotten laws abide?
Not much! A man has honor to maintain,
And must himself atone for personal pain.
For instance (and my tale is gray with age):
Two men in trouble fall, in blows engage.

One man is wealthy, one is very poor,
One robs by law and drinks the other's gore
(In figured speech); the poor man mercy
pleads,

Says that his body, blood a little needs.

At which the wealthy man denies that right.

The poor man then rebels and starts the fight.

The wealthy coward surely is the cause.
 But woe to him, the poor man has no laws.
 He goes to jail, the convict's pangs to feel,
 While his rich plaintiff free is left to steal.
 Such laws, sir chief, are not for Vengeance, no!
 I right myself in every case of woe."

To which the prince of Justice: "Burganand,
 Your tale has pity and—I understand.
 It is not right that law be partial ware,
 But such it is, and hence the poor's despair.
 Vengeance was made by law, without which
 life, .

With proper growth, would quit its ceaseless
 strife.

But Equity (not law) must then preside.
 Till then fight for it, but the law abide!"

Just then a scout rides up to Burganand,
 And straight that chief withdraws his fierce
 command;

Salutes Beaucaleon and thus explains:
 "I go to fight the author of my pains;
 Tyranny (law) will Spirit soon attack,
 But ere she does I wish to measure back.
 She yonder comes, the statute fiend of hell,
 And as she is my greatest foe, farewell!"

This said, he disappears amidst his host,
 To fight the tyrant who had harmed him most.
 The forces Just then down the line proceed,
 To reinforce a sister state in need.

The vengeful chief now Tyranny attacks,
 Till she with dreadful losses slowly backs;
 Turns, tries to flank her foe,—without success,
 Grows weak from slaughter and displays dis-
 tress;

For mercy pleads. But Vengeance deaf appears.

She drunk with blood delights in tyrants' tears;
Strikes right and left with arms inspired by hate,
Bent on one subject: to annihilate.

But when a massacre seemed almost sure,
Chief Mideon came and wrought a fatal cure.

"Vengeance, withdraw! What means this rebel
fight?"

Do you not know we must as one unite?
Stay close together, and harmonious all,
Else carnal shall this day defeated fall?"

Chief Burganand replied: "All that I know;
But Tyranny is my most mortal foe.

With such a fiend I never could unite,
Must now, and to my death, this reptile fight.

My cause is just, my misery is profound,
Heaven has not harmed me, has not given a
wound;

Why therefore fight her? Nothing could I gain;
These tyrants to oppress would still remain.

United hell, a bigot's whim, be damned!

I hell defy and challenge her command!

Come, Vengeance, come! against these fiends
rebel;

Though not of Heaven we must combat with
hell!"

They then renew the fight on every hand.

But Mideon true to duty takes command;
Says, "I have pledged to hell and shall remain,
Till death or victory, chief without a stain;"

And then leads off against the rebel state,
With Tyranny's weakened arms, in battle great,
Forms quick a phalanx of the remnant force,

And charges Vengeance, sweeping clear his
course;

And then reverses, turning here and there,
Till Vengeance dwindling entertains despair.
She bravely stands and battles to the last,
Yields up her legions from grim clutches fast,
Makes victory dear for carnal's tyrant clan,
And in her death dies nobly to a man;
With Burganand among the last to fall,
With Mideon's admiration for them all.

Then Mideon gathers up the shattered ranks
Of Tyranny within a thin phalanx;
And borrows forces from the states at hand,
To fill up and restore that wrecked command;
And then rides off, is soon beyond the sight,
Is far and near directing hell in fight.

Then Tyranny is seen again to move
Against her foe within the ranks of Love;
A foe she fears and hates beyond compare,
The state of Equity, the just and fair.
The foe to statute-books of scheming cliques
(Those wrangling loafers raised by politics),
Which school-bred lawing liars twist to suit
The purse or pull of every lawless brute;—
That deals by all alike, without a part,
Unknown to courts, known only to the heart;
That ever has to martyrs been the guide;
That shall some day (with systems wrecked)
preside.

The battle starts. A deafening crash re-
sounds,
As each force hostile at the other bounds.
Tyranny nerved by her success of late

(Though won by Mideon) charges Spirit's
state;

Effects a passage half-way through her ranks,
And, turning right and left in sections, flanks.

The tyrant chief Malthedes then is heard:
"This so-called Equity—O how absurd!
These disappointed creatures who create
So much disorder in the realms of state;
Put forth rebellious, retributive thought,
Make people malcontented with their lot;
Say, law is much unequal and verbose,
Is for the favored, not the masses gross.
But bah! what nonsense, nothing more untrue;
These liars' minds are palsied through and
through.

Law is the mediate state of *god* to man,
And *he* through him directs, as well *he* can:
Gives power to learn-ed bodies when they meet
And make the statute-books; which are com-
plete,

Are made for every case, or great or small,
And which deal justice to us each and all."

The prince of Equity, chief Stilvan, thus:
"That sounds alright, but do not say 'to us';
Say rather, 'to the few who have the cash,'
And add, 'to others, misery and the lash,'
And that '*god* influence making up the law,'
Is but a mask to hold the meek in awe.

As though the corporations and the cliques
Knew any god save selfish politics!
The pillage, plunder, murder god of gold,
To which the laws, the best of them, are sold;
Laws made to suit, concocted while you wait,
To hang a wretch, debauch, or rob a state.

You can with mouth defend this ruffian band,—
 See if in honest combat it will stand;
 See if the state of Equity is right:—
 Truth ever has been proved by honest fight.
 'Tis Equity, unbought but pledged to all,
 Or law, the snake which does to mammon
 crawl;

That is the issue, let us not delay,
 Come on, and see who conquering quits the day."

This said, chief Stilvan gives the word to
 charge,

And rushes at his adversary large;
 Tears right and left the flankers walled around,
 Rescues the troops cut off, and gains his ground;
 And then arranges all in sections three,—
 One horse, one light—, one heavy-infantry;
 Then orders "Charge!" The cavalry is first.
 They through the center of the tyrants burst;
 Vanish, return, attack the foe again;
 Make ready for the sword and javelin men.
 This, while the light's harassing arrows shoot,
 To mix in terror with the foes afoot.
 Then, Stilvan leading, beautiful to see,
 There charges close the heavy-infantry.
 In sixteen cohorts spreading like a fan,
 They form a wedge and break the tyrant clan;
 Straightway reorganize in columns two,
 To zig-zag battle back and through and through.

Tyranny then attempts to crush her foe
 By one united, quick, ferocious blow;
 But fails—has losses nothing can rebuild,
 Ten-thousand injured, thirty-thousand killed.

Then, seeing absolute defeat before,
 Extermination should he stay at war,

Malthedes cried: "I, Stilvan, am undone!
You have the battle without question won;
And therefore, sir, deserve a full reward,
So now accept my remnant and my sword."

At this the ranks of Equity divide,
And Stilvan hastening forward thus replied:
"Sir chief of Tyranny, your word will stand,
Retain your sword and gather your command;
Make ready for departure, then retire;—
No prisoners are held by Love's Empire.
You now are mastered, here our dealings end,
I can no more enslave you than befriend.
Love bade me conquer sin, no portion save,
Lest I might grow the captive of my slave.
So go away, defraud not Heaven again,
By righting wrong with laws and courts of
men;
By breaking Nature's perfect law of Love,
Which would if practiced keep mankind
above,—

Where without systems there would be no sin,
No law, no courts—but Equity within."

As ordered, Tyranny withdraws her ranks,
Glad to be free from Equity's phalanx;
While all around, the conflicts of the war
Are just as furious as they were before.
Although in detail we must each report,
They all transpire at once, or long or short;
And most of them of serious, trenchant style,
But here and there the prospects of a smile.

Then, next is seen upon the battle line,
Pedantry matched with Intellect Divine;
Plain Heaven against the lexiphanic hell,
Short is their struggle, ludicrous as well.

The pedant chief, the pedagogue, is heard:
 Thus to his foe: "What mean you by this word?
 (He holds an open book) The thought is there,
 Is well expressed but spoiled for want of care.
 Of course I comprehend it in a way,
 Sometimes a thing at first is plain as day;
 But when investigated, parsed and scanned,
 It grows obscure and fails of rule to stand.
 And so with this word; it is plain enough,
 But wrongly placed, and therefore dense and
 rough.

The verb, the adverb, adjective and noun,
 Must in a book be properly set down;
 The rules of composition must prevail,
 Else he who writes must in his efforts fail.
 I can not recommend your book at all,
 And hence it must of its own ignorance fall."

Chief Eldamore of Intellect Divine
 Produced his book and read the "faulty" line;
 And then made answer: "Roshen, ah, indeed?
 My humble book is no fit thing to read?
 Well, maybe not, but long it has been read,
 And shows no signs as yet of being dead.
 All masters are indifferent to the rules
 (Such things are left to pedagogues and fools);
 They use them when they do not interfere
 With thought, invention, style and fancy clear;
 But when they do, dismiss them for the time,
 And soar unfettered in the heights sublime.
 One to the host of thinkers can not say
 (As prophet to the masses) *me* obey.
 Of all things else, no law can bind the pen,
 In thought or rule, and poems give to men.
 The poet's fancy soaring far and near,

Grows bold in action, from obstruction clear;
 Defies the critic, pedagogue and fool,
 Leaves them to crawl according to the rule;
 Strikes right and left in freedom's fearless
 cause,

Obeys the ear attuned to Nature's laws
 (But few possess the proper kind of ear):
 The laws to which all poets do adhere.
 They court the sweet, harmonious, rich and
 strong,

The mind of wisdom and the soul of song;
 Look ever for the thought expressed by pen,
 Leave syntax to the brawls of little men—
 Who ever have at genius cast a slur.
 The pedagogue is but the poet's cur;
 A groveling, snarling, snapping, tagging beast,
 That lives on scraps his master drops at feast;
 That takes upon himself to criticise
 The grammar of the best the nations prize,—
 To point the error of a "faulty" line,
 But leave untouched its sentiment divine.
 That is full right would he remain at school,
 Where children go to read and write by rule;
 Or would remain amongst his fellow curs,
 That live by throwing vain book-studied slurs;
 But he will not, but rather is so bold
 (Pedantic gall cannot its dictum hold)
 As to discharge his nonsense at the wise,
 Who love the poet but his cur despise."

Here Roshen interrupted in a vein
 To show how much superior was his brain:
 "Ye plenipotentiary of barren thought,
 Whose retrocopulation breeds but rot;—
 Whose vibratility, stultiloquence

And oleasaccharum; deciduous sense,
 Dihexahedral, frigafective eye,
 Fumacious, pungled, necrological sigh,
 Representationary, thecal pate,
 And vapid, incapacious words I hate!"

"I fathom not your speech, perhaps 'tis so;
 I take for granted you the meaning know—
 But no one else. 'Tis past the common ear,
 And I, sir, have no dictionary here.
 Whatever takes in poetry or prose,
 Must issue forth arrayed in simple clothes;
 Must travel always with the ease of birds,—
 Your ponderous lines are but a play on words.
 Say something if you would attention win,
 But if you can not, better not begin."

About this time the pedant's massive ranks
 Are joined by Egotism's puffed phalanx.
 Her chieftain Dumphrey, mankind's doggerel
 bore,

Who with his bombast causes them to snore;
 Who fills the lapses in the span of time
 Between the seldom birth's of works sublime;
 Who causes many to despair of art,
 Because *he* fails to touch the famished heart,—
 Nods with approval to the poet-chief,
 And thus to his vain ignorance gives relief:

"I do agree with you. That's what I am,
 I am most simple, I'm unschooled in sham.
 I'd never try to be affected—I!
 No, I can't do it, I'd much rather die.
 Though I can make as simple verse as thine,
 I'd sooner hang than 'scape your talk so fine.
 I, sir, and you, by simple language 'suage
 The elements of converse and the page.

Its awful fine I think to learn-ed be,
 Without book-knowledge and in language free;
 In poetry come down the mountain swift,
 Like we've done, not like Roshen's pond'rous
 lift."

To these remarks chief Roshen made reply,
 With words which reached from terra to the sky.
 Our pen cannot report this learn-ed man.
 When he had finished Eldamore began:

"You, Dumphrey, are not fit for notice here,
 Although your kind need raking most severe.
 I shall but say, extremes are always bad,
 And bring about in art conditions sad.
 The happy medium ever is the best,
 Is to the poet Nature's own behest.

She hates the vulgar and the over-wrought.
 Her pupils are most elegant of thought.
 Both praise and censure must be done with care,
 All must be dignified, refined and fair;
 Expression which is absolute in point,
 Not that which throws our patience out of joint;
 Whole as to words, not mangled by elision,
 Which in itself effects a true decision.

The novice cuts because he lacks of art,
 Becomes affected, fails to touch the heart;
 The master only when it comes with ease,
 And never does the sense of taste displease.

Elision may assist as well as blot,—

"'Tis", "'twere" are proper, "I'd" and "we've"
 are not;

But "suage" and "'scape" are insults absolute,
 With such slang mama talks to baby cute.
 Poetry is the vanguard of our race,
 The brunt of battle she must ever face;

Must struggle through the wilderness of mind,
 Tearing down jargon, making speech refined;
 For with her, destiny of language lies,
 At her command it either lives or dies.
 Hence, phrases hackneyed, doggerel, course and
 vile,

Crawl far beneath her dignity of style.
 And should she once degenerate to cant,
 Her sister Prose is justified to rant.
 Sisters were ever so: the least in years,
 To her superior turns with trustful ears;
 Therefore, the senior should be wisely pure,
 And keep her character in bounds secure."

At this advice the pedant chief explodes,
 With mammoth words the whole assembly
 goads;

Storms round the field with lexiphanic strides,
 Bellows forth language that would turn the tides.

The troops of Egotism quit the ground,
 Back to their mountains run in fright profound.
 And Pedantry's own stay is quite as brief,—
 They cork their ears, in terror fly the chief.
 And even Intellect Divine recedes,
 Leaving the sage expounding to the weeds.

At length, he sees his army gone afar,
 Shakes, drops his weapons, springs within a car,
 Lashes the steeds and o'er the desert winds.
 Thus ends the conflict of the scribbling minds.

Then plaintive Sorrow and unwavering Hope,
 In brief contention, come within our scope.
 They move around awhile without result,
 When speaks Bensolus, chief of Sorrow's cult.

"O radiant Hope, if you could only know
 The misery crushed desires on man bestow!

The calm, the beauteous light I never see,
No day its rosy garment wears for me.
Alone, companions none, with hell my foe,
And Heaven besides, I nothing have but woe."

Hope's chief, Prince Servaton, made answer
thus:

"Why blame the nether world, or even us?
The fault is thine; none court the woeful tear,
Man seeks companions who will help and cheer.
And man in grief can ever find a friend
(If he but strive) to help his troubles end;
Some noble heart has ever grief allayed
(And yet, the brave man struggles without aid).
When sorrow wins it is by self-consent,
The sun shines not through clouds of discontent,
The birds sing not when thunder shakes the
skies,

And hope without a brave endeavor, dies.

Beautiful Hope, as constant as the sun,
That guides the brave until the fight is won;
That beckons onward, upward through it all,
And unlike rash ambition can not fall.

Triumphant Hope, that noble hearts obey,
That through the deepest sorrow leads the way;
Combats all opposition to the last,
Or makes it beat a full retreat and fast.

Therefore, O Sorrow, your command retire,
Else I shall be compelled to open fire."

But Sorrow hesitates to draw away,
So Hope advances without more delay;
Attacks and with her javelins sweeps the plains,
Mows right and left until she victory gains.

But before Sorrow suffered this disgrace,
Both ran abreast of Melancholy's race.

Glaco, the chief, exclaimed: "Why hither, Hope,
 Where wretches deep-depressed forever grope?
 You can not help us, neither can you harm,
 We lie beyond the reach of Hope's alarm;
 Within the province of unbreaking night,
 Where wretches blue retire when robbed of
 light."

Prince Servaton replied: "The fault is thine.
 You rob yourselves, for fails the sun to shine?
 Or rather, take your metaphor. The night!
 The time to weigh one's sorrow and delight.
 Those helpful hours that bridge the pilgrim o'er
 From sad reverses to the tranquil shore.
 Or when the stars enchant or when the moon,
 The night of blessings passes all too soon.
 The night! in which the poet works in gold,
 In which the lover whispers joys untold.
 In which is sorrow too; the wretch's own,
 When weary he must be with self alone;
 That awful self which robs his soul of sleep,
 Which makes him fancy he shall ever weep—
 When something lifts with resolutions strong,
 When sweet as myrrh the sorrow melts to song.
 O night! O starry sister of the day!
 Tears, tears unnumbered hast thou wiped away;
 Hast touched the soul when boundless sunshine
 failed,
 Enriched the heart and past misfortunes veiled.
 O night! eternal mother of the dawn!
 Whose stars illumine till darkness all is gone;
 Till every sorrow fades within the light;—
 To love the day one must embrace the night.
 But look; Despondency with legions large
 Is coming t'ward you—you had better charge!"

He heeded not. Despondency in haste
Attacks him, lays one-third his army waste,
Captures the rest, then battles Sorrow's ranks,
Who crushed by Hope surrender with their
thanks.

Then Kibber, chief of Despond, Hope address:
"Dare not again my subjects to molest!
I stand supreme o'er all the states of grief,—
Although they hate me, I remain their chief.
By them Despondency's commands are swelled:
By Sorrow first the proselyte is held;
And next is passed to Melancholy's care,
Then I (when grief has ripened him) ensnare."

Hearing of Despond's mutinous attack,
Chief Mideon comes—his face from anger black;
With daggers shooting from his piercing eyes—
And thus to Kibber with vehemence cries:
"What means this, sir; hast thou so soon forgot,
Hell now is organized as one in thought?
Dost know that carnal falls if she rebel?
'Tis either hell united or no hell!"

Saying, he separates the three commands,
Places each in its proper general's hands;
Charges them stay at peace, united cope
Their common foe, the sovereign state of Hope;
Then as rebuke to Kibber, orders Guy,
Desire's commander, to the post most high;
And, giving him instructions, rides away,
To mix in and direct the whole affray.

The general of Desire, on terms of war,
Then to the chieftains of his armies four:
"We now are joined, are organized as one,
To battle Hope till her career is run.
Hope, what is Hope? a phantom without form,

The distant lighthouse in misfortune's storm,
 Which provokes dreams of land not far away,
 Dreams which capsizing founder and decay.
 What is desire? 'tis wishes without end,
 Which one to gain may deep in hell descend;
 Which stops at nothing, though a nation bleed;
 Excels in finance, politics and creed.
 And now, sir chieftains, Hope is my desire;
 Come, battle her until her ranks expire."

Again the trumpets sound, and blows begin.
 One righteous state assailed by four of sin,
 Returns each volley with an equal force,
 Matches both cohorts, infantry and horse;
 Off-sets at every move Desire's command,
 Which soon becomes remiss on every hand,
 Soon breaks to pieces like a fallen plate,
 To scatter o'er the plains in chaos great.

Hope's prince addresses Guy: "Ere you retire,
 Heaven's judgment know, the wages of desire:
 You may in masquerade your features hide,
 Wish sinful things and have successes wide—
 In hell; but when abreast an issue just,
 The mask is raised, you crawl a thing of dust:
 A greedy reptile loving none but self,
 Whose vile offspring has choked the world with
 pelf,

That all the nobly great with scorn deny,
 For wishes without Hope in misery die.
 Hence, your successes, molded out of sin,
 Have built a dungeon, you to bury in.
 Heaven has exposed you, here her duties end;
 Hell will destruction to its own extend."

Piety next, Fanaticism's command,
 Opposing battles her on every hand.

For hours they struggle, when to hell's relief
Idolatry arrives. And thus her chief:

"Ho ye, chief Balachi! withdrawn from fight,
While I alone put Piety to flight.
You sir, too blinded are by sacred thought
To gain a victory o'er her jealous lot."

"Too blinded, nonsense!" Answered Balachi;
"Dare you presume to doubt the *power on high?*
Presume my *god* is other than the word?
Presume *he* can not win from man absurd?
Nonsense! This truth-pretending Piety,
To fight and slaughter, *god* has ordered me.
The edict is inspired, the voice divine.
The truth shall conquer and that truth is mine;
All else is blasphemy, and we, the just,
Must it return to death, as dust to dust."

Then, foaming at the mouth, with eyes ablaze,
He plunges at the motive of his craze.
Prince Luvanelus answers to the call,
And cries aloud while swords and axes fall:

"Come on, Fanaticism, and test your creed.
The word proves not religion but the deed.
You have addressed us on the truth inspired,
But results tell which one by it is fired.
Whether 'tis ignorant fervor drunk and blind,
Or reason throned within the thinking mind."

And then the chiefs (their armies close
around)
Meet in the center, in a fight profound.
Fanaticism, although a state of hell,
Thinking his ranting views of Heaven befell,
Plunged his mad sword in Luvanelus' breast,
And while the sufferer staggered him address:

“There, that will show. Results, as you have
said,
Prove which of us by righteous thought is led.
'Tis *god's* command the vile blasphemer die,
So now I shall despatch you where you lie!”

But Luvanelus had a mind (not creed),
And used it till his body failed to bleed;
Jumped up in time to thwart his foeman's sword,
And with his own the faith-mad creature gored.
He shrieking fell, as Luvanelus cried,
“Results!” and hastened to the sufferer's side;
Him placed within a chariot near at hand,
And then addressed Fanaticism's command:
“Your chieftain suffers and your ranks have lost;
To stay afield will you severely cost;
You can do nothing; it were wise to go,
Not cause us to inflict more needless woe.”

Fanaticism (well knowing he was right)
Laid down their arms and quit the fatal fight;
Concluding they had met defeat because
God wished to punish them for breaking laws.
His wisdom infinite they knew was just;
To teach them *he* had leveled them to dust.

And while these ranks withdrew to deepest
hell,
This from Idolatry's commander fell:
“Now, Luvanelus, strive to conquer Dan,
The chieftain of the gross material clan.
Fanaticism has dropped beneath your sword,
Because she worshipped not an actual lord;
But what of me? I nothing sacred hold
Which my ten fingers can not well infold;
Or can not well be seen with mortal sight,
Or brought to bear by brave untiring fight.”

This said, the tide of battle drifts to him,
 And forthwith rises to a climax grim.
 Piety gives full license to her arms,
 Which spread around the truth-approved alarms;
 Until the state that worships golden ties,
 Throws down all weapons and for safety flies.

Prince Luvanelus then addresses Dan,
 Who stays until deserted by his clan:
 "I like your honesty of speech, sir chief;
 You mince not words concerning your belief.
 You worship pelf without the mask of creed,
 And to procure it without god proceed;
 The better way. It seldom wrecks the home,
 Makes man from honor, wife and children
 roam—

To hate domestic ties and love resign.
 But women are most numerous in this line."

Just then, the reptile hating family ties,
 The state of Loveless Woman, at him flies.
 "How dare you, sir, insult the higher plane
 Woman acquires when she discards the chain,
 The shackles of confinement, household toils,
 The bonds of slavery, man around her coils!
 The day of "woman and the home" is past;
 Woman from man has freedom gained at last!"

So shrieked the chiefess Noami. The prince
 Replied: "But, madam, why the matter mince?
 She never did, and never will, ascend
 By hating man, her most abiding friend;
 By aping him in his particular sphere,
 Which when compared to hers is most severe;
 By opposition to her natural berth,
 Of making home the grandest place on earth;—
 In brief, by sacrificing heart and hand,

The peerless sceptre of her true command;
 And growing coarse and cold, to honor dead,
 Neglecting, raking him who wins her bread;
 Causing the vile divorce pest to increase,
 Destroying home, the moral code and peace."

At this the chiefess interrupts in rage,
 Orders her ranks with Piety's engage;
 But Clement bids the pious state retire,
 Bids Beauty meet the Loveless Woman's fire.

"Now *you* have come!" shrieked Naomi to
 Cland,

The chiefess of the natural sex command.

"Those insults Luvanelus heaped on me,
 Were not enough, I still must hear from thee!"

"But were they insults?" Cland in answer said.
 "Did they not paint the Loveless Woman's head?
 You burst in rage when Luvanelus made
 A picture true to life in every shade.
 When beauty has departed, womankind
 Artists to paint to suit them can not find;
 They demand something other than them-
 selves,—

If monsters, they must be portrayed as elves."

"Monsters! false creature, you lie worse than
 man,

That wretch who long on woman kept a ban;
 Who now has fallen far beneath her sphere,
 Which has from tyrant mis-rule battled clear.
 That wretch! who would have woman live so
 prim,

Bear children, stay securely housed—for him,
 That wretch! licentious monster, think of it!
 He would with all his sin above us sit;
 When we can do as well with arm and mind

Every last thing he can. The manly kind!
Bah, bah! what nonsense, what injustice there;
To call them manly, brave—and us but fair,—
The gentle sex, the loving sex,—this when
The word “man” means that we are also men.
And knowing this, you still agree with them,
Remain old-fashioned and my cause condemn.”

The chiefess Cland: “Your concept of the sex
Betrays the curse which homes unnumbered
wrecks.

Perhaps your husband is a monster base;
Even so, why prejudice for all the race?
Why slurk in homes where love and peace pre-
vail,

Ruin the woman and the man assail?
Fill her with discontent for married life,
Unfit her for a mother and a wife?
Heaven is content; when love and home are one,
Damned be the wretch that leaves them not
alone!

Party or creed, or man or woman, halt!
Enter ye not the home that has no fault.
And now I answer you. It was not man
That long on woman kept the tyrant's ban;
But her belief in creed, by prophet built
To satisfy his lust and right his guilt;
Which forced through fear its victims into line,
To renounce Nature and be less than swine.
Here woman, to a life of drudgery sold,
To worse than drudgery, would the creed up-
hold;

Accepting it as truth inspired of God,
Without first reasoning to detect the fraud.
Therefore, not man but woman is to blame,

Her leaving Nature for a life of shame.
But you will say, man made her by brute-force
Accept of creed, which takes the downward-
course.

Ah, no ; with her own nature's weapons bright,
Fair woman can put stupid creed to flight—
And even armies, should they dare molest ;
The strength of Cæsar lies in woman's breast.
Therefore, a woman needs but woman be
To rank with man, his equal, loved and free.
Like him as great, she has her power and place,
But to renounce them is to fall from grace ;
Is to acknowledge her own weakness great,
And to proclaim herself a slave to hate."

This speech at end, Naomi tried to speak,
But failed of voice save one inhuman shriek ;
As wrath-rebellious burst a jugular vein,
And sent her dying, headlong to the plain.

CANTO THE EIGHTH.

A cloud of dust next occupies our sight,
'Tis Discord shuffling to the destined fight.
They now are seen, and each for battle thirsts;
When Harmony's command upon them bursts:
Them intercepts and curbs their bold advance,
For battle stands with ready sword and lance.

Then Waraluke, of Discord's state the head,
To Sumitar, the chief harmonious, said:
"Out of my way, Prince Sumitar; begone!
To fight chief Clement we must travel on;
Not stop and with a mere sub-chief engage;
None but the head can Discord's ranks assuage."

To which chief Sumitar replied: "That so?
Well, we shall see that you no further go;
That here you quite sufficient fighting see,—
You battle not with Clement but with me."

The trumpets then to each their armies call,
And hastening forward both to battle fall.
No discipline unites the state Discord,
Her chieftain only is in name the lord;
While Harmony is perfect of command,
With one to lead her with a master hand.

The crowds of Discord rapidly decrease
Before these forces mobilized in peace.
They, concentrated on the one design,
Small labor need to break their foeman's line.
This done, Dissension more dissensious grows,

No difference sees between her friends and foes;
 Attacks herself on every hand, and sends
 To ground with every foe a score of friends.

“Hold thou together!” Waraluke commands.
 “Captains to duty, pacify your bands.
 What, think you we can win in this affray,
 When Discord their own brothers strike and
 slay?

Turn savagely on self because the foe
 Does at the start the better warrior show?”

“Back! now collect your men—move forward
 —charge!”

’Tis done. Both generals mix their forces large;
 Move round the field in conflict most severe,
 Till Harmony effects a passage clear;
 Drives through and through and zig-zags every-
 where,

Till her opponent strikes in great despair;
 Acknowledges her forces’ full defeat,
 Throws down her arms and makes a quick re-
 treat.

Chief Sumitar chief Waraluke address:

“Discord has fought and done her very best;
 But what could she accomplish after all?
 All things must work in concord or must fall.
 The peace of heart, or mind, or home, or state,
 By it is measured, either small or great.
 The doubter needs but look on Nature’s plan,
 To learn that concord must abide with man;
 Without which darkness would command the
 sun,

Without which no achievement could be won.”

Ingratitude is next in war reviewed,
 Against which is assembled Gratitude.

They fight awhile, both giving stroke for stroke,
When chief Obestes of the Ingrates spoke:

“Hold, Tamaris, hold! I suffer violent pain.
Your sword has cut and opened up a vein.
Be valiant, sir; until I check the flow,
Assail me not, and thereby kindness show.”

Chief Tamaris him obeyed. Not only that,
But bade his troops postpone their own combat;
Drew up awaiting his opponent's time,
While far above him winged a bird sublime.

A stately eagle, monarch of the air,
In circling beauty soaring here and there.
A god in feathers that will not be bound,
Whose love of freedom is his creed profound;
That rides the winds, commanding from the
skies,

That from his mountain throne the world defies;
That ever grateful for his freedom's air,
Adores the brave, the noble and the fair.

The bird the grateful troops' attention draws,
When without warning Ingrate breaks the pause;
Attacks them ere they can themselves possess,
And throws them in a state of deep distress;
Them strikes until not one has failed to bleed;—
A noble payment for the kindly deed!

But ah, that stately eagle shrieks, *beware!*
And swoops to terra to assist the fair;
Sinks deep his talons in Obestes's heart,
Pecks out his eyes and tears his tongue apart;
Then rolls his own fierce eyes on Ingrate's ranks,
That burn within their souls the sense of thanks;
And then with tightened talons on his prey,
Unfolds his wings and shrieking flies away.

The state of Prejudice observed this scene,

And straight set out upon a mission mean;
 Approached the Grateful state. Then thus in
 brief

Spoke Personesus, the ignoble chief:

"This, Tamaris, is a blot upon the war,
 To have an eagle trained above you soar,
 Awaiting the conclusion of the fight,
 And then in your defense on earth alight
 (This when you had most fairly met defeat),
 Obestes kill and him of victory cheat."

Chief Tamaris thus replied: "An eagle tame?
 As well attempt to quench a crater's flame.
 The noble bird of freedom one can bind,
 Still, unsubdued his spirits heavenward wind;
 For to be tamed a heart must first be bound.
 Therefore, the great but seldom touch the
 ground.

High up they soar in freedom's wild delight,
 Defy the wrong and battle for the right!"

This scarce had been delivered when the large
 Command of Prejudice presumed to charge.
 A buzz of arrows, then a groan of spears,
 And Gratitude for heavier action clears,
 The crashing axe that brains what it destroys,
 The sword of greater grief and lesser noise,
 In conflict deep engage. And then a pause.
 Prejudice conquered from the field withdraws;
 Broken and bleeding, past all power to heal,
 With "ifs" and curses for the victor's steel.
 They fade from view amidst the bordering
 woods,

To mix their troubles with Ingratitude's.

Close, Liberality against the state
 Of Bigots next is seen in conflict great.

But ere the battle chief Perenus spake:
 "Strevas, the truth will soon your legions break.
 They cannot long endure the righteous sword.
God bids that every man of sin be gored,
 My troops are right, they serve a righteous end,
 And to the letter, holy truth extend—
 And honest government, approved of *god*,
 Opposed to that which leads the wicked crowd;
 Therefore, bold tyrant, tremble when you line
 Your sinful ranks against the state divine:
 Which is full right in all it undertakes,
 Which trusting *father* no concession makes;
 Which does for *him* all things both great and
 small,

Never refusing once *his* righteous call.
 We fight for truth, our cause *he* does sustain;
 That yours is wrong, that ours is right, is plain—
 Of course! how could your faith be otherwise?
 Buddhism in all but name—a scourge of lies."

"Perenus," thus Prince Strevas made reply,
 "Your speech is loose, athwart the billows high:
 From which I gather that all truth is thine,
 That I possess no principle divine.
 Buddha, my prophet?—no. But who was he?
 A Hindoo?—yes. His faith, the Deity—
 Of whom reflections are mankind and earth:
 Virgin pure doctrine of most ancient birth.
 Thought growing keeps itself in just repair,
 Throws off the evil as the centuries wear;
 Gathers new truths from every righteous mind,
 Little by little, to improve mankind.
 What matters it where precious gems are found?
 Truth is but Truth, why Buddha then unsound?
 He felt the Love-God knocking at his breast,

Admitted him, and taught as he knew best.
 Rough, to be sure. The diamond first is rough,
 But it will sparkle if man chips enough.
 Older than Buddha still this sacred gem,
 Past history to record or man condemn.
 At length, from time to time, from shore to
 shore,

The centuries rolled this gem to Plato's door;
 From Socrates and Buddha rolled it there,
 From whence it issued soon a bible rare;
 But like all other works, possessed of dross,
 Still none the worse for this apparent loss.
 In time, one came and many spots removed:
 Sage Plato taught but pilgrim Jesus proved;
 Proved well his way but not by bigot's creed,
 Nor velvet speech, but simply through the deed.
 In this great Plato failed; 'twas his to scan;
 But honor him—he taught the greater man."

This speech is stopped by battle's fresh alarms;
 Deification hurries forth her arms.

Her general Vadal thus: "Sir liberal chief,
 These last remarks to naught bring your belief;
 When make you Jesus, prince of Christian kind,
 A pagan scholar of Platonic mind.

By man untaught in Truth, it came to him,
 Inspired; he needed not the college dim."

To which chief Strevas: "Right, he *was* in-
 spired,

But one must labor though by Wisdom fired.
 Labor is God's; and Jesus ere he taught,
 Or did great deeds, for Truth through ages
 sought.

Inspired?—all good attempts of man are such;
 Laziness never felt that heavenly touch.

Jesus' whole life denotes a vigorous mind,
And most of him we can in Plato find.
But that is nothing; thought is common ware,
Comes like the wind with ages foul or fair;
So fills the world that man will breathe it in.
His faith should be to know the Truth from sin;
And knowing Truth, use all of it each day,
Not save what suits and throw the rest away.
This is the curse which makes the church a pest.
Church dwarfs the mind and chills the loving
breast;

Says *this* is Truth and *that* a man-made fraud,
And thereby closes out the whole of God.
Church gets a ray of light and thinks it all,
When every day new blessings on us fall.
But only those who will not bow and creep,
The benefit of these great blessings reap.
Love absolutely can not fit the creeds.
Love is too big for church, it planets needs—
The whole great Universe in which to move,
In which to labor and mankind improve.
The pilgrim Jesus taught that, *Love is all*,
Broke idols, scored the church and raised the
pall;

And so they slew him like a common thief—
Then built up churches on the Christ belief.
But ah, alas, they made his words to suit
Their vile, enslaving methods absolute;
Interpolated, changed and took away,
Until we little have of him to-day."

"Wrong, sir," replied chief Vadal; "one has
restored,

Just as they were, the teachings of our *lord*.
They suffered at the hands of churches long,

Until one came, our pious prophet strong:
 To found the one religion that is right,
 To lead the world from darkness on to light;
 To fill the office prophesied of old—
 Christ's second coming to the hapless fold;
 To teach the absolute impersonal god,
 To prove the world unreal, a mortal fraud;
 To be the only channel and design
 Of truth and love impersonal and divine;
 On whom some day all people must believe,
 And till they do in darkness live and grieve.
 Greatest of leaders, precious, dear, below'd:
 I thank you that you have my life improved;
 I thank you that you have the truth restored,
 I thank you for a just, impersonal lord.
 My mind, my soul, my all-in-all are thine,
 The source impersonal of all things divine."

To which the prince: "No more of this, I pray!

For look—above—within that cloudlet gray—
 It moves—is mortal flesh and mortal blood—
 A halo round its head to prove it good—
 Impersonal, no!—as personal as of old—
 That ancient idol but in matter rolled—
 A self-made god—an image same as thee—
 Thine eyes are raised but it thou canst not see!
 And why?—O hero-worshipper, beware—
 You tear down God and raise a mortal there!
 Give credit full but deify not skin,
 For such is subject to the clutch of sin.
 In praising man from God go not away,
 All-nothing make Him and to ego pray.
 Better a personal god to worship than,

Through ignorance chained, create a god of man."

While this debate the chieftains' time engaged,

Around in rapid fight their armies raged;
Until at last the Bigots' blinded ranks,
Meet with defeat before their foe's phalanx.
It ploughs them through with blended shield and spear,

Tears loose their center and destroys their rear;
Divides, reverses and attacks the wings,
And them to almost full destruction brings.
And then the rest, with smiles sarcastic, sweet,
Burning within with murderous scorn, retreat.

Deification through the battle's scope
Gains nothing and at last surrenders hope.
Seeing the Bigots' arms to splinters sent,
Their own best forces without victory spent;
That hero-worship is a murderous leech,
Sucking the blood of Truth with fetish speech,
Disgusting to the unbound thinking class,
They from the Liberals to safe regions pass;
As their flesh-idol from its dangling cloud,
Falls crashing! to be trampled by the crowd.

Stability is next in conflict rough,
Commanded by the sin-bewildering Zuff.
He roars a charge; his giants straight obey;
Fiercely their ponderous battle-axes play.
No other weapons did this army bring,
Nor horse; its foot is axe from wing to wing:
And need they nothing else in various arms
To deal out Truth-convincing, quick alarms.

Duplicity's command before them backs,
Unable to return their fierce attacks;

For mercy pleads but only pleads in vain,—
The ponderous axes' blows but faster reign.

“Sir Zuff, divine commander of the brave,”
Chief Orthon thus, “O save my army, save!
Withdraw that awful axe, most noble chief,
Turn not on innocence a trumpet deaf.
Listen, and know I have forever been
Your friend, admirer, and a foe to sin;
Ready at all times to defend your cause,
To share the hardships and to give applause.
Strike not the faithful, who for you would die;
O cease, great genius, cease; your friend am I!”

“Liar, not so!” the battering chief responds;
“Between us no love ties those sacred bonds.
You, you my friend? to whom is not two-faced?
Devil to-day, to-morrow angel chaste!
To-day admirer and to-morrow foe,
A praise, a curse, a dagger, blood and woe!
Out with your rot! Stability has said—
Straight to the mountains fly—or to the dead!”

This emphasized by one swift blow of axe,
Conveys conviction and that army backs.
Zuff's mighty muscles tremble as he sighs
And stalks around, new conquests in his eyes.
An ugly wound recloses as he roars:
“Evil, get out!” and wipes his dripping pores.
He stoops—his massive hands upon his knees—
Approaching o'er the plains an army sees;
And shakes for joy. His sun-embellished nose
Rabbit-like moves, his face vermilion glows;
His eyes cat-fashion pierce, as style of cat
He forward springs, fresh forces to combat.

His foe Hypocrisy, with smile “divine,”
Advances t'ward him clothed in raiment fine;

Beneath which, well concealed, is heavy steel,
Besmeared with blood exchanged for righteous
zeal.

Greeting, sir Zuff (chief Alzarica speaks):
"I have not seen you now for many weeks.
Too bad that war should mar a day so fair,
With beauteous nature smiling everywhere;
With god, who blesses all who honor him,
Showering love even on this struggle grim.
Too bad. Your health, sir, chief, enquire, may I?
Ah! o'er your head the years roll lightly by.
You surely are advanced in godly truth,
To keep the health and strength of rosy youth."

To which made answer quick the battering
Zuff:

"Villainous hypocrite, what flimsy stuff!
How dare you thus address yourself to me?
Think me too stupid through that gauze to see?
Butchers white linen wear while cutting meat,
Perfume will make a filthy creature sweet;
Honesty stops where vanity begins,
Religion hides the devil and his sins."

"Take that!" His axe salutes the churchman's
head.

He staggers back; his features bathed in red.
"Advance!" sir Zuff commands; "attend your
wits,
For treachery backs the smile of hypocrites."

As double-quick their march-experienced feet,
The giants' armor clanks with measured beat.
Their foeman charges them with mounted spear,
And gains his object, ploughs a passage clear;
Turns back; but woe awaits that rash advance.
The hypocrites to strike have not a chance.

Their steeds becoming frightened rear and bound,
 Hurling them dead or battered to the ground.
 And then the foot attempt to reinforce,
 But meet the fate of their defeated horse.
 Conquered, their bloody armor stripped of clothes,
 Both quit the battle shrieking loud their woes;
 As Zuff makes of their robes a funeral pyre,
 Says, "health to hypocrites," and sets afire.

Then Clement comes, to order Zuff before
 Illusion Land, to strengthen Love in war.
 Sovern, the prince of that divine command,
 For hours had battled Scowlard hand to hand.
 And though Prince Sovern's proved the better
 sword,

He had not yet reduced that monstrous lord.
 Illusion Land, the mighty state of *fear*,
 Had for her chief a giant most severe;
 Who mankind frightened with his features grim,
 Who cursed and murdered in the name of Him.

Around the various forces long at arms,
 Battle with almost equal bays and harms;
 The difference being Love's resource divine,
 To raise the fall'n and keep her ranks in line.

Clement's command is welcomed with delight;
 Zuff roars, "Hurrah!" and stalks toward the
 fight.

Proud of the giant's strength and dauntless style,
 Chief Clement blends with tears a grateful smile;
 Then rides away and thinks: "A fighter, Zuff;
 Honest, but fierce, plain-spoken, good but
 rough."

Stability arrives and *fear* defies.

Zuff for a time his adversary eyes;
 And then commands his forces take a hand.
 Straightway they batter through Illusion Land;
 Return to mix to terrify, annoy,
 Disorganize, disable and destroy.

Seeing this, Scowlard from Prince Sovern
 breaks,

And personal charge of his great army takes;
 Quiets and rallies it, and then Sir Zuff
 Addresses thus in threatening words and rough:

"Hound of the blasphemers! the blood ye shed
 Shall bring the wrath of *god* upon thy head.
 Thou hast assailed his chosen; woe to thee,
 I give a curse from which thou canst not flee;
 In *god's* just name I damn thee to disease,
 Thy land to locusts, serpents, lice and fleas;
 Thy force-at-arms to torture on the plains,
 Destruction slow from drop by drop of veins.
 'Tis orthodoxy, mandate from above,
 Set down in *scripture* by the hand of love."

Zuff straightway thunders back: "Devils of
 hell,

With such to prompt, just reason to rebel!
 Innocent thou; thy hands are free from gore;
 'Tis heterodoxy brought about this war.
 'Tis it hath caused the bloodiest wars of man,
 And death of nations, since its *book* began.
 Its *god of love* is only such in name,
 To hide *his* horns, to right *his* murderous flame;
 A frosting sweet to top the poisonous cake;
 Heterodox love at best is but a fake!"

Here Scowlard interrupted: "Fear to speak
 Of *god* unless with reverence humbly meek;
 To profane *him* is capital offence,

Far worse than murder done to innocence.”

Zuff waited for a pause, then heeding not Chief Scowlard's words, took up his severed thought:

“Satan, with cloven foot and serpent locks,
For love out-ranks the god of heterodox:
The god of fear, of hatred, wrath and curse,
In that *old bible* seen in every verse:
Who frightens, murders, has his way apart,
Stones a weak woman, hardens Pharaoh's heart;
Turns streams to blood, poor Egypt turns to
fright,

Forms the first *trust* to gobble all in sight;
Visits the country with a plague of frogs,
Murrains all horses, camels, asses, dogs;
Sends fleas and lice to man and beast throughout
Poor Egypt land, to get the Hebrews out;—
Not satisfied, that heart makes harder still,
Sends locusts, boils and hail the land to fill;
Clothes it in darkness, robs the race of breath,
Orders the first-born to be put to death.

A noble god is that—a great I-AM—

To love one people and another damn!

And yet, ye churchmen, each and all alike,
Deep in your hearts would disbelievers strike,
Were not a godlier church than all combined,
Standing above to keep your hate confined;
Were not your law, a man-made moral scale,
Preaching one sermon, *fear or go to jail*.

Who then is viler, satan or that god,
Tyrant whom churchmen worship and applaud?
Satan is wicked, but who made him bad?
That same old partial heterodoxy cad!”

And here chief Scowlard interrupted, but

Sir Zuff continuing, short his protest cut:
 "In heaven, according to mosaic plan,
 There was a party called republican.
 God was the boss and satan next in line,
 Was secretary of the state divine.
 Time passed. The government grew large in
 size,
 Ruled everything that floated in the skies.
 All were republicans and voted "right,"
 Ballots were plugged well on election night.
 'Twas then that satan thought upon a scheme
 To reform his country and the Truth redeem;
 And opposition was that statesman's tactic,
 Therefore he launched the party democratic.
 God did not relish satan's strenuous deed,
 Said, "opposition would but trouble breed";
 Got jealous, angry, vicious, morbid, grim,
 Had his opponent seized and brought to him;
 Condemned the victim for high-treason and,
 With curses, hurled him to the wicked land.
 And so poor dev'l, because he wished reform,
 Has to this day resided where 'tis warm.
 Such is the god that pious Moses knew;
 Enough for satire, though the tale be true."

The prince of Love continues: "Silence, Zuff!
 True, but kind words are better than the rough.
 The universal guiding-light of Love
 Has ever and shall always reign above;
 Above the carnal rebels of the mind;
 The natural God, impersonal and refined:
 In beast and flower, the mountain and the vale,
 Sublimely great,—whose precepts can not fail;
 The Power propelling of the universe,
 With love for all, for none the heartless curse;

That rolls forever on without concern,
Though races to their selfish idols turn;
That pities them, possessed of reason's mind,
For yielding to this weakness of mankind,
When simple Nature proves the only God,
And that the system deities are fraud,
Rebukes the transcendental theories strange,
Reflects the perfect Being without change,
Teaches man that he is of her a part,
That Love unites the universe at heart.
Like, for example, when the Indian sees
That he can make him blankets and tepees,
But not the valleys, mountains and the skies,
All which were made for him to love and prize,
He learns that a Great Spirit dwells above,
And that this Spirit is a God of Love.
But comes his prophet to destroy belief
And make a vengeful god of endless grief.
So with the Indian, so with all mankind,
Their selfish prophets come and drug the mind;
Renounce the tranquil, loving, natural God,
And teach salvation through a heartless fraud.
Brave Jesus knew these prophets, knew them
well,
Exposed them, fought them, proved their creeds
of hell.

This great iconoclast of one command
("Love One Another," rang through every land)
Rebuked the rogues religious and profane,
Raised up the dead and taught of Nature plain.
His blest example is for all mankind;—
But follow Nature and be rich of Mind."

Just then full-speed chief Mideon dashes down
The fighting line, to straight all converse drown:

“Speeches enough! sire Scowlard, to your sword;
 Much must depend upon Illusion’s lord.
 Clement is gaining—we no time can waste,
 Lest carnal of defeat forever taste.
 And, sire, remember what your son has told
 Many a time in battles fought of old;
 Remember war is always partial fight,
 Each man contending knows his side is right.
 Let not belief religious dwarf the brain,
 Judgment and strength alone the battle gain.
 The meanest coward is who won’t give o’er,
 Who damns his victor of an honest war;
 Who prays that grief may overtake his foe;—
 Nobler when whipped to smile and homeward
 go.”

To which old Zuff: “Well said, most noble,
 grand!

Reverses are the salt of life—my hand.”

Chief Mideon shakes, salutes and leaves him
 then,

To seek assistance for Illusion’s men.

Vice, Envy, Malice, Jealousy and Hate,

Soon reinforce them with their armies great.

Then Mideon bids them all to mobilize.

Illusion Land the center occupies;

Malice the right, and Hate the left, commands;

Th’ advanced is held by Envy’s numerous bands,

The rear by Vice and Jealousy. And then

They wait the word to charge the Spirit men.

Clement observes; is wrapped in thought; at
 length

Love reinforces with the state of Strength.

Then thus for battle line these mighty three;

The center, Love; the right, Stability;

And Strength, the left: Chief Clement takes
command,

But Mideon sees—and heads Illusion Land.

Amidst his ranks each general rides about,
Strengthening portions, smoothing legions out,
Learning conditions which appear before,
Planning with caution moves of coming war.
And then the trumpets battle's challenge sound,
And both commands are wrapped in war pro-
found.

The fierce Illusion Land with damning cries,
Foaming with rage, abreast her foeman flies.
The mounted spears of Envy's state are first,
Ten thousand strong at Heaven's great center
burst;

Are met by Strength's gigantic charge of horse,
Which plunges through them with destructive
force;

The circuit makes; emerging from the strain
With spears arrayed with entrails of the slain,
Bloody and streaming, dangling to the wynd;
And heads, eyes open, teeth in torture's grind,
Unbodied, dripping, hair with blood besmeared;
And hearts torn out, in life's last struggle weird,
Like hooked fish battling with the fatal breath;—
To Envy's horse an almost total death.

Chief Mideon then commands his foot engage,
And Clement also; straight new horrors rage.
Both forces deep are buried in the fray,
With neither bidding fair to take the day;
For hours to fight with neither in the lead.
Chief Clement gains, but Mideon ties the deed—
A constant change—by stratagems of care
They each invite the other to the snare—

But every trap is gracefully declined—
Each does the thing opposed to that designed.

So far the present leave them here we must,
General to general, equal, fair and just,
And turn our eyes on other fights in store,
For this great battle shall conclude the war.

CANTO THE NINTH.

“Nine out of ten the faults in others scan,
But fail to criticise that inner man;
The tenth, by wisdom blest, will self atone,
Guard his estate and let the world alone.
Nine out of ten are victims of unrest;
If they have millions they must billions test;
If nothing, must in some wise mock the rich,
Wear silks and broadcloth of inferior stitch.
The working-girl must strive by every mean
In dress to match her sister money-queen;
The banker's clerk must feel the prison's pain,
That his proud wife may her ambitions gain.
Nine out of ten, the women of the race,
Put all their god upon their back and face.
That maddening rush to see who looks the best,
Makes of society the nation's pest,
Causes the man to steal, the woman fall,
Destroys the home and fills the sporting-hall.
Nine times in ten, O man, art thou to blame:
Be just, be master and thy woman tame;
Rule her with love but hold the sceptre firm,
Else be reduced from man to servile worm;
Say, *thou shalt not*, and her affections save;—
Woman can use but never love a slave.
Nine out of ten in these domains at hand,
To mammon not to God their souls command;
Many religions seem to do but harm;

Less creed, more Love, would sink his death
alarm.

Each ego who sees evil in his church
Starts something else and takes the prophet's
perch.

How nobler far when error comes to view,
To stay, correct, unto thy church be true—
If possible. But bigots still must curse,
Cause men to sever for conditions worse.
Man reflects God, yet evil picks at man,
He hence is subject to the critic's scan;
Therefore, O bigots of a thousand creeds,
Think not thy worshipped gardens have no
weeds.

Nine out of ten the curses of mankind
To just a single spring their courses wind;
Author of business, church and social harms,
Vanity lewd!—world-wrecker, to your arms!"
So spake the prince of Virtue, Dectarome,
To Weo, godhead of the modern home.

The banners of proud Vanity as bees,
Pretty but poisonous, float upon the breeze,
As while they answer to the call of might,
To meet their challengers in bitter fight.
The battle starts. Well skilled in practised hate,
Vanity plunges at the Virtuous state—

"Our loathed opponent to the very tooth."
A captain thus, "pretending though the Truth;
Rising so high upon her self esteem,
That all beatitudes her birthright seem.
Vanity, know thy powers, while without bound,
Sooner or later crumble to the ground;
Think not thou art invincible to death,
For whilst thou fatten weaker grows thy breath.

Make thou the Savior's words to suit thy greed,
 Interpret them to fit the vilest deed;
 Make thou poor Jesus but thy servient tool,
 As scribe the pen or architect the rule;
 Make thou thy god a free-love monger, and
 Blacken more families in thy blackened land,
 Degrade its women and corrupt its men;
 Make thou the purse more mighty than the pen,
 Then look!—this battle shall the story tell;—
 By such as thou the Roman Empire fell!”

The modern Goths, the virtue-growing power,
 On haughty emptiness their weapons shower.
 That state debauched, the looking-glass of vice,
 Her sins now forfeit at an awful price.
 The heavy axe of Virtue sweeps the plain,
 Digs at her vitals, spreads her shrieking pain,
 Drives each its grief-effecting efforts home;—
 As Cæsar fell so falls the modern Rome.

Deceit is next. Her chief to Virtue these:
 “Heaven now is doomed to suffer grave disease!
 Weo's defeat shall prove the last of thee;
 Carnal is straight to rise in victory;
 And what my proof?—'tis yonder o'er the plain,
 Where fear has battled Love to mortal pain,
 Where Mideon has defeated Clement's arms,
 And spread through Heaven the death-foregone
 alarms.

Without their chief the Spirits can not war;—
 Victory is carnal's and the fight is o'er.”

At which prince Dectarome the field surveyed,
 Looked far away and thence dispatched an aide;
 Then thus replied: “Sir Creephus, wouldst de-
 ceive?—

Wouldst have me with no facts such things believe?

Virtue must first good evidence obtain
Before a statement can her sanction gain;
Or good or false, she listens with concern,
Is likewise slow to judge as quick to learn;
Never condemns unless the proof is clear,
And judges self in manner most severe;
Utters no speech, attempts no deed, till first
All faults are culled and every truth rehearsed;
Then launches forth with caution, never bold,
But sure as steel, both modest and controlled;
Rejects no man, although 'tis known he lies,
Till he himself by fraud her trust denies;
And lifts her thoughts before correcting sin;—
If thou wouldst judge let justice sit within.”

The messenger returns. His message this:
“Virtue from Clement;—carnal speaks amiss.”

Enough—the forces clash—the field is red—
Deceit straightway embraces with the dead—
A few escape—the chief amongst the blest—
As Death delivers to her state the rest.

Death, Helomed's command, had through the
war,
From first till now, been gathering in her store;
Each troop who fell received her service straight;
As sin grew smaller larger grew her state.

Their fingers clinched with pressure most severe,
Their faces bursting red from ear to ear,
Their angry nostrils swelled to funnel shape,
While from whose eyes manslaughtering
thoughts escape,
Zinehas and his Boasters next we view;

In deafening roars is heard what *they* will do.

Their chieftain thus: "Surrender, sir, or die!

Obeys at once or in destruction lie;

My troops are patriotic to the core,

And shall triumphant leave this mighty war.

Vanity and Deceit you have disgraced,

But never have till now an army faced.

Observe it well; 'tis faultless as to drill,

Has warred for ages and is victor still.

We now are come—surrender—you refuse?—

Amen—for us you could not better choose—

We now are come equipped in arms complete.

To cause, and glory in, your full defeat.

We come to conquer; never shall we turn;

Advancing, we behind all bridges burn;

Have but one order, that is, sword and lance,

Retract no step, to victory straight advance."

At this they forward move. The Virtuous
state,

On the defense, their first attacks await;

Forms three half-circles of her various kinds,

The first the javelin his position finds,

The battleaxes second place maintain,

While swords and engines in the third remain.

Ready—the Boasters close with sword and pike—

Orders are given—crash! the javelins strike;

The Boasters' van is to destruction gored,

As rushes forth the battering axe and sword.

No need for them. The foeman's forces turn,

To cross the bridges which they late would burn.

Virtue pursues them to the mountains' base.

Thence let us now our mental footsteps trace;

For while below the central portion fights,

Various combatants battle in the heights.

The war commenced with all on level lands,
But as it grew some scattered their commands;
The drift of battle, stratagems, retreats,
Advances, charges and all similiar feats,
Soon spread the forces everywhere around,
Mountain and valley, city, plain and mound.

Impatience struggling for the victor's bays,
Eager to gain, to pacify her craze,
To be the first in every single move,
Thinking not if 'twould hurt her or improve,
Unwilling to remain a while at ease,
Await her turn and thereby others please,
(Like jealous schoolboys pushing each about)
At Patience hands at length is routed out.

Her chieftain, Buno, thus: "'Twas ever so,
The great and vigorous must be sunk in woe:
Here you, Sir Brend, a man of talents small,
Over a genius to the summit crawl.
Here I must stay neglected by mankind,
Forgotten though a giant of the mind."

"Your powers I doubt not," answered patient
Brend,

"But haste the best abilities will end.
To rise in fortune one must labor hard,
For quick results engender no regard.
Transcendent fame caresses but the strong,
Who trust to work, with caution plod along,
Consider not themselves, but just their task,
Seek no condolence and no praises ask."

Procrastination next our eyes engage,
An army large, still they no battle rage;
But have fine theories, and correct ones too,
And talk of much they shall to-morrow do.

While thus engaged in thinking awful war,

Down from the mountains Concentration bore,
Avalanche style, direct through their command,
Spreading them broadcast o'er the level land.
The chariots t'ward nigh every point around
Rumble away with fear-exciting sound ;
The foot in panic steep themselves in pain,
The horse stampede and, manless, quit the plain.

Jathon, their chieftain, thus: "Sir Formeo!
Dishonest man, wherefore not let me know?—
Not say you contemplated this advance,
That I mine to defend might have a chance?
This very charge I had to-morrow planned,
With that in view had late my forces scanned,
Had laid a scheme by which the foe's retreat
(After the charge) should with obstruction meet ;
Ditches were traced (in thought) in which the
foe

Should sink oblivious in defeated woe.
All this and more in triumph filled my mind,
Only, alas! to vanish as the wynd.
All hope, all fortune, all respect is dead,
Even those means to win the humblest bread."

Prince Formeo replied: "Sir chief, to-day
You should have acted, not till morn delay.
Your plan of battle would have won, no doubt,
But schemes are fatal unless carried out.
Put off and lose, care not the powers at hand,
Nothing deferred from day to day will stand.
O wasted time! how can one think of thee
And not regret, nor one's great losses see ;
Nor learn from them to love the present hour,
Nor sit it out in dreams of future power.
Listen, a lesson, each day is alike ;
Move with the sun and with the moments strike ;

Else fail to realize life's sweet desire,
Live in a trance and in a dream expire."

These finished he continues with the charge,
Attacks with fury states in numbers large.
This famous cavalry as lightning strikes,—
Is come—is gone—with death upon her pikes;
On evil concentrates wherever found,
Throws it in panic and is out of sound—
Quick as a flash—the sin-harassing clan
Of God's great army in the State of man;
The cavalry that roots all evil out,
Weakens it for Love's infantry to rout.

Next Negligence, habitual in neglect,
Charges—Procrastination to protect;
But, before they had reached that battle-ground,
Something else their complete attention bound,
Considering which they halt and quite forget
Their neighboring friends by trouble hard be-
set.

"Before we help Procrastination out,
Let us see what this business is about,"
So speaks chief Actabod: "investigate
We must, for this is subject having weight;
Bears no delay, has millions' sovereign itch,
A scheme I do believe to make us rich!"

Dev'l help the scheme—for falls neglectful
hell—

Thundering Concentration strikes!—farewell.

Romandaline of Selfishness appears,
High on a mountain, wrapped in woeful tears;
Upon the summit of hell's loftiest peak,
Standing exposed to Winter's weather bleak.
Up from the plains he fought with matchless art,
Not for his country but his own dear heart,

Not for the people's gain but private pelf,
 To glorify his best belov'd, himself.
 But ah! the summit reached, ambitions grow,
 He grieves that he cannot still higher go;
 Giving forth venom in the place of thanks,
 With adjectives profane assails his ranks.
 Though some men at his rash ambitious acts
 On him disgusted would have turned their backs,
 His made him mighty in the minds of man,
 To conquer, every dangerous gauntlet ran,
 Endured in peace all hardships of the fight,
 Up from the depths to take the loftiest height.

He closed in madness thus: "I must advance,
 In other worlds above presume a chance.
 In this the zenith has been taken, still
 Ambition and unrest my being fill.
 This mountain peak no happiness can bring;
 Peace must be mine, hence we must take to wing
 Nothing below amongst the human race
 Can give it, for seclusion is its place,—
 Out of the common walks of life, and bound
 High in the heavens to hold its court profound.
 Earth is not good enough for me; the sky
 I must ascend; now ready—upward—fly!"

They flew—but down the mountain's jagged
 side,
 Shrieking the woes of false-directed pride,—
 Awful to hear; this poor misguided clan,
 Who worshipped at the feet of selfish man.
 Blind faith in blindness maddened by success
 First shoots above earth's misery and distress
 Forgets mankind in walks of selfish caste,
 Utters contempt for virtues of the past:
 And then the fall—O horrors of the day—

O misery, pain, destruction, and decay!

They fell to where Benevolence is ranked,
Deep in a vale, and here their bodies banked;
Pile after pile on one another rose,
And mixed with blood their death-resounding
woes.

The prince benevolent upon the dead
Looked long in silence then, low speaking, said:
"Poor victims, led by selfishness to rise,
Beware the mountain crested in the skies,
That looks most beautiful as seen below,
For death sits on its sun-kissed peak of snow.
Sweet in Benevolence embrace to lie,
Where man is stronger to his selfish I;
Where dwells the disposition to befriend
God's universal Nature without end;
Where ties of fortune entertain but love,
Where thoughts that heal not, cheer not, do not
move;
Where life's desire is centered in mankind,
To make them noble, happy and refined."

While these in accents soft were issuing out,
The Clan of Coquettes clustered round about;
Boncella's state, by her of late resigned
To Niomis, a sister flirt unkind.
No weapons they, no martial armor bore,
But silken draperies loosely tucked before.
They were on picnic to the lovely vale,
To boast their conquests and new victims hail.
Suitors unnumbered swarmed on every side,
Paid them respect and puffed their darling pride.
Some were but talking loves that live a day,
While some appeared as though designed to stay.
Some fools there were,—these courted silly girls,

Proud of their figures, pretty skin and curls;
 And some were gentlemen of honest mind,
 Who singled out the women more refined,
 Paid manly court with marriage in their eyes,
 Placed their whole trust and future in the prize:
 Each of whom loved the man by play abused,
 And, to her life's lament, when asked, refused.
 And Niomis in neither seemed to be,
 But rather all deceits epitome;
 She skimmed the surface of the coquette's art,
 Tried to be good but only was in part.

She thus to Livachus (when he was through):
 "Thy words, O prince benevolent, how true!
 Say, man should someone love besides himself,
 And I may add: and liberate his pelf,—
 Not let it useless lie within the vault;
 This truly is the wished man's only fault."

To which the prince: "Thy character is told;—
 The vilest coquette is the hag of gold;
 She who knows nothing of affections soft,
 Phlegmatic schemer held by self aloft;
 Who feigns to love when money is in sight,
 But whose cold heart would put a snake to
 flight.

In justice to Boncella: she was first
 In coquetry, and dabbled with the worst,
 Went to the zenith of unlicensed love,
 Heart after heart to deep dejection drove,
 Ere Mideon's dagger made her grief pursue,
 Drink her own poison and be born anew.
 In justice to Boncella: she was kind,
 In this much, never on the pure designed,
 Never encouraged marriage, nor deceived
 For purposes beyond the hour believed;

Like all her sex did admiration seek,
But led none on of wedded love to speak;
This that she might with haughtiness decline,
Flatter herself and see the victim pine.
To these Boncella was a stranger blest,
Honest and natural, of all flirts the best.
But Niomis, successor to her state,
Is, though most wicked, virtuous and sedate;
A social curse, an enemy to good,
Blasphemer of the name of womanhood."

To which in anger answered Niomis:
"Foul lover of the lewd Boncella kiss!
Dar'st thou compare that tinsel'd toy to me;
Condemn the virtuous and applaud the free?
Because I do not choose to marry poor,
Accuse me, strip me to the very core;
Paint a bad character and call it mine,
This, too, when not the slightest cause is thine;
Only, I treasure more my mind than heart,
Seek future joy, from passion live apart.
Because I feign, to modestly excite,
Say, my cold heart would put a snake to flight.
Woman can love a man's position best,
Still love *him* not—with passions of the breast;
Such love impersonal is, a higher flame,
That lies through man to glory, wealth and
fame—"

Just then an arrow aimed at Spirit's chief
Went wide its mark and brought the flirt to
grief;
Passed through her bosom, left a mortal wound,
And sent her shrieking headlong to the ground.
The shaft delivered was from Murder's hands,
As he forth-rushes at the two commands,

The coquettes all for mercy plead in fear,
 And these, their last, the words of Murder hear:
 "That arrow aimed at Livachus missed well,
 It robbed not Heaven but snatched a curse from
 hell!"

So spake Bravo: "Fair woman of deceit,
 These bloody hands you formed at my defeat;
 Once was you lied, your vanity to please,
 Led me to vice and murder's black disease.
 Certes, not all my clan have fallen so,
 Yet a great number trace to such their woe.
 In payment, you must gasp the fatal breath,
 Murder for murder, yet—which suffers death!
 Thy life, O flesh, is painful to resign,
 But bloody mind!—what death can equal thine!
 Yet—torment, malice, vengeance, murder, ho!
 'Tis ours to suffer life's undying woe;
 But come! if killing is our last delight,
 Let us partake of all foul flesh in sight.
 Those women, arrows, charge!—some die—
 hurrah!

Volley again!—the shafts their vitals claw—
 'Tis good—once more!—that ends their last em-
 brace;

And now advance!—Benevolence to face."

They straight obey; a bloody fight is cast;
 Archers exchange their shafts in volleys fast,
 Advance toward each other, pace by pace,
 Around and over rocks, then hold in place,
 Fortified well by nature, to harass
 The heavy-foot as these in battle pass.
 The javelin-swordsmen double-quick the vale,
 Meet in an open and their foes assail.
 The javelins pass en route and strike their man;

Most of them through the destined targets ran.
 The human marks pierced through the body fall,
 Or in their pain for quick assistance call.
 Another charge; the thirsty javelins drink
 The blood of misery and to terror sink,
 Drunken and spent; another volley, then
 With swords the forces battle men to men.
 Benevolence as vigorous warring vice
 As helping man and making sacrifice,
 Plunges with fury at the murderous state,
 And through them shoots her sin-destructive
 freight.

Murder backs slowly, yielding hard the ground,
 Inches by inches as her swords resound;
 Despising life she sells her own most dear,
 Nerve to the last. A precipice is near—
 She sees; too late; then roars her chief Bravoo:
 "We now escape; this mortal curse is through;
 But let us neither foe nor friend indebt,
 By our own hands the sun of life must set.
 To leave his gloom the sacrifice is frail;
 Despiséd orb, farewell—destruction, hail!"

This said, all, tired of life's ignoble breath,
 Reversed and plunged the precipice to death.
 Above these on the mountain, fortified
 By crags around, Oppression's ranks abide.

Slow-tempered, strong in prejudice and hate,
 Loaded down with riches, proud of his estate,
 Quick to condemn, in judgment most severe,
 Devoid of pardon, deaf to reason's ear,
 Quiet in manner, generous in a way,
 Of business fond, yet fonder still of play,
 Pleasant in converse if the subject please,
 Of that harsh discipline that breeds disease;

Who round his daughter chains of torture wove
Because, against his choice, she fell in love;
Tyrant, though kind if all transpires to suit,
Knuckles to his opinion absolute,
Is chief Forenzo of Oppression's state,
Who now confronts his master, and his fate.

Mercy advances on this land oppressed,
Up a steep hill her strength to nobly test;
Slow-moving in the face of arrows thick,
Which in great numbers her best forces pick.
They reeling fall and tumble down the hill,
Yet she moves upward with intrepid will;
Picking her way, exposed on every side,
With nothing to befriend but righteous pride.
The berme is reached; her forces dripping wet,
Partly exhausted, straight the fort beset;
The javelins hurl through every open place,
And then swords drawn advance with quickened
pace,

Over obstructions jump upon the foe,
To strike, in mercy's name, the fatal blow.

Victory in sight, the youthful Rebin turns
To chief Forenzo, who with hatred burns,
And speaks: "You will surrender now, I trust,
To Mercy's forces which have proven just.
We fought you nobly honest from the start,
Up hills of trouble, spite and broken-heart;
To free your poor depressed dependents came,
And here we stand; 'tis mercy now or shame!
You must unbend toward your shackled race,
Else long-enduring grief and penance face;
Unto your daughter yield a daughter's due;
Let him she loves a lover's rights pursue;
Not shackle her in torture worse than chains,

That stabs the heart until no life remains ;
Discipline base, inhuman, charged with death ;—
But you shall *free* her ere the fatal breath.
This sanctions no delay, at once you must
Soften your heart and be the father just,
Or—Love in Heaven attend me witness here—
I her release and sweep your kingdom clear !”

To which Forenzo thus : “A base design
Upon that which by every right is mine.
No business have you coming in my fold,
Destroying peace with tactics meanly bold ;
Slashing my folk with war-inciting sword,
Because I must and shall remain their lord.
But discipline shall here be mine, not theirs ;
I shall direct them in all life’s affairs.
’Tis not for meddling youth to here presume
His wild opinions and my throne assume.
You dare to counsel me, to place above
My seasoned mind your sentiments on love,
In that my daughter shall *my* laws obey ;
This is imperative in every way.”

These ended, Rebin sighs : “’Tis useless toil
By peaceful means to cut Oppression’s coil ;
This unrelenting man must suffer long,
At Mercy’s hands be made to see his wrong.
’Tis heavenly just that Love unite the brave,
And you, sweet sister ! Mercy came to save.
The good, the faithful shall their hopes acquire,
In triumph rise from out the slaver’s fire.
Now, comrades of deliverance, with thee
Love’s duty rests ; advance to free, to free !”

Rebin commanding at his army’s head,
Then battles with the ranks to manhood dead ;
Creatures oppressed defending their own hell,

And him who made it and their god as well.
Stubborn they are, but Mercy's strength pre-
vails;

She strikes the climax and the victory hails.
Around the ranks oppressed for mercy plead,
Not knowing 'twas herself their souls had freed;
So long in slavery, ignorant of the Truth,
E'en when received direct from Mercy's youth.

Rebin observes and speaks: "Oppression rise
From torment dark to gaze upon the skies,
Forever free to know the light of day,
The worth of manhood, labor, rest and play.
Free, dost thou hear?—Why bow to Mercy then?
Stand up, coequal with the best of men."

This said he rushes to the guarded tomb,
Slaughters the watch and breaks in every room,
Relieves the victims of their shackled ware,
Then scours the castle for the captive fair.
Off in a tower he hears the startled call;
"Will mercy never pierce this weeping wall!
Long nights, long days, long suffering, woe to
me;

Will love to death deliver up the free;
Will father's law, although he think it best,
Never be changed, to heal my tortured breast;
Must love endure all pain, no joy receive,
Hope until famished and forever grieve!"

Crash—falls the door and Mercy rushes in,
Snatches the rod from murderous discipline,
Up-lifts the girl of long-prostrated gloom
(She faints for joy), and hastens from the
room.

Down on the ground Forenzo lost in woe,
Sees power and daughter from his clutches go;

Sees his authority of rigor fall,
Sees his own people pass without the wall;
Smiles, curses, raves; a madman to his bier,
Tortured with grief and lashed by ceaseless fear.

Down the steep hill the ranks victorious pass,
But meet en route the groveling Timorous class.
These forces from the canyon's base, in time
To help Oppression, tried their best to climb;
But faltered, fearful at each troubled sound,
Each cutting shaft, and steepness of the ground;
Were much ambitious for the victor's bays,
But above fear could not their courage raise;
Made an attempt, saw ruin should they wait,
But could not suffer hardship and—too late.

Rebin confronts them and in Mercy's name
Counsels them cease the yearning after fame.
"Brave hearts," he said, "alone their hopes
achieve,

Must in the fight ten thousand knocks receive;
Timidity can never reach the top,
Try something light and let ambition drop.
That thirst-unquenching goddess drags the brave
Unto the brink despondent, ere she save;
No mercy has she, not a cheery smile,
E'en to the last 'tis torture all the while.
Therefore, O Timid, lay aside the lance,
'Tis not for thee when strength has scarce a
chance;

Give up the ghost, 'tis better so than spend
More precious time, and life with nothing end.
Plain words but true. O happy man is he,
Who, having little, can contented be;
Or bold or timid, elegant or rough,
He has his God, and Goodness is enough.

Pursue the gentle course, O fainting heart;
It thee becomes and has in life a part."

To which their chief Montez: "Sweet Mercy,
thanks;

But what of these, my Heaven-deserving ranks?
These which to gather, for the victory gain,
Have cost a lifetime on ambition's plain.

Think of the labor I have undergone,
For years, to midnight from day's peeping dawn;
The preparation, study, grief, disease,
With no result; O Mercy, think of these!

I see the fault, timidity is mine,
But with the Lord are not all things divine?
All possible to him who wishes well,
And likewise lives, though forced to stop in hell?
'Tis strange so many reach the goal success,
Whereas, I fail to rise above distress.

Surrender now is madness; fear, be still;
All things are possible to him who will."

"Right," replied Rebin, "but—remember fear;
With her removed you shall the summit clear.
That subtle demon O! the fainting breast,
The palsied arm—of most defeats the pest;
The sleepless night, the hopeless day, the curse,
Chiefest in all *mind's* spaceless universe.
Remember fear by casting her aside,
Else she will reign, and not in memory hide."

He here them bid farewell and straight was
gone,

As they, encouraged for the time, push on;
Up the steep hill to travel, till at length
Is reached the castle of departed strength.
They then hurrah their victory over fear,
Grow careless in applause and drop the spear.

Disaster brews. The mad Forenzo's shriek
Frightens them till deprived the power to speak.
"Tyrant, O mercy, daughter, vengeance, woe!
Now charge!—now hurl them to the rocks be-
low—

O god!—away, bold demon—murder, fly—
Know him you torment; 'tis a saint, 'tis I!
Innocent, harmless, generous, just, refined,
Good to my subjects, to my daughter kind.
Her love was better in my keeping—there!
The spectre comes again—my god, that stare!
What can endure it, O!—it coils its tape—
It me will bind in death—I must escape!"
This shrieked, he mounts the rampart, downward
flies,

Dashes his brains against the wall, and dies.

Death raises him, a spectre void of flesh,
But with old torments, multiplied and fresh;
Worse than the former but of similar kind,—
Madness reduced to fire-avenging mind.
His shattered skull like some fierce furnace
glows,

Forth sickening heat and loathsome stench
throws;

As he, the shade of great Oppression's chief,
Begs, but beyond all succor, for relief.

"Oppression," spake Death's monarch, Hel-
omed,

"This curse in life you brought upon your head.
Think of the slaves you lashed without a sigh,
Think of the daughter left unloved to die,
Think of the discipline that crushed your state,

And think o'er all, your thought of murderous
 hate;
 Thought that more damage did than actual
 deeds.
 Thought does the killing, though the dagger
 bleeds;
 Thought escapes law,—the coward will each day,
 Because it does, a hundred virtues slay.
 But pandemonium justice judges mind,
 Not fleshy deeds, which are the lesser kind.
 Forgiving never, seldom in the right,
 Think of it, man, and with your devil fight.
 Death can not help you, sin is judge of sin,
 And most severe, that tyrant sits within;
 Is harshly just; she never grants reprieve,
 With heart of stone, untouched and undeceived.
 Prayer will not move her to reduce a charge;
 Tooth for a tooth, in measures small or large,
 Murder for murder, theft for theft, in full,
 Like for the like her one unshaken rule.
 Man may a time all evil entertain,
 Defraud, corrupt, oppress for selfish gain,
 Despise his brother poor, enchain his clan,
 Snarl at advice and snub the loving man;
 But sin remembers, and the blow is worse,
 For the long wait, that greater makes the curse.
 Him ancient in his vice sin loves the best,
 For age should be content from such to rest.
 Gray hairs from her no sympathy can call,
 Their punishment is most severe of all."

The shade oppressed jumps up and down in
 pain,
 Shrieks, moans, and prays, a second's peace to
 gain;

But nay; the savage flames still fiercer grow,
Spread to the body and increase in woe.
He dives a lake and straight the waters boil,
Shoot balls of steam, then turn to flaming oil.
Frenzied, he tries to swim the fire to shore,
But the red waves him to the center bore,
Up-tossed him high beyond the mountain's top,
Increased his pain, then let him headlong drop,
Into the lake and to the bottom shoot,
There to remain in torture absolute!

Timidity this awful scene observes,
Goes in convulsions till she wrecks her nerves,
Runs staggering from the castle down the hill,
Forever lost to courage, strength and will.

Anger advancing up the gorge espied
That state retreating down the mountain-side;
Enquires and learns the cause, explodes with ire,
Looks round for someone to receive his fire;
Singles out Peace, entrenched to guard the vale,
Commands his forces hers in haste assail.
'Tis done. The javelins fly at awful speed,
Striking, resound and from the stones recede;
Harass or kill the troops who gave them force,
And bring from all vile curses of remorse.

Their chief Bulander thus: "Tyrannic Peace!
But show your form and straight its life shall
cease.

Anger is come with wrath that burns the breath,
And arms of poison charged with instant death.
Why hide behind that Heaven-constructed
mound?—

Come out, appear, weak cowards, stand your
ground."

They rise en masse, their breasts above the
banks,
One volley fire at Anger's furious ranks;
Then sink from view again, and quiet reigns,—
That is, within, but Anger shrieks her pains.
The shafts of Peace, that one collective charge,
Accomplished more than many a battle large.
It was complete. The state offensive yields,
Strikes o'er the mountain to the desert fields.

But ere they thus, Prince Romba them ad-
dressed:

"Peace is no coward though she none molest
Peace prefers quiet to the greatest crown,
The vanities of life or fame's renown;
All which are subject to the wrath of hell.
But forced to fight no power can hers excel.
Her aim is true, her arm of faultless might;
Peace is no coward, though she hates to fight."

This said, he vanished. Doubt upon the hill,
Above the Peaceful, moves with wavering will;
Up the great mountain opposite to that
On which the castle of Oppression sat,
But now completely grounded by the fire
From the fierce lake of sin-avenging ire.

Their scouts inform them of an army massed
High in the clouds, and thence they travel fast;
Observe the foe. 'Tis Inspiration, fired
Unto the core, and by his God inspired.
To defend Heaven and carnal's fall design,
On the papyrus flow his thoughts divine;
The grand director of the State refined.
Remote in silence sits the master mind:
Whose mighty pen casts influence over all,
Prompts Truth to rise and evil things to fall;

From earth removed, yet seeing at a glance
Centuries gone and ages in advance;
Greater than majesty, than power or gold;
Clement's chief counsel, young in years but old.
Genius, the prince of Inspiration's state,
Bends o'er his task, to conquer and create.

Unarmed, arrayed in virgin white, he bends
Over his work, on which all Heaven depends.
His thoughts transmit as lightning to the ranks,
General and man, direct their vast phalanx;
Fill them with judgment, confidence and
strength,

To do their best and struggle on at length.
His face is madness as the visions roll,
And worlds of Wisdom battle through his soul!

He sees all things; he feels with passions deep;
Thunders in war and sings when lovers sleep;
Weeps when the noble heart is sunk in pain,
Shouts with the victor, suffers with the slain;
Strikes with the lightning, rends the heavens
above,

Blooms with the rose and gives his heart to
love;—

But is not shaken. Nothing can delay
The march triumphant on his chosen way.
He stands supreme, the maker not the made;
Mankind but children at a glance surveyed.

Doubt him observes hard laboring for his
cause,

While close around his faithful army draws.

It is but small, yet loyal to the core,—

His friends in peace, his strong defense in war.

Throughout the camp a perfect silence reigns.

Nothing is heard but echoes from the plains,

Or hills around, where battle's din is high,
And fretful thunder rumbling through the sky.

Doubt's chief Pauldemus speaks: "What have
we here?"

'Tis a strange army and a stranger peer.
They stand, he sits, his fixed impassioned face
By thought consumed—a statue spiked in place.
A handsome picture, but I stand in doubt.
Come, let us see what it is all about."

With caution they in silence then advance,
Till held in check by Inspiration's lance;
Which raised at guard when they appeared to
view,
Whose sight alone them deadened through and
through.

They stand with javelins ready to be thrown,
Bows bent and swords ungirded—turned to
stone.

Ten paces these from Inspiration stand.
O'er the papyrus glides the gifted hand.
The sun bursts through the clouds its various
light,

Centers the figures in a wondrous sight:
Topping the mountain, miles above its base,
Far in the distance seen unmeasured space;
As a great rainbow spans the heavens on high,
In glory breaks! to cheer the troubled sky.

CANTO THE TENTH.

Down from the clouds to war's essential din,
Again we mingle with the realms of sin.
Who has not soared amidst ambition's flight,
Above the world to mind's extremest height;
Who has not stood upon the heaven-kissed cloud,
In wondrous dreams, of his position proud,
Looked down on earth with condescending eye,
Pitied mankind and heaved the selfish sigh;
Who has not prophet been to those below,
Yielding advice for vain pretentious show;—
These, while in sight of Inspiration's throne,
Who has not doubted and been turned to stone.
Who has not fallen through the vapory span,
To terra hard, a crushed but wiser man,
While grim realities the bubbles burst.
If such there be then nature is reversed.

Who has not dwelt within the City Lust,
Master or slave, a groveling thing of dust;
Lured from the path of virtue's scenic vale,
Man's glittering handiwork of vice to hale.
But was it ugly? didst thou turn and weep?
Oh no! its brilliance rocked thy soul to sleep.
Yonder it stands, the metropole of hell;
To carnal eyes the boasted place to dwell.
Down by the sea, far off from Spirit Mind,
Out-laid in beauty, perfectly designed.
With towering mansions, built of golden pride,

And hovels base where misery's lot abide.
 Where haughty churches rear their slabs of gold,
 For heavenly worship but to satan sold;
 And public buildings, monuments sublime,
 Whose every stone bewails a heartless crime.
 Where self-philanthropy has millions given,
 To pave his way o'er bloody strikes to heaven.
 Where gold-success is preached as sacred scroll,
 But ne'er a word of sacrifice and soul.
 Where things material hold the sceptre firm,
 Where Art must crawl and rot, a common worm.
 Where wealth artistic buys a costly frame,
 But not the picture, for his hall of fame.
 Where pimp adultery with billions clear,
 Immoral through and through, is made a peer.
 Where fornication batters down the door
 Of many a house with children, rich and poor.
 Where church polygamy, in Jesus' name,
 Follows those *old-book* mongers of ill-fame.
 Where avarice lifts her gilded wings on high,
 Shrieks, "love thyself, thy neighbor crucify!
 Wallow in vice, release the passions wild,
 Starve the poor parent, lewd the maiden child,
 Corrupt the youth, turn commerce into trust,
 Justice enchain and virtue stamp to dust!"

Where Lord Tyburgas rules with harsh com-
 mands;

He, though the prefect, tool for many hands.
 O'er all the planet twenty chiefs and more
 Use him at pleasure to dilate their store.
 These chiefs have castles in the metropole;
 The pride of Lust, the bones of many a soul,
 Dripping with blood from cellar to the dome!
 Success is here but conscience never home.

O Muse, enough! The battle's crash resounds,
Down from the west, and scales the city's
bounds.

The pride of hell is swept with instant fright,
All rush to witness or partake the fight;
Windows burst open, tops of houses fill,
Streets become packed and crowds each other
kill.

The walls municipal with troops are black,
Ready and eager for the first attack.
Outside surrounding, suburb to the sea,
Mile upon mile is stretched strong infantry.
The harbor swarms with war-awaiting ships,—
Each with impatience for the battle dips,
Rocks forward, backward and from side to side,
On the rough waters of fast-rising tide.
Heaven is advancing, beating back her foe,
With dreadful slaughter, from the plains of woe;
Slow-moving down a slope of trampled green,
Miles from the rampart yet, but heard and seen.
"Defend the city!" comes the lustful cry,
"Victory or death!—'tis conquer Heaven or die!"

Twenty-two forces in this battle dwell,
One-half from Heaven and one-half from hell.
Arrogance, ranks the principal command
Of carnal's armies, backing to the strand;
Slow, very slow, that bloody, dogg'd retreat,
Demanding at each step a payment sweet.
And Moral-Courage heads the Spirit ranks,
Eleven armies wedged in one phalanx;
A sight sublime: the shields, in solid tiers,
Legion in number, closely linked by spears,
As battling swordsmen hold them from be-
hind;—

A mountain's strength for one effect combined.

When hell's eleven reached the lustward slope,
The haughty chief gained fresh and vigorous
hope.

He looked around, beheld the city grand,
Flanked with her ships by sea, her troops by
land;

The waiting phalanx strung outside the wall,
Ready to fight at their commander's call;
The rampart made of stone, with iron bound,
And topped with engines thickly grouped
around;—

He sees and pointing calls to Moral's chief:
"Behold, Prince Lytheus, there thy destined
grief!"

Then turns around and whispers to his ten
(Enmassed for counsel): "Break from Spirit's
men!

And run the slope, without a moment's waste,
To where yon cleft of murderous crags is traced;
Then break in twain and flank the foe's com-
mand,

And force him headlong from the sloping land,
Down to the bottom—fill it to the brim,
In payment of the thousands slain by him."

They run in haste to where their various ranks
Are hard beset resisting Heaven's phalanx;
Order them break. 'Tis done midst loud applause.
Straight they retreat, but at the rupture pause.
The captains there pursue their chief's com-
mand:

Divide the troops to flank, and sweep the land.

Rapidly moves the phalanx from the knoll;
A million men in one collective whole,

A million forces for one purpose steeled,
Jammed close together, moulded shield to shield,
Running full speed adown the sloping green—
What power can stop them when the cleft is
seen!

Lytheus thought, while spake the carnal chief,
'Twas meant the town's defense would bring him
grief;

Hence smiled and charged full-force upon the
foe;—

But carnal knew the ground was split below.
Lytheus' plan was, drive them to the wall,
With Lust's phalanx, and prompt the city's fall;
Hence plunged full-speed to gain the greatest
force,

Knowing with such odds 'twas his only course.
But he was fooled; the haughty chief divined
That very charge and hence the trick designed;
Pointed to Lust, then spake his crafty snare,
And fled as though to join the forces there.

Close on the heels of hell's harassed eleven
Plunges the phalanx in defense of Heaven;
Till, at the cleft the former turns aside,
The latter—crash! and clogs the deep divide.
As a swift current o'er its rocky walls
Loud-roaring hence to depths unmeasured falls,
The charging phalanx dashes down the deep,
While pain and death the treacherous rupture
steep.

Shrieks of the tortured from the cleft arise,
Vibrate the ground and echo through the skies.
The walled-in misery struggling but in vain,
For breath and respite from the dreadful pain,
Appear as maggots wiggling through the dead;

And the cleft's river flows a constant red.

But one command remains in arms and free,
That which in time can always danger see.
Prudence is whole. Upon the bloody banks,
By superhuman power he stops his ranks;
Orders them hold in check, as best they can,
The carnal troops, and help their brother man;
Summons all courage to his aid, and flies
Through hell's command as her applauses rise;
The summit gains, ascends an errant car,
Calls to the coursers and is whirled afar.

The chariot rumbles o'er the bloody green,
Pasture and grain, a crushed, disheartening
scene;

Strewn with the dead of that long-struggling
fight—

But sweeter scented than when all was bright;
Before destructive man his wrath undid,
Trampled the grain, in blood the meadows hid.
The daisy, rising from its bed of death,
Smiles through its tears and yields its loveliest
breath;

The rose, though mangled is its petaled sheen,
Breathes forth still sweeter essence on the scene;
The violet for grief more fragrant smells,
Though bowed and crushed above its sorrow
dwells.

Belaford, as the chariot dashes on,
Observes the dead, the bloody fields and lawn;
And scents the perfumes, that arising roll
For miles around their sweetness on his soul.
They him inspire, to cheer his maddening ride,
For Life's command upon the desert wide,
To raise the fall'n beneath the lustrous skies;

Onward he rumbles as these strains arise:

“Let battles rage, let misery sweep the field,
Water and peace transform to blood and shield;
Snatch the brave hero from his dearest friend,
Life's fondest hopes in one sad moment end;
Claw out the heart by pieces wild with pain;
Let blackest crime repentant manhood stain;
Let the weak woman to her soul awake,
See haughty pride despise her like a snake;
Hurl into prison innocence for crime,
Make worth neglected, palsied ere his time;
Let come what will, if man to Love be true
Mountains may crush! but nothing can subdue.
The modest violet even at its doom
Gives through its grief the treasures of its
bloom;

Knows not one sin, is innocent of wrong,
And thinks that sorrow means, a sweeter song;
So wafts its rarest perfume far above,
Breathes out its soul in one long note of love.”

He takes the lesson as a sign from Heaven:
Though bowed and crushed, shall rise the Brave
Eleven,

Over all trials to reap a victory grand.
Faster the coursers fly for Life's command;
Faster and faster o'er the fertile plain;
Rising in strength with every moment's gain;—
Once spotless white, this fiery team of four,
Covered with foam and dust bedashed with
gore;

Heads high or straight, ears forward or behind,
Mouths open, manes and tails upon the wynd;
With nostrils stretched, with eyes of wild delight.
The chariot groaning rocks from left to right.

The charioteer forth-leaning gives the line
Its utmost license to the team's design,
Their single thought, maintain the greatest
speed;

He cracks the lash but touches not the steed.
Arms bare and massive, wrists inclosed by gold,
A mantle, o'er his rattling armor rolled,
Flying the wind, that sings around his helm,
Flutters its plume and whirls the dusty realm.
Onward; the fertile fields are swept to rear,
Fast-fading from the sight as hills appear;
Little are they, the coursers pass them through,
Plunge a swift stream, and forests come in view.
The road is wide, surrounding trees embrace,
Branches with branches, o'er the trampled space.
Late-singing birds take fright and skim away.
Vicious the protest of the beasts of prey.
A tiger issues with an ugly bound;
A slaughtering javelin spikes him to the ground.
Flanking the road are swamps, alive with death.
With insects' hum and reptiles' hissing breath.
Snakes in the path attempt to strike the steeds;
The lash resounds and hurls them to the weeds.
The woods are through; some parched and
struggling grass,

And then the coursers to the desert pass—
Bury their hoofs; the chariot grinds the sand,
Fire guts the hubs and spreads on every hand.
Nothing can check the maddening ride for Life;
Onward and nearer to the battle's strife.
The roar is heard, some straggling troops are
passed,

And then the goal is reached—at last, at last!
Life to the rearward of the Spirits stands,

Raising the fallen of the tri-commands:
 Love, Strength, Stability, by Clement led,
 Against the forces Mideon ranks the head;
 Whom late we left for mountain scenes and Lust,
 General to general, equal, fair and just.

Mideon's forces, weakened by the slain,
 Thousands in number, show the greater gain;
 Small, very small, but evident to view.
 His downright valor nothing can subdue.
 His charger wades through blood above the hoof,
 But Mideon's heart against all fear is proof;
 Torture and death the martial soul inspires,
 Every reverse the conquering spirit fires.
 "Crush me you can not" rings the voice within,
 "Knowing my strength I know it yet shall win."
 He suffers deeply but his will is strong,
 Sees far ahead and drives the fight along;
 Silent appears when minds-a-work-a-day,
 That end at twilight and are swept away,
 Discouragement at every move extend,
 Conclude him crazy and a worthless friend.
 But hold! the tide is turned: the work-a-days
 Now flood their chief with reverential praise;
 He won the point!—hence they bow meekly
 sweet,

Swear by his powers and grovel at his feet.
 Because he dared he was a worthless dunce,
 But through success became a god at once.
 Ages repeat, tend little to reform,
 People go mad each day and doubters storm.

His plan was, place all heavy-foot and horse
 In three great columns; then the foemen force.
 A kind of phalanx, six upon the ground,
 Spanning from horse to horse, securely bound

By lance and shield, while flankers hold the bits
 Of the two chargers: thus the column knits.
 The middle four compose the fighting strength,
 Use sword and axe, the troopers spears of
 length.

Just as the phalanx Clement's forces face,
 Belaford ends his death-delivering race;
 Leaps from the chariot, frees the faithful steeds
 From the fierce flames and off a distance leads;
 Then hastens to the Heaven-commanding chief,
 And gives his tale in language sharp and brief:

“The Brave Eleven charged upon the foe
 (As you had ordered); they retreated slow—
 For miles resisted, doggedly but well—
 Thousands on both sides dead or wounded fell—
 On the prairie twixt this waste and Lust—
 Down a steep hill—both using tactics just—
 Until a level and a knoll we take—
 Then hell's eleven from our forces break—
 Rush down the hill—we follow close behind—
 They turn aside—this by their chief designed—
 Forward we plunge—a cleft is just ahead—
 It clogs with death—its river turns to red!
 For Life I come—a task awaits him there—
 To raise our valorous phalanx from the snare!”

He ceased and Clement, wrapped in troubled
 thought,

A spell was silent, then these words gave out:
 “A dreadful war is this! now Mideon's ranks
 Have formed, both foot and horse, in one
 phalanx;

Are pushing on, compelling me retire—
 That youngster Mideon, none can breast his fire;
 I crush him here, he swings and strikes me there,

Invents as lightning movements strange and rare.
His phalanx now is pressing hard on me ;
But, Prudence, help must straight be given thee.
I need my soldiers all—but what a blow !
The Brave Eleven sunk in bloody woe ;
This too when victory was so well in sight.
Yet such is war when Heaven and carnal fight.
Heaven must expect reverses at the last,
Perhaps the worst, but still they must be passed.
Perhaps we must through fire-swept oceans go,
Ere the great rise triumphant over woe.
Let come what may, if man no duty shirk,
Labor for Love, success will crown his work.
But duty, sir ! Take half of Life's command,
And hasten back to Lust's ensnaring land ;
Instruct Prince Lytheus, organize anew,
Besiege the city's wall and break it through.
He knows the rest and rules all eastern hell ;
Conquer, his one command. Sir chief, farewell."

Obeded. The warriors part. The general goes
Straight to the front, to lead against his foes.
Prudence delivers Life the chief's command,
Then one-half, mounted, plough the desert sand.
Leaving his second with the part behind,
The prince of Life himself this task assigned.
Then Belaford and Justin, mounted well,
Ride at the front through realms late seen in hell.

Just before Clement's troops and Mideon's
fade

Far to the rear, the chiefs the fight surveyed :
Saw with great sorrow their belov-ed ranks
Retreating in the face of hell's phalanx ;
Stubborn and slow to yield but still they back—

Haze dims the scene—and then a streak of
black—

A speck—then nothing more remains to view.
The troopers reach and pass the forest through;
Dash to the fertile plains of trampled wheat,
Blood, sorrow, death and herbage essence
sweet.

Prince Justin sees and speaks: “Products of
Life!

Peace-blooming nature, innocent of strife,
Trampled and crushed, as seen by mortal eye,
Whose fragrant perfume proves the sight a lie;
A falsehood which the smell knows nothing of,
As it inhales thy soul-uplifting Love—
Why dost thou wilt?—man crushed thee down—
but why?

Smell says you live, sight says you soon will die.
Enclose man’s eyes; around is sensuous gloom,
But he sees perfect fields in thy perfume.
Hence mortal sense creates and uncreates
All bad in nature as in men and states;
And contradicts itself with eyes and nose,
And all the rest, and clogs the world with woes.
I shut mine eyes (this to remove all fears)
And of an instant sight divine appears;
I look about on beauty everywhere,
The grain is nodding and the flowers are fair;
The grasses wave a green enchanting lake,
As soldiers gaping from their dreams awake.”

Thus Justin spake; and now no sign remains
Of war’s destruction on the fertile plains.
Just as he pictured it it came to pass:
Grain nods, flowers bloom and waves the velvet
grass;

The fallen soldiers, of the heavenly clan,
Long-seeming dead, arise unto the man.

And while these forces on their journey sped
Death to his army raised the carnal dead.

The slope is reached and then the cleft below,
Where Prudence' army stands against the foe.
Ev'r since Belaford left them for the ride,
His ranks had breasted hell's unequal tide;
Nobly resisted, one to ten compared,
Held out alone till Life the battle shared.

Justin bears down on carnal from the rear,
With dreadful slaughter ploughs a passage clear;
Reaches brave Prudence strung along the banks
Of the deep cleft of Heaven's imprisoned ranks.
This charge complete the forces then unite,
In an abrupt and most decisive fight.
Carnal's eleven backs some distance north,
To where the cleft is bridged, then hastens forth,
Beats a retreat toward the metropole;
And Life to nobler duty gives his soul.

He works a wonder: calls the cleft a fraud,
A snare of hell, an enemy to God;—
Knows Life is real and dies not in the flesh,
But lives forever, is forever fresh;
Age cannot wrinkle nor can sickness burn,
Nor death crush out what God has made Etern;
Overlooks all the laws of carnal mind,
Which had the cleft to pain and death assigned;
Sees with the Spirit eye the picture there,
Which is of perfect Life and very fair.

And then behold; A rumble and a quake,
The walls give way, the Spirit troops awake.
Carnal's eruption bursts what carnal wrought,
A snare, a death-trap for the Heavenly Thought.

'Twas ever thus: but give the lie to hell,
 (When ill's torment) and she will straight rebel;
 In some way force her brood of sin to flee;—
 "But know the Truth and it shall make you free."

Then, when the walls no longer formed a
 wedge,
 The hill sloped gently to the river's edge.
 It, which had bottomed late the deep ravine,
 Drinking the blood of death, now flows serene.

Battered heads straighten, limbs and bodies
 close;
 Happy with life each troop then upward goes,
 Where Justin sits with snakes and beasts around,
 Coiled up or purring, wrapped in peace pro-
 found.

When all the forces had arrived, the chief
 Arising spoke this period plain and brief:
 "General and man:—behold the power of Mind:
 The dead, alive, the savage tiger, kind,
 The fatal snake, as harmless as a child;
 Behold, and be no more by sin beguiled."

Saying, he mounts and, followed by his ranks,
 Straightway departs, as all extend their thanks.

And then the prince of Moral Courage spake:
 "Now, generals, come! your various places take.
 Time wanes, a mighty task awaits us yet,
 Yonder great city we must now beset.
 Arrogance fooled, but with our lesson learned,
 We shall no more from virtue's path be turned.
 It lies to Lust, a city void of soul.

Trumpets of Courage, let thine echoes roll!"
 These straight resound; the various chiefs
 obey,
 Reorganize for quick, prolonged affray;

Restore the phalanx with no changes large;
Prudence goes first; they then resume the
charge.

Strengthened by past reverses, rested well,
They move with fury t'ward the *pride of hell*;
Then without trouble reach the wall's defense;—
The battle starts and swells to heights im-
mense.

The phalanx striking like great battering rams,
Against the wall the carnal army jams;
The moat surrounding clogs till overflown
With drowning misery loud in deathly groan.
Before the peerless charge of Heaven's phalanx,
Higher and higher piles the carnal ranks;
Until the rampart's crest is leveled, then,
As up a hill, advance the Spirit men,
Over the bodies of the fallen foe,
Soft, smoking, wet with life's fast-ebbing flow.

But the great forces on the wall remain,
To mete out vengeance for their brothers slain.
The wall in thickness fifty feet and more,
Emmassed for miles with armored men of war,
Is now the seat of one terrific fight
That proves which shall be master, wrong or
right.

The Brave Eleven breaks and forms anew,
Instantly changes into columns two;
Twenty-five in each tier and close withal,
Stretching far out of sight adown the wall;
This too while Lust, Tyburgas' bought command,
Strikes and harasses them on every hand.

Then Lytheus orders: "Charge; the rampart
sweep!"

And both commands are wrapped in conflict
 deep.

The ranks courageous rush with triumph on,—
 Strike, mash and throw the lustern forces down.
 These first condense in groups, then topple o'er
 The monstrous wall and pile as those before.
 Carnal attempts the battling engines shoot,
 But fails; too crowded is the wall with foot—
 The legions falling, and the Brave Eleven,
 Losing no man nor back an atom driven.
 These forward fight; like reapers, mow the wall,
 Slash right and left as lustern hirelings fall.
 Lust, till the last one drops, retains her ground,
 Till all below are piled, mound after mound.

Then Lytheus speaks: "O pity, what a shame!
 That these should perish for another's flame;
 Not one but many, cowards vile within,
 But with their riches making gods of sin,
 Building up fortunes pillaged from the poor,
 Then sending them to fight their selfish war.
 Brave fellows all, though bought both arm and
 soul,
 As their rich masters drunken sit at bowl,
 Or preach, debauch, defraud, corrupt, ensnare,
 Safely preserved in those proud mansions
 there—"

He points to Lust's exquisite buildings, and:
 "Now chiefs to duty, each take his command,
 Spread out in all directions through the town,
 Dethrone the tyrants, burn their mansions down,
 Innocence, worth, the poor and weak befriend,—
 But help me God this reign of greed must end—
 It must be done—this rankest place in hell—
 By fire, remember, fire! Sir chiefs, farewell!"

The Brave Eleven, breaking, now depart
Eleven ways of greed and broken-heart.
Lytheus' forces on the central street,
Arrogance' conquered chieftain Palops meet.
When his command was losing and he knew
'Twould soon be crushed he coward-like with-
drew,

Sneaked off and hid till every man was dead,
Then to the gate and through the city fled;
Making his way for home, but now abreast
The prince of Moral-Courage, him addressed:

"Lytheus, spare me, pity me, regard
My sad, my low, my present duty hard;
My ranks in death and I to breast the flame
Of my superiors, who will bring me shame.
They trusted, purchased, paid me but, O god!
I lost and shall be dropped upon the crowd,
The common herd, a ruined, centless man,
Who late did rule supreme a powerful clan."

To which the prince (half pity, half disgust):
"Sir chief, ye well have served your master,
Trust—

Up to the time my ranks besieged the town,
Your generalship was worthy great renown.
That stratagem was executed well,
It sent me headlong o'er the cleft of hell;
Yes, every movement previous to that time,
To say the truth, was chieftainship sublime.
But your desertion puts on all a stain;
O haughty pride, why didst thou not remain?
Though venal art thou, men would then respect,
But now, wherever seen, they shall reject;
Even thy masters could admire thee dead,
But living, off shall go thy haughty head.

Arrogance, victim art thou to the great;—
 Who sells himself must suffer, soon or late.
 You sold your life and straight appeared puffed-
 up,
 Looked down on misery, drained the golden cup,
 Fawned at the feet of pock-marked, vulgar
 wealth,
 Murderous thieves who drink the devil's health;
 Those mighty tyrants, authors of distress,
 Seen in review upon the plains Excess;
 Who when the battle started homeward went,
 Too good to mix in carnal's discontent.
 'Tis theirs to stir up discord, and enslave,
 Show off in public, vulgar riches wave,
 But not to fight; their menials must do that,
 Whilst they recline in lusts of gluttonous fat,
 Devoid of patriotism; only self,
 Their sensual pleasures and their worshipped
 pelf,
 The sole respect for country; hence they send
 You hirelings forth their interests to defend.
 To test a character just give it power,
 Office of wealth, or small or large, an hour;
 And see what it in that brief space will do:
 If it regards your welfare, count it true,
 If not (the likeliest case) then watch it soar,
 That pismire upstart to despise the poor.
 This you have done and earned a grief immense;
 I now am finished; Palops, travel hence."

He goes and Lytheus storms the city's hall,
 The seat of law in name, in truth, a pall—
 Where justice pleads, is murdered and forgot,
 Where foul corruption has the council bought,
 Where grabs are common, taxes very high,

Where gold can anything or person buy,
Where worth is clubbed and hurried off to jail,
Pillaged in court and sentenced without bail;
Where on reform the statute-books are loth,
Ten-thousand gold, or fifty years, or both;
Where murder, rape and theft are petty crimes
(The fine grows smaller as increase the times);
Where innocence, sobriety, respect
And love are treated with despised neglect;
In brief, where truth is clubbed and trampled
down,

While vice, disguised as virtue, rules the town.

Lytheus speaks: "Come, let us now begin!
Scatter with oil and throw the torches in."
Saying, he led the way, the portals passed;
The troops around them oil and torches cast.
They go throughout the building, set ablaze,
And then depart, as frantic people gaze.
These Lytheus orders back and from the town:
"Fly for your lives—we burn the city down—
It must in ashes crumble to the ground!
(The fire increases and the flames rebound;
Scatter from house to house along the street.
High winds prevail and awful grows the heat.)
"Go! save your properties and haste away.
'Tis harsh, I know, but greed must tribute pay.
The poor must suffer for a little spell,
But that removes them from the chains of hell;
From bondage worse than death—corruption's
clutch,
Plundering pirates, privileged, praised for such;
"Captains of finance," called in realms polite,
Held up to youth as models of the Right.
And all the lusts that clog this city free,

O Poor bread-winners, what are these to thee?
All such are bought with money snatched away
From bleeding hearts, long hours and convict's
pay.

That you may live to them your lives are sold,
Selfish, religious, ten-wived sots of gold.
The city falls for their iniquity.
Fly from its limits, 'tis no place for thee!
It means a sacrifice for better ends
To pass from sinful things to noble friends;
But go, remembering Heaven has sent thee
hence,

And shall repay thy loss in trebled pence."

The people much encouraged by his speech,
That held the glass to Lust's enslaving leech,
Manifold sucker of their numble veins,
Gather their goods and hurry to the plains.
The prince's words spread rapidly throughout
The city, to relieve the poor of doubt;
Crowd after crowd with Heaven-resounding
praise,

Unto the country take their various ways.

The flames increase; enveloped is the hall,
Fired from the basement to the turrets tall.
Windows and doors emit the gluttonous heat.
Crash! falls a tower and clogs the busy street.
Stones as if metal melt and molten flow;
Statues collapse and to destruction go.
One mockery, representing statutes just,
A lovely woman, topples to the dust;
And one, of three great patriots, side by side,
Who got a stroke of conscience ere they died,
Gave something to the city they had sacked;
Upon the pedestal these words are tacked:

*They built a monument of solid gold;
A lesson to the people young and old.*

It falls. The flames increase, the building hide,
And spread around in conflagration wide.

Now in all portions of the city mean,
The work of Heaven's Eleven's torch is seen.
The ranks of Prudence scatter everywhere,
As sentries guarding Lust's ill-gotten ware.
Gross as it is they wish it all destroyed,
Not stolen by the thieves for such employed.
Many fierce brawls ensue; the prince is left
Himself to fight the chief of Lawless-Theft;
He, prudent Belaford, and Sophronand,
The thief unlicensed, battle hand to hand.
Knuckles to knuckles each with stinging blows
Lands on his adversary's face and nose.
Blood gushes forth and dims the warrior's sight,
But still they see to prosecute the fight.
They clinch, they break, they shift from side to
side.

To land an upper-cut the robber tried;
But Belaford off-guarded it and ground
His knuckles to the ribs with cracking sound;
Landed upon the jaw a dreadful blow,
And full before him stretched his conquered foe.

He then commands the thief be taken hence,
Beyond the rampart to regain his sense.

And in the business district Labor works—
Where Speculation, walled securely, lurks;
Plies his profession, twisting laws to suit
His plundering highway methods absolute.

Trius, the chief of Labor's army, spoke:
"Now noble workmen break this tyrant's yoke;
It, which is placed upon our honest kind,

To swell his coffers and our families grind.
He gambles in the prices of our toil,
Our meat and breadstuffs, wages, hours and soil
Holds up and robs the market, drains the banks,
Closes the mills and starves our humble ranks.
I speak the pronoun "our" in due respect
To Lust's poor labor sunk in sad neglect;
Reduced, imposed upon until they cease
To love each other and delight in peace.
Both men and women here must sell their blood
From morn till night to get the meanest food;
Live without marriage (taken as a whole)
Devoid of morals and the strength of soul.
Bright boys and pretty girls who love to play,
Denied all pleasure from their earliest day,
Must here to mammon sell their precious lives,
From breast to factory, factory to the dives.
Long hours, low wages and provisions dear,
Is cause for this sad state of labor here.
But ah! in Heaven conditions are reversed,
Labor's position is amongst the first.
No mills for woman or the rosy child,
But lovely homes, the field and forest wild.
Man to man equal, similar as in war,
We love to serve our leaders rich or poor;
For they respect us, have our lives at heart,
Command with love and live from self apart.
All men are made for something, some to lead,
And some to follow, all to silence greed.
Like a great mountain is the race of man
(Seen in the realms of the heavenly clan)
In peace united for one common end,
Eternity—that no chaos can rend.
The sturdy rocks have each their place to fill.

What matter therefore which one tops the hill.
And, to return, we now must break the yoke
Long held o'er laboring Lust—by fire and
smoke!"

Saying, he batters down the massive doors,
As issues forth a gust of maddening roars.
Like drunken maniacs the brawling mobs
Here gamble off for cash the people's sobs;
Make broken-hearts, starvation wages, and
Increase the price of living through the land;
Drive men from honest work to robbing tills,
Women to worse and children to the mills.

Labor with flaming torches rushes in,
Upsets the business, ends the trade of sin,
Throws right and left the torches, chokes and
beats

The dandy thieves and hurls them to the streets;
Piles up the stocks, explodes the treasure cell,
Scatters the plunder gathered from all hell;
Then soaks in oil, ignites and hastes away,
As the flames spread and round the building play.

Further on up the street another kind
Of gambling is employed, but less refined;
Though none the worse, yet oft considered so—
By churchmen doing business down below.
Charity moves upon the barred estate,
Where Lawless-Gamblers on their victims wait.
Devices of all kinds are here arrayed:
Table and stand, the cards and dice displayed,
And men around throughout the building large,
When Zamba with his forces makes the charge.
The portals barred give way before his axe,
And they rush in; the gamblers quick relax,
Conceal the goods and rake their piles away,

In concert sing a sacred song and pray.

Prince Zamba laughs and speaks: "Most clever, boys;

It seems that you before have heard such noise;
And hence are well prepared for sudden calls,
To turn these quarters into worship halls.

But this time no reformer makes the raid,
Such as delights to see his name displayed;
'Tis Charity, arrived to burn the town,—
Lawless and lawful Lust alike go down.

Impartially we work, to favor none,
Both cheery gambler and the trusts are one;
Both build their systems on the broken-heart.
Arrests we make not, therefore, sirs, depart;"

All leave but Fondlen. Thus the gamblers'
chief:

"Pray, sir, what means this ceremony brief?
I certainly have nothing done to thee;
Why, therefore, dost thou rob and ruin me?"

"You certainly have not; nor do we rob,
But burn the system built on many a sob.
Think of the wretched homes that you have
made;

Children in rags while selfish fathers played;
Their wives or daughters sent the downward
path,

While they could round your tables joke and
laugh.

'Tis charity to stop it! Sir, begone,
Else these, your wicked walls, shall crush you
down."

He goes. The raiders set the place afire,
And then beyond the danger line retire.

A vulgar glittering place across the way

Is at the same time made the torches' prey.
'Tis the great palace of lascivious pride,
Where all such appetites are satisfied—
For payment down. No matter what is sought,
It for consideration can be bought.
The place is Gluttony. Lord Polymore,
The master loose, has everything in store;
To please his guests his one supreme delight,
That is, if the wherewithal is in sight.
The main saloon that opens on the street
Emits trash-music and foul-odorous heat.
Inside we go. The drinking-bar is lined
With human hogs, both common and refined:
The merchant, sailor, soldier, student, clerk,
And shark who lets his victims do the work.
The walls are hung with pictures richly framed;
To paint, the famished artist was ashamed,
But had to do them, for in City Lust
Good pictures purchase not the stalest crust.
The daubs are all of amorous delight:
Suggestive, or held plainly to the sight.
The mammoth hall adjoining this saloon
Contains the music or—the trashy tune;
A kind of concert. Dancers crowd the floor,
And tables flank the walls from door to door.
Around are seated creatures gulping wine,
Women in paint, and raiment cheaply fine,
Degraded men, and boys who soon will be,
And truant girls, scarce sixteen-years but free.
Both these and those afloor embrace and wink,
To please their partners as they dance or drink.
And in another hall, at tables white,
The hungry guests appease their appetite.
Above are rooms, of pleasure not so tame,

Trap-doored and paneled for the badger game;
And others—let suggestion here suffice;—
Poetry dies when she caresses vice.

'Tis at this instant Heaven's command arrives,
And throws in panic all the various dives.
In rushes Freon, chief of Homage, and
His worth-respecting, trash-despising band.
The battle-axes batter down the daubs,
That the deserving art of painting robs,
Destroy the bar, the concert and the feast,
Club right and left the venal and the beast;
Hasten above and splinter all in sight,
As the base creatures faint or offer fight;
But the fierce axe, in hands of matchless
strength,

Measures its victims on the floor full length.
The forces then return and set ablaze
The virtue-honor-home-destroying maze;—
But only such along with many more,
Some we have seen and some are yet in store.

Modesty's army charging tramples down,
Centered in dreamy trees and restful lawn,
A flowery garden, blooming sweetly round
A marble mansion by green ivy wound.
Who here abides? with all of nature's bloom,
Attracting passers-by with sweet perfume,
With fairy gardens, forests hung in moss,
Romantic paths that every portion cross;
With fount and lakelet, arbors close at hand,
So dainty that they seem by nature planned;
With gentle birds and beasts of prettiest breed,
That skim the lake or air, or slowly feed.
Who here abides? enticing from the whirls
Of shop and factory, poor unpitied girls;

Whose honest toil scarce half expenses pay,
Slaving from early sun till close of day;
Who, thereby forced on others for support,
Enter this premise as a last resort;
Where men, more fortunate than they, supply
The lack in wages for a premium high.
Women with husbands moralize, and blame
These girls thus driven to the realms of shame;
But with providers to supply their needs,
They know not what foul passion misery breeds;
An empty room, with insufficient food—
And scanty clothes, what object to be good!
Churches and books can ne'er the curse assuage;
'Tis lessen profit and increase the wage.
Who here abides? 'tis Fornication's chief,
Long exercised in ways of human grief;
With grounds enticing, riches without end,
And every single-man in Lust his friend.
Modesty's ranks besiege the wicked place;
In from the street and through the garden race,
Surround the building, sentinel the grounds;
As the Prince Lovedon to the portal bounds,
Breaks down the door and, followed by his
guard,
Enters; to look on masculine features hard,
On hags deep-wrinkled long before their time,
On girls just treading through the brinks of
slime,
On others well afloat with breezes fair,
On others wrecked and weeping in despair.
The men include all character and soul,
Trade and profession in the metropole;
Both young and old commingle here in vice,
Girl after girl to passion sacrifice.

Zota, the master of this hellish place,
Deep-marked by sin, with hard, distorted face,
Confronts the chief of Modesty with these:
"Why break my door, what here can soldiers
please?

And Heaven's command at that; upon the plain
Is where belongs your class of strife and pain;
Not here where peaceful men and women dwell,
Indifferent to the wars of Heaven and hell!"

Provoked at this, Prince Lovedon thus replies:
"Why break the door? That Fornication dies!
What here can soldiers please? Your house
afame,

And women rescued from this life of shame!
Upon the plains our realm? 'Twas once the case;
Not now for Lust has fallen to disgrace.
The town is burning, sin is doomed to die!
Indifferent, eh? But go, for safety fly!
Orders are strict; we dare no mortal burn;
Only the systems must this raid concern—
But ere Love's forces quit the city's bound,
These wrecked forever crumble to the ground.
Now go, foul chief, and men and women go!
Soldiers to work, at once the torches throw!"

'Tis done. The residents in terror fly,
Cursing or screaming, and the babies cry.
Her task completed, Heaven's command retires,
As from all sections shoot the fatal fires.

Across the street Polygamy resides,
Walled-in to check the town's opposing tides,
And those of carnal's universe as well;—
Each system thinks all but itself is hell.
Lust is peculiar, strange but truth alone,
He the most guilty casts the primal stone.

Polygamy, but one of many here,
Is made the mark of punishment severe;
Because it sanctions with the word of *god*.
What others practice secretly by fraud.
Both blushing evils, but consult the *book*;
If you believe, then cease the scornful look;—
Exclude the Four* and such is sacred writ,
And this jew-system has the truth of it.
Some say: "A higher meaning there is found;"
Nonsense! 'tis far too vulgar to be sound.
Theory can make the devil look a saint,
All that is needed is the proper paint.
All creed is theory, nothing has been proved,
And that *old book* has never sin removed.
So long as it is volumed with the Four,
Polygamy will threaten every door.

The noble Greek a higher standard had,
With all his gods he knew the good from bad.
Respected woman and the human heart.
For in his Heaven these took important part.
The Hebrew's personal one *god* ruined all,
Bid selfish man arise and woman fall.
Charity, Love and Truth a long farewell,
And built the temple of polygamous hell.
Jesus their prophet came; but strange to say,
Although a Jew he taught another way;
And stranger still, the modern Christian race
Give in their creeds these Hebrews equal space.

The wall surrounding this renowned estate,
Is now the center of commotion great;
Affection's army fronts with battering rams,
And with effect the strong-resistance jams.

*Matthew, Mark, Luke and John.

At length it yields and Heaven's command proceeds,
 Where Desert* keeps his various wives and breeds;
 Raising up bastards to begod him hence:—
 Such is the theory to delude the sense;
 That of the women, victims of his lust,
 Who think it legal and such children just;
 Who think they sacrifice their hearts to God,
 Not man whose vicious conduct they applaud.
 These are the radicals. (But others die
 Of broken-heart expecting peace on high.)
 Such is the theory but the facts are these:
 The system is the lusts of man to please;
 An Abraham or Solomon or Young—
 Religion nonsense! 'tis from passion sprung.
 A hellish swindle of lascivious man—
 Always the married kind—and this the plan:
 Ambition, church and wealth are first required,
 And next a wife of whom the brute is tired,
 Then a fair woman with his wealth in love,
 And last a revelation from above;—
 To save his name and hers from scandal's breath,
 And send the first-wife tortured to her death.
 To legalize what man should overcome
 Is of polygamy the total sum.

Now, in the center of this lord's estate,
 By lawns surrounded is a palace great,
 Wherein abides the woman married last—
 'Tis democratic, changes rulers fast.
 Off to the right with neither tree nor grass
 Surrounding dwells the consorts second class,
 All in a building half the size of that

*Chief of the State Polygamy.

(The palace) where each one has mistress sat;—
When she was younger, when a rosy bride,
Who, when the next appeared, was put aside.
And to the left the first wives live and die,
In an old hut with spacious stables nigh.

Throughout the grounds unnumbered children
play,
Or, formed in cliques, engage in fistic fray;
While in the house their mothers grieve and hate,
Jealous, rebellious or resigned to fate.

When Heaven's command the battering-rams
discharge,
In fright to cover fly the family large,
Around its various mothers, crowd the house.
The wives for help beseech their common spouse.

The mutual love at this essential hour
Is with his new wife basking in her bower.
Hearing the noise he hurries down below
(Just then the rampart opens to the foe),
And from his porch confronts Affection's chief;
"Frenden, why hither come as feudal thief?
To wreck my home and that of my good wives,
And with my children take our harmless lives?
O god of Israel, when shall thine be free
In peace to worship and to follow thee!
To raise big families as thou didst command,
Not like the Grecian Heathen still at hand,
Worshipping mammon, hating homely life,
Having few children and one puny wife,
Trampling thy law of parentage to dust,
Living in marriage but to license lust—"

"Silence that practised sophistry—no more!
It I have heard a thousand times before.
Disgusted, sick and wearied, I refuse

On its account another thought to lose.
 Our business here 'tis needless to relate;
 Now men, the torch—destroy his vile estate!"
 As these obey (the building set ablaze),
 The flabby, brute-faced, thick-necked Desert
 prays;

This for deliverance from Heathen man—
 Then runs; his wives to shift as best they can.
 But with their breeds, the brand of their dis-
 grace,

Assisted by the troops, they quit the place.

Thus selfish wickedness deserts at last
 His victims, who can ne'er remove the past;
 But need he not some punishment expect?—
 The pandemonium justice shall correct.

But others are there of this selfish kind,
 Often religious, sometimes not refined;
 Always perverted, never in the right,
 And to the good a most repulsive sight.

Listen, a story: Spring is on the land,
 Restless the feelings, Nature makes demand;
 Studies no more delight the studious mind,
 Labor moves slowly to the task assigned;
 The scene and air bid all from these depart,
 Romance entwines herself around the heart.
 Quiet! in sweet affection's early day,
 Seest thou them: the lovers wend their way?
 O beauteous time! with youth within, around,
 In every feeling, vision, scent and sound.
 Sweet hours! devotion's sunbeams, soothing air,
 The kiss enchanting, velvet cheeks so fair;
 The touch resistless, silken tresses pressed,
 The clasped endearment and the quickened
 breast.

The promise; evening folding soft the view;
The last affections' whispering sweet adieu.

Autumn. A lovely summer lulled away,
To memory fond, one long melodious lay;
Precious to them so joyous in their love,
That first affection, few know nothing of;
Though not the happiest always, seldom wrong,
Or won or lost, an ever touching song.
Marriage and home; with every boon of life,
A faithful husband and devoted wife,
In time a babe, and fortune all the while;
A love that seemed would never cease to smile.

There comes a change;—a woman—peace for
hell;

To mother, babe and home a long farewell!
Whither. O man, that honest boyhood love,
Eternal seeming and all sin above?
Hast thou forgot?—shall conscience ne'er
awake?—

Wilt go thee to her, and thy baby take?
Nay; weeping home, farewell!—nor wife nor
child

Can touch the conscience thus by sin defiled:
When honor, character and love are fled,
Man glories in the tears by woman shed.

Such is the tale, told only with one side,
Both men and women in this class abide.
Close by the two we late have seen in flames,
Looms the great castle of unnumbered shames—
Adultery, Lord Stravo here is law;
Him, once upon the plains excess, we saw.
Who dared to kiss, and filled with wild alarm,
The princess, saved by Mideon's fearless arm.

Moving with caution Honor's ranks are seen,

Up the wide garden trampling down the green.
No walls surround Lord Stravo's sumptuous
seat,

Open to view from castle to the street.
Like Fornication's garden 'tis to draw,—
Though not the child but adults linked by law;
Of equal beauty, much alike in style,
The social center of that practice vile.

The forces reach the porch; above the door
A coat-of-arms is hung, with this before:
*True love is freedom, marriage is a fraud,
Exchange your wives or husbands and know
god.*

A blushing motto but the truth is writ;
How many think it, talk it, practice it?

All new-thought theory snarls at sinful flesh,
To check one evil make a hundred fresh.
When known, 'tis good, misunderstood, 'tis
base—

Such is the trouble with the present race.
An epoch always breeds fanatics first,
Who think the world shall be forthwith re-
versed.

But theory must have years of weeding out,
Changing, correcting, blending life with thought,
Accepting not what seems but what is best—
For all mankind, be put to every test,
To suit the man, the woman, age and youth,
Before it can be reckoned as a Truth.
But slander marriage or as good as say:
"We have advanced beyond that foolish day—
Ye cold-blood ancients dead to love's romance—
And see which way the children's minds advance.
Improve they do not! weddings less, 'tis sure;

They throw off virtue for affairs impure.
Behold the motto Stravo's door above,
See the result when cursed is married love.
New this, new that, and all at marriage slam;
That sacred tie—be cautious how you damn!
It binds secure the nation with the heart;
Discourage, and that union soon shall part.

The soldier, statesman, citizen are made,
Not when full-grown but when in cradles laid,
By loyal mothers glad that they were born,
Not waifs unwelcome and conceived in scorn.

The forces axe the door; it soon gives way;
They forward rush; and straight the torches
prey.

The panic then is awful, women shriek,
The men protesting in loud discord speak.
Some stumble, push and faint, and some en
masse

Beclog the doors in vain attempt to pass;
Some cry for mercy, some their features claw,
Others less weak to fight their weapons draw.

The raid had broken up a sumptuous treat,
Given by Stravo for his ladies sweet.
All social Lust was present to partake
His generous wealth, and new acquaintance
make;

Share in the pleasure, form fresh loving ties,
Discard the stale and ease their lawless sighs.

The castle, tower to tower, from floor to floor,
The costliest wood and silken fixtures wore.
The banquet-hall, where they were feasting then,
Held sensual paintings, music, dames and men;
Not man and wife;—the first had his, *my dear*,
The last, her soft, floor-mopping cavalier—

Who waited on her every trivial whim,
Bowed, scraped around and spoke the lingo
prim;

“Permit me—mine—a pleasure—not at all,”
And other puke-talk of the social hall.
The first, with wife neglected, grieved at home,
Or forced to hire herself or ragged roam;
The last, with a good husband, not so blest
As Stravo with his riches, or his guest,
But laboring hard to keep the wolf away,
Honest, forgiving, hoping day by day.

The raiders change the banquet into smoke,
Prince Warathon of Honor briefly spoke:
“Lord Stravo, monarch of adulterous Lust,
Behold thy system crumbling to the dust.
But thou, the ruling thought behind it all,
Must face thy punishment at carnal’s call.
Sin destroys sin: ’tis Heaven’s to battle it,
Expose, disorganize, dethrone—and quit.
Hence, Stravo, go!—my words for all are
meant—

If wouldst escape no second can be spent;
Five minutes more the walls shall tumble down,
The flames are scorching, all for life, begone!”

The walls in places oped by battering-rams
Let out the frantic, half-exhausted jams;
They fly for safety, Honor close behind,
And the house tumbles in the space assigned.

Right in the heart of City Lust there stands
A church—or building for religious bands.
’Tis very pretty: broad and heavy walls,
Of whitest stone, and large commodious halls;
A dome of copper; stained, the glass around;
Exquisite finish on interiors found,

'Tis the great sanctuary for the proud,
Or rich or sycophant, to worship god.
Its "welcome all" is rather incomplete,
If judged by those now entering from the street;
Dressed ultra-fine, discussing social gleams,
Horse, swindle, scandal and get-richer schemes;
Puffed up and showing off;—no place is here
For him without at least a million clear—
In cash or dreams. The last has pretty stocks—
Judging the paper—in unnumbered blocks;
A thousand schemes, from wind put up in bars,
To selling building lots on planet Mars.

These rogues illegally within the law,
From the less cautious their possessions draw,
Tautology (that studied legal term)
Always leaves holes through which such rascals
squirm.

Brokers, miners, chemists or engineers—
According to the scheme that best appears—
They call themselves; promoter is too tame,
But *lawful pirates* is their proper name.

Just before Lust was ordered to be fired,
For heavenly worship these to church retired.
Now all are seated; services begin;
Music resounds to whet the hearts of sin.
Some weep because their deals have fallen
through,

Others fresh schemes from rattling nostrils
blew;

Others see millions hanging in their tears,
Some, gold mines cropping from the preacher's
ears;

Some, oil wells bubbling out of every seat,
And some for winter baled-up summer heat.

The music finished, Parmley, pious chief
 Of Lawful Piracy, thus spake in brief,
 (He, lank appearing, gray of beard and hair,
 Of sanctimonious carriage, voice and stare):

“Belov’d, my text to-day is Matthew Six—
 The words I quote will with my subject mix—
 ‘Lay not up treasures on this earth for thieves,’
 (The nineteenth verse—not everyone believes):
 Now, we must practice it as Jesus taught:
 He meant not money but our sacred thought;
 Which should be giv’n the poor on Sabbath days,
 When we to *him* surrender up our praise.
 Upon these words another meaning rests,
 Jesus by them our moral-courage tests;
 The strongest man and most in touch with him,
 Is he who fills his coffers to the brim.
 Riches are holy, proof that god is love,—
 Does not all treasure come from up above?
 God wishes all to labor; he who will,
 The *father* shall his every wish fulfil.
 Hence, lay not treasures up in ought but gold,
 And freely give the poor thy thoughts, as told.
 And now, belovéd, keep from sin away,
 Be strong, be good, and labor—let us pray.”

But before they had time to humble—crash!
 The raiders rend the door and inward dash.
 ’Tis Honest Wealth’s command with torch and
 oil,
 Which throws the pirates into great turmoil.
 Chief Conavoy, whom they had seen before,
 Battling their thievish schemes in peace and war,
 Whose very name was fearful to their ears,
 Now, rushing up the pulpit steps, appears.
 A heavy man, clean-shaved, with prudent eyes;

His armor clanking he to Parmley flies:
Clutches around the neck his pirate-foe,
And hurls him headlong to the floor below.

This done, he speaks: "Vile thief, thy reign is
o'er!

That sermon is the last one evermore.
I heard it not, but can its substance tell—
Suiting the Savior's words to ways of hell;
Your villainous methods of obtaining gold,
In words of Jesus' noblest sermon rolled.
Torment! thou wreck of many an honest man,
Woman and child, is conscience in thy plan?
Suffer or feel the pangs of misery, thou!
Who can within this pulpit preach and bow?
Take text from him who meant just what he
said,

And twist to mean, rob pennies from the dead?
Foul hypocrite! A shame that even hell
So long permits such in its borders dwell!
Hell loves the rascal from religion free,
But hates, and ranks above, the like of thee!
Righteous is wealth alone when third in mind—
The natural outcome of God's task assigned:
Honesty, love, the home and nation first;
Charity second—then 'tis not accurst.
But with these heeded it cannot be great,
But very small, and free from church and state.
Now, Parmley, go!—the congregation too—
Here waste no time else fire shall swallow you;
This church, this robber's den, must burn from
sight;—

Ho, men, the tanks! spread oil around, and
light."

The doors emit the Pirates, glad to go;

The building fired, withdraws their honest foe
 The thieves, now driven from their den away,
 Fly to their vessels anchored in the bay.
 Then Parmley prays, a most impassioned prayer,
 That much relieves his conscience from its care;
 This done, makes preparation for defense
 Of what he terms his injured innocence;
 Places the battling engines round about;—
 Another prayer, this time in silent thought:
 To whip his nagging conscience into line,
 To know himself not mortal but divine,—
 Spiritual, perfect, absolutely pure,
 Above all sin, in god's embrace secure;
 And Honest Wealth astray from wisdom's mark,
 Misguided, low and laboring in the dark.

Good Government, besieging near the strand,
 Notifies Wealth, who hastens his command,
 Engages with the Pirates from the shore,
 With carnal engines taken late in war.

Here let us leave them hurling missiles large,
 And join Good Government's besieging
 charge;—

Against that haughty, state-enslaving foe,
 The richest, meanest in the realms below;
 The natural outgrowth of commercial greed,
 From a small pollen to hell's biggest weed;
 Hell's absolute monopoly—The Trusts
 That competition feed on choking dusts,
 Drive out of business, swallow up the trade.
 But curse not, little man, for them you made;
 Drugging the market, running prices down,
 Starving yourself, and business of the town;
 Cutting thereby man's wages right in two,

And stretching hours 'till work was never
through;

'Till something had to come and trade redeem,
At first 'twas good, soon the direct extreme.
Prices were equalized: and wages rose,
But not proportioned to produce and clothes,
And all things else, or raised, or made or used,
Until to-day man is as much abused.
Satan was hemmed in competition's purse,
And *is* in Trust's,—though richer, none the
worse.

The Capitol of Combine from the strand
Is reached—and sits upon a hillock grand;
O'erlooking Lust, the sea, the country round,
With a great wall below securely bound.
The battering-rams soon make the rampart real,
And enters firm the Government ideal,
That rules the Spirit Mind without a fault,
That compels greed by simple means to halt.

No theory here makes savages of man,
At nation, business, justice hurls a ban,
Damnus right and left all things the rulers do,
Out of base ignorance of the wrong or true;
Just because those have power and they have
not,

Misguided sycophants of hellish rot,
Of fire-brand malcontents, who dip the pen
In the heart's blood of these same envious men,
Cause them to preach the gospel of distress,
Founded on theory damned of happiness,
Robbing the soul of inborn natural peace,
Keeping them down in slavery, rags and grease,
When education, elegance and love
Are labor's realm, which God has placed above.

But by such hates work rises not a stitch;
These but antagonize its foes—the rich,
Who, with each shaft of hatred, harder press—
For two can play that spiteful game of guess;
But with the lucre winning all the leads,
Feasting on wine while work on carrion feeds.

Labor may gain success by methods bad,
Only to sink again in misery sad.
Malice and vengeance can not rule a state,
Or its main body, labor's army great.
Whate'er the party built on these must fall.
The workman's Savior is the Christ of all.
Therefore, Good Government can only come,
Through each man ridding self of carnal scum;
Casting out dev'ls, not making them to fight,
Strike, kill, combine to govern all in sight.
'Seek first the heavenly Kingdom and the rest,'
Sure as the sun moves daily to the West,*
'Shall added be,' to home and government;
For Love is Heaven that brings this wished content.

The nation first must love itself as one,
Before the fight 'twixt wealth and toil is done;
A long way hence, but let us now begin,
Each day remove at least a speck of sin.
With error war but never with the man,
As seen herein the good and evil clan,
In living figures placed to make it plain,
That Spirit can o'er carnal victory gain;
This when the Good Mind concentrates and acts,
Travels through blood and fire, and ne'er retracts!

* Metaphorically speaking,

Good Government (the rampart broken
through)

Has not an easy victory to pursue.
The hillock from the bottom to the top,
Has covered holes in which the forces drop.
Glass broken, sharpest spears and swords are
there,

To torture victims falling in the snare.
But Chevaleers gives courage to his men,
Until at length they reach the robber's den;
The robber's den of dens in City Lust,
The capitol of all commercial Trust.

Chief Scorparon, a weak, dyspeptic man,
Does here abide, and rule his powerful clan—
Or did before this most destructive day,
That swept his army, power and friends away.
He, not a field commander as was told,
Fought till this time through mediums of his
gold;

But now—by his great army left alone,
(It conquered, dead!) he frantic sits his throne.
Deprived of power which once was very great,
He remains but an outlaw of the state;
Though late he had the downright strength to
say:

“I wish the laws revised to suit my way.”
And none dared long oppose this richest chief,
For fear of lost position, rags and grief.
And then his treasure chests were much too
strong

E'en for the best to fight against him long.
That tempting dollar, what can it not do?
Poor martyr of the truth it laughs at you—
A hero now, forgotten ere a week,

While law unchanged still loves to hear *it* speak.

A great domed building and of granite made,
 With pillars, statues, arches well arrayed,
 Is the Trusts' capitol. And now the foe
 Enters, prepared the torch and oil to throw.
 In the state chamber, paved and walled with gold,
 Is found Chief Scorparon, the master old;
 Bald headed, wrinkled, seated on his throne,
 Or pyramid of dollars—all alone.

Prince Chevaleers addressed him: "Scorparon!
 Your money now is useless—power is gone:
 'Tis suicide for long to here remain,
 Hugging as life this piled-up worthless gain.
 Your powers removed, your forces swept away;
 What therefore is this gold but so much clay?
 Even your strongest henchman traitor turned,
 The haughty Palops, who these riches earned—
 For you—by methods villainous; but spurred
 By your own self to sack the common herd.
 Hence none can be condemned but Scorparon;
 Your luck has changed; forever wrecked, be-
 gone!"

"I can not rise; I, sir, am weak and old;
 Wilt help me?—ah; be careful of my gold!
 So precious, what? not take it with me hence!
 Please, sir; your troops, their shoulders are im-
 mense;
 A fortune for each one and tons for thee;
 What burn it, man? your mind must wandering
 be!

Burn gold?—but let me take a bag along;
 A little bag; a pocket full, no wrong!
 My gold—my nation—gold—my family—gold!
 I love them—it—I—it—to slavery sold!

How cruel, O, so sad!—pray let me take
Just one small piece for charity's sweet sake!"

Thus Scorparon, by Chevaleers led out,
Gave utterance to his soul's consuming thought.
The prince him saw in safety from the hall—
He tottered down the hill and past the wall.
The forces work completed they retire
Beyond the city, now one solid fire.

Corruption's state, a kind of go-between
Of every hell within Lust's borders seen,
Which makes the laws for them and them de-
fends,

Truth's army its vile, rotten system ends.
They charge upon it, fire its house, and fly,
As the flames shoot with others to the sky.

Thus Heaven's Eleven's task is made complete.
Most terrible the conflagration's heat.

It sweeps the country round and all the bay,
The Lawful Pirates' ships are burned away,
All perish but the chief, who swims ashore
And hastens off beyond the seat of war.

The citizens and troops for safety go
High on the hills around, to look below:

At the great city covering miles of space,
One massive flame of Lust's prolonged dis-
grace;—

Fast burning down forever from the sight,
All greed and passion of corrupt delight;
One fiery mountain shooting through the
skies;—

The city built upon corruption—dies!

CANTO THE ELEVENTH.

Now, while these acts in City Lust are done,
Concluding not until the set of sun,
Far to the north, the snow-bound, dreary land
Is swept by various states of Heaven's command.
Clement himself as seen had taken charge
Upon the southern plains the forces large;
Had Lytheus sent all eastern hell to breast,
And others to the mountains of the west.
And, when 'twas necessary thus to break
His one great army, four divisions make,
He despatched Landamore of Progress forth,
With seven states, to fight the forces north.

These from the plains, to cold from climate
hot,
One long, uninterrupted battle fought.
Sometimes retreating, sometimes standing still,
Carnal's command fights back on field and hill,
Village, plantation, river, lake and wood,—
Through realms of *planet mind* not yet reviewed.
Her seven armies in this fierce affray,
As consequence of battle fall away;
In scores and legion dwindling as they back
Before the heavenly ranks' prolonged attack.
These, too, have losses but, considered, small.
The details now shall our attention call.

Anxiety, the fear-o'erburdened kind,
That haunts with future great distress the mind,

Meets with disaster ere an hour's retreat,
In a large field enriched by ripened wheat.

Quaken, the chief, when his command drew
near

The field, thus spake in words disclosing fear:

"Soldiers, this conflict may continue long,
And starve us lest we make provisions strong,
Gather what breadstuffs seen upon the way,
And carry forth—our future pangs to stay.
This field we have the time to strip before
Our foes arrive and follow up the war;
They yet have miles to travel, hence the grain
Make haste and pick—the future to sustain."

They fall upon the wheat with greedy hands.
Onward advances Spirit's various bands.

Some pass them by, combatting left and right
Hell's other six divisions of the fight.

One of the seven heavenly forces though,
In quest of them, transforms the field to woe.

'Tis Sacrifice, whose chief Lunbusium spake,
Thus ere the charge: "Yon Anxious forces take;

Scatter them, they who fear for future food,
And all else that each day has just as good;

Who now when by this vital war beset,

Over provision for the morrow fret;

Who should live only now, the future hide,

As though 'twould never with their lot abide.

'Tis sacrifice that prospers; men of will

For present tasks bid future fears be still;

Though seeing not a crust the coming day,

Unmindful work the stoic time away;

'Tis sacrifice that makes endurance sweet,

To victory soars from friendless, dark defeat."

Saying, he led his army forth to fight.

Anxiety's command is wrapped in fright.
 Seeing his foes advancing not until
 They rush upon him from a neighboring hill.
 Quaken is powerless; his great army flies,
 Or, offering weak resistance, falls and dies.
 The troops victorious when their task was done,
 To join their fellow cavalrymen, move on.

And while the troopers thus proceed, a horse
 Direct from Lust in-rides to carnal's force,
 Bearing the news: the town had met defeat,
 That Heaven's command to burn swarmed every
 street;

That the great lords of wealth abiding there,
 With armies lost, the fire were doomed to
 share—

Unless;—the messenger had come for aid;
 Spreading the news he through the forces made.
 All him refused but one. The five declined,
 As well they should—protecting their own kind:
 The states, the towns, the peoples of the north,
 Now in great peril as Heaven battles forth.
 The sixth commander, Bragdon, lord of Cant,
 Lust's monarch's sin-defending sycophant,
 Consents to go. The five object; and then,
 He much chagrined addresses thus his men:

“The city Lust is fallen, and its wealth,
 The strength of hell, exposed to fire and stealth!
 What shall become of us if falls the Trust!
 Protection give its noble chief we must!
 It controls all, the bullion and the food;
 A system built for honest people's good.
 And think of Lust's promoters, who create
 The glorious schemes so helpful to the state.
 Think of them all, the noble lords of Lust,

And 'twill be seen to help them now we must.
Our friends around forbid we leave the fight,
But know they not in this case wrong from right.
'Tis selfishness compels this dense decree;
Beyond their small estates they can not see.
Now that we beat retreat before the foe,
'Tis guard their own and let the *planet* go.
But remains still the wealth that keeps alive
These selfish, sore, unpatriotic five,
Which must be well defended, else its fall
Means the complete destruction of us all.
Hence, men, obey them not; to save the land
We now withdraw and hasten to the strand!"

Saying, he turns his forces to the side;
They through the shower of nether weapons
ride,

And Lustward wend their way. But Heaven
aware,

Pursues, o'ertakes and wrecks beyond repair.
And they who stopped this journey t'ward the
strand

Were State Humility's well-horsed command.

Seeing commotion in the carnal lines
And the wild dash, the chief the cause divines,
And speaks—Prince Zena speaks: "Revolting
Cant

Still at this hour remains the sycophant;
Has word received his darling hero's town
Has fall'n, and all shall soon be trodden down.
Is that wild dash to save the city Lust?
Has it in view an object nobly just?
Is it for truth, his nation, both, or which?
Or simply to protect his friends the rich?
Of these 'tis none. 'Tis Bragdon all the while,

Whining pretender with the winning smile.
And now that his rich masters are undone,
To reach the city why such peril run?
Can aught be gained? One little horseman band
Against the Brave Eleven's foot command;
A million men with Lust beneath their feet,
What stratagem can such an army cheat?
None, surely none, His object is to gain
The confidence of Heaven—who wields the rein;
Turn traitor to the lords he long obeyed,—
Now that they victims are of Lytheus' raid;
Pillage and kill them where they quaking stand,
For vilest clutch exchange the humble hand.
There rests the difference 'twixt his state and
ours:

Humility no sing-song homage showers;
No sham at littleness, no fawning sigh,
Nor jabbering tongue nor grinning mouth and
eye;

But that exquisite virtue, knowing good,
And loving it in preference to the lewd;
Ready to talk when asked, but pleased to hear;
Keeping one's self a little in the rear,
Never o'errating things of any kind,
And above all, the work of one's own mind;
Nor underdoing it, for both are bad,
Are like extremes and kindred to the cad.
But happy he, the man of natural turn,
Who does great things and still has much to
learn;

Who listens, whether wealth or misery speak,
Honors the good, corrects and cheers the weak;
Is pleased to help a brother up the hill,
Knows his own greatness but is humble still;

Forgets himself when sorrowing souls are found.
To leave them not till sunshine heals the wound."

This he said low and then resumed aloud:
"See, Bragdon now escapes the carnal crowd!
The time is ripe his canting state to break—
For Lust he travels—come—him overtake!"

Then followed by his army forth he rides,
Down a long hill, attacks on all its sides
The foeman's ranks—disaster closes round!—
And hurries on to join the six beyond.

Mile after mile the Seven ride along,
Hard-pressing northward hell's decreasing
throng.

The sunny land is passed to snow and ice,
Toward the state of autocratic vice.
To check the blasts and fast increasing cold,
The troopers in thick clothes their bodies fold.
Their chargers slip afoot the frozen land,
Still onward moves the dauntless horse com-
mand;

Less rapid but as vigorous as in heat;
'Tis now a skirmish, then a long retreat,
A dash, a break, a charge, a halt and then,
With naught of interest, onward north again.
At length, a village looms amidst the snow,
And Judging's forces t'ward its limits go.
'Tis their abode. They reach the town before
Heaven has the time to meet and offer war.

Chief Bonarue his townsmen thus addressed
(When they had gathered): "Now your courage
test!

All are in arms; 'tis good; the time is here
When we must perish in a fight severe;
But make it costly. Better die than whine,

Or yield one atom to the Spirit swine.
 To think that they pretend to goodness—they!
 An Empire rotten in its every way;
 In politics, religion, social plan,
 They rob, imprison, kill the humble man—”

“Judge not lest ye be judged!” Chief Bandal
 roars,

As Judgment, his command, now inward pours,
 Fills all the streets, surrounds and takes the
 town,

Compels the Judges lay their weapons down;
 This ere they had the time to draw a bow,
 Before one drop could stain the virgin snow.

“And Bonarue,” Chief Bandal thus address,
 “You Heaven have judged by those these realms
 infest:

Anarchy, pessimism and the like,
 Have taught you with your speech all virtue
 strike;

Also to laud a rascal to the skies,
 Imagine things and call them truths or lies;
 Conclude corruption rules the heavenly State;—
 And learn not different till it is too late.

Now, while you thus condemned the Spirit Mind,
 My state of judgment your downfall designed;
 Surprised and overpowered. You now are paid
 For the vile falsehood on my country laid.

Judgment is Truth, is finding out the best;
 Not gossip in new language daily drest;
 Nor fancy bred by creatures envy-mad,
 Who term their class as good, all others bad;
 “Judge not lest ye be judged” they think not of,
 Receive no pleasure for they give no love;
 Suffer their own deserts, their judgings meet,

Themselves and others of life's blessings cheat.
 And now, sir chief, your deeds at leisure tell;
 What you sent out returns to smite. Farewell."

Taking the Judgers' weapons Heaven's command
 Moves northward as that people wondering
 stand.

In carnal's ranks commotion starts again,
 An outburst of the Pessimistic men.
 Throughout the war they had been grumbling,
 now

These condemnations climax in a row.

Chief Janaquil of Pessimism is heard:
 "Of all things else this war is most absurd!
 Why should we fight?—what object is in view?
 Or win, or lose, do we gain aught when through?
 Suppose 'twere Carnal had the best of it,
 Would our conditions rise?—no, not a bit!
 Suppose 'twere Heaven retreating, not our horse,
 We would but move by will—and not by force.
 Heaven drives us back; we do not wish to go,
 But that amounts to nothing with our foe;
 We still retreat, as arrows plough the wynd;
 We fall, we perish and are left behind.
 Wolves come with Death, and fight each other
 for

Our choicest meats, and most refreshing gore:—
 And what of it? We feel them not; and why
 Should people o'er this human body cry?
 A shrub expires, and is no deader than
 This disappointment commonly called man.
 Man—ha!—three letters; easy word to spell;
 Takes five for snake—on paper looks as well.
 And this command, this rag-end of the war,

What in the name of god we fighting for?
 Or rather, why retreat? or rather, why
 Postpone our execution—all must die.
 Like a mad pack of hounds without a trail,
 Most loud of bark, we northward, nowhere sail.
 But why with them remain? why Spirit fight?
 Why not consider self and take to flight?
 Leave Heaven and hell to battle to the fists,
 And live till death in peace—if such exists?
 To hell we nothing owe; our life is ours;
 Come, men, 'tis time to quit these carnal
 powers!"

They then rebel; an ugly fight to death;
 It ended leaves no pessimist with breath.
 They try to break when Beria, general chief,
 Of State Autocracy, gives battle brief.
 (Seeing his ranks deserting him, enraged
 He vowed that hence would be harsh methods
 waged—

Should any traitor turn. That time is here.)
 He first surrounds, then charges in with spear;
 Then with their swords his three commands com-
 plete

Their task and leave the snow a bloody sheet,
 And with all haste upon their way proceed,
 Forth to the land of Autocratic greed.

When hell to fight itself thus checked the rein,
 Heaven's command halts idle on the plain.
 They rest their steeds; dismounting, stand or
 walk,

Observe the fight and with each other talk.

Pacia, the chief of Optimism, addressed
 A fellow chief: "That battle could be guessed;
 Long since 'twas seen within the mental eye

That Pessimism at hell's own hands would die.
Was ever discontent allowed to thrive,
Give out his gloomy thoughts and keep alive?
To look on things as always for the worst,
Make folk erst happy by his tongue accurst,
Bring misery to himself a hundred-fold,
And damn the race because his peace is sold;
Curse those who prosper, conjure blackest lies,
Because he is himself too weak to rise;
Too poisoned by his thoughts to see the sun,
Although it shine alike for everyone;—
That wretch is doomed, must ever famine chase,
And die without a tear to bathe the face.
Sweet thoughts as honey sweeten every tongue;
To hearts repentant or by sorrow wrung,
These modest angel lyrics softly creep,
And lull the sob to dreamless lasting sleep.
Sweet thoughts, the music strung in every soul,
So simple yet of life the verdant whole,
So beautiful the song we love to hear,
That cheers the heart or prompts the holy tear,
To man's endeavor welds the welcome crown,
Lifts high his cross and brings a blessing down."

Thus Pacia spoke. And mounted soon again,
Onward in haste advance the Spirit men:
Knowing that Beria's last inspiring thought
Was reach his city though with peril fraught
Prince Landamore to thwart all useless fray
Sends half his troops around to block the way,
Capture the town, while he pursues direct,
To check, harass—and spoil this last project.

The boundary line of Beria's state is passed;
Onward the two divisions travel fast;
Heaven harassing every now and then,

To bring delay to hell's excited men:
 Autocracy, the state of bad report,
 Without a senate and without a court;
 Without a people, though a countless race,
 Oppressed, enslaved and knocked from place to
 place;

Both soul and body chattels of a brute,
 A god on earth and monarch absolute.

The prince of Loyalty the rampart flanks
 ('Twas he who swung around Chief Beria's
 ranks),

With weak resistance from the troops in charge,
 Enters the city, takes the palace large,
 Dispatches guards throughout—and then awaits
 The coming of the various battling states.

They soon arrive. Chief Beria, nearly crazed
 At Heaven's command before the rampart,
 gazed:

"Mine God!" exclaimed, "Autocracy's defeat!
 Its last hope gone through Progress' crafty
 cheat!

He kept us back—his second sent ahead—
 Mine God—Autocracy forever dead!
 Our empire in revolt for many a year,
 Will now me gut and brandish on the spear!
 Defeated, no! That can not be—We still
 Have our command and shall the nation kill,
 Before we yield; 'tis ours to rule not bow—
 This is our right divine and that our vow!"

Inside the city now is heard to rise,
 From a big mass of labor, plaintive cries.
 Down the main street toward the rampart's gate
 The people come, upon their czar to wait.
 Their mission told the guard, they pass without,

Before Lord Beria bow in prayer devout:
To praise the *little father*, their great chief,
In hope to gain from famine just relief;
Ask him to heed their wretchedness, and give
Enough for work that they might better live;
In peace had come, as subjects crushed but loyal,
To *little father*, friend to those who toil.
One held his picture draped in flags; above
Was writ: *a token of thine people's love*.
Men, boys and girls their feelings manifest,
And women, too, with babies at the breast;
In rags, with faces marked by pain severe,
A sight for pity, picturesque, sincere.

Without a word in answer to the prayer,
Lord Beria bids his javelins forth repair;
Then with a scornful shout commands them,
"fire!"

The peaceful people in one breath expire;
The children, men, and women with their young,
Upon the snow in one long column strung.

But that meant more than taking this poor
breath;

'Twas of Autocracy the warrant—death!
She fought on distant soil unto defeat,
To return home and her destruction meet;
Not by the foe who now her troops surrounds,
But by the people born within her bounds;
Her very flesh and blood, Chief Hebron's state—
Anarchy, which till then had been her mate;
Loyal, beside her fought from south to north;—
But now that chief enraged thus thunders forth:

"Enough! enough! Autocracy must fall—
This crimson snow shall likewise be her pall!
Long used to blood, I can not stand this scene,

Anarchy's vilest act was ne'er so mean!
We stab, we murder, but behold! behold!
No coward's act was ever yet so cold—
So heinous, low! These folk in murder laid
Because they came in peace and asked for aid.
When peace unanswered begs, is treated so,
What else remains for those of station low?—
Anarchy! Anarchy! forward every man;
What love with tyrants can not—murder can!"

With fury then they dash abreast her ranks,
Who fall and pile upon the snow in banks.
Steeds rear and charge, the victims bodies crush;
And then the sword their frightful noises hush.
Chief Hebron fights his way to Beria's side,
Draws forth his dagger (flows a crimson tide!)
It carves the monarch's heart with surgeon's
skill,
In through the ribs and round that member still.
He claws it out and holds above his head,
Rides round the field and squeezes forth the red.
Fast fall the drops, to scatter o'er the snow,
As his command to death sends every foe—
All those opposed to him in this affray,
The last command (save one), Autocracy.
This battle finished Hebron orders then
(By victory spurred): "Attack the Spirit men!"
One against seven yet they straight obey;
But woe to them, as snow they melt away.
Though close surrounded, all till slaughtered
stand;
All but the chief, who dies by his own hand.
He shrieks, "'Tis over!" waves the tyrant's
heart,

Concludes, "Two reptiles from this life depart!"—

And kills himself: falls trembling to the ground,

Clutching his treasure in a clutch profound!

Baltimore of Loyalty observing said:

"The last political corrupt—is dead.

'Tis done and well; red Hebron is no more,

To murder rulers as in days of yore;

But ere he died one deed was fairly done,

He proved himself Autocracy's true son:

She bore and nursed and bred him to his lot,

And then on her he practised what she taught;

A better son a mother never had;—

As parents sow they reap, or good or bad.

A nation must be pure to breed loyal sons.

The brave man never from his family runs

When trouble knocks or batters down the door,

But stays to bear it out thence evermore;

Because what there abides is love so dear

No harm can enter lest across his bier.

Likewise the nation built on justice stands,

Secure from greed and arms of foreign lands,

So long as her brave sons have strength to fight;—

When love is staked there are no flags of white."

Now, in the fray the last of carnal's seven

Makes her escape beyond the troops of Heaven;

A sorry lot, both man and beast, are these,

And gathered from all hell—the state Disease;

But not so much an evil as effect,

Brought on by vice, bad thinking and neglect;—

Sometimes through self and sometimes through
a foe.

Bad thoughts are harbingers of torturous woe.

Now, almost dead from late exertion's heat,
This army makes a westward slow retreat.
And Health is sent to watch them with all pains,
To keep them back from carnal's southern
plains;—

Where the great fight decisive of the war,
Between the generals, floods the plains with gore.

Chief Carnademus, when some miles pro-
gressed

Had his ill forces, them these words addressed:

“Companions of disease, our life is short,
Driven from city, country, hut and court;
To wander without home, and nearly dead,
With comforts none, nor succor, food nor bed.
From deserts parched to this embittered place,
From this to where? O hapless, friendless race!
O whither now? Defeat on every side,
Our horses staggering as we feathers ride.
Autocracy, the City Lust and all
Have fall'n, but where, O where our bless-ed
pall!

But look! o'er yonder vigorous Health pursues;
Thinkest thou we from battle aught could lose?
Ha, ha! proud health, hast come to strike and
kill?

If so thou takest but our best of will.

Lay to thy sword, the sooner suits us well,
To join sweet Death, now greatest state in hell.”

But Health disturbs them not. A mile of space
Divides her from this fast-declining race;
Exhausted, dwindling as they struggle on,
Till the last shaking sufferer is gone;
From wrecked Autocracy for miles and miles

To westward stretched along in ghastly piles.
 Disease is dead, itself had worn out
 Pursuing and embracing loveless thought.

As he repairs unto the southern plains,
 Prince Vigatho, the chief of Health, these
 strains:

“Beautiful blessing to be good, and know
 Nor thoughts injurious nor enslaving woe;
 Exquisite peace within, whate'er is seen,
 To have a cheery word and heart serene;
 A love that keepeth well and healeth all,
 Restores to peace and hastens evil's fall,
 Disease keeps at a distance till destroyed,
 And moves in realms eternal, unalloyed;
 Lovely like scenic Nature in the Spring,
 When all things happy dress their best, and sing;
 Lift up their thankful heads of various hue,
 Embrace the sun, to Winter wave adieu,
 Salute the winds, in rapture look above,
 And know that nothing is so sweet as Love.”

When the destruction at the walls was o'er
 Love's forces start toward the seat of war,
 Join Health en route; their task accomplished
 well,

Slow-travel merry through the conquered hell;
 Upon the plains one great long figure cast,
 Their forms loom in the sunlight fading fast.

Prince Landamore, the general of the Seven,
 Of Progress chief, these words: “'Tis well for
 Heaven,

For Love, that great Autocracy no more
 Remains to rule, a dagger to the poor.
 The time of despotism, thank God, is past,
 A new and glorious peace approaches fast:

No wars of nations, common for one end,
 An universal love the whole shall blend.
 To-day has Heaven decreed that hell should fall,
 And now the sun is sinking o'er her pall.
 Heaven said: "Thou hast gone far enough, be-
 ware.

Hell heard her not; the sequel now is bare.
 A better war than this was never done;
 Sin would encroach, and has her wages won.
 The western sky bids farewell to the day,
 And we to hell our lasting tributes pay."

The dusk is now upon them, as they pass
 Far from the snow to cultivated grass.
 What in the twilight grewsome to behold!
 That great black spectre gathering in its fold;
 With champing panthers bathed in red, around,
 Bawling and quarreling o'er the treasure found!
 'Tis Death's command now numbering nigh all
 hell,

Who this day, bloodiest in her history, fell.
 The shades are moving northward gathering
 moss

From the remains of autocratic loss.

Chief Helomed is speaking: "Brothers, know
 Me soon sole monarch of the realms below—
 If this keeps up. Rebel would carnal mind,
 And has herself to shades of Death assigned.
 By her election I have soared in rank,
 Therefore to her alone is due my thank.
 To Spirit?—No. That State has giv'n me
 nought;—

Death is to her as Life to carnal thought.
 It cannot stand, for nothing there can end;—
 A pure mind is an ever constant friend:

A staff that never fails of its support,
Secure in life, against all death a fort."

The panthers fight removing flesh from bones
(One victim scarcely dead, half-conscious,
groans).

The grewsome army slowly wends to north,
As Helomed the shades delivers forth.

Prince Justin, who had made a hasty sweep
To Beria's state, to raise the troops from sleep
(They who had fall'n from Landamore's com-
mand).

Returning south confronts the grewsome band.

Over the plains now buried in the night
He thundered down without a star to light,
Saw not the mystic mountain of the dead,
Till his command had—crash! against it sped.
But Life is quick. No danger is too great
To force her for a moment hesitate.

The most advanced command in Spirit Mind,
Long used to conflict with the carnal kind,
And most of all with Death, her ancient foe,
She plunges midst the ranks of perished woe.
Death makes resistances, battle-axes play,
The sword and lance,—a desperate, quick affray;
The final clash betwixt these great extremes.

'Tis Life and Death, and each one equal seems.
Life all surrounded has the hardest fight,
But remains cool and holds her courage tight;
Not one suspicion of it leaves her hand.
Before her powerful troopers none can stand.
Death, like a sea surrounds a little isle,
Dashes her waves against the rocky pile,
That awful battle-axe, which drives them back;
They fall unnumbered on the plains, and stack.

Soon one great column on each side of Life,
Tells but one story, she had won the strife;
From north to south had fought a passage clear.
She now is gone without a scratch or tear.

On through the night of blackness most profound

Her coursers thunder o'er the conquered ground.
Overtake Landamore's returning Seven,
And later on Prince Lytheus' Brave Eleven—
These marching slowly from the metropole,
Whose flames e'en here are seen to heavenward
role.

And, Lytheus overtaken, most humane
The Sev'n and Life extend to him the rein:
That the great heavy infantry could rest,
The miles remaining of the journey west.

Then through the night they pass. And we
proceed

To where is done the last remaining deed:
That of this day's encounter 'twixt the two
Opposing minds, the carnal and the True;
The last forever, for all time the last,
That draws the curtain o'er this bloody past.

"Command your strength! no portion can be
spent

In arguments or acts of discontent.
With Lust in ashes, Beria's state no more,
On us repose all burdens of the war.
No state to call upon for help, we stand
Alone the fighting force of hell's command.
'Tis serious, men! And now our phalanx gone
His personal strength must each depend upon.
We must do something quick, if we remain
Alive afoot this death-swept battle plain;

It is a dash, a plunge composed of all,
Else ne'er to rise we shall defeated fall.
At present we have only three to fight—
Love, Strength, Stability—but with the night
Now dark upon us, and the Brave Eleven,
The mountain forces and the northern Seven,
Full soon to re-enforce Chief Clement here,
We must attempt a charge, else drop the spear.
We now can nothing gain but mortal breath.
Heaven is triumphant—charge! 'tis life or
death!"

Thus Mideon spoke, to rally his command,
To the last fight against the Spirit Land;—
Then at the front of carnal's shattered clan—
A face all trouble and a form all man,
Strong, tall, erect, with powerful muscles red,
With neither horse nor helmet—forward led.
With all the youthful dare and power of old,
When he the whole of carnal strength controlled;
With trusty sword and shield all nicked and
bent,

The fearless Mideon into battle went.
Surrounded by superior numbers but,
Quick as a flash, he half-way through them cut—
Inflicted awful punishment, and then—
Is overpowered by Clement's righteous men.
He struggles to the last in hope to gain
By some force unforseen the open plain;
To flank his foe, to keep alive the spark,
The carnal remnant—but her day was dark;
Her sun had set, and look! her chieftain falls!
Clement, just Clement, back his army calls:

"Hold, chiefs—no more—withdraw thy men a
space!

'Tis Mideon falls—the bravest of his race!
A man who knew not once the breath of fear;
Such men I honor and this man revere!"

Then bathed in blood, his breast pierced
through and through,
Chief Mideon from its wound the lance with-
drew;

And struggling to his feet, with drooping head,
With staggering step, approached his foe, and
said:

" 'Tis finished well, brave Clement; this and mine
(Offers his sword) are nobly won—are thine;"
Then (as the victor touched it) failed of breath,
Fell to the ground and closed his eyes in death.

CANTO THE TWELFTH.

At Castle Excess, in the groves around,
Of sweet enchantment and bewitching sound,
Nocturnal wonders, drooping trees and flowers,
Amidst dark shadows of the sombre towers,
Upon a bed of velvet grasses rest
The beauteous two, Boncella and her guest;
In close embrace their various perfect charms,
With faces pressed, asleep in Nature's arms.
The lovely darkness of Boncella's skin
Her rich long raven hair half-closes in;
Falls o'er her shapely shoulder, arm and breast,
And equal beauties of her sovereign guest:
Sweet Cassia, heavenly princess, rosy fair,
With blue eyes closed and dark brown wealth of
hair,
Artistic clasped around her brow of pearl,
To fall in waves fond Nature made to curl.

A night-bird cradled in the leaves above,
Observing, sings, can only sing of love:
"A poet feasts upon the breath of Night,
And kisses her red cheek and brow of white;
And on her bosom, pillow downy soft.
Nestles deep down to soar in dreams aloft.
Dreams all divine of everything below,
The children of the Night who love her so!
The Night of beauty, cradle of the dove,
The silent friend of solitude and love.

The sylvan Night arrayed in sweet romance,
When fairy dreams for dreamy lovers dance,
Float all around, the scenery and the air,
Embosom each embrace with softest care,
Flutter the being through each lingering kiss,
The bosom fill with myriad forms of bliss;
Its rise and fall, the pressure's quickening beat,
Affection's soft exchange of feeling sweet:
The poetry of Love divinely heard,
Though written not or spoken not a word.
Of Love the charming Muses are a part,
Her soft enchantment wins on every heart;
Makes of them all who wander to her shrine
Sweet thinking poets, kindred to the Nine:
Unwritten, silent, past production's power,
Deep, deep within the heart's most inner bower;
Too difficult for realms of metered laws,
From instinct born as woman's just "because"—
Who cannot utter what she feels so strong;
And Love's sweet poets are too deep for song.

"And now the dreamer on the breast of Night,
By her caressed with little hands so white,
Turns on her bosom's lulling fall and rise,
And on the sleepers rests his startled eyes.
The dark Boncella close to Cassia fair,
Bathed in sweet perfume of nocturnal air,
With just one tiny ray their heads around,
A halo, gift of yonder star profound.

"What in these beauteous faces, poet mine?
Who knowest all of Nature's poem, define.
What dost thou see? A noble soul and sad,
Late clothed in many sins—but never bad;
For God has not condemned his wandering dove,
His fallen angel of mistaken love,

A love so great it soared beyond her kind,
Lay hidden, undiscovered in the mind,
Until he came, a man in all his power,
And made her gentle, modest as a flower:
When woe pursued, as woe will always do,
And from her heart sin's painful payment drew.
Sad features stained by tears and former vice,
Disclosing thoughts of noblest sacrifice.
The brave Boncella close in Cassia's arms,
In troubled dreams of battle's wild alarms,
Of one's last struggle at his army's head,
A foe superior and a warrior dead.

“And Cassia, fond Devotion's lovely maid,
By her companion to these realms betrayed;
Forgiving ever, pure without a past,
Full natural in a love supremely cast;
A love so perfect as all hearts to win,
Steal on the soul unknown and banish sin,
Lift up her sister in a full embrace;—
A poem divine is read in that fair face.”

Thus seemed to sing the dreamy nightingale,
Perched on his throne amidst the moonlight pale;
Now silent as Boncella starts awake,
As myriad moonbeams on her brown eyes break.

“Sweet Cassia, hark! (Her blue eyes open
wide)

I from a dream have wakened to confide,
Find comfort in an ever constant love,
In Cassia, my fair angel from above.
An awful dream! I fear me yet 'tis true:
Heaven has conquered, this sad war is through;
Sad, sad, because—because his life has sped,
His, Cassia, his!—Chief Mideon, he—is dead.”

A crimson flashed o'er Cassia's face and breast,

A sorrow nobly born made manifest.
 A tear from each blue eye stood wondering still;
 And then she spake, high mistress of her will:

“Hush, sweet;—he rescued me from ruin’s
 clutch;

Love shall repay in full—and that is much.
 Come, let us walk; the moonlight is most grand
 The soft air is as music; sweet, my hand.”

They through the wood slow-traveling wend
 their way,

As Cassia’s lips enhallowed thoughts convey.
 And through the sombre forest, faintly seen,
 A strange procession marches up the green.
 Lord Festus heads it—sad of face and white,
 And silent all who journey through the night;
 Who nearer come. The ladies step aside.
 A chariot rolls, a shroud its contents hide.
 Four stately steeds majestic walk and slow,
 Seem with wet eyes the warriors’ grief to know;
 As these, in columns formed around the bier,
 Unto their hero pay the sacred tear.

A man who did his best his cause to save,
 They loved him all, for brave men love the
 brave;—

Brave women too; fair Cassia’s tears are free,
 And dark Boncella’s, for they know—’tis *he*.

The sad procession now still nearer moves.
 An open space is reached amidst the groves.
 The moon all stately still its full light sheds
 Upon the plumed and glittering steel-capped
 heads,

The lowered shields all battered and the spears,
 The faces, arms and armor red—and tears;
 The last which scarce are seen, for woe so deep

Lies in the heart, and is too great to weep.
The chariot, gold and silver plated o'er,
A grewsome shroud its awful burden wore.
The white haired steeds, how nobly slow are
they!

Their honored dead a peaceful ride to pay.
The kind and kingly Festus; artist-chief,
Once great in joy but greater now in grief;
Who made his castle and its grounds a poem,
For beauty, love and mirth a sovereign home;
Bade all of carnal's best assemble here,
Enriched the poor and dried the widow's tear.
How grand the moon is with its falling light,
So soft, so sombre on this solemn sight,
Slow-moving o'er the lawn with measured tread;
A touching tribute to their hero dead.

And what in yonder darkness lurking on,
Of ghastly face, and robes that sweep the lawn,
Deep in the forest its grim form to hide,
With one big panther creeping at its side!
O what is it could haunt this mournful train;
Why does it follow, what has it to gain!
O shade! O death! stand back, thou spectre
drear,

Thou canst not have what God and man revere!
"Stop, Festus, stop!" 'Twas Cassia thus ad-
dressed,

As from the trees she came with quickening
breast;

Before the chieftain stood divinely fair
In Love's own light, of angel form and air.

"Sweet princess of the sovereign house of
Heaven,
I to thy father have a promise given;

Which is, when our brave dead is tombed secure,
 I shall restore to him his Cassia pure;
 So let us pass, our loved one to his urn,
 And be prepared to go when I return."

She raised her jeweled arm and pointing said:
 "I go not while here sleeps your honored dead;
 In death there shall not tarry one so brave.
 The Love that rescued me shall Mideon save."

Lord Festus turning spoke (his hands above):
 "Love's angel speaks—pray, let us bow to Love."
 Then, on the foot and knee, around the shroud,
 They in respect to her bow to her God;
 An she, so beauteous in the moon's full ray,
 Steps softly up and draws the shroud away.

The hero, there by loving comrades laid,
 So strong that e'en in death seemed not afraid:
 With lips still closed with that determined seal
 That when in life made *all* his bravery feel;
 With heavy brow and chin and featured nose,
 As carved from marble stained, in firm repose;
 His head upon his battered shield at rest,
 And with his bare arms folded on his breast.

And then that fairest and divinest maid,
 Who ever foot within these borders laid,
 Looked up a moment as to kiss the light,
 That spread such grandeur o'er this heavenly
 sight;

Then slowly spoke as lower fell her head;
 "Speak, Mideon, speak—Love's champion is not
 dead—

Love has not thee forgotten—ope thine eyes—
 The moon is waiting, Mideon—come, rise."

A shade of life lent color to his face,
 His arms relaxed their cold and stiff embrace,

His lips unloosened as his bosom heaved,—
 And then his eyes the light of heaven received.
 Restored to life he silent lay a spell,
 Soon turned his head—his eyes on Cassia fell.

She smiled and kneeling spake: "Thou knowest
 me.

Be not perplexed; 'tis Cassia whom you see;
 Your captive here at Excess since the morn.
 You fell, but now—but now are newly born.
 Lord Festus and his men in grief are near;
 Come, take my hand, arise and give them cheer."

With tender touch he clasped the proffered
 hand,

And spake—in voice devoid its old command,
 That made men tremble and obey his will;—
 These accents soft arose while all was still:
 "O princess, how could you thus favor one
 So wicked as the nether's chiefest son,
 At arms against your father till the end;—
 My thanks, good Cassia, but why me befriend?"

"Ah, never mind, Chief Mideon; only know
 Love pays all debts in full. Come, let us go;
 Your friends expression to their joy would give,
 For they have heard your voice and know you
 live."

Lord Festus, past repression's power, appears,
 Falls at his general's side and bursts in tears,
 Clasps tight within his own the blood-stained
 hand

That held the white one, shakes with feeling
 grand,

Says: "This is speechless joy; I can not speak,"
 Draws Cassia near and kisses her moist cheek,
 Encloses Mideon in his arms, and then

Assists him rise, to mingle with the men.

These closed around the chief and filled the night

With cheers that spoke their souls' supreme delight;

While he stood silent as in former days,

When victory warmed their hearts to maddening praise,

But unlike then, on all bestowed a smile,—

As t'ward the princess stretched his arms the while.

And this was signal for a loud applause,

In praise of her and her triumphant cause.

Boncella springs to Festus' side; and there
They stand, the chief atween the dark and fair,
His arms around them in his cordial way—
The host of Excess, young in heart but gray.

And when congratulations were at end,

When praises did no more the heavens ascend,
When all was quiet, Mideon bid adieu

To those around and t'ward the three withdrew;

Was met by Festus with these words: "Sir chief,

The princess has to joy transformed our grief;

And you, retiring as you ever were,

At this great hour would be alone with her;

And 'tis but natural you should wish it so,

To speak your soul in secret, hence we go.

Come, comrades, come Boncella, let us feast!

Good Cassia, sweet adieu, a time at least."

They to the castle go, to leave alone

The two beside the chariot, mute as stone.

Thus but a moment when the chieftain spoke—

As from the car he drew his purple cloak,

Enveloped well his body, and unbound

His armor that went clanking to the ground:
"These signs of war must now me ill become,
Defeated, killed afield and raised at home—
Both by the Power I tried to overthrow;
I feel myself a coward base and low."

"O, that is nothing; many do the same,
And even worse—on Mideon rests no shame.
He to the last an honest battle gave;
A coward never! Mideon still is brave.
But let us shift the converse: where and how,
Sir chieftain, is your brother Villard now?"

"O, he was centered in the last advance,
Did splendid work with both the sword and
lance;

Was at my side and fighting when I fell,
But was not wounded, as I know full well.
This day has changed him much, as you shall
see;

He proved himself a man of high degree.
But for his treason to your noble State,
The day's achievements would have made him
great."

"To hear such praise from Mideon gives de-
light;

O, how you scolded him before the fight!
My sympathy was moved, but yet I knew
He well deserved the shafts received from you.
But he has fought beside his brother, and
That treason shall no more against him stand.
I know that father bears no man an ill,
And I—I did in hell my mission fill;
I was abducted here, but have enjoyed
These beauteous grounds and well my time em-
ployed.

And, Mideon, (here she stopped and scanned the
grove,
Touched light his arm) dost thou Boncella love?"
That old-time fire flashed from the chieftain's
eye,

But tarried not for smiles soon passed it by;
And thus he spake: "Boncella love? why no;
Why ask me, Cassia? has she told you so?"

The night bird carols. Cassia thus replies:
"Nay; but *she* loves—I saw it in her eyes;
And grew inquisitive the truth to learn,
Whether or no thou didst that love return.
I always strive, O chief, to do the right,
In sight of man and in the Master's sight;
Had you made answer "yes" I should have gone
And sent Boncella—and remained withdrawn."

"O, Cassia, fairest Cassia, I would speak!
My heart is mighty but my tongue is weak;
Unskilled in tender words of peaceful man;—
Yet I shall speak, and kindly as I can.
This morning ere the sun removed the night,
This morning ere the day's disastrous fight,
This morning when I dashed to Cassia's side
And raised her up, and stilled the carnal tide;
When those great eyes for pity looked to me,
And begged a man's protection—loved I thee.
And none but thee, remember, Cassia, none.
In those blue eyes I saw the rising sun;
Then for the first time did my feelings move—
Boncella was my envoy, not my love.
And all the day, this bitter day afield,
My mind its claim on Cassia would not yield;
The fiercest battle failed to blot it out;
Within me tarried still that face devout,

Those pleading eyes, those hands in mine by
choice,

That troubled breast and soft-toned lyric voice.

All these in memory lingered till I fell,

To fight no more, to close my eyes on hell.

And then the resurrection here to-night,

To meet you face to face in Love's own light.

My Cassia, Cassia mine! I fain would call;

For such a princess would surrender all.

But I have nothing now, my power has fled.

A pauper late delivered from the dead,

I stand before you here; for peace I stand,

To Cassia and her Empire give my hand."

He said, and holding out his arm, was still:

To humbly wait upon the princess' will;

Her answer, as he scanned those features
through,

And saw a heart that to the word was true.

Her hand she placed in his and thus replied;

"I need no longer now my feelings hide.

O, bravest chieftain, what my heart would tell

I speak in full, for thou hast spoken well.

In years ago, when but a little maid,

The name of Mideon fear within me laid:

That awful chief of hell, who scoured the land,

Shot terror to the heart and stilled the hand;

Against my Empire warred and every clan;

A demon, worse than demon, was this man.

But as I grew, and not so long ago,

I changed my mind about this awful foe.

My father, as was ever Clement's way,

Unbiased tribute did to Mideon pay;—

Or friend or foe, to him it matters not,

He loves the brave in arms and brave in thought.

And lives there daughter worthy that fair name
 Who would a noble father's views disclaim?
 I love him, so when he your praises sung,
 Great Mideon's name no more my bosom wrung.
 He grew a favorite, and I oft would ask
 The scouts returning from their trying task:
 'How goes it in the nether world? and where
 Is Mideon? did he this day's battle share?'
 So passed the time until Boncella came,
 And set the whole of *planet mind* aflame.
 My journey here—the sage Rodolphus' deed—
 That priestly coward of a hateful creed—
 That hideous Stravo with his vulgar smile—
 Me giv'n in name of god to practice vile—
 A woman captive in an Israel land—
 That heinous act of one who would command!
 That lull, that clatter and that glittering crest—
 That arm which raised me to a soldier's breast—
 That angry voice which to mine ear was kind:
 'I stand the chieftain of the carnal mind!'

This was the man I never saw before,
 But whom admired because of feats in war.
 This was our introduction, and 'twas well;—
 The greatest men sometimes are found in hell.
 I love thee, Mideon, love as woman can,
 In every way, for thou art all a man:
 In every thought and deed, in soul and heart.
 My love is thine, and may we never part.
 May that strong arm attend my full career.
 May Cassia always be to Mideon dear.
 May peace surround us and our souls entwine.
 With Truth my witness, Mideon, I—am thine."

O, stars! Observing stars, a serenade!
 Fly thou the heavenly realms in joy arrayed,

Attack those lazy clouds and make them haste,
Entwine within the moon's long tresses chaste;
Creep to her side and kiss her silvery cheek,
With lingering kisses that a heart bespeak;
Tear through the skies with tales of dripping fire,
Transcend the elements and journey higher;
Salute yon sleeping mountain with a song,
Sung by the wind as while ye shoot along;
Make merry thou the desert drenched with blood,
Plunge in the sea and wash it with its flood;
Play loud a symphony on strings that live,
That breathe, that feel and their whole being
give,

Explode in grandeur, thunder to the goal,
March up triumphant and demand the soul!
Become inspired! for there two lovers stand;
No theme is greater than affection grand!
Tear down the mountains, crack the heavens
above,
Make planets tremble! for the theme is love;
Heroic love, commanding and sublime,
Whose heart and actions blend in perfect time,
Beat with an impulse stronger than the sea,
And move with universal constancy!

Hush—what is that! a far-off thundering
sound,
That stills the night and trembling makes the
ground;
Approaches Excess o'er the desert waste,
Nearer and louder as the moments haste.
The shouts of vicious men, the clash of arms,
The shrieks of pain, and battle's death alarms;
Now spreading o'er the mighty desert wide,
Where madmen rampant fight on every side;

Without a general and without command,
Each for himself in battle hand to hand.

'Tis hell's rebellion, conquered hell at war,
By Heaven defeated shedding its own gore;
Without a Mideon feared to lead them on,
Striking each other in cold murder down.

From all directions come they to the fight,
Each man proclaiming his conduct was right,
All others wrong, this fatal day afield,
And backing up his views with arms and shield;
Killing each other out of pure chagrin;—
When virtue triumphs, sin will battle sin.
Its rule is wicked, hence when left alone
That wickedness usurps its very throne,
Hurls down its wrath, that nothing can subdue.
Such is the sequel we shall now review.

Upon the desert where Chief Mideon fell,
Are centered most the principals of hell.
Like angry hornets when mankind molest,
Are upward fifty chieftains breast to breast,
In hand to hand encounter, while around
And strung between are battling nations found.
Foul curses fill the night, and fatal shrieks;
While here and there a wretch for mercy speaks,
Receives instead a weapon in the throat,
Crammed to the stomach with a drowning note.
Here one would bragging act the general's part;
Those thus informed plunge javelins to his
heart.

There one would plead his cause as only best;
A dagger zig-zag journeys through his breast.
A wealthy chief would yield his power again;
A stone him levels with the six-foot men.
Another would religion bring in use;

A sword his body from its head cuts loose.
Another calls for help upon a friend;
That noble person clubs him to his end.
One upward looks, a fearful prayer bemoans;
An axe his head sends through the collar-bones.
One, when surrounded, shrieks: "A martyr's
death!"

A stone extracts his teeth and stops his breath.
And thousands thus in madness, fighting die;
An awful contrast with the peaceful sky:
Its moon and stars and clouds of various hue,
In beauty laid abreast the canvas blue.

A chariot up-side-down, devoid of horse,
And stripped of wheels lies in the battle's course.
It moves a trifle and attention draws.

Chief Scowlard rushes forth to learn the cause
(The chief of heterodox—Illusion Land),
Removes the chariot with an angry hand—
Beholds there hidden, shaking like a leaf,
The sage Rodolphus, carnal's council chief.

"Ye pusillanimous blackguard!" Scowlard
roars,

"Ye breeder of this multitude of wars,
Ye slave to hell, to these base-devils sold,
Ye sycophant of pandemonium gold,
Ye priest satanic both in word and deed,
Who dares profess and feigns to preach my
creed—

The word of god, the mighty *god of fear*,
Who damns to brimstone those who won't revere,
Who bow not down to him, all others curse,
Nor know him king of this flat universe;
Thou coward, reptile in the eyes of god,
In his just name I damn thee to the crowd!"

This speech delivered, Scowlard grabs the
 priest;
 The madmen rush and on his body feast.
 He whines, attempts to pray and shrieks with
 pain,
 As while he drops in pieces on the plain.
 The knife removes his ears, each with a jerk,
 Then to his fingers shifts its pruning work;
 Rips off his scalp and gouges out his eyes,
 Unmouths his tongue to stop its plaintive cries;
 Dissects his nose, removes his bearded chin,
 And into ribbons cuts his clammy skin.
 His trembling arms four savage monsters take,
 To wrench them till they from the sockets break;
 Four clutch his legs and pull the joints apart;—
 And then a dagger gouges out his heart.

Thus dies the father of united hell,
 Against great Heaven at war, his wrath to quell;
 By his own god betrayed and trampled down;—
 Of short duration is the sinner's crown.

Rodolphus thus removed, a savage springs
 And death to curse-pronouncing Scowlard
 brings.

“A nobler place awaits me with my god!”
 He said and cursing fell beneath the crowd.

In quick succession perish many a chief:
 Polygamy of Jesus begs relief
 (The brute-faced Desert from his women fled),
 The battle-axe of justice strikes him dead.
 Adultery, Corruption and the Trusts,
 By that same weapon lick the fatal dusts.
 The chief of Lawful Pirates dies of fear,
 And Anger's head drips dangling on a spear.
 Too numerous to describe, but many more

Of hell's great captains shed their vital gore;
And nation after nation fall away,
The price of sin, the full account to pay.

Thus chaos clogs the desert everywhere:
'Tis blood and terror void heroic dare;
Without an action to command applause,
Without an object and without a cause;
The time for summing up—O wretched hour!
The pandemonium justice is in power.

The folk at Castle Excess hear the sound;
Both those at feast within and those around.
The host and his had scarcely drunk the wine,
That pledged a lasting health to Cassia's line,
When rumbling discord told of violent war.
Lord Festus' tumbler crashes to the floor!

He stands at once erect and calls his men:
"Defend the castle—we must fight again—
'Tis hell approaching—call the princess in—
No blood of hers must flow by shafts of sin—
I promised Clement and that promise stands—
His girl is safe against all hell's commands!"

By way of emphasis he struck the board,
Then donned his armor, gripped his strongest
sword,

Strapped firm the helm upon his august head,
Stalked from the hall and through the portal led.
His ranks were thin (three-fourths the day had
stilled),

But loyal and in war's profession skilled;
Who loved their chief alike in field and hall—
Unselfish Festus with a heart for all.

Close to the castle, in the foliaged street,
They now with Mideon and the princess meet;
Cassia beside the chief who gently leads,

Hitched to the chariot, his beloved steeds.

His face is contemplation and discord;
 He shakes with passion, clutches fast his sword,
 Before Lord Festus steps and orders: "Halt!
 If they attack they hold me to some fault,
 For vengeance come; therefore, my noble friend,
 This is my fight—I shall the wall defend!"

"Nay, Mideon, 'tis not your affair but mine.
 The board is waiting, go you both and dine;
 Make merry now at Excess while ye may,
 For fear me much it falleth ere the day.
 Make merry now while I defend the wall,
 And come not near, not even should I fall.
 I read upon your face a promise dear;
 Fight not for hell, but Heaven and her reve.
 That offer to defend my state is well,
 But you a greater duty have in hell;
 A duty, Mideon, that was given me,
 Which I forgot amidst this hour of glee:
 Take Cassia back. That office now is thine.
 I must remain with Excess and with mine;
 For see, they come!—'tis better now you stay
 (Here guard her close, from every harm away),
 At least a time, but should they overthrow,
 Break through their ranks with all dispatch and
 go;

Speed thou to Heaven in safety—then I fall—
 If that I must—with duty done t'ward all!"

This speech at end he bade them both adieu,
 And with his men marched down the avenue;
 Halted inside the gate now locked and barred,
 Drew up the bridge and chained its metal hard;
 Detailed his archery to duty here,
 And strung the rest upon the rampart near—

To man the monstrous engines flanked along,
Waiting with balls of oil and missiles strong.

The mob appears, without result attacks,
With dreadful slaughter from the rampart backs,
But not until the moat is steeped in death;
Then all is silence, scarce an uttered breath.
Chief Festus stalks the wall with sword in hand,
Inspects his engines and his brave command,
Arranges it anew with much concern,
And then awaits the savage mob's return.

The first attack made martial Mideon start,
From Cassia break and run a space apart,
Look down the avenue with deep unrest,
And say, "How would I love that mob to
breast!"

But Cassia holds him back and whispers these:
"O Mideon, that would Festus much displease;
His only wish was that you tarry here,
'Fight not for hell, but Heaven and her reve.'"

"Well spoken, Cassia; I forgot it quite.
I stay with thee, for only thee to fight.
Now go within, make ready to depart;
Sooner or later we for Heaven must start.
If Festus holds his own we shall remain
Till peace returns, to cross the nether plain;
If not—my noble steeds are rested well—
The ride to Heaven shall be through bloodiest
hell!"

Then to the castle's arsenal he went,
Procured what arms would serve his firm intent:
A hundred javelins, swords and armor plate,
And all else needed for the journey great;
Caparisoned the steeds with glittering mail,
Both weapon-proof and light, from nose to tail;

Made of the car a barricade secure,
And tested each the weapons to make sure.

Meantime, the princess to the castle sped,
Sought out Boncella lounging on her bed,
Surrounded by the luxuries of gold—
All it could purchase of the rare and old;
The smallest detail to advantage placed,
In happy discord and in perfect taste.

She parts the silken curtains at the door,
And tip-toes down the rug-laid polished floor.
Boncella smiles, arises, draws her near,
And sweetly speaks these accents soft and clear:

“With Excess threatened, with all hell in riot,
Thine eyes the question asketh, why so quiet?
So happy seeming? and I answer thee,
Full peace, full pardon has been given me.
Recalleth thou the morning scene below,
Around the board; Boncella deep in woe?
That conscience-smitten wretch who had be-
trayed

The noble Cassia to these realms of shade?
Recalleth then the pardon for my deed,
And my refusal, till through service freed?
That service, Cassia, now I feel is given.
It from my mind an awful charge has driven.
Thine exile, though beginning bad, is well:
It raised a chief, the greatest in all hell;
It raised a man, the bravest in the land—
It raised a lover to thine heart and hand.
What greater love than this was ever seen,
What wonder that my soul is so serene,
What service could my labors now improve—
Ye came in bondage but return in love.
My heart, my blessings go with thee to-night,

Beyond these borders to the realms of Light ;
 And each fair wind that journeys to the south
 Shall take from me a kiss for Cassia's mouth ;
 Each wind that whispers as it bathes thy face
 Shall tell the story of this last embrace."

When she had finished Cassia tried to speak,
 But broke in tears and kissed the singer's cheek,
 And then they stood in silence for a spell,
 As from the desert came the sounds of hell ;
 The clash of arms, the shrieks as missiles fall
 Pointed or flaming from the guarded wall ;
 That told the castle was besieged again,
 That all was safe with Festus and his men.

At length the princess spoke : "The fight is on,
 The time is nearing when we must be gone ;
 The chief is making ready for the ride—
 And good Boncella travels at my side.
 The fairest wind could never take her place,
 Her own sweet lips shall whispering bathe my
 face.

The winds, the blossoms and the fruits of Heav-
 en

Shall be for all, for Love to all is given.
 With Nature, which is Heaven, the print of Love,
 We there shall ever raise our hands above ;
 With Nature, undefiled by mannish creeds,
 The best, the oldest, written but in deeds ;
 The simplest Book to comprehend and live,
 That teaches Love, to honor and to give ;
 With Nature pure, a part of which we are—
 Although the race that blessed privilege mar,
 Sever and clash, She still retains the Plan,
 And proves throughout the brotherhood of
 man,—

The universal fellowship of Love;
God's perfect image holding hands above.
With Nature, whose religion is a poem,
My dear Boncella soon shall make her home..”

Hark, listen, crash! The chieftain Mideon
calls:

“Make haste—the fight is lost—the rampart
falls!

The steeds are wild, I scarce can hold them
down;

The mob approaches—quick—we must be gone!”

They don their robes and issue from the door;
Lie low to cover on the chariot floor.

The chief ascends the car with instant bound;

The word is given, the coursers plough the
ground,

Adown the avenue with maddening speed,
As their wild eyes upon excitement feed.

The mob, still fighting with itself, appears
Upon the street as Mideon's party nears.

He hurls a groaning javelin straight ahead
(It strikes! and five chief rebels fall—are dead),
And then with thundering voice commands:

“Make way!

‘Tis instant death to those who disobey!

I led you forth to unimpeached defeat—

You know me now—stand back and clear the
street!”

The saw—they knew—the single man they
feared;

In true mob-fashion straightway disappeared,
Though they would gladly gut him where he
stands—

But no;—the coward backs when strength commands.

The ride continues. From the castle's gate
Is seen another mob of numbers great.
It from the desert t'ward the rampart speeds.
Far-seeing Mideon slackens straight the steeds;
Observes the mob, the whole remaining hell,
Is hard beset by soldiers generaled well.
A moment more, they turn the mob around
(Are recognized), and t'ward the rampart bound.

The chief bends down, to Cassia whispers
glad:

“ 'Tis Heaven's command that fights these devils
mad;

'Tis Clement coming for his bosom's pride,
With old Zuff stalking, clanking at his side;
With three commands, his famous fighting three,
Love, Strength and Zuff's renowned Stability.
They come, are here, are crossing to the street.
Arise! a father's strong embrace to meet.”

Straightway the princess from the chariot
stept,

Rushed to her father's breast and trembling
wept:

The tears of joy when joy is at its height,
When troubles vanish in one sweet delight.
And Clement's face is buried in her hair,
As rapture shakes his form and great arms bare;
As Mideon stands majestic, firm and tall,
Within the chariot, overlooking all;
As Zuff, his mighty arms across his breast,
With dangling battle-axe, partakes of rest,—
Close to the general and his daughter stands, --
As while behind them rank the three commands.

These greetings closed, the joyous Clement
 sped
 To Mideon, wrung his hands and nobly said:
 "Her eyes have told the news and it is well.
 My son in Heaven though late my foe in hell.
 A father's blessing full accept of me,
 Had I made choice I would have chosen thee;
 But Love not parent must such things decide,
 And has this day fulfilled a father's pride;
 It could no better be—my heart's own son—
 Far more than victory has our Empire won.
 Thy works and hers the while she tarried here
 Shall gather moss with each revolving year;
 Her powers of goodness, loveliness and peace
 Shall match thy virtues as the times increase;
 This armored car shall ever prove thy gold;
 Always on guard, the Mideon still of old.
 Come, Cassia, mount the car thy chief beside;
 The trip to Heaven shall be a peaceful ride;
 And as we travel, ho ye, trumpets, sound:
 Farewell forever to hell's bloody ground!"

The trumpets straight respond both loud and
 clear,—

Echo, re-echo long their notes of cheer,
 Float o'er the desert with seraphic grace,
 As while in line each hastens to his place.
 First Clement mounted, then a chariot rough,
 Monstrous and groaning, rides the mighty Zuff;
 With Mideon and his party next in line,
 And then the trumpets and the ranks divine.

Forward they move t'ward Heaven, as hell
 around
 In rash rebellion meets its just rebound;
 A war that staggers, pains, and turns the sight,

But pandemonium justice still is right.
Fainter and fainter with each moment grow
The clash of arms and shrieks of dying woe;
The hate of ages summing up its gain,
As peaceful moves the Love-victorious train.

A horseman soon is seen to maddening ride,
Within the saddle swaying side to side,
As though from wounds; but keeping to his
horse,

And guiding t'ward the Spirit train its course;
Across the desert ploughing up the ground,
Straight to Chief Clement. Then these words
resound:

"'Tis ended, sir, with only me to tell;
Death now is monarch of defeated hell;
Not one remains, her victory is complete,
She shouts for joy with carnal at her feet."

This said he fell exhausted to the ground,
But Clement with these words restored him
sound:

"Most happy news; Sir Villard, thanks to
thee;—

The past is dead; 'arise, and follow me!'"

The train proceeds. And darkness fills the
night,

And stars and moon are lost to mortal sight.

A shaft of fire attacks a mountain high.

A trembling, crackling thunder rips the sky,

Echoes, re-echoes, rumbling far away,—

The trumpet loud announcing hell's decay;

The trumpet spreading wide the call of war,

The last, the quickest ever waged before,

The greatest *planet mind* shall ever see,

Mankind returning to their Nature free:

Undying in the flesh as stars among,
Forever useful and forever young.

Another shaft beheads the mountain hoar.
A million fires, a million sounds of war,
A million lights expanding east and west,
A million noises in the planet's breast.
Another crash! and carnal looms afire.
The headless mountain bursts itself with ire;
The lava from whose angry bowels explodes,
And takes its course in zig-zag paths and roads;
Throughout the carnal plains where Helomed
Now stands amidst his kingdom of the dead,
The monstrous residue of vanished hell.
The molten lava hastens on pell mell,
In rivers, creeks and beck, defies retreat,
And summons Death to massacred defeat;
From dust to dust, destruction absolute,
As through the heavens great shafts of lightning
shoot,
As deafening thunder shrieks and groans around,
And drowns the discords rising from the ground.
The plains, for miles abreast the shades, ignite,
Stretch out their hands and clutch the heavens of
night,
Roar loud and furious, traveling upward high,—
One solid fire from carnal to the sky.
The ground delivers forth its shrieks of pain:
It trembles, stops for breath, then cracks the
plain;
Explodes with hate, its venom heavenward hurls,
Which like great rockets sputtering shoots and
curls.
These pierce the clouds with tails yet in the
ground,

Reverse, return, exploding at each bound ;
And seas of sparks at each revolting crash,
Sputtering soar and to the desert dash.

Twelve of the greatest mountains reared in
hell,
Maddened by its late vicious war, rebel ;
Join with the battling elements in arms,
Increase the chaos and the loud alarms ;
Spread terror fresh throughout the carnal mind,
Giving back lick for lick what it designed ;
The twelve great mountains changed to fire and
smoke ;
The pandemonium's towering master stroke.

First of the shades to perish were the worst,
Those of the blackest sins and most accurst ;
They screeching, fighting, wiggling sink from
view,
In ashes fade, to carnal growl adieu.
And then the shades religious, tribute pay,
Beside the social curses fade away.
The politic corruptors next withdraw,
Never again to tamper with the law.
And so forth through the whole of carnal's kind,
Depart the shades forever from the *mind*.
The last to go (save one) was Helomed,
The late proud ruler of the kingdom dead.
He shuts his eyes as blinded by the light,
Says, "Spirit, fare-thee-well," and fades from
sight.

The last of all to answer hell's command
Was that great heart and ever ready hand ;
That representative of all that's best
In carnal mind ;—Lord Festus sinks to rest.
He rises tall amidst the brilliant light,

Looks t'ward the Spirit train and says, "Good
night ;"

Holds out his hand and smiling waves adieu,
Then midst the flames majestic sinks from view.

Straightway the planet's battling forces cease,
The stars of Heaven proclaim a lasting peace ;
And Nature whispers scarce above her breath :
The last of hell to be destroyed is death.

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