

## VIII.

Loud grew, and louder still, the dire cabal,  
Commixed with oaths unfitting to be told—  
Oaths, quite unworthy beings rational,  
From their unholy lips profusely rolled ;  
And yet the feud increased, and did unfold  
A wretched picture of depravity,  
Scarcely surpassed by Circe's den of old,  
Where wizards piped to midnight revelry,  
Still boasting o'er their feats of magic chivalry.

## IX

Next the red fight commenced, and then the host  
And hostess, each to each, their fears revealed ;  
And since all hope to quell the feud was lost,  
'T was deemed expedient they should quit the  
field,  
'Till either party, vanquished, should yield,  
Restoring peace and concord, as before ;  
Confusion now rode foremost, while some reeled,  
Some staggering, fell half senseless on the floor,  
O'er their quietus mused, though rudely trampled o'er.