

Fame's jackal sleuths rush with revealing snout
 To stench the actor's trail, and tongue abroad
 The infamy that feeds them. So for thee
 And thy doom'd caste, earth's darkest tragedy
 Dinning its trumpet to the farthest skies
 Sickens the peopled heav'ns. Thy patriot dead,
 Their ghostly eyes full open'd by the grave,
 May see thee throughly now, no hero king
 Wise-counsell'd in an honour'd land humane,—
 Only an autotheist, madly vain,
 Puff'd by his war-wolves and the flatterer's wile
 To dupe, betray, and drive to pirate sin
 A land that soon had won the world in peace
 By art and industry;—no eagle crest
 Holding the forefront of the hottest fight,—
 Only the vulture, gloating for his prey,
 Beaking in bald hypocrisy to God
 From some well-tended perch, whence for his whim
 He sent his conscript heroes down to die,
 And called them cowards if, unclaim'd of death,
 They came in failure from the fires of hell.
 Thou needst be brave to face such eyes as these!

What peace for thee and thine in all the spheres,—
 Thee and thy gang, for thou dost stand for all,
 Wilhelm the Antichrist, whose idiot eye
 Could see thyself upon the throne of God
 And find no warning in the blasphemy.
 Ponder it well; ere, lost to earth and heav'n
 The Great Forgiveness pass thee lone in space,
 Reading afar the verdict on thy tomb—
 Here bleaks a "most all-highest majesty"
 Who dipped his arms more deep in blood and mire
 Than all before, to leave the mark of Cain
 Forever branded on the Prussian brow.

VAUTIER GOLDING