"Oh, pygmy pomp and blazon of man's war!
When Michael strove with Satan 'mid the stars,
These were seraphic deeds and agonies,
And not this earthly death! Nathless I crave
Unnumbered slain—
The sin of His own slayers tortured Him!

"Hail to thy memory, war of wars, that jarred
Awhile the calm of heaven, when Pride and Hate
Stung by the still rebuke of love supreme,
Rose, fought and fell! And to thy memory hail,
Symbolic spear
That wounded the dead Christ on Calvary!

"Dear is the murderer's dagger, dear the rack
That strains the frame of one who testifies
With his last breath to Christ; dearest the spear
That stabbed Him on the Cross and stabs Him still,
Each thrust a balm
To soothe my sleepless memory in Hell!

NOTE.—There being so many diverse opinions as to the personality of the Antichrist, it appeared a warrantable license to conceive him to be the Spirit of War, the exact antithesis and contrast to the Prince of Peace.

The allusion in the second and third stanzas is, of course, to the first Napoleon, who is made to style himself "the scorn of God" in one of Alfieri's poems:

"Son lo sdegno di Dio: nessun mi tocchi!"