

Searle, E
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THE
FALL OF DIAKKA,
A
HISTORICAL DRAMA
OF THE
NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COMMON SENSE," "COQUETTE,"
"AGATHA AND OTHER POEMS."

CHICAGO.
1876.

PS 2797
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INTRODUCTION.

The writer of this poem, in choosing his subject has not been influenced by any desire to cultivate sensationalism, but to treat philosophically, and from a spiritualistic standpoint on the "law of influence," being strongly impressed that all moral wrongs existing in society, are more a result of ignorance of this law than of innate human depravity. And especially is this true of social wrongs. We know that what the American public most crave in this age, in literature, is sensation, but that what it most requires to create more harmonious and better conditions, is education in the philosophy of spirit influence governing in the social spheres. Back of every organization, religious, social, or political, is a spirit force aggregating the sum of all the individualized forces of the members of the body, and acting through it as a unit. Plymouth Church, as an organization, has a body. It has organs and parts corresponding to the brain, heart, lungs and glands in the human system. As a body, too, it had its birth, growth, develop-

ment, and it will die;—it is dying, but as an influence, or spirit force, it will have an existence in the spirit spheres. There are conditions and principles that can only be seen clairvoyantly on the *mental* plane, and which can only be brought to the perception of others as they have capacity to receive. Paul, when he was introduced *clairvoyantly* into the spirit world, which he called the “third heavens,” heard “unspeakable words.” This mental vision is a fearfully responsible, and in the dense cloud of materialism and ignorance of spirit law, that still cast sombre shadows over society, dangerous gift. It puts a *necessity* upon him who has received, and he must, if true to himself and to humanity, drink the gall, or the hemlock which ignorance, fanaticism and hate distils into his cup. He goes behind the scenes, and sees what is there; he finds “whited sepulchres full of dead men’s bones,” where society sees only a fascinating and beautiful exterior. To him there is a Mokanna behind the “Silver Veil,” which if he attempts to lift, however gently, and exhibit what is there, this spirit influence back of corrupt organizations, cries out, “profane, sacriligious, insane;” and if he escape the mad house, or a dungeon, he is more fortunate than many of the me-

diums for communication of spiritual truths that have been before him.

In a poem entitled "Common Sense," published ten years ago by the writer, and predcat- ing the conditions of soceity that would succeed the war, and the status of the then most promi- nent actors on the stage, is the following, refer- ing to the great Brooklyn preacher :

E'en learned Beecher, once the scourge and awe
Of all who trample upon right and law,
For sin becomes the *mad* apologist,
Whom rowdies cheer that once as loudly hissed.
* * * * *

How are the mighty fallen ! By what art
Has the seductive Sorceress won thy heart ?

This forecast was made when the great *divine* was in the zenith of his fame and glory, and when it was even more dangerous than now, to show corruption bare, or tell the naked truth. Truly the "mills of the gods grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small."

In the introduction of heathen goddesses and gods as actors in a modern drama, the writer has, perhaps been guilty of too bold a poetical license, but considering the scene is in Brook- lyn, and one of the prominent actors professes to be "a heathen," he thought but fair that all phases of theology should be represented.

The author of this book is aware that he has

hit hard on the prejudices of the so-called *Christian* organizations, but who deals with principles has no right to be tender of prejudices, since they are always in the way. I have adopted the Spiritual philosophy of the law of psychical forces because satisfied from impression, investigation, and from reason, that it has in it the elements of truth and reform. That Spiritualism is yet a crude and undeveloped Science of religion I do not question, but it is, nevertheless, the one best adapted to the present conditions and demands of society. All systems of philosophy and of religion are, under the law of evolution, ever approximating towards the truth, but never arriving at the TRUE.

CHICAGO, January 1, 1876.

E. SEARLE.

THE FALL OF DIAKKA,

THE ORIGINAL SIN.

Of Henry's love for Elizabeth, the spring
Of Plymouth's woes, loquacious goddess sing !
That love which caused the gentle Theodore pain,
And filled the church with reputations slain;
Whose discontented ghosts like vampyres flit
Through crowded halls where courts and councils sit
And in Religion's shamming and disguise,
Inspire with malice, perjury, and lies
The combatants, who fight, and bring their scars
From fields where Venus arms, instead of Mars:
For such, it seems, was Jove's supreme decree,
Who shapes and governs human destiny,
Since Henry first, with heart inspired by love,
For Lizzy's smile with gentle Theodore strove.

Come Goddess, tell, since you're not bound to keep
The secret of their counsels, dark and deep,

What power did first the Plymouth saint inspire,
 And warm his soul with passionate desire,
 When he, enamored of her melting charms,
 Sought love and bliss in smiling Lizzy's arms.

The Cyprian goddess, jealous of the love
 The gushing Theodore bore his gentle dove,
 Down from Olympus circling in her flight
 Descending, chanced on Plymouth's spires to light,
 About the time that Henry said his prayers,
 To amuse his club-house saints with pious airs;
 Who on that day, of all the days the best,
 Convene to sing, and kiss, and pray, and jest,
 When bulls and bears, from Wall street dens let out,
 Send up to heaven a universal shout :
 These "praising God from whom all blessing flow,"
 When gold is down and stocks in *statu quo*,
 With prospect that before another week,
 They'll tumble flat, or be, at least, a break;
 And those, when higher than a kite they sail,
 With Bruin's namesakes hanging at the tail.
 In form a *gull*, the goddess from above,
 Looked down, and breathed an atmosphere of love
 O'er all the place. Soft bosoms heave and swell
 In paroxysmal beats to words that fell,
 Like honey dripping from the speaker's tongue,
 Sop for the old, and nectar for the young.
 E'en sister Catharine some strong influence felt,
 Till with love's raptures she began to melt,
 In retrospection of the dear old time,
 When to be loved she thought was not a crime.

Love was the theme: 'twas Christ-like to excel
In loving sisters, and in loving well.
Christ was th'example, and the chosen text,
(One that has sorely grave divines perplexed)—
“ Now Jesus Martha and her sister loved”—
From which by pious logic it was proved,
That by thus loving he would come to be
On terms of “ strange familiarity.”
Therefore, to love the sisters was no sin—
But Bowen thought the logic rather thin,
Tho' backed by eloquence it had such charms,
As strongly drew the weak lambs to his arms.
Some brothers ogled and look sweet and bland,
And some there were who could not understand
The lesson taught, and vainly sought to find
From reasoning, what the duties it enjoined.
Old Halliday, betwixt a smile and tear,
Drew inspiration in at either ear;
Though sorely pressed, and anxious, and perplexed,
To comprehend the logic of the text;
While Wilkenson, who saw the true intent,
Looked pious as an Irishman in Lent,
And put, at once, all business cares away,
Concluding that the “ Life of Christ would pay.”
Tracy, the huge Thersites in the throng
Of Plymouth saints, could scarce restrain his tongue:
Ovington smiled upon his queenly spouse,
While Sage looked pained and sternly knit his brows.
Ecstatic Johnston lifted up his head,
As if communing with the pious dead.
But on some sisters who had loved too well,

The influence, like a shower of manna fell:
Through all the pews the soft infection ran—
Miss Proctor hid her blushes with a fan.
Dame Putnam, in her laces, curls, and paint,
Sat bolt upright, the picture of a saint
From Yankee land, a pure New England *blue*,
Whose husband never yet had “tamed a shrew;”
For, though a scion of old Israel’s stock,
His bat’ries were too feeble for the shock.
But now by Henry’s stronger currents moved,
She listened, yielded, softened, melted, loved.
To her clear vision and perceptive brain,
The logic of the preacher all was plain—
If Jesus “loved the sisters” the would be
Between them a *divine* affinity,
Making it but a duty on their part,
To yield the warm affections of the heart.
The Blue Laws of Connecticut she’d read,
And knew they clashed with what the parson said;
But they were relics of an olden time,
When paroxysmal kissing was a crime;
And wives and matrons must forego the bliss
Of sharing even a pious Sunday kiss;
But the new gospel made true piety
And kissing, with the Christian life agree.
She put away the “old man” from her sight,
And came at once from darkness into light.
And suiting theories to the time and place,
She put her pastor in her Saviour’s place.
Miss Oakley smiled and turned her head aside,
The warm emotions of her soul to hide;

And many, as the brooding spirit moved,
Were melted into ecstasy and loved.
For Venus breathed an atmosphere that shed
Halos of glory round their Henry's head,
Through whose soul-melting influence they drew
Love's inspiration that but gave a view
Of Christ and heaven in such a sensuous light,
As made the picture *blinding* to the sight.
This was th' occasion Love's fond goddess chose,
To tempt the saints, and vex the church with woes.
But the weak victim whom she had designed.
For Plymouth's idol, in love's chains to bind,
Unconquered still by logic in disguise
Of passion, on her charmer fixed her eyes,
With a mild, pleading, scrutinizing look,
As if she loved, but feared the *baited* hook.
She dropped a tear and turned her head aside,
The strong emotions of her soul to hide.
Beneath th' exterior she had caught a view,
And in the mirror saw an image true,
Of passion sensual, born of base desires,
And of that love which pious lust inspires.
She felt a shudder run through every vein,
And strove to break the bondage of that chain,
That seemed to draw, as by some potent spell
Her being downward to the gates of hell:
Like the poor bird on whom the serpent's eye
Is fixed, to draw it fluttering from the sky,
She struggled with the influence, till her brain
Seemed paralyzed with terror, *love*, and pain;
But yet, if with mere mortal toils beset

She might have broke the meshes of that net,
 Which priestly sophistry and art had wove,
 T'inspire her soul with confidence and love.
 The filmy thread of logic, spun so thin,
 Revealed at once the sinner and the sin,
 And while she loved the one the other brought
 Reflection, and a quick reaction wrought,
 That would have broke the spell, and baffled all
 The scheme designed to work the woman's fall.

But Venus in this last extremity,
 Sent up a message to the Olympian sky.
 (For gods have systems of telegraphy,
 For sending messages the same as we),
 To summon Cupid straightway to her aid,—
 The winged god his mother's will obeyed,
 And soon in little Ralph's assumed disguise,
 He stood revealed to the maternal eyes.
 "My son," she said, "this promised prize so dear
 To my fond Paris, will escape, I fear:
 Go you, at once, and in her tender heart,
 Inflict a wound with your all-conquering dart;
 For, with the *Christian* text before her eyes,
 Our scheme she baffles, and my power defies:
 But you, my son, can bring our quarry low,
 With but one quiver from your fated bow."

"Mother," he said, "you know your son is blind;
 Fate must direct my arrow if it find
 Its mark amid so many. Should it chance
 To strike some less impervious heart and glance

Among the tender lambs of Plymouth's fold,
 What tales of scandal might from thence be told?
 But 'tis for me to obey, and you must take
 All consequences for the row we make.

With this he twanged his bow: the arrow flew
 By Venus guided, to the mark so true,
 It struck just at the point, where all replete
 With passion, from the nervous centers meet
 Th'elect chords, that to the soul supply
 The forces for a paroxysmal sigh.
 The little heart that had withstood so long
 The tempter's power, and shuddered at the wrong,
 Yields to the influence and receives a shock,
 That did stern virtue's bolted gates unlock.
 Not reason, caution, duty could impart
 Strength to resist the poison of that dart,
 Whose subtile venom working thro' each vein,
 Fires all the passions, and invades the brain.
 And so confuses intellect and sense,
 That wrong is right and vice seems excellence.
 The mischief done, the cherub god withdrew,
 And back to high Olympus swiftly flew,
 There to perform his office in th' abodes
 Of blushing goddesses and amorous gods.

'Tis midnight now: All sounds have died away;
 The pray'r sent up by father Halliday
 Is floating round near the celestial gate,
 Too light to sink by its inherent weight.
 And by th' recording angel thought too thin

To be fished up, transcribed, and handed in.
The Plymouth saints have doffed their pious airs,
And quiet reign among the bulls and bears.
Some waste the midnight kerosene in schemes
Of bulling stocks, and some are lost in dreams.
The bears grown nervous from the sudden rise,
Of gold and Erie, fear to close their eyes,
Lest they be chased by ghosts of Bankruptcy
Calling for margins with a warning cry.
In Morpheus' arms the virtuous are at rest,
And Helen slumbers on her Manelaus' breast,
Dreaming such dreams as haunt the maddened brain
Of pining maidens who have loved in vain.
She seems like Dido wandering alone,
Through desert wastes, and wilds, and ways unknown,
Pursued by phantoms of such hateful things,
As sinful passion to the fancy brings.
She shrieks, and from their presence seeks to fly;
But through the darkness there is still an eye
That glares upon her, till she seems to sink,
Just on a precipice's giddy brink;
Before her yawns a gulf, dark, bottomless,
Where demons howl, and fiery serpents hiss;
Behind, a home of pure and happy souls,
While deep between a waveless river rolls,
Which once o'erpast, hope is forever lost—
No ruined soul its waters e'er recrossed!
Cold horror chills her blood and numbs her limbs;
Hell's goblin brood before her vision swims,
As with a wailing, shud'ring cry of wo,
Down swift she plunges in the gulf below.

She wakes! Ah, had she power to read aright,
The symbols of that vision of the night,
Her guardian spirits yet had had the power,
To shield from ruin in temptation's hour;
But, with weakness of her trusting kind,
Her faith in Christ and Henry made her blind:
Not he, the Christ whose teachings make us wise,
But him she saw through her dear pastor's eyes,
Whose love, accepting Plymouth creeds as true,
Was slightly tinctured with a sensual hue.
And when the tempter breathed into her ear,
His Christ-like passion, could its victim fear
This *holy* man whose eloquence and zeal
In preaching Christ, had made the nation feel?
Whose fame and goodness to the heavens were blazed,
While salaries increased, and pew-rents raised.
Blame not the woman if her virtue failed,
When by such logic wantonly assailed.
Do anything for Christ he pleaded, till
He had subdued weak reason to his will.
Could she refuse th' injunction to obey,
When god-like Henry came to talk, and pray?
As she received him in a saint's disguise,
He looked almost a Saviour in her eyes,
And if he talked of love, and dallied long,
She dared not think the priest could do a wrong,
Until, weak soul, she had no power to fly
From the strange fascination of an eye,
That, while it warmed with passionate desire,
Burned in her soul like a consuming fire.
The toad that spit its venom in the ear

Of Eve, a thing of beauty would appear,
To that dark fiend of lust personified,
That talked of "wife and all that name implied,"
Cloaked in a garb of sanctity, to win
A wife and mother to an act of sin,
Which, once committed, leaves a blight and stain
Upon the soul, that ever must remain
A plague-spot and a leprosy, to breed
A festering moral wound, from whence proceed
Hell's brood of vices, of the passions born;
Lust, hate, revenge, and treachery, and scorn.
Cloaked in his robes of priestly sanctity,
No murderer is half so vile as he
Who stabs at virtue under love's disguise,
And boasts of conquest when the victim dies.
We see him enter the abode where shame,
Till then, was but a phantom with a name,
That never cast its shadows in the light
Which made that home with household virtues bright,
A moral leper, whose infectious breath
Poisons the air, and sows the seeds of death.
He, unsuspecting innocence betrays,
And on the soul's most sacred passion preys.
He has no pity, for he will not spare
The flower when crushed, however frail and fair.
The vision of a desolated home,
To which no more in after years may come
Hope honor love, or purity, or peace,
To haunt his memory shall never cease.
No blood of Christ a pardon ever bought
For him who has such trasformation wrought,

But on his soul, where'er he breathes, shall light
 The withering curse of crushed affection's blight.
 This is a character no fancy paints,
 But one, so much revered by Plymouth saints,
 Whose blighted name will be throughout all time
 A synonym of treachery and crime,
 Behind the Church's bulwarks now concealed,
 But soon t'appear the "man of sin revealed,"
 More gross and sensual in soul qualities,
 Than Lucifer, new fallen from the skies ;
 For he, the Devil of the Christian hell,
 Was tempted through ambition when he fell.
 And never Michael, when in heaven they fought,
 Against him such a base indictment brought,
 As pampering lust, and then for his vile ends,
 Playing the coward, and bewraying friends.
 He stood upon his record, firm and square,
 And being beaten, "owned up" it was fair.
 True he's a myth in fact, but in the story,
 Truths are presented by the allegory ;
 For in this character we *play* is devil,
 Is represented all the sum of evil,
 Which from ungovernable ambition springs
 In governments controlled by money rings,
 As well as those that pamper priests and kings.
 But taken in the story as he is,
 Even he has some redeeming qualities :
 Ambition is a noble attribute,
 And at the worst, Satan's not a brute.
 The records show, (although in some things human),
 'Twas not to pamper lust he tempted woman ;

But the church Beelzebub of modern times,
Stands as the representative of crimes,
Which like a deluge seems to flood the land,
Begetting crimes and woes on every hand.
No myth is he, but stands a living bust,
Whose attributes are cowardice and lust.

PART II.

THE COUNCIL.

There lies, betwixt the earth on which we stand
And the far-off and glorious Summer Land,
A common ground, on which the spirits meet ;
'Tis called Diakka Land, and is the seat
Of the empire of the Nosraps, who are near
The plane of earth, and breathe its atmosphere.
Here spirit forces with material blend,
And right and wrong for mastery contend:
And here, all undeveloped spirits find
Conditions suited to the pigmy mind.
Here congregate dark groups who cannot rise
Above the sphere of priestcraft, fraud, and lies.
They have few aspirations or refined
Desires, but are to sensual thoughts inclined:
Cunning and mischief, their supreme delight,
They clothe themselves in shadows dark as night.
And breathe on earth an atmosphere of lies,

And schemes to shut out light and truth devise.
They have no sunshine; but Bœtian fogs,
Exhaled from dismal swamps, and fens, and bogs,
Envelope all their coast, and like a screen,
Shuts out the day, and makes a twilight scene,
Much like the one materializers here
Create, to let our spirit friends appear.
Their intellects are clouded like their skies;
Reason they fear, and Science they despise,
Scandal their food, sensation their delight,
They scold and wrangle, but they seldom fight,
Save with such weapons as the tongue supplies,
Shooting forth darts of vengeance, winged with lies.
They hold their councils, and devise and plan
To keep in darkness the whole race of man.
Here old John Calvin, with his spirit bands,
Preaching *damnation* and *election* stands,
While Torquameda, with a lively zeal,
Breaks *heretics* upon the torturing wheel :
Old Cotton Mather, a witch-killer still,
Here thirsts for blood, though impotent to kill.
Confused and lost amid the bogs and fens
Of Pristcraft's errors, through his bible lens,
He sees distorted images of things
Which Superstition to the vision brings.
Some poor old woman, weak, and palsy-twitched,
He thinks is by the imps of hell bewitched,
And with the Church t'applaud and Law to back,
He presses, or he drowns her in a sack.
In children who clairvoyant powers possess,
Such as the Saviour, if on earth, would bless,

He sees, what in his own mad fancies dwells,
"Spirits of devils working miracles."
Such are the ruling spirits of this sphere
Where all things dark and shadowy appear.
Nosraps they're called by those of spirit birth,
But Reverends, and D. D's. by sons of earth;
They wield strong influence, and the Diakka
Are held as subjects of their cruel sway,
Through systems, based on reverence and awe.
Where knaves hand down, and dupes revere the law.
And when a Nosrap has conceived a plan,
To work, through the credulity of man,
In furtherance of some selfish, private end,
He has his band of Diakkas to lend
Its aid, and thus by cunning, fraud, and lies,
The weak they muddle, and confound the wise,
And through such agencies to mortals here,
Is brought a flood of evils from their sphere;
Debaucheries, with an attendant train
Of crimes engendered in the madman's brain;
Seductive sins—theft, fraud, adulteries,
And contests that from pious scandals rise
Are but their reflex actions that appear
As pure results, or second causes here:
We humans, like mere puppets in the scene,
Moved by a spirit force behind the screen,
Must act the part assigned us in the play,
Whether its cast be tragic, grave, or gay.

Nothing does more a Diakka excite,
Than virtue tumbling from a dizzy height,

And when they saw the consummated plan,
That gave the woman's love to Plymouth's man,
It was a sight that sent a pleasing thrill
Through spirit essences, and made them feel
In contact with the sensuous element,
Which, working through the church, had found a vent.
At once a jubilee of shouts and cheers
Goes up from Diakka into the ears
Of all the Nosraps who, with pious awe,
Beheld, and almost blushed at what they saw.
Jealous of prestige, power and influence.
They feared th' effect of such a grave offence
Upon old systems which had taught so long,
That powers which govern could not do a wrong.
They knew by what a frail and slender thread
Of casuistry the Diakka were led,
Which if once broken all their arts were vain
To reconstruct the specious links again.
They held them slaves and vassels in their sphere
By strong appeals to reverence and fear;
And Plymouth's idol, on the plane of earth,
A Nosrap was, by circumstance of birth.
And all with him must make a common cause,
Still to maintain old usages and laws;
For were it proved this man could do a wrong,
The power of Priestcraft that had ruled so long,
Would, like night's shadows, melt and fade away
Before the dawning light of Reason's ray.
The sin was held so heinous no pretence,
If once confessed, could palliate the offence.
Therefore, 'twas counselled by the shrewd and wise,

To try concealment, and a compromise,
 And to this end a conference was held
 Of Nosraps, who in cunning most excelled,
 To frame some tale, ingenious to deceive,
 Which Diakkas would tell, and fools believe.

The speeches made, the high resolves, and all
 That happened in that Nosrap council hall
 Are unreported. But it was agreed
 That with a coat of whitewash they proceed
 To cover up some leprous spots, and make
 A Christian martyr of a Nosrap rake,
 Lest truth should undermine their fortress frail,
 And over fraud and lying tongues prevail.

But He who rules by a supreme decree,
 And predetermines that which is to be,
 The same in the affairs of men as mice,
 Resolved to frustrate the well-planned device,
 By which the Council, upon treachery bent,
 Resolved to ruin, or to circumvent
 Their hated foes, who on the plane of earth
 Are weak, and are esteemed of little worth,
 Because they never put on pious airs,
 And grow devout, confess, and say their prayers ;
 But all allegiance openly disown
 To church, or priest on his exalted throne,
 And for salvation on themselves depend,
 More than some saviour as a "mutual friend."
 These, following truth and reason as their guide,
 Set church, and creeds, and formulas aside,

And, true to their own selfhood, yet aspire,
To reach a plane more spiritual and higher.

The medium and the Miriam of this sect
Is Woodhull,—not by grace of God elect,
But chosen by a powerful spirit band,
To teach the world to rightly understand
The science of true social liberty.
And the grand truths that make the spirit free.
To her the Power that governs and controls
The earth sphere, for enfranchisement of souls,
Sent Iris with a message to prepare
Against the Church her thunderbolts of war.
She had the weapons and the force to wield
A dart, to penetrate the *sacred* shield,
That covered Plymouth's hero on the field;
For truth is mighty and it will prevail
'Gainst falsehood, though encased in coat of mail,
When crushed, she rises from the earth again,
To win fresh victories with the voice, or pen.
Always as fresh and vigorous as in youth,
'Tis only knaves that blush at "naked truth."
But Human Frailty has a darker mein,
And naked, sometimes, must with truth be seen;
And when the Nosraps' dupes beheld her bare,
As Woodhull showed her, they began to scare,
Confused, confounded, and oppressed with awe,
At the strange, hideous monster which they saw.
Her form shot terror all along the lines
Of Nosraps' army, led by grave divines:
The Diakka composing rank and file,

Were panic-stricken and suspected guile,
Wondering what next would upon earth transpire,
When they beheld such transformations dire,
The great Sir Marmaduke, whose voice and pen,
Had spoken as an oracle to men,
Shown, in his weaker nature, to mankind,
False, compromising, credulous, and blind,
And the great teacher, who had led the van
On the earth plane of the whole Nosrap clan,
By Woodhull's battery of facts assailed,
Shown, the Mokanna of his Church, unveiled,
Less man than monster of a demon birth,
A moral leper, and no saint on earth.

The ambitious spirits of the Nosrap band,
Who fight for empire in Diakka Land,
With rage beheld th' effect of Woodhull's fire,
And from the fight ingloriously retire.
Fea.ing to cope upon an open field,
They make a show of conquest while they yield.
And in their "mutual councils" still devise
Some deeper schemes of fraud or compromise;
For well they knew that with their idol's fall,
Fear and confusion would descend on all
The Diakka, who to their cause were joined,
But follow only where the fortune's kind.
That silver veil, that screened from vulgar gaze
The wondrous man, whose brow was all ablaze
With flashes of a pure, celestial light,
As they had pictured, showed a hideous sight,
When torn away by one who only saw

A wretch behind, who trampled on all law,
 Save that alone which fear and caution make,
 When conscience slumbers and the passions wake.
 But still the many doubted if the view
 Of scenes, as shown behind, was false or true
 And dazzled yet by Faith's uncertain light,
 Much questioned if their senses saw aright;
 Their reverence, and their superstitious fears
 They followed, rather than their eyes and ears,
 While Nosrap spirits cast a glamour round,
 Which made old Plymouth seem enchanted ground,
 As much a saint's rest as on earth can be—
 Where love itself is a commodity,
 And kissing, only with the parson, *free*.

Now gentle Theodore who had borne so long,
 His hidden sorrows, and condoned the wrong;
 Whose words alone could settle all dispute,
 Sits like a statue, immobile and mute,
 He has the forces that might overthrow
 The stronghold of the Nosraps, at a blow,
 And 'tis on him their Council most relies,
 To consummate their plans of compromise.
 He must by their seductive wiles be won,
 Or truth prevails, and Plymouth is undone.
 Oh, blind to future ills and Heaven's decree,
 What wrong, what folly, we behold in thee,
 Who with Diakka spirits join in league,
 That for suppression of the truth, intrigue;
 'Tis better, far, hard duty to obey.
 And let eternal justice have its way,

Than compromise with wrong for prudence' sake,
Where principle or honor are at stake.

And Marmaduke when he has found, (too late,)
All are not mated souls who seem to mate,
And that all love by sovereign decree,
Is in its essence and its action, *free*,
Should like the true philosopher, submit
To laws that govern, nor with councils sit,
And in a love-farce act the dupe and clown,
T'amuse the rabble who would soil his crown.

With Sir Duke gained and "mutual friend" to back,
The Plymouth warriors take a hostile tack.
Against "free lovers" loud the cry is raised:
Woodhull's a bawd, and Isabella crazed,
And all who speak against their holy man
Are cursed of Heaven, should be under ban,
They have no rights, save in some prison cell
To be confined on earth, till damned in hell;
For were they suffered liberty of speech,
We know what dangerous doctrines they would teach:
E'en holy priests, whom you so much revere,
For reputations would have cause to fear.
Down with the rebels, and their rights suppress,
Who dare against society transgress,
To us the high prerogatives belong
To fix the standard both of right and wrong:
Let all who 'gainst our sovereign creed declaim,
Be damned on earth and given to hell's flame,
Seize on the Woodhull and in dungeon cell,

Let her be doomed with criminals to dwell,
 So shall a bloodless victory be won,
 Our Church protected, and God's will be done.

With words like these the loyal they inspire,
 And add new fuel to the passions' fire
 Of knaves and bigots, who are proud to fight
 In any cause, except the cause of right.

Meantime the Nosraps issue a command
 To all their subjects in Diakka Land,
 Who in their cause were zealous, staunch, and true,
 To rally, and the doubtful fight renew,
 Their leading spirits prescience had to see
 That all is lost without the victory;
 They must for sovereignty o'er mind contend,
 Or soon their empire upon earth would end.
 They saw, if Plymouth in the fight should fail,
 Freedom of speech and conscience would prevail,
 And counselled long, unable to agree,
 Whether 'twas best and safest policy
 To urge the passage of a resolution,
 Putting *their* god into *our* constitution,
 Thereby t'impose on him some obligation
 To hold, for them, the whole Diakka nation,
 Or fight the battle for themselves, and share
 The dangers with the honors of the war.
 Their plans devised, the spirit powers began
 Looking round Brooklyn's precincts for some man
 To be their medium upon the earth plane,
 Through whom to organize their great campaign;

Then fixed on Sherman as the one most fit,
A pious rascal with a ready wit,
Capacious to receive and to dispense
On all around, Diakka influence.
Treachurous in instincts, and well versed and trained,
In all the science in the books contained,
From which sharp rogues their inspiration draw,
Who smite at justice with the sword of law.
Long, lean, and trumped-mouthed as the grave ass,
With heart of adamant, and cheek of brass,
He could at once appeal to eyes and ears,
Curse like a Shemei, or dissolve in tears;
Could be with vengeance or compassion fired,
Just when and where the occasion so required.

As an assistant in the general plan,
Tracy was chosen as the proper man,
Who, from a country pedagogue, had grown
To be a public thief of some renown,
If thief he may be called, who from excess
Of public revenues to make them less,
Confiscates the surplusage that remains,
And adds the items to his private gains.
Under the party's wing he plundered snug,
And sucked the sweets like an industrious bug:
Fighting was not his forte, since when his heels
Had rescued him from danger upon fields
Where rebel guns were eloquent, and swords
Were more convincing arguments than words.
A blatant bully of that blustering kind,
Whose portly bodies lodge a pigmy mind,

Thersites-like he recklessly assailed,
And never wearied till invective failed:
With blinking eye to match a slip-shod tongue,
He stood the wonder of a gaping throng,
When'er his form and voice together raised,
Distracted juries, and the court amazed.
He was in planning mischief sharp and bold,
And had an itching palm for Plymouth gold,
That would sufficient stimulant supply,
Prompting to act the traitor-friend and spy,
When strategy was practiced to obtain
A strong position, and by stealth to gain
The secrets of Sir Marmaduke and friend,
While all seemed working for the common end
Of burying deeply from the public sight
A scandal, with its features black as night
Until a coat of whitewash, tough and thick,
Had been applied which Nosraps thought would stick,
When they might with all services dispense,
From the Sir Duke, and stand on the defence,
Provoke a quarrel and at once retire
In force, unharmed by an opposing fire.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
And women too, 'tis thought, if taken when
In flood, will prove a very strange affair,
And leads, as Byron sings, to "God knows where;"
Some place not yet in hell or heaven defined,
Existing somewhere in 'th' Eternal Mind,
For "pure white souls" and pious rakes designed.
But if at ebb it strike us, on a level,

'Twill drive us, pell-mell, onward to the devil,
 Who, when the journey's made, and we are there,
 Never consents to part upon "the square."
 You'll pardon this digression from our story,
 Kind reader, if you've been in purgatory,
 For battling with the *madness* of the times,
 Then, for the sake of peace, condoning crimes.
 There is no resting place upon this tide,
 On which society will make you ride,
 If you refuse to compromise with shams,
 Or pay your reverence to the great I AMS,
 Who rule in Church, or mount Jehovah's throne.
 To make th' Almighty's attributes their own.

Their mediums chosen, who, on the earth plane
 Were to be leaders in the great campaign,
 The Nosraps with their myriads at command,
 Dispatched an agent from Diakka Land,
 With soul as dark as Erebus and night,
 To kindle discord, and the war incite.
 There was a Reverend, renowned and sage,
 Whose head was silvered with the frosts of age,
 Who lived in Gotham, and was thought to be
 Sound both on Scandal and Theology.
 Him as a medium, the spirit chose,
 To bring confusion upon Plymouth's foes.
 By the Diakka influence inspired,
 The old man's zeal and passion both were fired,
 A pen is seized, and under strong control,
 He writes out all the burden of his soul:
 Abuse and eulogy together blend;

This is a dog, and that an injured friend,
 All doubtless true, if truth were all disclosed,
 But with the terms reversed, or names transposed.

Perverted Truth, so painted, wore a look,
 The Sir Duke's vanity could illy brook,
 And so he dressed her up for public view,
 In colors neither wholly false, nor true,
 And left her, hinting in a modest way,
 He might espouse her cause some future day.

The torch is fired, and discord now begins—
 Who wonders 'tis not always Right that wins
 In the first onset when she's forced to fight
 With dupes for her allies, too modest quite
 To let the truth appear in black and white.
 Who compromises with the Wrong will find,
 Alas! too late, their contracts do not bind
 The spirit powers behind the scenes, who fight
 'Gainst mental freedom, on the side of Might.

Sir Marmaduke, who saw himself betrayed,
 With careful eye the future field surveyed,
 And with himself debated, if to throw
 The gauntlet down, and boldly meet the foe,
 That still was shamming for a compromise,
 Thinking to gain a little time was wise)—
 Or, with a burning brain, and coward heart,
 On Plymouth's stage to take an "actor's" part
 In the great Social Drama of our time,
 Founded on love, lust, purjury and crime,

Where a seducer is the hero made,
 And "silent partner" by himself is played.
 Oh, had he seen what wiser spirits saw,
 Who aim to build society and law
 On Truth and Justice, he might yet have worn
 That crown, which Falsehood from his brow has torn.

"To err is human:" human passions strong,
 And nice the bounds, dividing Right and Wrong:
 Who shall define them? Only this we know,
 "Virtue alone is happiness below."
 And what is virtue? Is it to deceive
 All but our own hearts for a brief reprieve
 From martyrdom, begot of coward fears,
 Because society has eyes and ears
 Without not the soul to feel, and understand
 The pure, the true, the noble, and the grand?
 She needs some lessons, and in time may learn
 Error from truth more nicely to discern,
 And when this drama shall conclude, she may
 Extract some moral lessons from the play.
 What see we when the daylight is let in?
 Can churches be a charnel vault of sin,
 And she, their queen, without, so heavenly fair,
 Within, corrupted bodies, and foul air:
 A cage of unclean birds, with brooding wing,
 From whence adulteries, frauds, and perjuries spring?
 Must we believe that one, whose voice has stirred
 The nation's heart, th' expounder of the Word,
 Who painted sin in such a hideous mien,

A moral leper is, and all unclean;
 A canting, well-trained actor on the stage,
 Tainted with all the vices of the age?
 Or that an oracle whose voice and pen
 Has uttered words of wisdom unto men
 Is, to his church—his mistress—seen behind
 The "Silver Veil," a Beelzebub enshrined?
 True, some had guessed, or doubted, long before
 The cruel Woodhull probed the putrid sore,
 And showed by fetid substance from the wound,
 The hidden parts, uncleanly or unsound;
 But held their peace through reverence and awe,
 And only dared to blush at what they saw.

You censure Marmaduke? But take the case,
 And put yourself, a husband, in his place,
 Then you will, doubtless, better comprehend
 The reasoning of the man, and "mutual friend,"
 Who by strong arguments his instincts ruled,
 Till prudence temporized, and passion cooled.
 What could he do the fearful gulf to shun?—
 The wrong committed could not be undone,
 To speak the truth was treason: Should he fail,
 His fate, perhaps, a mad house, or a jail;
 And with th' example fresh before his eyes
 Of Train and Woodhull, why not compromise?
 To make the fight were only to proclaim
 Household dishonor, and confess the shame.
 Thus prudence reasoned, and she reasoned strong,
 On the world's theory of right and wrong—

That Might is *Right*, and 'gainst it to rebel
Should justly damn disloyal souls to hell;
Such hells on earth as those in which confined,
Our Trains and Woodhulls by brute force they bind.
And Marmaduke, who had not yet outgrown
His reverence for the power upon throne,
And fear of martyrdom, by both assailed,
Shrunk from so dread an ordeal and failed.

It is a problem hard to understand,
Of laws that govern in the spirit land,
How they who once were denizens of earth
Are *born again*; and through this second birth,
Are introduced into a higher sphere,
Where clothed with spirit bodies they appear,
And by some reflex action what they do
Exerts an influence in the sphere below:
Yet some there be, who with clairvoyant sight,
Have caught some visions of the spirit light,
And, through this inspiration had a view,
Not wholly clear, perhaps, nor wholly true.
'Tis as the breaking of the clouds away,
Whose shadowy forms yet dim the twilight ray,
When just the mountain tops are seen afar,
As Morning sets her pearly gates ajar,—
Is this new influx of celestial light,
Upon our world, obscured in shades of night,
Which Priestcraft, Error, Ignorance have thrown
Across that Sun, whose rays, as yet, have shone
In fitful flashes through the shadows cast

Down through the vistas of the ages past.
 This revelation has to Science brought
 New truths, which she has long and vainly sought
 Unaided,—and to spirit vision blind,—
 In her still crude philosophies, to find.
 See Tyndal's atoms, in a mazy dance,
 Leap into orbs, and form a world of chance;
 Worlds into systems and the systems join
 To form a universe without design,
 In which is seen, extending through the whole,
 Light, Force, and Law, and Intellect, and Soul,
 All from dead atoms with inherent laws,
 That can produce effects without a cause.
 'Tis thus proud Science has the problem solved,
 How Intellect and Force have been evolved!
 No, 'tis not Science, following reason's track,
 But mad Philosophy upon the rack,
 That shuts her eyes, and 'gainst the window panes,
 That let in spirit light, knocks out her brains.

Some lessons from the spirit world we've got,
 Imperfect, true, let's study them—why not?
 Because with truth some errors we receive,
 Must we refuse our senses to believe,
 And in the pride of cold Philosophy,
 Facts patent to these senses, all defy?
 We follow reason only for our guide,
 And on the weight of evidence decide,
 Nor trust to science to inform the heart;
 "In part we know, and prophecy in part."

These visions that clairvoyantly are seen
Through the dark shadows that still hang between
The spirit world and this on which we stand,
Though shadowy, and but dimly seen, are grand:
Their government is pure Democracy,
And spirits who would rule, must rule *per se*:
Hence, kings and politicians, as a rule,
Before they govern there, are sent to school,
And some learned Doctors of Divinity,
Ere they can teach, must learn their A B C.
Their social systems are upon a plan,
Too perfect to be yet received by man,
As now conditioned upon the earth sphere,
Where yet the "light is neither dark nor clear,"
But the dim twilight of a glorious morn,
When a millennial day on earth is born.
All laws are there harmonious, and move
On principles of justice, ruled by love;
Association is the form that binds,
Through which the soul its true relation finds,
Each gravitating to his place, or sphere,
By forces which do in himself inhere;
But no exterior Power will there compel,
This man to serve in heaven, or that to reign in hell.
All are *free* lovers, and no cankering chains,
Gall wedded neck upon the spirit planes.
They join in bands to spend their social hours,
Roaming, at will, in fields, among the flowers.

This is the Summer Land:—The Asphodel,

Beyond where Diakka or Nosraps dwell,
To which all true, progressive souls aspire,
Who are not chained, by sensual desire,
Down to their hells, or trained in Nosrap schools,
Become mere dupes, fanatics, knaves, or fools.

Here the First Cause, Jehovah, Allah, Jove,
Whose law is justice and whose essence love,
Is served in spirit, and by agency
That leaves the will unbound, and action free,
Works out, upon the universal plan,
On earth, the sure enfranchisement of man.
His ministering spirits here, are they
Who from inherent good His will obey.
Purged from all dross by Truth's refining fires,
These have no selfish, or untamed desires.
Among them, noble, glorious, brave, and grand,
We see the mighty Theodore Parker stand,
Fired with a zeal for freedom, truth, and right,
He brings to earth a flood of heavn'ly light;
And "Tom Paine," too, we see, is serving there,
A fact to make Theology despair,
That has for years been damning him in hell,
Because he dared 'gainst tyranny rebel.
He stands beside the noble Washington,
Both praised and loved for worthy actions done,
In the defence of truth and human rights,—
With other pure and intellectual lights,
All working for redemption of mankind,
From error, sin, and follies gross and blind.

When these beheld Sir Marmaduke assailed
By wrong and power, and how the fraud prevailed
In Nosrap Councils, where, by hate inspired,
The passions of the multitude were fired,
They formed a band, in justice' cause, to aid
The man so wronged, so trusting and betrayed:
Not but he well some chastisement deserved,
Who policy so faithfully had served:
Yet in the final triumph of the foe,
They saw what mischiefs and what crimes would flow,
To curse the world, and through the countless years
Of time, reacting in the spirit spheres.
On earth, their mission is the accomplishment
Of Justice' ends, in shaping each event.

The Nosraps had their agents at command
Sent down to earth from the Diakka Land;
Some dark, and some with Christian hate insane,
Cursed with Theology upon the brain;
And some whose foreheads wore the brand of Cain.
Inspired by these a chosen Plymouth band
Got up a crusade throughout all the land,
Through agencies to which they had access,
But chiefly through the pulpit and the press:
The *Brooklyn Eagle* first they subsidize,
And contract with him for ten thousand lies.
Kinsella just retiring from the Field,
And to the world a man of sin revealed,
Puts on a cloak to cover up affairs,
Pays penance, counts his beads, and says his prayers,

Then throws the gauntlet down for Plymouth's man,
And puts all who oppose him under ban.

To win the public and to gain applause,
And save, on ruin's brink, their man and cause,
A farce, invented by Diakka aid
On Plymouth's boards is first rehearsed and played
Behind the scenes, where each assigned his part,
Develop all the latent powers which art,
Or native, scenic genius can create
To gull the public and protect from fate
A reputation, whose too sudden fall,
Would, like a soot-cloud, smear and darken all
The "lesser stars" that in old Plymouth shine,
And worship Wall Street's god on Mammon's shrine,
Or to Beelzebub pay rites divine.
Some characters that figured in the play
Behind the scenes, were real Diakka,
While Shearman, vibrating between the spheres,
Supplied magnetic force for smiles and tears,
And shines in his Protean character,
Almost as brightly as a Nosrap star.
Tracy, the "Bottom" of the play, supplied
The character to wear the donkey's hide
So natural in manner, he appears
A very ass, e'en to the length of ears,
While, screaming from his eyery, like the bird
Whose name he bears, Kinsella's voice is heard,
All leading figures, dressed up to engage
The world's applause upon the Plymouth stage.

And now the actors, set up on their pins,
An introduction to the farce begins,
In which is set forth in a general way,
The purpose, and the moral of the play.

INTRODUCTION TO THE PLAY OF "SCANDAL."

OR

"THE PRIEST CAN DO NO WRONG."

BY SHEARMAN.

Behind the curtain, on the stage,
Stands the star actor of the age:
Our model Parson, whose great name,
Has through the speaking trump of Fame
Been blown into the world's wide ear,
By scandal-mongers, far and near.
Our play is "Scandal," and the part
The Parson acts, demands of art
Some fancy touches so to paint
The virtues of a Plymouth saint,
That he shall wear a martyr's crown,
And bring both *pit* and *galleries* down:
But should we actors fail in this,
The crowds that should applaud may hiss,
And Orthodoxy get a wound,
To show her vital parts unsound.

Up, Plymouth saints, be wide awake,
 For reputations are at stake,
 On which the Church, and Mammon, too,
 Have "builded weaker than they knew."

The heroine of this play appears
 A woman, half dissolved in tears;
 Cooing and gentle as a dove,
 Whose fault, confessed, was too much love:
 And our good parson, being human,
 Consented to be loved by th' woman,
 Till passively and unaware,
 He got entangled in a snare.
 For which, (although he much deserves
 Our sympathy, for unstrung nerves,
 Vertigo, and a muddled brain,
 With other ailments, causing pain,)
 We must conclude him not to be
 From some slight censure wholly free,
Discretion, in such love affairs,
 Preserves us from a thousand snares;
 For jealous husbands have more eyes
 Than Argus, and it's seldom wise
 To yield, though with the best intent,
 To Mrs. Potiphar, consent;
 For of all things, in heaven or hell.
 There's nothing so inscrutable,
 As woman with a pious tongue,
 Upon a doubtful balance hung:
 The parson knows not if to paint

Her "chief of sinners, or a saint,"
And acts, which in this play you'll see,
Will with his theories agree.

The next that comes upon the stage,
May well your sympathies engage;
The cuckold husband! Fie! for shame!
The wretch who would such acts proclaim,
Society must vote a tool
Of knaves and madmen, or a fool.
Grant it were true that parson B.
Played lover in a *slight degree*,
Why should the husband tell the game,
And publish to the world his shame,
Or let this dreadful scandal out,
To be thus bruted all about?
Why, having temporized so long,
And willingly "condoned the wrong,"
Could he not, for Religion's sake,
Some further compromises make,
Be called a dog, or anything,
Rather than break with Plymouth Ring?
If, as the parson says, 'tis true
The woman loved, what could he do?
Hers the temptation, hers the crime,
To act was mere instinct with him:
E'er you condemn, or judge his case,
Put yourself, sinner, in his place.
In this, most parsons do agree—
Love's stronger than Theology,

And when temptation comes, their case
 Is desperate, who rely on grace.
 'Twas not the parson's amorous deeds,
 But pious love that sowed the seeds,
 From whence this Illion of woe,
 Has seemed by some strange fate to flow.
 Let not Religion suffer blame,
 For all this epic tale of shame,
 Because the parson could not fly
 From winning glance of woman's eye,
 And Love's seductive power defy.
 There are few Josephs now, we find,
 Who run, and leave their skirts behind,
 Unless the irate husband, near,
 Is pressing hotly in the rear.
 Some censure, doubtless, is deserved—
 Parson should never get unnerved,
 With facts, or pistols in their face,
 But stubbornly rely on grace.
 Want of discretion, we can see,
 Led, by some strange fatality
 To complications that appear
 To *actors* not exceeding clear,
 And so befogged our parson's brain,
 E'en he can not the text explain;
 Yet in this play we hope to make,
 For Christ and our dear parson's sake,
 This fact appear, by proofs as strong
 As creeds, "THE PRIEST CAN DO NO WRONG."

When first the "woman stooped to folly,"
Our parson fat grew melancholy
Then apoplectic fits set in,
With tortures to hell's pangs akin;
And racking pains distract the soul,
Till reason scarce retains control.
You ask the cause of all this pain?
The parson will himself explain,
The conscience-spasms and heart-aches,
(Which sometimes torture sinful rakes,)
When with their presence they infest
A parson's pure and guileless breast,
So sensitive to the good name
Of woman, or *imputed* blame,
'Tis plain must have an origin
In some slight error not a sin:
Perhaps in hasty counsel given
To a poor, suffering child of heaven;
Perhaps a meek and Christian wife,
Afflicted in her wedded life
With a brute husband, much a fool,
And pupil of the Free Love school.
Our parson is so finely wrought
With conscious rectitude of thought,
He can but feel the slightest prick
Of conscience, till he's deathly sick,
Which will explain the secret source
Of that unutterable remorse,
Upon whose edges, sharp and bare,
He hung so long in wild despair,

Suffering great anguish to atone
 For crime which he *had never done*.
 How much of Christ does the dear flock
 Behold in this! Sinners may mock
 At moral lessons so sublime,
 And think such tenderness a crime;
 Yet in our play it will appear
 To Plymouth saints he's doubly dear:
 Since in their shepherd they can may see
 Some traces of th' infirmity
 Which even saints are doomed to share
 By birthright, as old Adam's heir.

(Addressing the sisters.)

Now, sisters of the Plymouth ring,
 The Parson's praises let us sing;
 Whose love, and eloquence, and parts,
 So warm and move all female hearts,
 That in his atmosphere they feel
 A warmth, transcending heavenly zeal.
 Whose name shall shine on history's page,
 As saint, and nest-hider, and sage,

(To the Parson.)

Great growing wonder of the age.
 Such peace thy ministrations bring
 To sisters sad, and sorrowing
 In cheerless homes, made desolate
 For want of a congenial mate,
 That like soft cooing doves they flee
 For love and sympathy, to thee,

The tender lambs you love to tend,
As secret counsellor, and friend;
And weaker ones you sometimes lead
In pastures green and fresh to feed,
And bountifully their needs supply,
Guarding them with a watchful eye,
Lest some harsh husband, not a saint,
Corrupt their morals with the taint
Of free love heresies, and make
Their pious souls with terror quake.
Go on, and be, for Christ's sake strong,
But oh, beware of Woodhull's tongue:
Nor yet, rash man, too much depend
For aid, upon a "mutual friend:"
Keep thine own secrets, and beware
Lest nesthiding should prove a snare.
No doubt it is a harmless play,
When guarded in a proper way;
But when confessed, it leaves a taint
Of scandal that disgusts a saint.
And brings reproach and needless blame
Upon a parson's noble name.
The good king David, as we read,
Was censured for a wicked deed,
'Twas not he loved Uriah's wife,
But that he took the cuckold's life.
There is a hint contained in this,
We saints might study, not amiss,
For kings and priests (the fact seems odd)
Have their commissions right from God,

And may to heaven's high throne repair,
To keep their debt and credit square.
What right has he with one poor ewe,
To question what God's agents do?
Can they not compromise with Heaven,
And through Christ's merits be forgiven?
Grant all that scandal says and more
Were true, Christ's blood can cleanse the sore
And make the scarlet sin as white
As wool is, in the Master's sight.
Our parson knows he can depend
On Christ, if not the "mutual friend,"
To hide him from the odorous blast
Until the storm be overpast,
When safely he can sit and sing,
"Under the shadow of his wing."
What then remains? Christ's cause demands
The Church uphold the Parson's hands.
She must of nesthiding acquit,
Though "proofs as strong as holy writ"
Were on the record. It would make
The pillars of our Plymouth shake;
Nay, more, perhaps the buttressed wall
Of old Theology would fall,
Time-sodden and unmoved so long—
To vote the "Priest could do a wrong."
Christ guards his own with jealous care;
Our church is his peculiar heir;
By marriage she became his bride;
All prostitution is outside.

Within the fold weak lambs there are
 That need a shepherd's fostering care,
 When these, unsought, their loves confess
 And seek the pastor's fond caress,
 Why should it be accounted blame,
 If done in pure Religion's name?
 We have a scripture text for this—
 The unction of a holy kiss
 Paul sanctions, and 'tis proper quite,
 To exercise this Christian rite;
 So here we rest: Our play begins,
 And ten to one the parson wins.

 PROLOGUE.

BY A DIAKKA,

In the Diakka Language of symbols—Names of the leading "Dramæ Personæ," symbolical. Spoken in the dark seance, behind the scenes.

Give me your ears, the Prologue I'm to say,
 As introduction to our novel play;
 We call it "Scandal"—an amusing farce,
 Performed by a Lion, Eagle, and an Ass
 As the chief actors, with a gentle Dove
 To do the billing. Moonshine, called "free love,"
 With "ragged edges" hanging o'er th' abyss
 Of Tartarus, a "paroxysmal kiss,"
 All interwoven nicely in the play,
 With just one "section of the judgment day,"
 Will all appear to make the action seem

As real as a "Midsummer's Night's Dream."
Lion himself will first six judges name,
Who are to judge the merits of a game,
Which Nosraps in Diakka language call
"Nest-hiding"; and a pleasant game withal.
The cue will by the judges then be named,
Then by the Eagle publicly proclaimed.
Then a Sir Duke comes in and in his den
Will *seem* to beard the gentle Lion, when
There'll be some roaring, with a deal of care
No blood be drawn, the timid Dove to scare.
Our moonshine will not be a "lamp and bush,"
But a love taper, with a flood of gush,
And as the kissing is behind the scene,
'Twill not be acted with a wall between,
After the example of fond Pyramus,
Who interviewed his gentle Thesbie thus.
The Lion and the Dove will seem to be
Friends, or but lovers in a slight degree,
Lest jealousy shall come between, to mar
The denouement, and make a wordy war.
But when the Lion roars the Ass will sing,
And from his perch the Eagle flap his wing,
The whole together will a concord be
Of heavenly sounds, the soul of harmony.
And then the Dove will come and softly coo
To please the Lion, who will seem to woo;
And to sustain the interest, between
Each act, a live Diakka will be seen,
Playing upon a harp of several strings,
And a Reed organ, while the Harper sings
With many more of like attractive things.
Then, to conclude, Lion will come before
The foot-lights, and essay a gentle roar.
The judges then their wisdom will display
And from their knowledge, as good deacons say

If there be more of true, substantial bliss
In heaven, or in a "paroxysmal kiss,"
Or, granting Love the Lion nature tamed,
If Dove or Lion should the more be blamed.
The audience then will kindly be dismissed,
And if our *acting* please, the Lion kissed.

Let the historian of a future day,
Descant upon the merits of the play,
Since Time alone it is that can unseal
The Book, and to the multitude reveal
The secrets of that Council, held to blind
The moral vision of perverse mankind.
But some there were who saw, as in the light,
The spirit powers behind that guard the right;
Saw forces acting, potent to o'erthrow
The Nosraps' empire in the spheres below,
And breaking up of systems, that have cursed
Mankind for ages, and delusions nursed,
Which like a mist, obscuring spirit light,
Yet dim our skies, and blind the mental sight.
The Council with its influence failed to bring
Applause or credit outside Plymouth ring:
But the Diakka power, on earth, was strong,
And organized to battle for the Wrong,
And fired with Nosrap zeal, more desperate grown,
Resolved to keep its idol on the throne.

Great revolutions oft are seen to spring
From little causes; and, as poets sing,

The tall oak from the little acorn grows:
So, from one act of sin, a flood of woes
May be unloosed, and through all barriers leap,
Peopling the earth with curses loud and deep.
One sheep diseased communicates the taint
To all the flock. Is there a Plymouth saint
Not yet infected with some soul disease,
Let him beware, lest by unseen degrees,
The spirit power that over Plymouth reigns,
Shed latent poison in his purer veins?
Is there a Church where selfishness, and pride,
And lust, instead of Christ, is crucified,
Where Mammon is not worshipped and obeyed,
Or secret sins dressed up in masquerade?
Then let her watchmen on the highest towers
Fight valiantly against the unseen powers
Of moral darkness, who, transformed, delight
To show themselves as angels, clothed in white;
For surely as will shine the morrow sun,
There is a battle on the earth begun,
Where some behold, as with clairvoyant sight,
The spirit powers contending for the right.
High over all, above the cloud and storm,
They see the glorious banner of reform
Borne forward by the noble souls who dwell
In Summer Land, and bowers of Asphodel:
Sages, and statesmen, poets and divines,
On whom a sun of moral beauty shines,
Are in that army, and it will prevail,
Though Church, and State, with Mammon joined, assail;

Truth is invincible and Justice strong,
Though by the hosts of Error baffled long;
Nor will she be discouraged or dismayed,
Till in her balance all the earth is weighed.

PART III.

THE JUDGMENT.

There is a Power that governs and controls
In realms of matter, and the sphere of souls,
By laws which in His nature does inhere;
To justice held inexorably severe:
And man, an undeveloped soul on earth,
From hard conditions struggling into birth,
Confined within his prison house of clay,
Must yield to Justice, and her laws obey,
Or bear the self-inflicted pain and woe,
Which from transgression and rebellion flow:
A duplex being here, formed with a mind,
And body fitted to the spheres assigned.
In instincts animal, when unrestrained,
His passions are the savage beasts unchained
That on the grosser elements of earth
Are fed, and nourished from material birth,
But still aspiring to a sphere above,

Attracted by the force of Truth and Love—
Those attributes, that prove him in some line
Of his descent, a spark of the Divine.
His two-fold natures each exerts a force,
One drives, and one attracts him from his course,
As here he journeys through a vale of years
Towards a spirit home in other spheres.
Some run in orbits like the blazing star,
Some, like the planet, true and regular;
Those, unrestrained by intellect and will,
Scarce know to choose between the good and ill,
Until by wisdom from experience gained,
Their natures are subdued and passions trained:
These organized conservative, remain
Progressing, always on a lower plane,
Shine by reflected light, and only give
What from their common center they receive.

And what of man? This lord of all the earth,
Himself the slave of circumstance from birth:
What of his mission? Is it to engage
A few brief years in action on Life's stage,
To propagate his kind, mature, and rot
Oblivious in the grave, and be forgot?
So Science puts her questions: Who can know
The soul of man, and whither it shall go?
Does it by force immortal upward tend,
Or downward, with the beasts, to earth descend?
Then with a Tyndal's wisdom makes reply:
Like beasts we live, and as the beasts we die,

'Tis not for man pre-eminence to claim,
His life, his essence, and his end the same.
Shall we go back three thousand years, to find
This problem solved, by one so weak, so blind,
Who builded, where he thought his God would dwell,
A house on Zion's highest pinnacle?
Will Science own the teachings of this sage
As highest wisdom in this wondrous age,
When spirit force o'er matter has obtained
Such triumphs, that th' electric currents trained,
Obey the mandates of the human will,
To bear its messages of good, or ill
To distant lands, beyond the farthest sea,
Making all nations as one family?
From the dead atoms, that in playful dance
Have formed into her countless worlds of Chance,
Let Science all her mighty powers combine
To form a universe without design.
Is this th' "eureka" of her search? then she
Can never furnish to mankind a key
To unlock the chambers where the Graybeard, Doubt,
His secret hides, and shuts th' enquirer out,
Which when he enters he will only find
Its hideous walls with cold, dead bodies lined.
Oh, rather let me trust, and hope and fear
(At least till Science makes the problem clear,
That Life is but a vague, unreal dream,
A nightmare, and a bubble on the stream,
That breaks, however gently it be tossed,
Dissolves away, and is forever lost.)

Give me to meet upon the promised shore
With friends, and loved ones who have gone before,
That hope, to me, would be a boon more dear,
Than all that Fortune could accord me here,
What though she gave, obedient to command,
All I could ask, and answered each demand,
Yet all would be but sorrow's night and gloom,
Did light not gild the portals of the tomb,
And give a view beyond a stream that rolls
Between earth's confines and a land of souls,
To see the loved ones with their kindred band,
Living their true lives in the Summer Land.
Fame, power, and gold, in you no charm is found—
Wealth were a burden, fame an empty sound,
Falling unheeded on the untuned ear,
When love, in anguish, weeps upon the bier,
Where all the light and joy of earth lies hid
With the cold form beneath the coffin's lid:
"We meet again," Affection fondly cries;
"'Tis all of life," Philosophy replies;
"Hope not to follow, for there is no day,
To which proud Science cannot point the way:
Turn from th' illusion, and dissolve the ties,
That bind thee to a thousand memories."
Ah, tell me not that life is but a jest,
A mocking phantom, or a vague unrest,
Which, like the morning cloud exhales away,
Dissolving with the elements of clay;
For I have walked with loved ones, hand in hand,
Amid the wonders of the Silent Land;

Have revelled in the fragrance of its flowers,
Upheld and guarded by the unseen powers,
Have heard full oft the soothing harmonies
Of spirit voices on the passing breeze.
This inner world, unfolded, to the view,
Reveals to us the real and the true,
Which science in her hopeless search defies.
Groping about with mere *material* eyes.

The Asophs from the higher sphere who saw
What would transpire were Nosrap councils law;
And that the Council was a farce designed
By spirits dark, to circumvent, and blind—
To mock at justice and pervert the right,
And from investigation shut out light,
Now keenly felt the folly and the wrong
Of temporizing with th' offence so long,
With courage true, they Marmaduke inspire,
To make appeal to a tribunal higher
Than Nosrap Councils, and to Sovereignty,
Make a demand for Judgment and Decree.

The charges are preferred, and all prepare
To plead their cause before the Sovereign Bar,
Of which Diakkas ever stand in awe,
Because it metes out equity and law;
Nor can they there with shams, or weak pretence,
Pervert the truth from weight of evidence,
Though judges human, here upon the throne,
To err, by taking bribes, are sometimes known.

These are, alas, like all material things
On the earth plane, weak, unsubstantial things:
They have a sovereign power conferred, *pro tem*.
With attributes inherent not in them;
And how they'll judge some have expressed a doubt
If less than power omniscient can search out.
But in the constitution of all things,
And law which from our earth conditions springs,
On delegated power man must depend,
To measure justice, and the right defend,
And since all law is but a Principle
Without *material* functions. Oracle,
Agent, and subject man himself must be,
And as he rightly judges, he is free.
But when Diakka influence prevails,
Then judgment is dethroned and justice fails,
And curses are entailed and ills begot,
That taint the body politic with rot,
Which like a loathsome leprosy remains,
Distilling poison in the nation's veins.

Now, through the land the people are intent,
Pulpit and press, discussing the event.
Who says their babbling is the voice of God,
Must think, indeed, His speech is mighty odd!
For in this Babel of discordant sound,
The voice of Sinai's thunders had been drowned;
Though God, by them, had spoken as of old,
Unheeded o'er our heads they would have rolled.
Old Plymouth, like a vast Olympus shakes,

And Nosraps' empire to its center quakes.
 But judgment all seemed willing to suspend,
 Till one should speak they called the "mutual friend;"
 Him let us hear, and as he shall decide
 We'll judge the case; so all the people cried.

And now, well armed with documents and proof
 Potent enough to blow off Plymouth's roof,
 But for the "wedge of gold" that held it down,
 With Nosrap prestige, and her old renown,
 Sir Marmaduke, with his *Vulcanian* shield,
 Comes to the front upon the battle field,
 To charge the foe; supported in the rear,
 By men with noble souls and judgments clear,
 By Asoph bands selected and prepared
 To fight for truth and justice—not reward.

First among these stood noble Fullerton,
 Firm as the Truth, and clear as noonday sun,
 His voice shoots terror into Nosrap souls,
 Unmasks their treachery, and their rage controls:
 The brazen viziers which the cowards wore,
 To shield from truth, with giant strength he tore
 And showed them in the light of day, all bare.
 Deformed, and slimed with falsehood as they were.
 Before the lightning terrors of his eye,
 Their boldest quail, and trembling cravens fly.
 In vain their leaders bluster to excite
 Their souls with courage to maintain the fight:
 In vain the spirits from Diakka Land,

Circling around them in a well-trained band,
 With unseen influence their breasts inspire,—
 The “lying spirits” cannot stand the fire
 Of searching truth which from his lips let fall,
 Drives all their shattered forces to the wall.
 Back on themselves, confused, unerved they fly,
 And in their flight their reputations die.
 They feel that this is no Diakka play,
 But just one “section of the judgment day.”

As when a nest of hornets you attack,
 With pelting stones, they pour out from their sack
 In vengeful swarms, and fill the air around,
 From their shrill war pipes, with a buzzing sound:
 They rush upon you with resounding wings,
 And drive into your flesh their poison sting:
 So, if great things with small we may compare,
 Did Plymouth saints fill all the noisy air,
 With curses, oaths, and imprecations dread,
 Calling down vengeance on the “heathen’s” head,
 Who dared in sight of judge and jury stand,
 And ’gainst the Lord’s annointed raise his hand,
 While all their host concentrate in a ring,
 Through Diakka powers their influence bring
 To blunt Truth’s searching words which thick and fast,
 Like bombshells bursting, in their camp, are cast;
 Or to divert her logic from its course,
 Disarm its terrors, or repel its force.

The Diakka who operate unseen,

To breathe on earth an atmosphere of spleen,
 (Though by the majesty of law restrained,
 Their hate they smothered, and their rage contained,)
 Inspire with spleen the saints, and in their ears
 Whisper dark counsels, and forboding fears,
 Remembering, in the fates, there was a time
 They might have taken vengeance on the crime,
 When in their synagogue he dared to stand
 Alone, and brave encounter, hand to hand,
 While 'mid confusion dire arose the swell
 Of shouts, and curses with demoniac yell,
 As if the spirits dammed, from Stygian shore,
 Had joined their voices in the thundering roar:
 "Crush out the man, so impious and insane,
 Trample him down! kill, kill the wretch profane!
 Then shall our church, which Christ has loved so well,
 Be safe on earth, and heathen damned in hell."

Now, when they saw the arrows, thick as hail,
 Pierce though their leader's shield, and coat of mail,
 And all the missils launched from Evert's bow,
 Recoiling back without a wound, or blow;
 That facts all other theories defy,
 The Plymouth leaders raise a furious cry,
 Invented first by the Thersitian brain,
 As last resort the encounter to sustain.
 Blackmail! ho, blackmail!! Perjury and lies!!!
 The mutual friend—a traitor in disguise
 To ruin Plymouth! See, our foes combine
 With wicked Woodhull for th' accursed design.

They gave the good man friendship's sacred pledge,
Only to put him on the "ragged edge."
Confiding, honest, simple as a child,
The godlike, generous, pure and undefiled
By contact with this hateful world of sin—
They spread their net, and then allured him in,
And thus, by their accursed thirst for gold
Our virtuous Joseph was in bondage sold.
Granted there be some sentiment and bliss,
Mixed up with just one "paroxysmal kiss,"
And some "contrition letters" in th' affair,
The Plymouth saints and deacons all will swear,
To make the proof than heathen oaths more strong,
So good a man had never done such wrong,
Excepting him of whom in Holy writ
It is recorded, in an amorous fit
Had caused some trouble to Uriah's wife,
Then, fearing scandal, took the husband's life,
But sure our David is of nobler sort,
And if he kissed, 'twas only done in sport.
And all that's in the documents contained,
Upon this theory can be explained.
Our love is pure, not like the Woodhull stuff,
Of which, as Christians, we have had enough.
Our darling Bessie, cunning little elf,
Who's had some vague experiences herself
With the Sir Duke, as we have heard her swear,
Tells us he's no good husband, but a bear,
Who often shows himself in shameful plights,
And drives the servants out of bed o' nights,

And kisses ladies who are sweet and fair,
In his own house when wicked Woodhull's there,
And talks of love and the affinities
Among his guests, which are vile heresies.
And this we charge, and mean to make the fight
Upon this score, and prove our cause is right,
Or that our man, at least, is innocent
Of nesthiding with any wrong intent;
For, by what has been proved, 'tis plain to see
This is a free-love, vile conspiracy,
For blackmail only. Damn the "mutual friend,"
And husband, too, and let the saint descend
Down from the ragged edges, where so long
He's hung suspended to a godless throng.
Three cheers for Plymouth, let the ladies bring
Bouquets of flowers, and crown her hero king:
But frown on husbands, who in night-gowns dressed,
Go round the house, disturbing servants' rest.
Or kiss, without a blush, in Woodhull's sight,
Their lady visitors in broad daylight.

Then beautiful bouquets, of fragrance rare,
Are quickly brought, as presents by the fair;
Admiring friends for recognition press,
Old rakes cajole him, and old maids caress;
With praise and compliments they fill his ears,
While Shearman's eyes are charged with unshed tears,
Ready adown his brazen cheek to fall,
Just as occasion for th' effect shall call:
And circling round him for a strength'ning band

Are troops of spirits from Diakka Land:
 Some bring magnetic force, and some supply
 The crude material for the unformed lie;
 Some give him cheek, and boldness, and *elan*,
 And when too flush, some cool him with a fan;
 Some "bear him up" lest he should chance to fall,
 And dash his foot, or brains, against the wall,
 When in some fit of weakness and despair
 He hangs on ragged edges, sharp and bare.
 Thus guarded, praised, and lionized by turns,
 He snuffs rich incense from unnumbered urns
 Where pride and mammon, in Religion's guise,
 Are offering their unhallowed sacrifice,
 And sits enthroned as the high priest, or king,
 A central figure in the Plymouth Ring.

Turn from the picture, and this other scan—
 What does it to the view unfold? A man
 Midway in years upon life's voyage cast,
 Wrecked by the fury of misfortune's blast.
 Human in all things, yet, perhaps less frail
 Than thousands who have weathered out the gale.
 The eye has still some flashes of that fire,
 Which Genius kindles when she would aspire
 Toward the dizzy heights, and write a name
 In Honor's temple, side by side with Fame.
 There is a troubled look—a shade akin
 To weariness, and vacancy within
 The soul, as imaged on that stoic face—
 Lines, which corroding grief alone can trace.

Few friends are with him now, but there, unseen,
Are Asoph bands still watchfully serene,
Guarding him kindly even from his own
Dark purpose, as he sits and broods alone
Over the wreck, while all the prospect seems
As to the sleeper dreaming that he dreams
And longs to wake. Is the man, the same
Sir Marmaduke that won a noble name
And wore upon his brow a shining crown,
Which Wrong and Falsehood in the dust cast down?
'Tis he, in sooth! And wherefore came the wreck?
Ah, there was Love and Frailty on the deck,
With a too trusting pilot at the helm:—
Therefore did tempests toss, and waves overwhelm.
For others' sins this man was doomed to bear
Sorrows, and wrongs, and heart-throbs of despair,
Till, by misfortune worried and assailed
His courage sank, and strength of manhood failed.
His friends were many while he sailed with tides
Into the channels where Corruption guides,
But when he raised the banner of reform,
The ship went down amid the clouds and storm.
Then came, disguised, the canting lecherous friend,
Before whom Councils quail, and churches bend,
And home is ruined. Fortune, love, and fame
At once depart, and leave but grief and shame.
He stands alone—misfortune has no friend—
And on his head the pelting storms descend,
Through Sorrow's cloud, as yet, there shines no ray,
To give the promise of a brighter day.

But not alone! The Asoph bands that guard
Justice and truth, had yet one friend prepared,
To hold within his grasp the mighty key
To unlock, to public gaze, the mystery.
And will he spaek! Suspended judgments wait,
And Nosrap trembles on the brink of fate.
Doubt not! there is behind, an unseen power
That calls to judgment, and there comes an hour
When Right *must* speak. The Book is now unsealed,
And all behold "the man of sin revealed."
Though Nosraps with Diakka powers combine
Against the truth, there is a Power Divine,
Which through His counsel, blind to human sight,
Brings all things, dark and hidden, to the light.

When, ripe for ruin, and foredoomed to fall,
Men, churches, nations, must obey the call
To come to judgment and receive the rod,
And learn that Justice is the voice of God.