

As a bird that flees destruction when a hand is on her nest,
Sees from far but dares not guard the ravished offspring
of her breast ;
They shall flee to the horizon, while we lay upon their
coasts
Parma's Prince and Alva's pikemen to confound their
feeble hosts,
And with Mass at Canterbury and all London purged
with fire,
For our losses and their insults wring a debt of vengeance
dire."

IX.

Like a castle in the forest rose their fleet that summer
night,
With its stately masts and poops o'ertowering many a
tower in height.
And young nobles pacing proudly, fired for coming vic-
tories,
Dreaming one of blue-eyed captives, one of vengeance to
be his ;—
When through the gloom began to loom
Dim shapes, that darker grew,
And then there came long tongues of flame,
And every Spaniard knew
That the fireships were upon them,—and they fled
Each one as he was able, slipping anchor, cutting cable
Without thought of where he sped to, so he sped.

X.

And the English drove among them, smiting here and
smiting there,
While the Spaniards smote the air
In their struggles to be free and out to sea ;
And the flower of Spain were falling
Like the flowers in the hail :
And the lofty ships were crashing
Like old Elm-trees in a gale ;
And the land was on their lee.

XI.

And our Seymours and our Howards
Added glory to their names,
To their grand old English names,
With the immemorial claims
Of a hundred olden fields
On their Shields.

THE DOWNWARD PATH.

WE ran a little game, Sir, in the Fall of '88—
Days when I trod the downward path at a 2.20
gait,
There was Sherb and Bunzie Dickl and a law-school
chump or two,
And three razzle-dazzle-dazzlers from the Class of '92.
We ran that little game, Sir, in the cloak-room's hallowed
shades,
In a dark sequestered corner, far from lynx-eyed Stephen's
raids,

And Bunzie was pap-tender and he doled the ivories
round,
As they tinkled on the benches with a soft melodious
sound.
On the second day the law-school chumps decided they
were through ;
On the next the razzle-dazzlers from the Class of '92
Found that their goose was cooked, threw the sponge up
there and then,
And with tear-stained faces walked it to their uncle's
down-town den.
Then, indeed, began the battle that inspired this classic
verse,
Which yours truly has dashed down, in lines less elegant
than terse.
For through three-score hands, and jackers neither
quickly-scooped nor cheap,
We slung the cold bones round, Sir, in a way to make
one weep ;
And we mopped our dripping foreheads, and we prayed
to Sutphen's shades,
And we shoveled out our shekels to the tune of five
straight spades.
Yet the fifth morn saw each hero rich with winnings he
had picked
From the dear departed gamblers, ere the classic pail
they kicked.
So we tried another jackpot and each brave put up his
cash,
While Sherb worked the latest shuffle, dealt the cards
out like a flash.
But a pair of Johns was lacking ; then a brace of royal
girls,
Then the kings and then the aces, then again the knavish
churls.
Still, each deal, our hard-saved rocks were adding to that
goodly pile,
Till Sherb opened with a blue chip, and a sweet expectant
smile.
But he didn't draw his fortune and he couldn't stand the
pace,
Though his tailor's bill depended on the issue of that
race ;
And I'll ne'er forget the tired look on his meek, angelic
face,
When he blanked his cards to blank, Sir, and accepted
the last place.
But the betting still continued at a rate quite far from
slow ;
I watched Bunzie's careworn visage, and thought four
kings had some show—
Thought the dear boy might be bluffing, till my wealth
lay on the board,
And the whispered words, "I call you," came then of
their own accord.
Then my weary back grew weaker and my fiery eye grew
dim,