

X.

Bottles and glasses next to ruin rushed—
Unheeded now, their fragments lay around ;
A window, too, from its environs pushed,
Jingled to discord yet another sound.
Meanwhile, the landlord better courage found,
And rushed into the room, with furious mien,
Demanding order, in a voice profound,
Deep-toned and terrible—stilling the scene ;
Each well-tired warrior pleased to find him intervene.

XI.

'T is true, some imprecations vile were uttered,
When the replenished lamp again shone bright ;
Keen curses, too, and some foul threats were
muttered
To find their garments in such tattered plight ;
Could each his face have seen, methinks the sight
Would have renewed the strife itself alone,
And urged the parties on to second fight ;
This they could not, and as the gay lamp shone,
Each deemed his neighbor's face far bloodier than
his own.