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Has especially proved efficacious in cases of WEAK and DELICATE CHILDREN, and those who are GROWING FAST. For WOMEN who are debilitated, caused by Nursing, Family Cares, Over-work, or troubles peculiar to their sex. For invalids recovering from sickness it is of the greatest benefit.

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Of sombre or bright.

We print for merchants,
And land agents, too;
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Bold, stylish and neat,
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THE ARMADA OFF DEVON.

A Sketch for a Poem after Tennyson's "Revenge."

I.

"To sea! the Spaniards follow me!"
So shouted Master Flemming, as he sprang on Plymouth Hoe,
When Howard and Drake and Frobisher were waiting for the foe,
And playing the old English game in the grand old English way,
As though with danger shrieking they had nought to do but play,
Till the foe was on their quarter with his fangs agape for slaughter;
Then, like hell's incarnate devils, bred to blood and fire for revels,
To turn and roar and rend in twain whoever dared the fray.

II.

"To sea! and fight the Spaniards free!
Rang half a score of voices; but our sturdy Francis Drake
Cried, "We will not leave our game in doubt for any Spaniard's sake.
My Lord and Sirs, play on:
We have time enough, I trow, to play who wins this now,
And afterwards to settle with the Don."

III.

So they finished in full their game, and to-day we treasure its fame
'Mid the feats of light-hearted valour that have won our England her name.
And we pray when it comes once more
For England to hold her breath in the struggle of life and death,
That men may be many to die with the smile on the lip and eye,
Which has made these Armada heroes a proverb the wide world o'er.

IV.

They played till their game was done, and the Man of Victories won
Our terrible Sir Francis, who had scourged the King of Spain.
A Devon man was he, but bred in knightly Kent,
Where back through stormy centuries the tale of triumph went,
To the days when men of Dover fell upon the Norman's train,
And drove them heltering over to their native France again,
In the Saint-Confessor's reign.

V.

A wind rose in the night and roused the storm-wave's might,
The Spaniard stretched full seven miles in span from left to right,
And he cried in his pride, "Will these English dare to fight?"

VI.

The wind blew up from the West, and on the breaker's crest
His galleons rolled unsteady,
And his guns upon the lee damped their iron lips in the sea;
Till the captains were more ready
To run for port and anchor than a grim sea fight to wage,
But on their weather gage
The little ships of England came scudding at their ease,
For they loved the narrow seas,
And they dreaded not the storm,
Which round the Rame's dark form
Hung a shroud of misty white,
Till it loomed like a ghost at dead of night.

VII.

Would the English dare to fight?
Does the leopard fear to leap
On the monstrous buffalo, as he crashes, huge and slow,
Through jungle grasses deep to some wide river sweep,
When thirsty noon-hours glow?
Does the bull dog shun the bull as strong and angerful
As an elephant a-wrath?
Does the eagle flee the path
Of the swan
As it sweeps superbly on?
Nay. The buffalo shall reel 'neath the leopard's deadly paws;
And the tall swan's back shall feel the eagle's cruel claws:
And these stately bulls of Seville shall make revel nevermore,
For the bold torreador.

VIII.

Would the English dare to fight? aye, to fight and to attack,
And five ships heave into sight full upon the Spaniard's track.
The Admiral of England, and with him ships but four,
Upon the Spaniard's rear-guard their raking broadsides pour,
Scudding all along the line. "Mother Mary, be it thine
To help thy faithful servants to lay hands upon these few
Who sting their sides so sorely, but whom, once within their grasp,
They could, like a nettle, clasp and hew them through."

IX.

But the Virgin they besought to their prayers she heeded nought.
And their cannon on the lee still were choking in the sea;
While their cannon on the weather turned their angry mouths to heaven,
And tore the air with fruitless prayer,
That the heretic might sink beneath their murder-laden levin.
But the shot from their upturned lips flew over the English ships,
And the broad backs of the Spaniards, hulls of thirteen hundred tons,
As they reeled beneath the gale, caught, like hillsides, all the hail
Which rained from the nimble English guns.

X.

And they fled. For the Spanish Admiral signalled, from his towering mainmast-head,
"Close up the rear," and forthwith all up channel crowded sail,
And it chanced that our powder and our shot began to fail;
So they fled.

XI.

But the noble Capitana, as the galleons clashed together
In the cruel Channel weather,
Lost her topmast and her bowsprit, and lay crippled, like a knight
Unhorsed in fight,
Entangled in his surcoat and o'erburdened with his plate,
And it fell to her to meet
The great Sir Francis Drake returning late
From chasing Flemish merchantmen in convoy of their fleet.

XII.

"Now yield you," cried Sir Francis; but the Spaniard answered "Nay,
You shall grant us terms to day.
For I am Pedro Valdez, and my men be twenty-score,
All good fighters used to war, and of shot have goodly store;
And the snapping of a bowsprit and the falling of a mast
Have not made our cannon dumb, we can welcome all who come;
And our welcomes shall be lusty while they last.
Ye shall grant us terms to-day, or right dearly shall ye pay."