



"Nor ceased the din of battle until an hour had passed,
And D'Aulnay's stoutest vessel lay shattered, hull and mast.
Then five tall ships stood seaward, with press of canvas on ;
But one as staunch was sinking beneath the broad St John."

And fast Latour press'd forward with wrath no fears could tame :
And the deep sound of cannon was heard upon the bay,
As o'er it the avenger held his pursuing way.

Back he returns in triumph with all his soldiers bold :
D'Aulnay the proud is conquered and driven to his hold ;
His ships are sunk or shattered—his stoutest soldiers slain ;
For the strong ships of England have met him on the main ;
And the long beleaguer'd fortress is deck'd with banners gay,
For Latour has marked his victory with a festival to-day :
And deep were the potations in the grape's red juice and pure,
To the fair and noble lady and the triumph of Latour.



Rondeau of Materialism.

In this new day Love is discreet
And never turns his wayward feet
To reach the heart of man or maid,
Unless within his hand is laid
The gold that buys him welcome sweet.

His transformation is complete,
The billet doux is a balance sheet
That practically may persuade,
In this new day.

For Cupid's archery's effete,
No longer shoots he far and fleet,
And auditing is now his trade.
Than sentiment which once hearts swayed
Large balances more strong entreat

In this new day.

ORION.



"And oft Latour's fair lady gazed o'er the distant foam
Which whitened 'neath the rising gale, to see her lord come home."