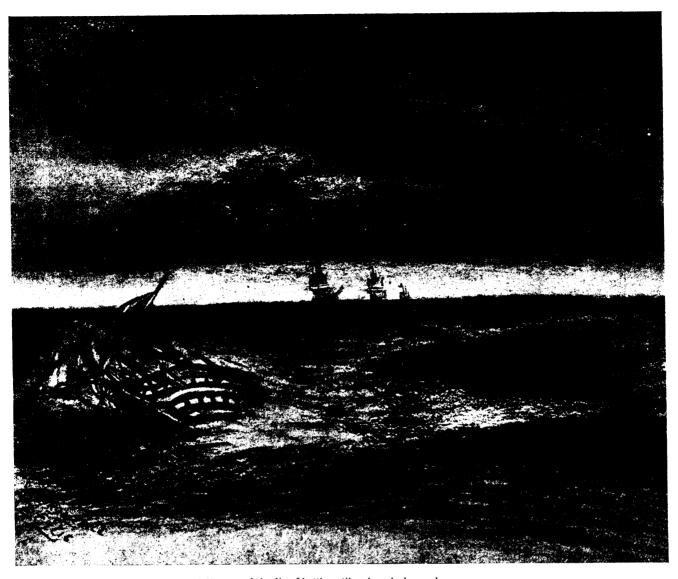
15th August, 1891



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 carvas 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."