

Half-steam ahead by guess and lead, for the sun is mostly veiled--
Through fog to fog, by luck and log, sail ye as Bering sailed;
And, if the light shall lift aright to give your landfall plain,
North and by west, from Zapne Crest, ye raise the Crosses Twain.
Fair marks are they to the inner bay, the reckless poacher knows,
What time the scarred see-catchie lead their sleek seraglios.
Ever they hear the floe-pack clear, and the blast of the old
 bull-whale,
And the deep seal-roar that beats off shore above the loudest gale.
Ever they wait the winter's hate as the thundering boorga calls,
Where northward look they to St. George, and westward to St. Paul's.
Ever they greet the hunted fleet--lone keels off headlands drear--
When the sealing-schooners flit that way at hazard year by year.
Ever in Yokohama Port men tell the tale anew
 Of a hidden sea and a hidden fight,
 When the Baltic ran from the Northern Light
And the Stralsund fought the two!

THE DERELICT.

"And reports the derelict Mary Pollock still at sea."

Shipping News.

I was the staunchest of our fleet
Till the Sea rose beneath our feet
Unheralded, in hatred past all measure.
Into his pits he stamped my crew,
Buffeted, blinded, bound and threw;
Bidding me eyeless wait upon his pleasure.

Man made me, and my will
Is to my maker still,
Whom now the currents con, the rollers steer--
Lifting forlorn to spy
Trailed smoke along the sky,
Falling afraid lest any keel come near.

Wrenched as the lips of thirst,
Wried, dried, and split and burst,
Bone-bleached my decks, wind-scoured to the graining;
And, jarred at every roll,
The gear that was my soul
Answers the anguish of my beams' complaining.

For life that crammed me full,
Gangs of the prying gull
That shriek and scabble on the riven hatches.

For roar that dumb'd the gale
My hawse-pipes guttering wail,
Sobbing my heart out through the uncounted watches.

Blind in the hot blue ring
Through all my points I swing--
Swing and return to shift the sun anew.

Blind in my well-known sky
I hear the stars go by,
Mocking the prow that can not hold one true!

White on my wasted path
Wave after wave in wrath
Frets 'gainst his fellow, warring where to send me.
Flung forward, heaved aside,
Witless and dazed I bide
The mercy of the comber that shall end me.

North where the bergs careen,
The spray of seas unseen
Smokes round my head and freezes in the falling;
South where the corals breed,
The footless, floating weed
Folds me and fouls me, strake on strake upcrawling.

I that was clean to run

My race against the sun--
Strength on the deep, am bawd to all disaster--
Whipped forth by night to meet
My sister's careless feet,
And with a kiss betray her to my master!

Man made me, and my will
Is to my maker still--
To him and his, our peoples at their pier:
Lifting in hope to spy
Trailed smoke along the sky;
Falling afraid lest any keel come near!

THE SONG OF THE BANJO.

You couldn't pack a Broadwood half a mile--
You mustn't leave a fiddle in the damp--
You couldn't raft an organ up the Nile,
And play it in an Equatorial swamp.
I travel with the cooking-pots and pails--
I'm sandwiched 'tween the coffee and the pork--
And when the dusty column checks and tails,