

Hull down--hull down and under--she dwindles to a speck,  
With noise of pleasant music and dancing on her deck.  
All's well--all's well aboard her--she's dropped you far behind,  
With a scent of old-world roses through the fog that ties you blind.

Her crew are babes or madmen? Her port is all to make?  
You're manned by Truth and Science, and you steam for steaming's sake?  
Well, tinker up your engines--you know your business best--  
She's taking tired people to the Islands of the Blest!

AN AMERICAN.

The American Spirit speaks:

If the Led Striker call it a strike,  
Or the papers call it a war,  
They know not much what I am like,  
Nor what he is, my Avatar.

Through many roads, by me possessed,  
He shambles forth in cosmic guise;  
He is the Jester and the Jest,

And he the Text himself applies.

The Celt is in his heart and hand,  
The Gaul is in his brain and nerve;  
Where, cosmopolitanly planned,  
He guards the Redskin's dry reserve.

His easy unswept hearth he lends  
From Labrador to Guadeloupe;  
Till, elbowed out by sloven friends,  
He camps, at sufferance, on the stoop.

Calm-eyed he scoffs at sword and crown,  
Or panic-blinded stabs and slays:  
Blatant he bids the world bow down,  
Or cringing begs a crumb of praise;

Or, sombre-drunk, at mine and mart,  
He dubs his dreary brethren Kings.  
His hands are black with blood: his heart  
Leaps, as a babe's, at little things.

But, through the shift of mood and mood,  
Mine ancient humour saves him whole--  
The cynic devil in his blood  
That bids him mock his hurrying soul;

That bids him flout the Law he makes,  
That bids him make the Law he flouts,  
Till, dazed by many doubts, he wakes  
The drumming guns that--have no doubts;

That checks him foolish hot and fond,  
That chuckles through his deepest ire,  
That gilds the slough of his despond  
But dims the goal of his desire;

Inopportune, shrill-accented,  
The acrid Asiatic mirth  
That leaves him careless 'mid his dead,  
The scandal of the elder earth.

How shall he clear himself, how reach  
Our bar or weighed defence prefer--  
A brother hedged with alien speech  
And lacking all interpreter?

Which knowledge vexes him a space;  
But while reproof around him rings,  
He turns a keen untroubled face  
Home, to the instant need of things.

Enslaved, illogical, elate,  
He greets th' embarrassed Gods, nor fears  
To shake the iron hand of Fate  
Or match with Destiny for beers.

Lo! imperturbable he rules,  
Unkempt, disreputable, vast--  
And, in the teeth of all the schools  
I--I shall save him at the last!

#### THE MARY GLOSTER.

I've paid for your sickest fancies; I've humoured your crackedest  
whim--  
Dick, it's your daddy--dying: you've got to listen to him!  
Good for a fortnight, am I? The doctor told you? He lied.  
I shall go under by morning, and---- Put that nurse outside.  
Never seen death yet, Dickie? Well, now is your time to learn,  
And you'll wish you held my record before it comes to your turn.  
Not counting the Line and the Foundry, the yards and the village, too,  
I've made myself and a million; but I'm damned if I made you.  
Master at two-and-twenty, and married at twenty three--