

287.—EXPLOITS

The shipboy clambering up these sheeted trees,
Shoots in the waters like a catapult;
Flinging on deck wild panic and tumult,
Like boys that rob the hives of honey-bees.

The bark flies onward, wings bulged by the breeze,
Off'ring the star and compass a god's cult,
Lest captain's and ship's charter be annult;
Not recking of the sailor 'neath the seas.

The world pays little heed to our exploits.
When we with alpenstock climb shaggy Alps
On land and sea, of virtue, men don't stare:
Play on they at their marbles or their quoits;
Or go to war, like Indians seeking scalps
—Their trade,—careless of life or death or prayer.