

# Colliers

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

June 15, 1912

page 1

## The Titanic

By BRAND WHITLOCK

*"AND THIS," the dark Ironic Spirit mocked  
As it beheld the proud new lofty ship  
Upon its westering way across the sea,  
"This is thy latest, greatest miracle,  
The triumph of thy science, art and all  
That skill thou'st learnt since forth the Norsemen fared  
Across these waters in their cockle shells,  
In dodging back and forth 'twixt storm and sea,  
Until at last, in this thy master work,  
Thou'dst go in safety and in pride, and boast  
Meanwhile of thine unparalleled achievement,  
Thy victory o'er my wanton will and whim!  
Ho, Little Man, behold! I'd not waste e'en  
A tempest on thy paragon, but thus,  
Upon its first glad, confident adventure,  
With but a cast-off fragment of my store  
Of power—thus to the bottom of the seas  
For evermore, with this thy latest marvel  
And with thee! Ho! Ho!"*

*The awful laugh  
Rang through the dreadful reaches of the Void.  
But lo! The calm and all-sufficient answer  
Of our intrepid Northern race! With lips  
Drawn tight, they look with clear, dry eyes on doom,  
And so confront the end, there in the night  
That was to have for them no pitying dawn.  
(Their kind alone of all intelligence  
Feels pity.)*

*"The women and the children first.  
We stay."*

*No cry, no whimpering; and there,  
Up there, upon the dark, mysterious bridge,  
The grizzled captain, chief of all those victims  
Of Its sublime, stupendous, bitter joke,  
But the exemplar of that race which knows  
How to aspire, achieve, and dare Its wrath,  
And in the hour of failure, how to die.*

