

XXXII.

For them the first bright day's triumphant beam
 Shone forth, nor feared the wonted reign of night ;
 Before their eyes, which seemed as in a dream,
 The sun's broad lamp swung in its heavenly light ;
 Throwing above—beneath—around—a stream
 Of brilliancy, outshining other light ;
 And for long days the desperate voyage blest,
 Nor paled from age nor sought a needless rest.

XXXIII.

Then like a giant from his months of sleep,
 Darkness uprose and viewed that scene of mirth,
 Angered that day his own domain should keep,
 With mighty hand he smote him to the earth ;
 And his insidious powers began to creep
 Around the land, embracing all its girth ;
 Till day should rise again, renewed in strength,
 And pour his beams on that long night at length.

XXXIV.

Such stories told those travellers of yore
 To spell-bound listeners of their native land,
 When they again had reached their long-loved shore,
 And friends all thronged to greet the hero band ;
 Stories of wonders hid from men before,
 Such as might spring from the magician's wand ;
 Too strange to mortal vision to seem true,
 Though truest things are often strangest too.

XXXV.

They told them tales of races they had seen,
 Of shorter stature than in Europe dwell ;
 Who spoil the furry quarry's coat, to screen
 Their hearts from cold more keen than words can tell ;
 And for the well known cottage on the green,
 The shaded mansion, or the lonely cell,
 They build them palaces of ice to hold
 Their families safe and keep them from the cold.