

Unfabled Strophades; so mercy sped
The Erebus and Terror on their way.

No longer! for the heaped and marble ice
Thickened in azure hummocks¹ round the keels;
And, gemmed with icy stars, the idle ships
Lay locked and frozen on the frozen wave!

'Cold, weary, chilly-cold²—the very breath
Falling in silvery circlets—and the blood
Beating and bounding in the throbbing pulse.
Ah! we must die! and yet the legends tell
Of a green³ Eden 'mid the whitening wastes
Of the wild North; but not a flower is here
Save crystals of the bright lamellar snow
And glitter of the cold unheeding stars⁴.

'O! for an emerald field, a sunny light,
A scent of lilies in the forest moss,
A waving in the coronal of trees!
O for the purple noon, the gorgeous noon,
Beneath the bright warm sun! but we must lie

¹ "That splendid blue (of the ice), which is perhaps one of the richest colours that nature affords."—Parry, Vol. III. p. 20. "Hummocks somewhat relieve the uniformity of intense light by exhibiting shades of delicate blue."—Scoresby.

² "An Arctic winter consists of the accumulation of almost all which is disagreeable to the feelings."—Id.

³ See the beautiful mythology of the Eddas and Sagas.

⁴ "The stars, those eternal *flowers* of heaven."—Greg. Naz.

"In the infinite meadows of heaven
Blossomed the lovely stars."—Longfellow's *Evangeline*.