

Oft had the Orient at Hyperion's feet
 Flushed into fire and flower, and from his arm
 The rubied orb of his empyreal shield
 Flamed thro' the zenith; often had he flung
 Purpureal¹ mantles on the radiant foam
 Down from his westering chariot, and the stars
 Had gazed at twilight from their jewel-thrones
 On the blue bosom of the twinkling deep:—
 And still the shores swept by: and now by day,
 Winging the cold air's lucent² hyaline,
 Strange birds were seen to flutter at the mast,
 And iridescent in the moony wave
 Strange³ fishes seen to flounder at the keel,
 That thro' the floating crystals of the frost
 Crisped a slow path: and still the light wind sped
 The Erebus and Terror on their way.

Lo! it comes looming thro' the shadowed sea,
 Towering and tossing on the crested swell
 The mountain of bright ice! down fathom-deep
 Swept by mysterious currents floateth strange
 Its everlasting base, and to the sun

¹ "As slowly he descended, carpeting *The western waves with glory*, ere he deigned To set his foot upon them."—T. E. Hankinson.

² "The air is very transparent, and often filled with delicate floating icy crystals."—Scoresby, *Arctic Regions*, p. 113. "The ethereal brilliancy of the polar sky."—Id. p. 19.

³ "We had numerous birds hovering round the ship."—Sir J. Franklin's *Voyage to the Polar Seas*. "A shoal of grampuses and porpoises came dancing and bounding about the bows of the vessel."—*Private Journal of a distinguished officer on board the Erebus*.