

In some baronial hall hung round with casques,  
 And breast-plates, shields, and shirts of mail and spears  
 Transverse; the founder of the house he glowers  
 Above the hearth huge as Cathedral door.  
 The eagle's shadow on the white peak's side  
 Was as the shade of some long-pointed cloud  
 When winds are veering.

Past the Fraser—past

Those lucid streams whose sands are gold, and now  
 580 Mirroring many a shape—outlines too fair  
 For gross embodiment in flesh—young forms  
 Of tender beauty, robed in hues of heaven,  
 Attendant on that glory-scattering car,  
 The rippleless ocean lay beneath us, bright;  
 No wrinkle on its vast and placid brow;  
 No cloud in view, and as we flew along  
 Deep voices from around the car poured forth  
 Sweet strains which o'er the ocean rolled and died  
 In frozen whispers mid the polar seas.  
 The ocean was now left behind—a breadth  
 Of light. A score of dusky nations old  
 We pass, then plunge beneath the engulfing waves.  
 A rush of waters green and white—again  
 I closed my eyes to die, when she reach'd forth  
 Her hand with tapering fingers rosy-tipped  
 And touched me. Then once more myself, I saw  
 Her steeds, unbreath'd, draw up, and how there flashed  
 A sudden light o'er carven arch and door,