

'The spirits of my fathers are at play.'
 But old men shook their heads and made reply,
 'Nay, 'tis the waving of a fiery flag,
 In signal to the spirits of the storm!'

And the storm came! blaring with hideous tramp²
 The mad wind pounced upon the tattered shrouds,
 And bent the creaking mast, and howled and screamed,
 And swept in fury o'er the splitting fields
 That rang, and shrieked, and thundered, as the ships,
 Fierce-crashing with their tempest-driven keels,
 Drove plunging thro' the terrors of the night
 'Neath the black sky—so did the storm-fiend speed
 The Erebus and Terror on their way.
 Whither?

Ah me! the dim and blinding tears
 Gush to mine eyes. I cannot see them more.

Hail! glorious vision hail! ambrosial wings
 Her form immantling, on the rosy snow
 Resteth the golden sandal of her foot,
 A glimmering amethyst—and o'er her brow
 Falls the pale lustre of her crown'd hair:
 I know her who she is! for one white hand
 Doth rest upon an anchor's graceful haft,

¹ "The Northern Lights are supposed to be indicative of a violent storm."—Scoresby.

² ἀμφὶ δ' ἐσάπτεγεν μέγας οὐρανός.—Hom. *Il.* xxi. 298.