

At last, when lingering hope had almost grown
 To be no hope ; when but a little rift
 Of blue was left, a gloomy cloud did drift
 And 'shut it up. Among the Esquimaux,
 Relics are found which with sad clearness shew,
 A knowledge of a fate of fearful woe ;—
 Some white men had been seen, worn out, forlorn,
 Going to the South, some years before, one morn
 In the seal moon. They all were thin and wan,
 And brightly in their staring eyes, there shone
 The fires of hungry famine. Ere the fall,
 They found their wasted, frozen bodies, all,
 Scattered about the mainland's bare, bleak shore.
 A few were buried on an isle ; the more
 Still lay where they had fallen down to die.

Years pass, and still with faithful purpose high,
 The mourning wife refuses to believe
 That he, for whom as dead, all others grieve,
 Is dead. Why should he die ? Not all the crew
 Was seen ; they had divided ; still a few,
 With him their chief, might lingeringly drag out
 A sad existence, wandering about,
 'Mid woe and famine. Every morn they rise,
 And gaze, and gaze, with eager scanning eyes,
 All o'er the bleak horizon's blank expanse.
 Again, at eve, a sad disheartened glance
 Is thrown around ; and still no aid they see ;