

Their plighted promise safely you may trust.
 Mind you deceive them not, for well they know
 The friend sincere from the designing foe.
 They once were deemed a people fierce and rude,
 Their savage hands in human blood imbued;
 But by my care (for I must claim the merit)
 The world now owes that virtue they inherit.
 Not a more honest or more generous race
 Can bless a sovereign or a nation grace.
 With these I frequent pass the social day,
 No broils, no feuds, but all is sport and play.
 My will's their law, and justice is my will.
 Thus friends we always were and friends are still."

With an idea of impressing the Eskimo with the importance of the English, whom they held in contempt with all other "kablunait," Cartwright took a few of his oldest Eskimo friends to London. They were greatly astonished at the sights they saw, but soon grew homesick. One said, "Oh, I am tired! Here are too many houses, too much smoke, too many people. Labrador is very good; seals are plentiful there. I wish I was back again." The inevitable happened. They all contracted smallpox, and only one woman, Caubvick, lived to see her old home.

On Cartwright's return to Labrador, they were met by a large crowd of Eskimo who had gathered to greet their friends. When only Caubvick appeared, their grief was unrestrained. "Many of them snatched up stones and beat themselves on the face and head until they became shocking spectacles." "In short," says Cartwright, "the violent frantic expressions of grief were such that I could not help participating with them so far as to shed tears myself most plentifully." But it is quite characteristic of the Eskimo that "they no sooner observed my emotion than, mistaking it for apprehensions which I was under for fear of their resentment, they instantly seemed to forget their own feelings to relieve those of mine. They pressed around me, and said and did all in their power to convince me that they did not entertain any suspicions of my conduct toward their departed friends."