

'That sway the line of loose Irregulars
Forevermore 'gainst hazard circumstance,
Illumin'd thro' those triple golden years
A trail of splendid hopes and ghastly fears,
Where only now Aurora gleams askance
On the twinkling frosted bones of pioneers ;
But it's ho ! for savage lands alight with spoil —
For ventures grim and treasure-trove on a stark,
unheard-of soil !

IV.

And I went with the crowd who took the trail
Over the icy Chilcoot ; side by side
Who tugg'd and toil'd and topp'd the White Divide,
Rafted it to 'Tagish, and set sail
Down the rapid Yukon long before
The main rush reach'd the mines. 'Twas no more
To me than some new game of head-and-tail
To gamble on ; but we drank deep, and swore,
Around uproarious camp-fires, that we'd find
Our fortunes on the Klondike creeks or leave our
bones behind.

V.

But somehow I was hoodoo'd from the first ;
Tho' everywhere I saw the yellow glance
Of other's gold, I seem'd to stand no chance
Locating claims ; the hot, mosquito-curst
And scurvy days went empty-handed by,
No matter what I'd do where I'd try ;