

Diffusing beauty 'mong the tender flowers—
No dewy morn' ere feeds the opening bud—
No smiling verdant hills are seen o'erspread
With flocks of sheep and little playful lambs.
Whose bleetings mingle with the shepherd's song;
But where eternal winter spreads around
Her gloomy shade; where seasons vary 'mid
The ice and snow, and tempest's howl.—
But fruitless was their search; and Britain's sons
Beheld, with heavy hearts, that ship's return.
The winter season o'er, two other ships
With flags unfurled and fluttering in the breeze,
Are guided onwards to the northern climes.
But who is he whose ardent gaze is bent
On Gallia's lovely shores, for one last glimpse
Ere yet they fade from view—alas! to him
For ever? 'Tis BELLOT: not long he looks.
But heaves a transient sigh, and turns his thoughts
To northward, and to Franklin.