

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.