

Soon as his ship was paid off last summer, and taken his passage,  
Straight for New York, where the Sherwoods, staunch Whigs were enjoying their  
triumph.

Judge of his grief when he found them proscribed, and in frozen Acadia!

His Majesty's Frigate *Sea-lion*, the ship which had borne him from England,  
Carried him down to St. John, to miss them, but, thanks be to Heaven,  
Dorothy, safe at last, was awaiting the arms of her lover  
Blushing and smiling with happy tears. The long cold journey  
Had fled like a dream of delight—the cold had no mastery—stronger  
And stronger each minute she grew, and between the pulled over frost-cap  
And the great cloak-collar turned up, two tender eyes had been sparkling,  
A pleading mouth told its mute tale, the pale face reflowered with pleasure,  
And a golden tress escaped as she hung on the words of her lover.

No need here to recount the bliss of the lovers, how Lester  
Won her to tell her love, and told his, and told her his story,  
How, when he left her that night, he had gone to the friendly commander  
Of the King's ship moored in the river, and entered as clerk—of the action  
Where the officers all were killed, and he carried her safe into Portsmouth,  
Earning the thanks, of the King and a junior-lieutenant's commission;  
How he had fought and fought and fought to the rank of post-captain,  
Capturing prize after prize, and fighting some score of sea battles,  
All through the seven years war with the Colonies leagued to all Europe;  
And, after the war, had resigned and been granted his passage, gladly,