

A dreary Defart all, of Ice and Snow,
 Which, forming Hills, fast into Mountains grow.
 So cutting cold, now bluft'ring Boreas blows,
 None can with naked Face, his blasts oppofe.
 But well wrapp'd up, we travel out fecure,
 And find Health's bleffings, in an Air fo pure.

Now to his Cave, the Black-bear hies his way,
 Where, lock'd in Sleep, he fpend both Night and
 Day ;
 Nor, till a milder Sun revives his Blood,
 Wakes from his Dreams, to prowling abroad for food.
 Not fo the White one ; ever on the flray
 In queft of Seals, his prefent only prey.
 This Monster fierce and ftrong, you need not fear,
 If that your Dog attack him in the rear.