

And shouted loud to the carters, who dashed to the bank in horror,
The ice loud-cracking beneath.

The wood sleigh landed in safety,
But the cariole, coming behind, was caught, as the ice sank slowly,
When Lester with one wild leap had landed, and, seizing the horseheads,
Forced with his mighty strength the strength of the horses, who clambered,
With straining shoulder and leg, and the cariole safe behind them.

Soon they found the road, well-tramped, for the sleighs of the city
Had raced with the well-to-do forth, thus far and farther, to witness
The giants' deeds of the storm, and soon they were clattering bravely
Over the forest of Portland and into the streets of the city
Up to the principal inn, where the bustle of sledges unloading
And the spoken-out words of applause drew a concourse of citizens quickly.

Once in the inn, the old folks were straight in their beds and physicianned.
But Dorothy sat by the fire in the inn-keeper's parlour, blushing
Half for her Indian robes and half for her sailor lover,
Standing out there in the hall making glad the rescuers party
With largess of foreign gold; for while England was fighting together
Her Colonists, French and Dutch and Swedes and Spaniards and Russians,
There was many a prize afloat at sea for adventurous seamen,
And Lester, a proverb for daring, in brig, then corvette, then frigate
Had captured and captured and captured right under the enemy's fort-guns
Till he was rich. And when peace was declared, he had sent in his papers,