

Sons of my country ! in her cause allied,
 A sailor's feelings are my bosom's pride,—
 Those feelings tell me that each brother tar
 Exults in cherish'd hope,—advanced thus far—
 The hope that soon success shall crown our toil,
 And honours greet us on our native soil.
 Britannia's hopes are centred in our deeds—
 To this emprise the path of glory leads !—
 Her ancient chiefs of ever-honour'd name,
 Call on us now to emulate their fame :—
 Each tender tie that deep infixes *here*,
 Bids us our country and ourselves revere :
 Then, sailors, thus I 'll your resolve express,
 " We can't command, but will deserve success."

THE Editor would be ill satisfied with himself were he to permit the *Winter Chronicle* to conclude without expressing his thanks to his Correspondents *generally*, for the courtesy with which they have addressed him ; and to those gentlemen *particularly*, who have principally supported the Paper, for the readiness with which they have at all times attended to his request of contributions, and frequently at a very short notice.

His more than thanks are due and are felt to his two friends who have so cheerfully and kindly taken on themselves, even from the commencement, the manual duties of the editorial office ; leaving to the Editor himself little more than the honour of the name.

Winter Harbour, March 18, 1820.

THE END