

Tin spurs, and paper frills for Dandies made,
 And bear-skin whiskers help'd the gay parade :—
 But jesting o'er—to-night the plays we close,
 For passing winter asks no more repose.

As the brave soldier, on the martial field
 O'erborne by tenfold odds and forced to yield,
 Press'd by the captive chain feels not its weight,
 When on the thunders of the nearer fight
 His fate suspended hangs, till Vict'ry's tide
 Proclaims the conquer'd now the conqu'ring side ;
 Then freed once more he shines in radiant arms,
 And mingling eager in the war's alarms
 Feels the new wrong within his bosom glow,
 And bursts indignant on th' embattled foe.
 So we, secured by Winter's icy chain,
 Awhile the pris'ners of its gloomy reign,
 Hear in the blast that sweeps the frozen sea
 The friendly sound that soon shall set us free,
 When hasting forward with impatient force
 Hope's cheering ray shall gild our Western course.

If from the past our future scenes we trace,
 The prospect wears an animating face,
 For providential mercies open wide,
 And show that fav'ring Heaven has been our guide.
 When in our front the ice opposing lay,
 Still thro' the mass we found a devious way,—
 If humid fogs obscured the mid-day sun
 From ev'ry danger safe, we still have run :—
 Unfaithful here the guiding needle flies,
 Now points to Northern, now to Southern skies ;
 But ever have we kept the path design'd,
 And left the distant Eastern shores behind.
 What breast unconscious of the heav'nly Hand
 That saved our vessels from the fatal strand,
 When far extended foes with headlong sway
 Drove fiercely shoreward in yon western bay?—
 Yet morning's light, tho' human help was vain,
 Beheld us riding on the liquid main :
 And still, I trust, that Hand, which rules o'er all,
 Which guides the motions of this whirling ball,
 Will lead us onward thro' the icy road
 To where the southern joins the polar flood,
 Until at length that happy morn appears
 When Behring's Strait shall echo British cheers.