

A kind Kabloona gave this sharp Oo-loo*
(An equal present I ne'er got from you,)
With this, my meat I cut in morsels nice,
Or from the seal-skin richest blubber slice.
Of many other riches could I speak,
But none can sure excel this Oot-koo-sheek.†
With these I am content, and wish no more,
To see your angry face within my door."

HE—" Since you, your riches boast, and Oot
koo-sheek,
Know, I can match it with a new Powteek. ‡
My spears and arrows, headed once with stone,
Are now equipp'd with iron, every one ;
I, too, can buttons boast ; an equal share
Of beads too, deck my brow and flowing hair.

* Woman's crescent shaped knife. † Cooking Pot.

‡ A Paddle.