

Now numerous Caplin* croud along the Shore :
 Tho' great their numbers, yet their Foes seem more :
 Whilst Birds of rapine, hover o'er their Heads,
 Voracious Fish, in myriads throng their Beds.
 With these our Hooks we artfully disguise,
 And soon the glutton, Cod, becomes our Prize.
 Not one stands idle ; each Man knows his post,
 Nor Day, nor Night, a moment must be lost.
 The western Wind of low Ice† clears the sea,
 And leaves to welcome Ships a passage free.
 Yet huge large Isles, of wond'rous bulk remain,
 (To drive off which, the Wind still blows in vain)
 In size, surpassing far thy bulk, O Paul!‡
 Immeasurably wide, and deep, and tall.

To

* *Salmo Articus.*

† Flat ice about twelve feet thick, which is called "JAM ICE."

‡ Saint Paul's, London.