

The dear Kabloonas* gave me beads in store,
With treasures which I never saw before ;
A polish'd stone, or ice, in which I see
The varied beauties of my wond'ring face,
The blue Kak-keent† which ornaments my skin,
Curves on my cheeks, and covers all my chin,
My round tipp'd nose, dark eyes, that glance aside,
My nice white teeth, my rosy mouth so wide.
All these I view, and eke the locks that deck,
In two large pigtails, my well beaded neck.
Small rings of lead, or copper, grace my fist,
Strings of bright beads, are tied around my wrist ;
My jacket bosom now is cover'd o'er
With jingling buttons, hanging down before ;
Oo-ming-muk's ‡ teeth my breeches strings did grace,
But now a knife is pendent in their place ;

* Europeans.

† Tattoo.

‡ Musk Ox.