

Not a more honest, or more gen'rous Race,
 Can bless a Sov'reign, or a Nation grace.
 With these, I frequent pass the social day:
 No Broils, nor Feuds, but all is sport and play.
 My Will's their Law, and Justice is my Will;
 Thus Friends we always were, and Friends are still.
 Not so the Mountaineers, a treach'rous Race;
 In stature tall, but meagre in the Face.
 To Europeans long have they been known;
 And all their Vices, these have made their own.
 Not theirs the friendly visit; nor the feast
 Of social intercourse; but like brute beast,
 They greedily devour the reeking meal:
 And then get drunk, and quarrel, lie, and steal.

The Codfish now in Shoals* come on the coast,
 (A Fish'ry this, our Nation's chiefest boast)

Now

* A multitude of fish collected together are called "A SHOAL."