

Now pond'rous grown, she Nature's law obeys,
 And on the ground, her tender nurfling lays.
 O'er this, she watches with maternal care,
 Nor danger dreads, unless fell man comes there;
 (Him, beaft of prey, or Rock, or Wave ne'er ftops.)
 For, mark'd by him, to him a prey she drops.
 Fond, in the Summer, on young twigs to browse,
 The focial Beavers, quit their Winter's houfe.
 Around the Lake they cruife, nor fear mishap,
 And fport unheedful of the Furrier's trap.

The Salmon now no more in Ocean play;
 But up fresh Rivers take their filent way.
 For them, with niceft art, we fix the net;*
 For them, the ftream is carefully befet;

Few

* The method of fifhing for falmon in Labrador, is different from the praftice in England. There, the nets are moored in the water and remain out constantly; the fifh ftriking into them, are entangled; and they are cleared out of the nets into boats and brought on fhore.