

For them, with nicest art, we fix the net ;  
For them, the stream is carefully beset ;  
Few Fish escape : We toil both night and day,  
The Season's short, and Time flies swift away.

The Esquimaux from Ice and Snow now free,  
In Shallops and in Whale-boats go to Sea ;  
In Peace they rove along this pleasant shore,  
In plenty live ; nor do they wish for more.  
Thrice happy Race ! Strong Drink nor gold they know ;  
What in their Hearts they think, their Faces shew.  
Of manners gentle, in their dealings just,  
Their plighted promise, safely you may trust.  
Mind you deceive them not, for well they know  
The Friend sincere, from the designing Foe.  
They once were deem'd a People fierce and rude ;  
Their savage hands in Human blood imbru'd ;  
But by my care (for I must claim the merit)  
The world now owns that virtue they inherit.  
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.