

No matter, how; a project's in my head,
 To write more verses, than I've ever read.
 The whim has seiz'd me: now you know my scheme;
 And my lov'd LABRADOR shall be my Theme.

The Winter o'er, the Birds their voices tune,
 To welcome in the genial month of June.*
 Love crouds, with feather'd tribes, each little Isle,†
 And all around, kind Nature seems to smile.
 Now Geese and Ducks, and nameless numbers more,
 In social flocks, are found on every shore.
 Their eggs to seek, we rove from Isle to Isle,
 Eager to find, and bear away the spoil:

These

* The ice on the harbours does not break up till the latter part of May: nor is the ground clear of snow before that time.

† Multitudes of small islands are situated within the large Bays that indent the coast of Labrador; on which, incredible numbers of water-fowl breed.