

There on a Chop, or Steak, in comfort dine,
And smack your Lips, o'er glass of gen'rous Wine ?
No, no ; in this our Land of Liberty,
Thousands of miles you'll walk, but no House see.
When Night comes on, it matters not a Rush,
Whether you sleep in that, or t'other Bush,
If Game you've kill'd, your Supper you may eat ;
If not, to-morrow you'll be sharper set.
Yourself, both Cook and Chamberlain must be,
Or neither, Bed, nor Supper will you see.
Drink you will want not, Water's near at hand ;
Nature's best Tap ! and always at Command.

Now Works of various kinds, employ all hands ;
Each to his Post ; for no one idle stands.
The Salmon now we pack ; the next our care,
The Codfish for the Market, to prepare.
Crews to their Winter-quarters now we send ;
Whilst some, the Firewood fell ; Nets, others mend.
The Furrier now, with care his Traps looks o'er,
These he puts out in paths, along the Shore,
For the rich Fox ; although not yet in kind,
His half-price Skin, our Labour's worth we find.
And when the Beaver lands, young Trees to cut,
Others he sets for his incautious foot.
On Rubbing-places, too, with nicest care,
Traps for the Otter, he must next prepare.
Then Deathfalls, in the old tall Woods he makes,
With Traps between, and the rich Sable takes.