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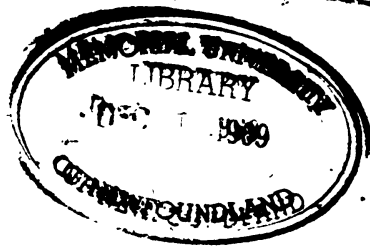
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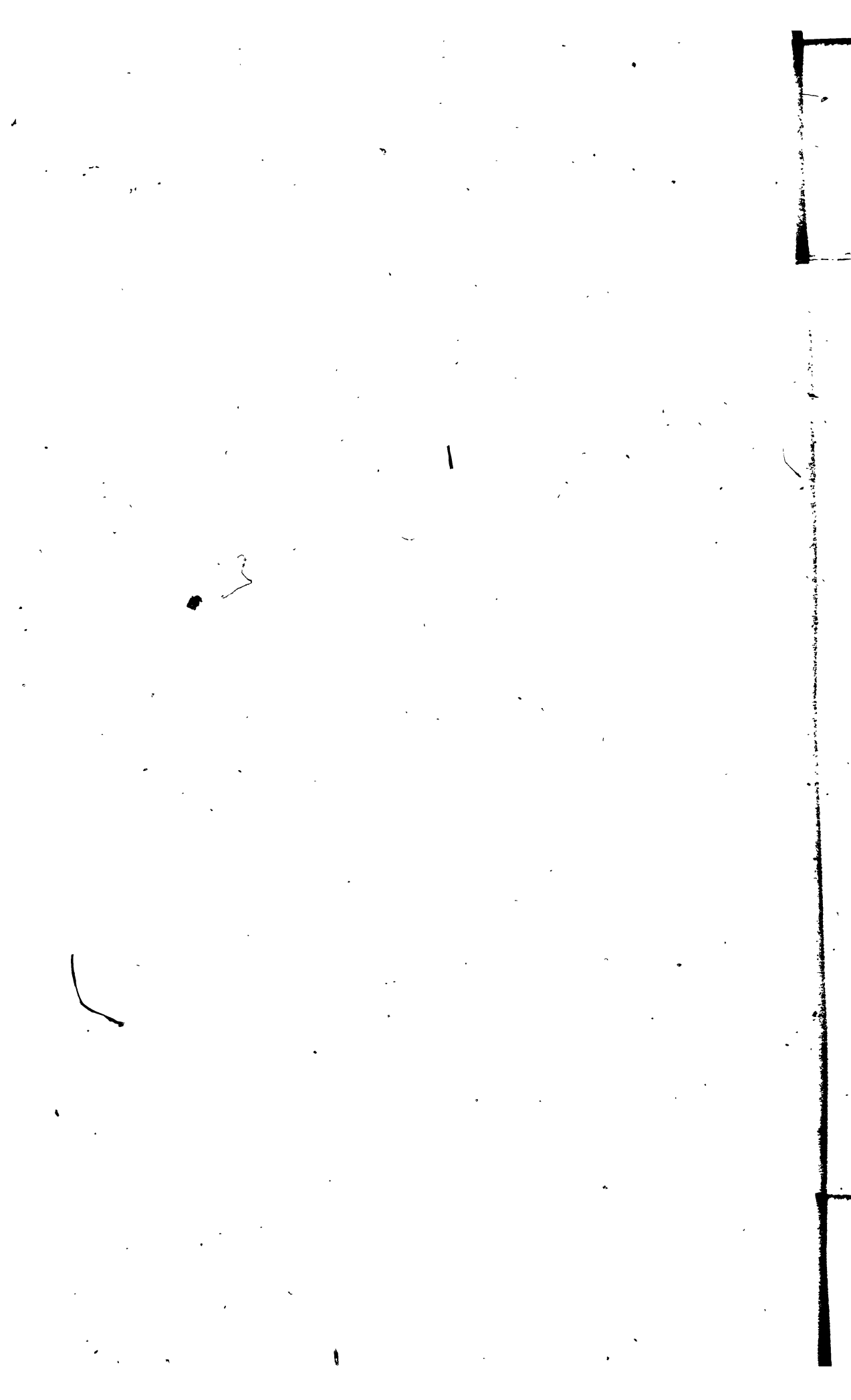


LABRADOR,

A POETICAL EPISTLE.



X 2000



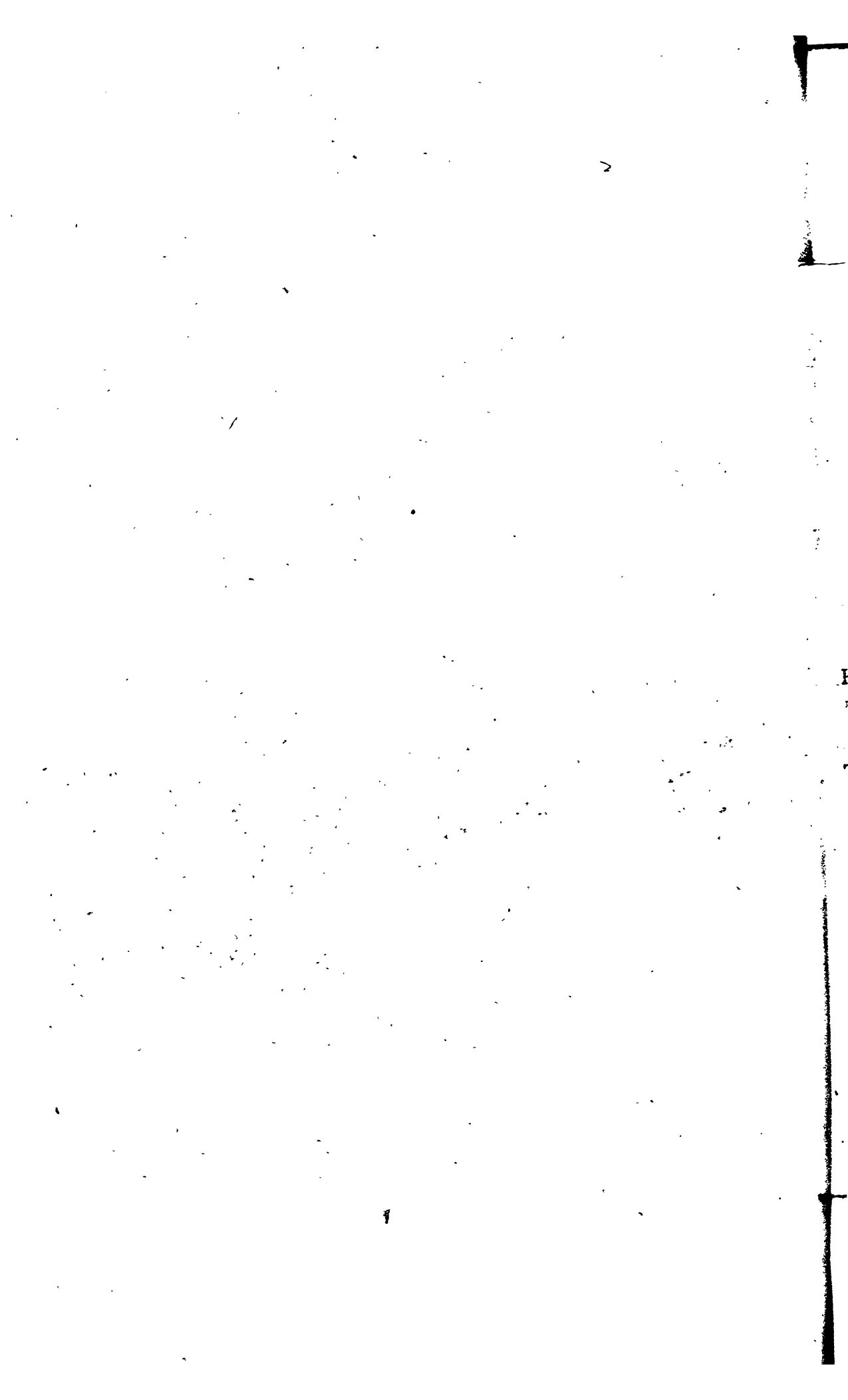
LABRADOR,

A POETICAL EPISTLE.

By G. C. Esq.

DONCASTER:

PRINTED BY C. PLUMMER, M,DCC,LXXXV.



LABRADOR,

A POETICAL EPISTLE.

YOU little thought, after the life I've pass'd,
That I a Poet should commence at last.

How can I, you will say, in Nature's spight,

Who ne'er found time to read, find time to write?

No matter;—I've a project in my head,

5

To write, at least, more verses than I've 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;

10

Love crouds with feather'd tribes each barren isle;

On all creation Nature seems to smile.

Large geese and ducks, and nameless numbers more,

In social flocks are found on ev'ry shore.

A

Roving

End
100
100

Roving from isle to isle the livelong day, 15
 Loads of triumphant spoil we bear away.
 Eggs in abundance ev'ry hand picks up;
 The day's toil o'er, deliciously we sup.
 The furrier now the fox and mart gives o'er,
 To trap the otter, rubbing on the shore. 20
 The rein-deer stag, now lean and timid grown,
 In the dark, thick vale, silent feeds alone.
 The tender willow leaf, and favourite plants,
 He's sure to find in those sequester'd haunts.
 His fearful hind, shunning the wolf's dire wiles, 25
 Her safety seeks upon the neighbouring isles,
 Whether in ponds, or near the ocean's shore;
 Cleaving the liquid waves, she soon swims o'er.
 Now, pond'rous grown, she Nature's law obeys,
 And on the ground her weak young calf she lays. 30
 Peaceful she walks, attentive to her care,
 Nor mischief meets, unless fell man be there.
 (Him, beast of prey, nor rock, nor wave, e'er stops,
 Mark'd by his well-aim'd gun, too sure she drops.
 Forc'd in the summer on young twigs to browse, 35
 Sagacious beavers quit their social house;

Round



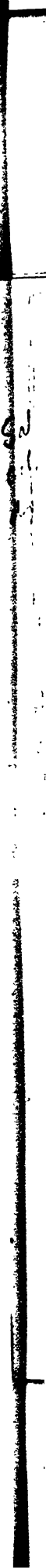
C

W

L A B R A D O R 3

Round the broad lake they cruize, nor fear mishap,
Ah! little think they of the furrier's trap!
The salmon now no more in ocean play,
But up fresh rivers speed their silent way. 40
With nicest art we fix the strong-mesh'd net;
With this the stream is carefully beset.
Few fish escape; we toil both night and day;
Short is the season! time flies swift away.

THE Esquimaux, from ice and snow now free, 45
In shallops and in whale-boats go to sea.
Peaceful 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 show. 50
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.
With ev'ry vice they once were thought endu'd; 55
With human blood their cruel hands embu'd;
Yet

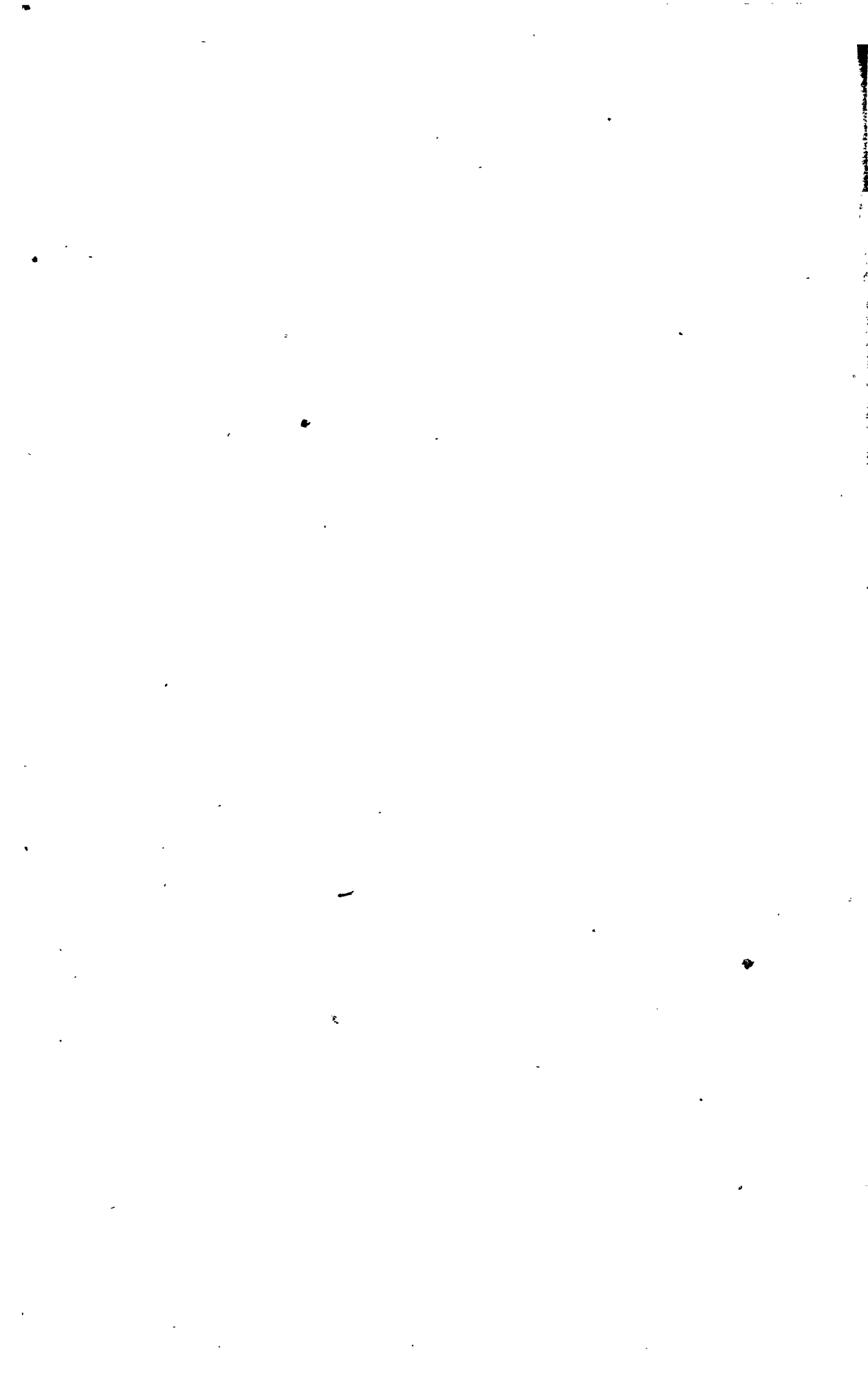


4 L A B R A D O R.

Yet 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,
Was ever found beneath the sun's bright face. 60
With these I frequent pass the social day;
No broils I see, but all is sport and play.
My will's their law, and justice is my will;
While thus we act, we must be good friends still.
Not so the Mountaineers, a treach'rous race; 65
In stature tall, and meagre in the face,
To Europeans long have they been known,
And all their vices they have made their own.
As soon as ever to your house they come,
They quick get drunk, and still cry out for rum. 70
Factious and noisy, they will cheat and lie;
Nor are your goods quite safe when they are bye.

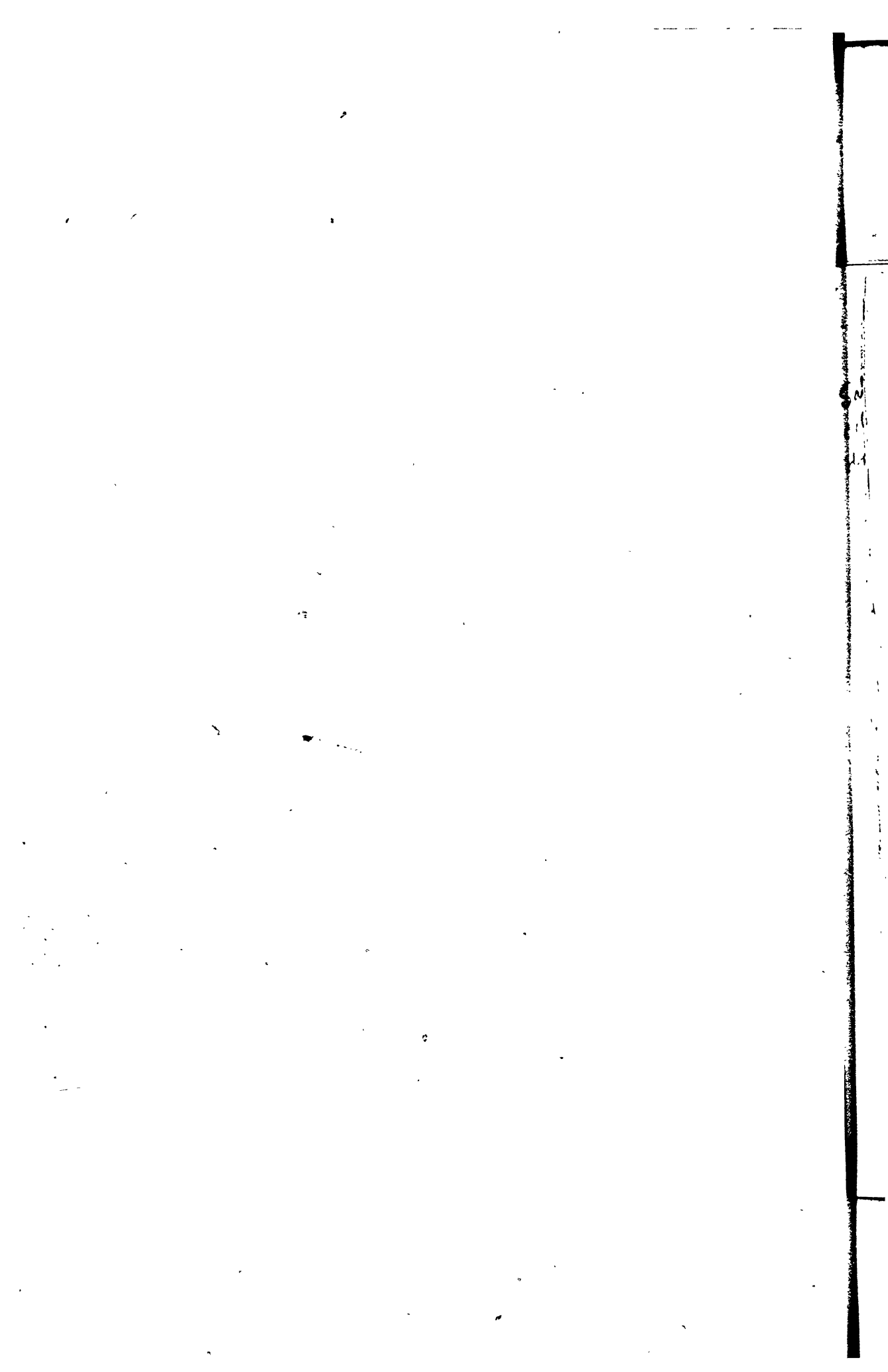
THE codfish now in shoals come on the coast.
(This fish'ry is Great Britain's chiefest boast.)
Now numerous caplin croud along the shore; 75
Yet, many though they be, their foes seem more:
Fierce birds, in millions, hover o'er their heads;
Fierce fish, in millions, throng their wat'ry beds.

With



L A B R A D O R

With these and others, we our hooks disguise,
And soon the glutton cod becomes our prize. 80
No one stands idle; each man knows his post;
Nor day nor night a moment must be lost.
The western wind of low ice clears the sea,
And leaves to welcome ships a passage free.
Yet huge large isles, of wond'rous bulk, remain; 85
To drive off which the wind still blows in vain:
Of bulk, surpassing far thy fane, St. Paul!
Immeasurably wide, and deep, and tall.
To seaward oft, we cast an anxious eye;
At length th' expected ship with pleasure spy. 90
Impatient joy then reigns in ev'ry breast;
And, till we've boarded her, adieu to rest!
Eager the news to know, from friends to hear,
The long-feal'd letter hastily we tear.
The cargo landed, and the ship laid bye, 95
To fishing now the jolly sailors hie.
If you love sporting, go to Labrador;
Of game of various sorts no land has more.
There you may suit your taste, as you're inclin'd,
From the fierce white-bear, to the timid hind. 100
Of



Of fishing too, you there may have your fill,
 Or in the sea, or in the purling rill.
 Of feather'd game, variety you'll find,
 And plenty you may kill, if you're not blind.
 If the strong furly bear, or black, or white, 105
 Should most your vent'rous heart to kill invite,
 In summer-time to some large stream repair ;
 But mind no falmon-crew inhabits there.
 (The savage tribe, averse from social joys,
 Frequent those parts where they can hear no noise.) 110
 There, if a cataract's stupendous height,
 Shall stop the falmon in their upward flight,
 Bears in abundance will frequent the place,
 And huge large skins your victory shall grace.
 Of the black bear you need not be afraid, 115
 But killing white ones is a dang'rous trade.
 Then mind, be cool, and well direct your lead,
 Be sure you strike him through the heart or head:
 For, struck elsewhere, your piece not level'd true,
 Not long you'll live, your erring hand to rue. 120
 To kill the beast, the rifle I like best ;
 With elbows on my knees, my gun I rest.

For

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L A B R A D O R. 7

For self-defence the double-gun I prize ;
Loaded with shot, I knock out both his eyes.

OR would you rather a stout rein-deer kill, 125
And hot July now in, ascend some hill,
Environ'd by extent of open ground;
For then the rein-deer there are chiefly found.

There walk not much, but from a station watch,
And your quick eye shall soon his motion catch. 130
That done, then pause a while, observe the wind,
Lest his fine nose the scent of you should find.

Nor less his ear and eye require your care,
No beast can more distinctly see nor hear.
Yet oftentimes his eye provokes his fate, 135
And makes him know his error when too late.

Observe the ground, and bear well in your mind
Which way to take, to steal at him up wind.
Shoes with fur soles you always ought to wear,
Your lightest footsteps else he'll chance to hear. 140

A deer, in feeding, looks upon the ground,
Then to advance the surest time is found ;
But lying down, he's always on the watch,
And the least motion he is sure to catch ;

Then's



7

Then's not your time ; but wait until he moves, 145
 To seek such food as most his palate loves.
 Impatience oft, has lost a good fat deer,
 But taking time you little have to fear.
 If unperceiv'd you've work'd with toil and pain,
 Lie still a while, till you your breath regain. 150
 When broadside to you, and his head is down,
 Aim at his heart, and he is sure your own.
 Yet should it chance he keeps on open ground,
 Where to approach him shelter is not found,
 And, night now near, you can no longer wait, 155
 Try this device, it may draw on his fate.—
 Just shew yourself, then instant disappear ;
 It oft will make him gallop down quite near :
 He there will stop to take a careful view ;
 Be ready then, and mind you level true. 160
 Observe, no ball will kill a deer quite dead,
 But what goes through his spine or through his head.
 If he runs off, yourself you must not show,
 He will not then any great distance go.
 The heart or arteries struck, death quick comes on ; 165
 If those are mis'd, yet, sick, he will lie down.

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L A B R A D O R.

9

There let him lie : anon, with cautious tread,
Steal softly up, and shoot him through the head.

If the voracious wolf should please you more,
All sandy beaches you must well explore, 170
Chiefly by ponds, or by a river's side;

(In summer they in woods delight to hide.)
Take care you do not walk along the strand,
But at convenient place be sure to land :
His tracks there found, straight hie yourself away, 175
And silently his coming you must stay.

A wolf alone is not your only chance,
Perhaps a bear or deer may soon advance.
Within the tide's-way, when the water's low,
All beasts along the shore delight to go.) 180
If safely hidden, you have nought to mind,
But that they shall not have you in the wind.

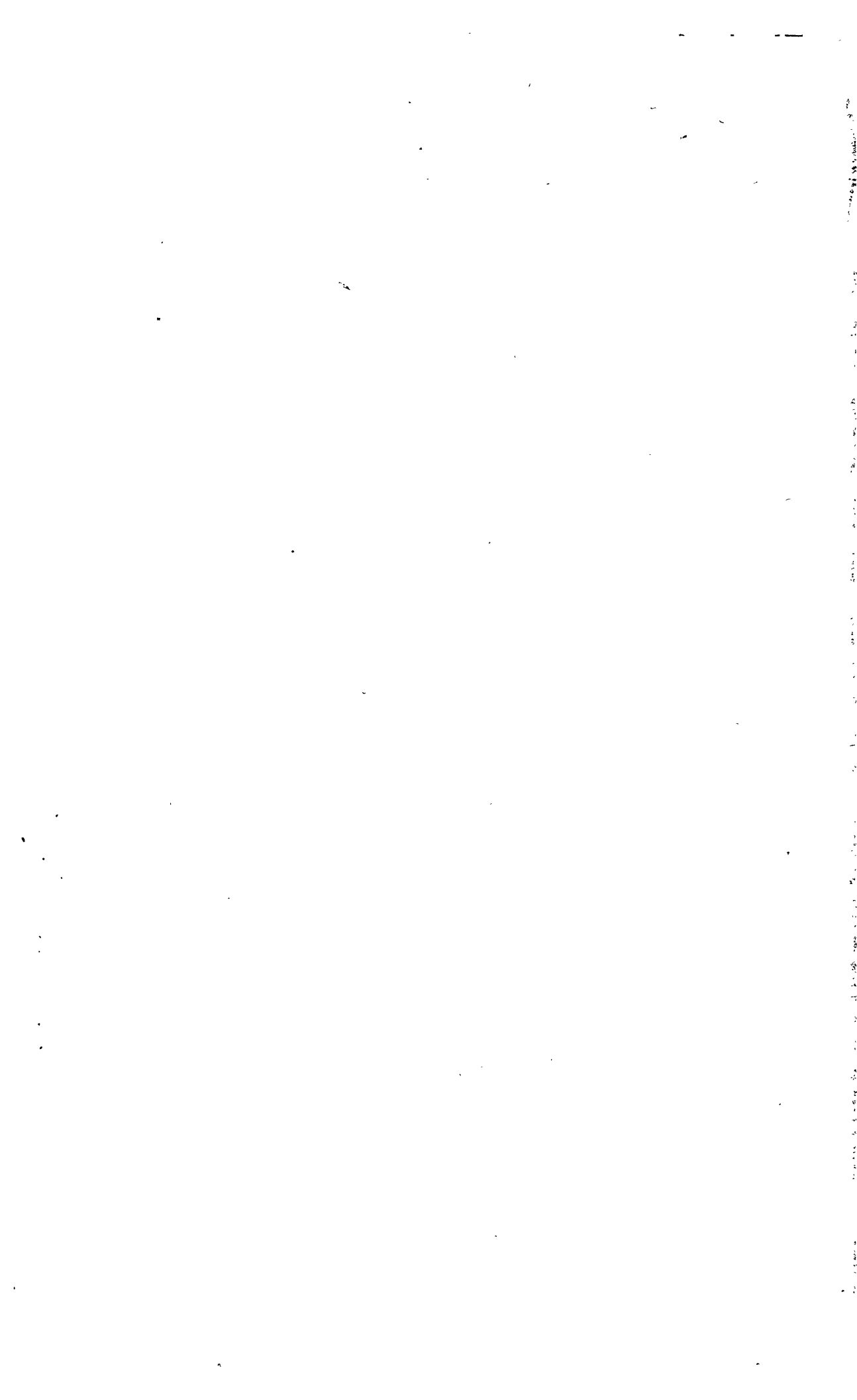
WHEN August comes, if on the coast you be,
Millions of fine curlews you soon will see.
And such sometimes there plenty, if you will, 185
Without much toil you may a hundred kill.

B

Let

Let Epicures search all the world around,
 Such birds as these are nowhere to be found.
 Berries they eat; are such delicious things,
 They're presents fit for Emperors and Kings. 190
 Young geese you'll now in greatest plenty get;
 (Green geese, you know, are very good to eat.)
 If you would wish with hares to sport awhile,
 You're sure to find them on each barren isle;
 Unless the sign of foxes there you see: 195
 (The fox and timid hare can ne'er agree.)
 Pharmakin, grouse, and other sorts of game,
 With birds and beasts I cannot call to name,
 You'll find enough the year throughout to kill;
 No game-laws there, to thwart the sportsman's will. 200

SEPTEMBER come, the stag's in season now;
 (No venison like this, you must allow.)
 No long-legg'd, ewe-neck'd, cat-ham'd, shambling brute;
 In him, strength, beauty, bulk, each other suit.
 His branching horns, majestic to the view, 205
 Have points (for I have counted) seventy-two. But



L A B R A D O R.

11

BUT do not think you'll all this pleasure share,
And, when you're tir'd, a good Inn find not far:

No, no; in this our Land of Liberty,

Thousands of miles you'll walk, yet no house see.

210

When night comes on, it matters not a rush,

Whether you sleep in this, or t'other bush.

If you have got provisions, you may eat;

If not, to-morrow you'll be sharper set,

Up then, and rest not, till your game you kill;

215

A fire then make, sit down, and eat your fill.

Drink you will want not; you may always find

Nature's best tap, when you are in the mind.

THE Salmon now are pack'd, and we take care

The codfish quick for market to prepare.

220

Crews to their winter-quarters now we send;

Some fell the fire-wood, nets while others mend.

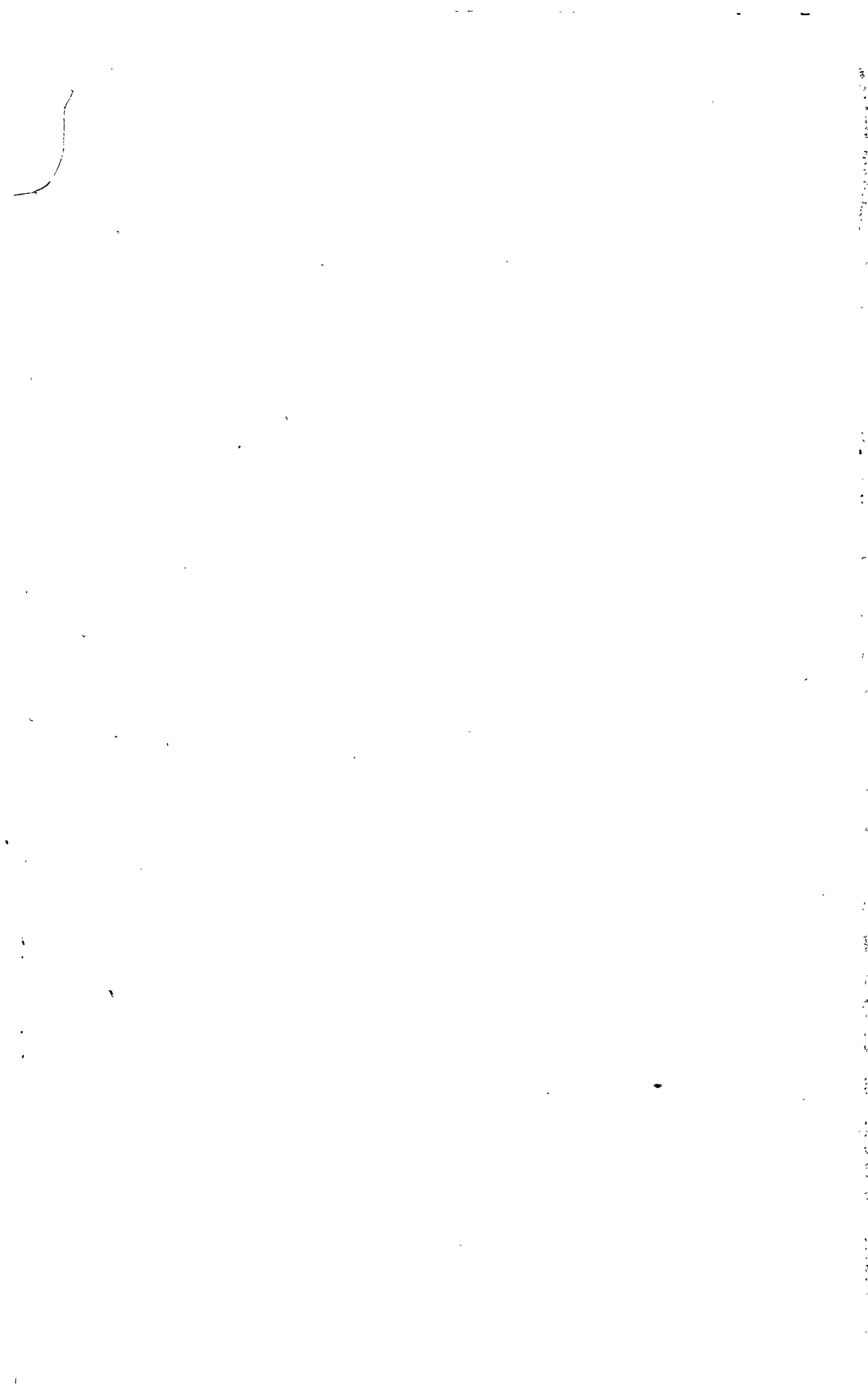
The ships are rigg'd, and some are sent away,

The rest remain, waiting a future day.

THE Furrier now, with care, his traps looks o'er;

225

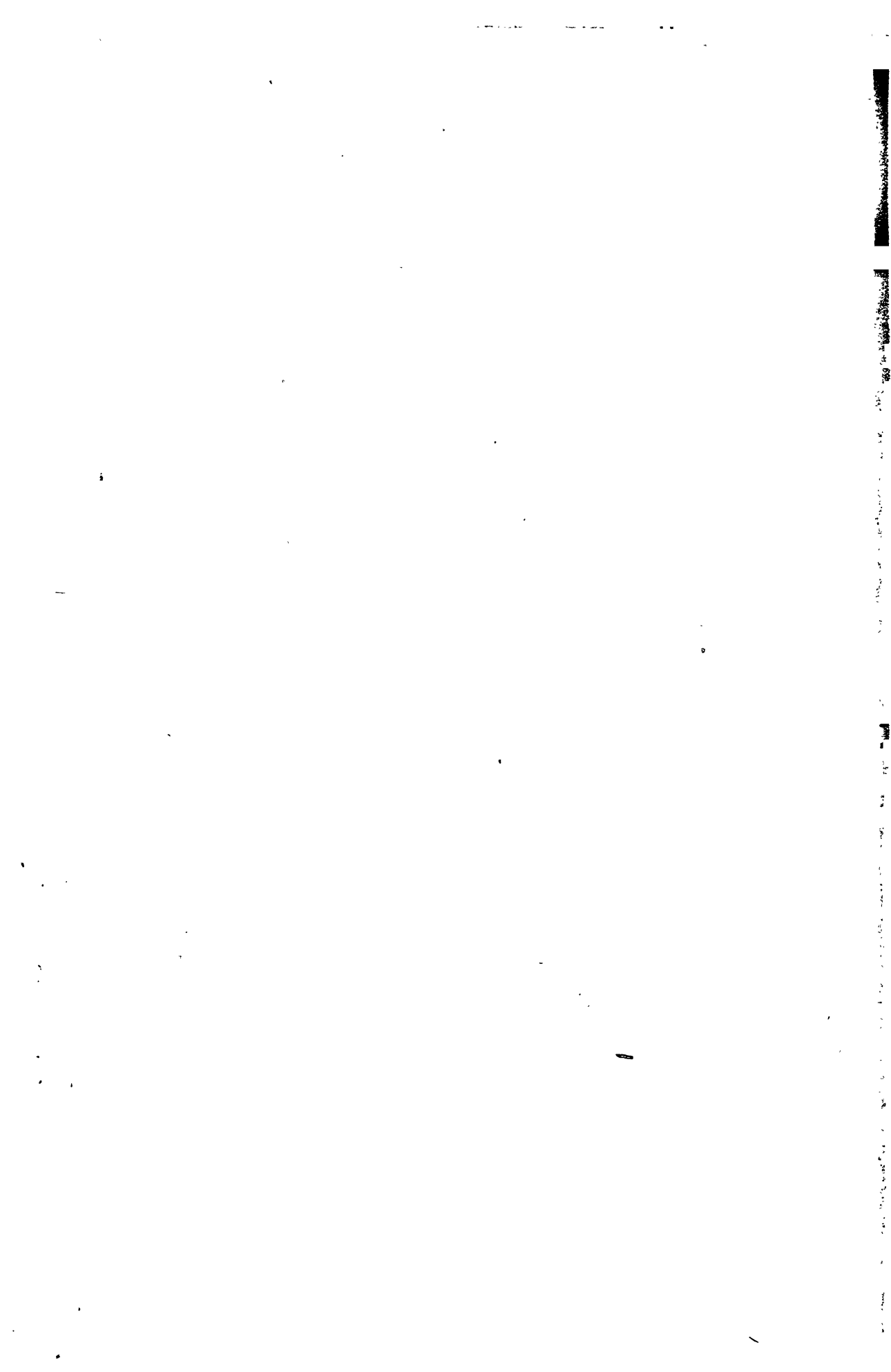
Some he puts out in paths along the shore,



For foxes there; although not yet in kind,
 Their skins repay our toil we always find.
 And where the beaver lands, young trees to cut,
 Others he sets to take him by the foot. 230
 On rubbing-places, with the nicest care,
 Traps for the otter he must next prepare.
 Then death-falls in the old tall woods he makes,
 With traps between, and the rich fable takes.
 To shoot himself a gun's fix'd for the bear; 235
 Nor deer, nor wolf, nor wolvering we spare.

Now cast your eyes around, and you shall see
 Some yellow leaves on ev'ry birchen tree,
 Th' effects of nightly frost: and as you go,
 Mark, on the mountain tops, the new fall'n snow. 240
 Now winter comes apace, you plainly see;
 You read his progress on each fading tree.
 Fish, fowl, and venison, our tables grace;
 Roast beaver too, and ev'ry beast of chase.
 Luxurious living this! who'd wish for more? 245
 Were Quin alive, he'd go to Labrador.

Some



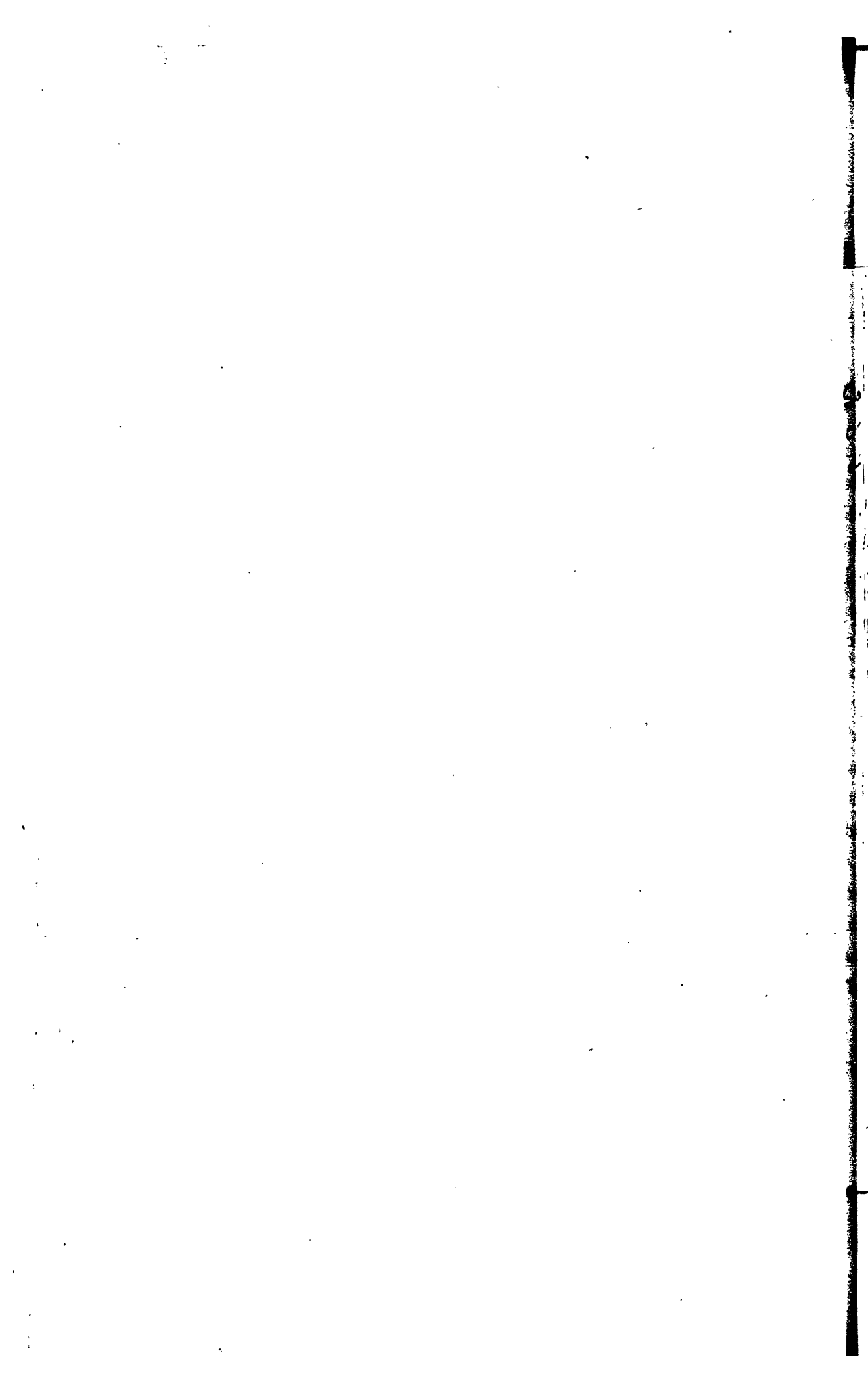
L A B R A D O R.

13

Some new variety next month you'll find:
The stately stag now seeks his much-lov'd hind.
Crown bold with love, he stalks along the plains,
And e'en to fly from man he oft disdains; 250
But points his well-arm'd head, his strength he tries,
And, if he hits him, he most surely dies.
Yet fear him not; no beast's a match for man;
Mere brutal courage shall itself trapan.
Be cool, collected, let him come quite near, 255
Place right your ball, and you have nought to fear.
Though not kill'd dead, mortally struck, he flies,
Grows sick and faint, then down he drops and dies.
If deer-paths to attend you make your care,
In slips you'll now hang many a good fat deer. 260

ALL this is pleasure; but a man of sense
Looks to his traps, for they bring in the pence.
The otter-season's short, for soon the frost
Will freeze your traps, then all your labour's lost.
Of beaver too, one week shall yield you more, 265
Than later you can hope for in a score.

In



In paths the foxes now will nightly cruize,
 The paths snow'd up, no longer they will use.
 The eider-ducks fly south along the shore,
 In milder climes to pass the winter o'er.
 At some fit point then take your secret stand,
 And numbers you will kill from off the land.

270

NOVEMBER's here: all ships must now be gone,
 Or frozen up before this month be done.
 The ponds are now, rivers will soon be fast,
 And, 'till mild May returns, this scene will last.
 Nets for amphibious seals we next prepare;
 In shoals they'll come, soon as the frost's severe.
 Hamper'd in strong-mesh'd toils, in vain they strive,
 And little it avails them they can dive.
 Strangl'd, they die; their fat produces oil;
 And tons of it shall well reward our toil:
 Their skins we save, for nothing must we lose;
 (Seal skins will cover trunks; are good for shoes.)
 By Christmas day this work is always o'er,
 And seals and nets safe landed on the shore.

275

280

285

Now



ly

L A B R A D O R.

15

When comes grim winter, clad in frost and snow,
 When none dare his face uncover'd show.

Well wrapt up, we can walk out secure,

With health and pleasure in an air so pure. 290

Put now your fox-traps on to barren ground,

That drifting snows may not your art confound.

And conceal them well with equal care ;

Then foxes then will fall into the snare.

Deer too, shall there be yours, for on such ground 295

That wolves, in quest of deer, will then be found.

Now to his cave the Black Bear hies away,

There, sleeping sound, he spends both night and day.

But so the White one, whose voracious jaw,

Must have to satisfy his maw. 300

Though fierce and strong, his size immense ne'er mind,

Should you've a dog will seize him fast behind.

When he's teaz'd, he roars, and foams, and turns him round,

But all your sure ball his head or heart has found.

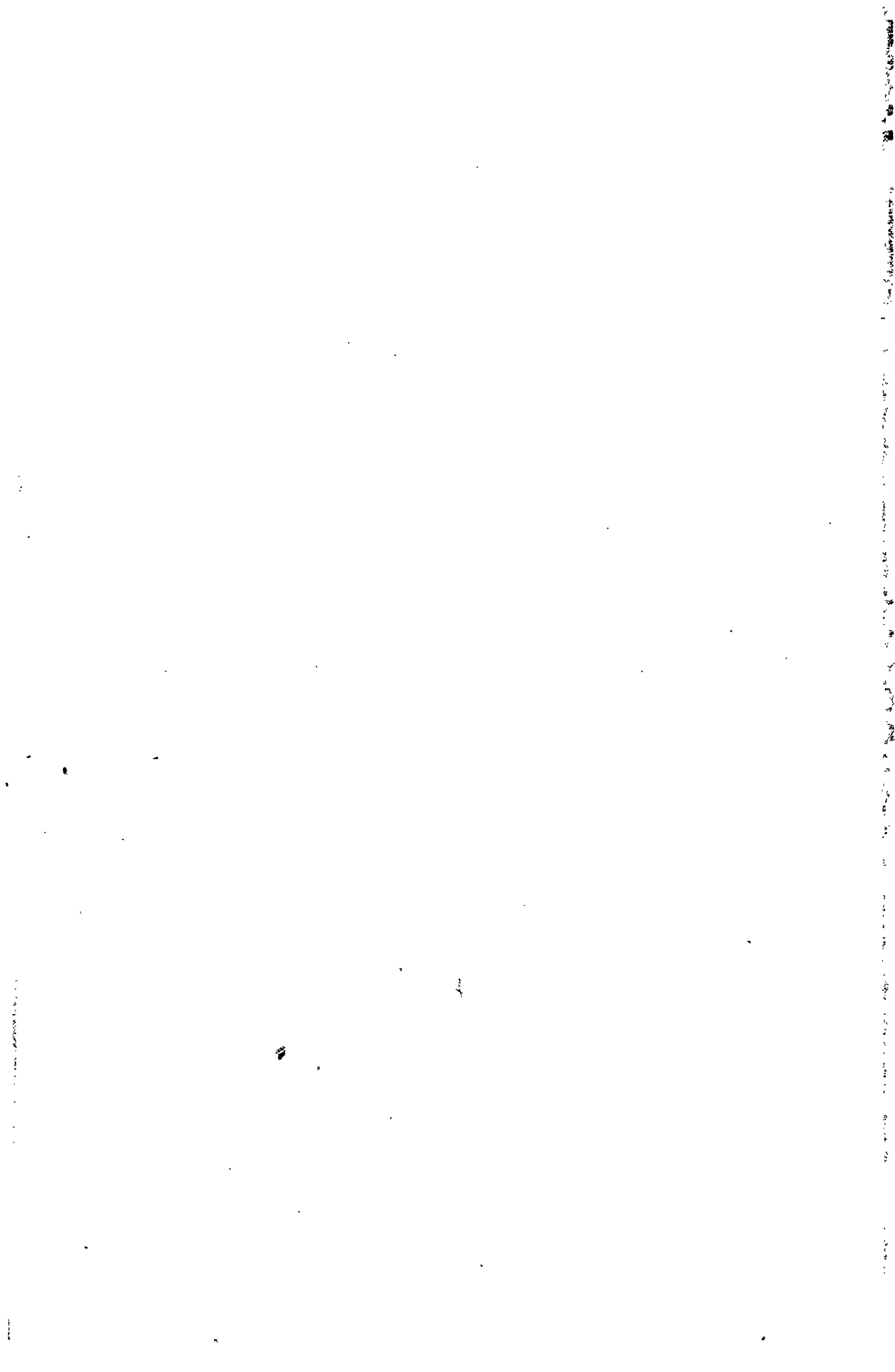
Should the cur seize forwards, his thick head 305

He forfeit pays, and you will soon be dead.

THE ravenous fly wolf, in quest of prey,

Now ever on the prowl both night and day,

The



The timid herd descries, creeps up quite near,
 Then rushing forward, singles out his deer. 310
 With well-strung nerves they both maintain the strife,
 For food the one, the other runs for life.
 If light the fleecy snow, the deer gets free;
 If drifted hard, the wolf soon up will be.
 Then, bold with fear, the deer turns on his foe, 315
 And oftimes deals him a most deadly blow.
 Or, as he runs, his hind foot gives a stroke,
 From which, if rightly plac'd, no wolf e're woke.

Look out to sea, from yonder mountain's top,
 Of water you'll not spy one single drop. 320
 All's rugged ice; old ocean, bound in chains,
 Is firm as land, and so long time remains.
 Now shift the scene; into the woods let's go;
 And what is doing there I'll quickly shew.
 In yon birch grove there lives a cooper's crew, 325
 (For many casks we want each year quite new.)
 The small trees serve for hoops, the large for staves,
 And they will do much work, if they're not knaves.
 And this spruce-wood, that towers unto the sky,
 The Fishery's future shipping shall supply. 330

There



L A B R A D O R.

17

These fell the trees, those square and saw the stock,
 The rest work on the vessel in the dock.
 Though thick these woods, and deeply fill'd with snow,
 Think not without good game you yet shall go.
 A rabbit, grouse, spruce-game, and porcupine, 335
 With little trouble you each day may dine.

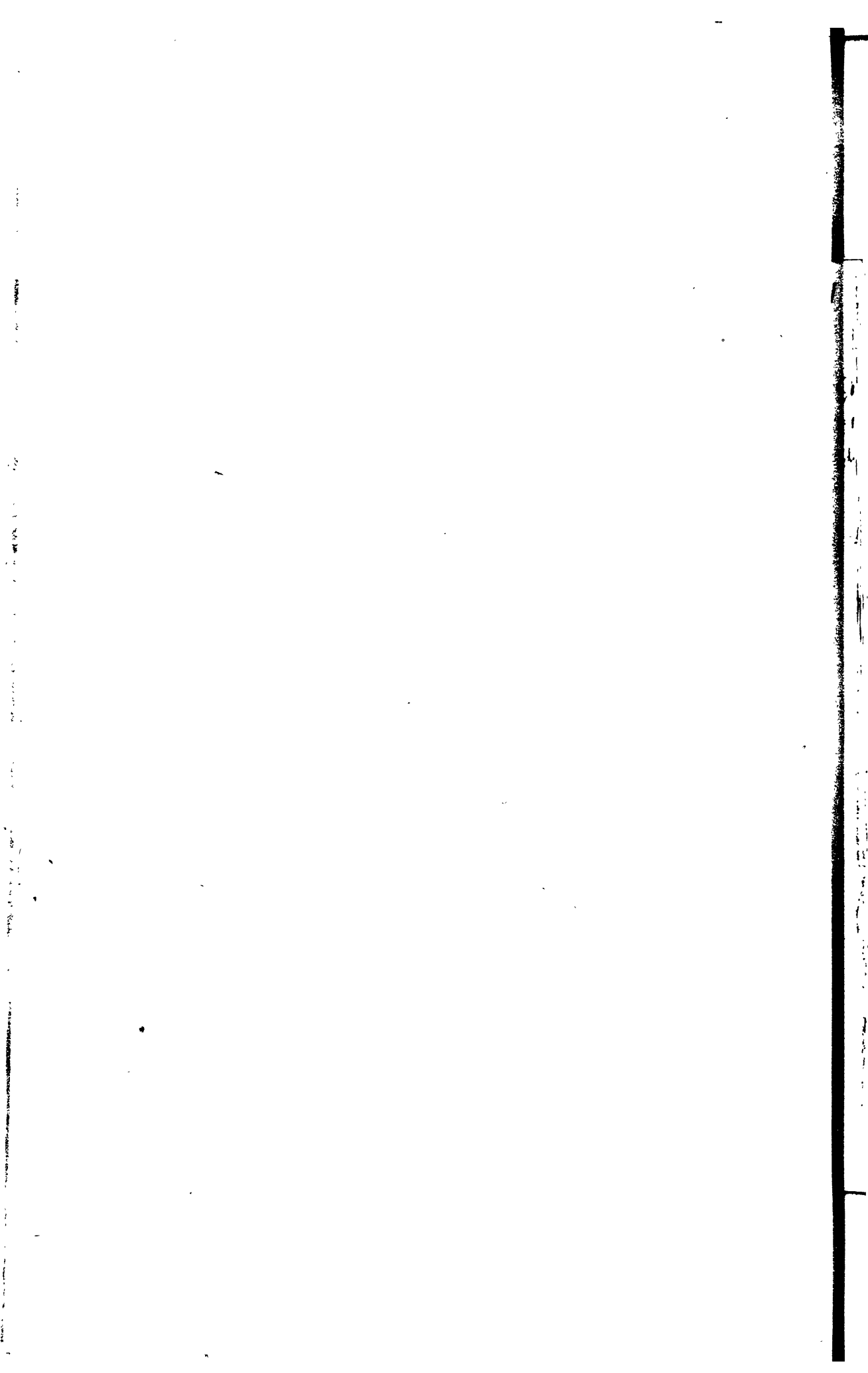
In these employments winter's pass'd away,
 No change is found till near th' approach of May.
 The sun now growing hot, unless you mind
 Well to defend your eyes, you will be blind. 340
 The melting snow freezes again at night;
 The lustre that it casts, as diamonds bright,
 Inflames your eyes, o'erpower'd with too much light. }

And now the sealers render out their oil;
 The fat, well chop'd, in iron pots they boil. 345
 Returning small-birds now the country fill,
 And cock-grouse chatter on each barren hill.

The ice parts from the shore, and then the ducks
 Their northward course beat back in num'rous flocks.
 Deer, in small herds, the same rout bend their way, 350
 And some of each sort you may kill each day.

C

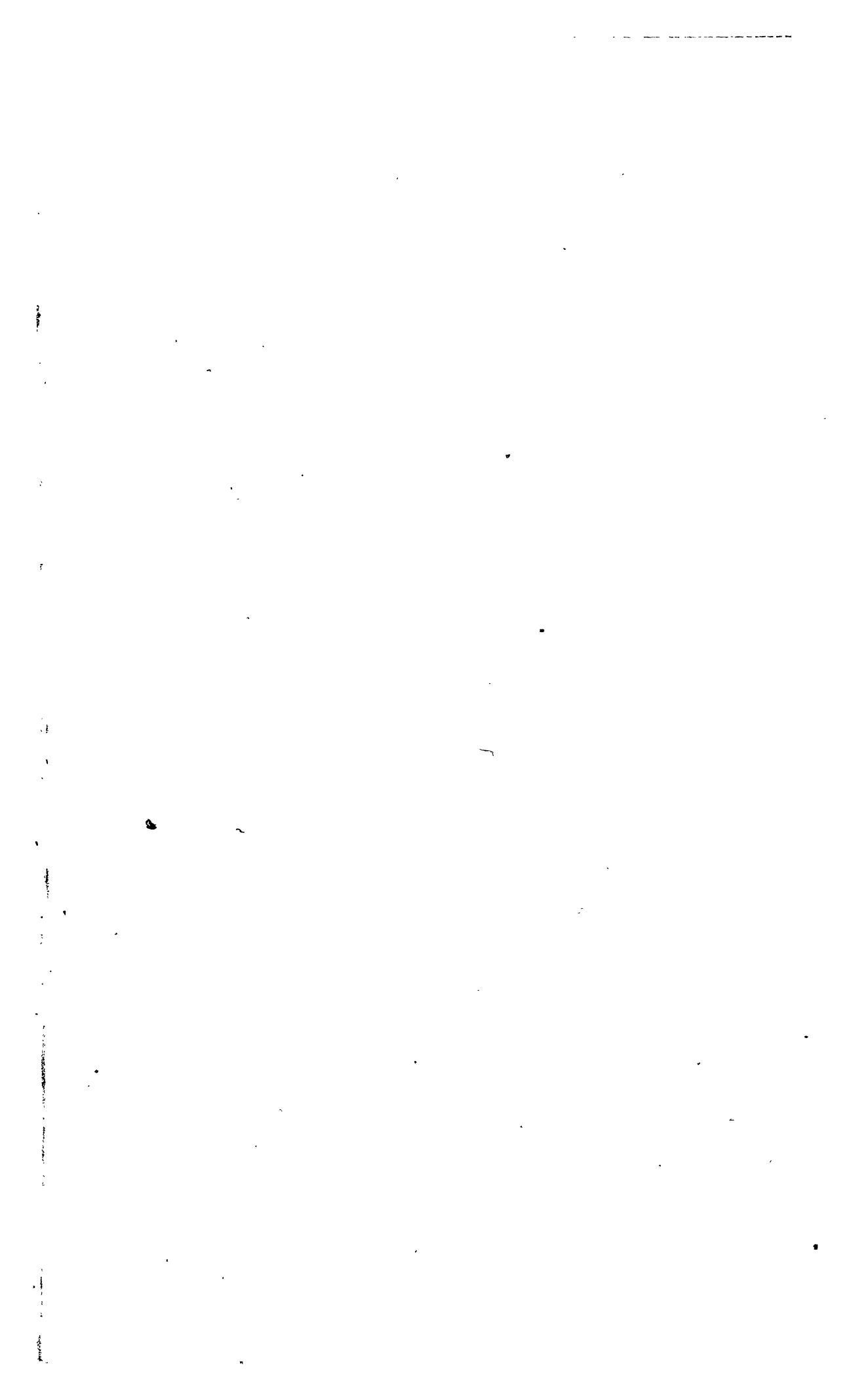
All



All animals their winter-quarters leave,
And ocean, now awake, begins to heave.
Ice rotten grown in ev'ry pond you'll see,
And swelling rivers from their bonds get free. 355
With sledges now, the woodmen, on the snow,
Their work draw out, and glibly they will go.
What's yet to do, must instantly be done,
For other works must shortly be begun.
The winter-crews must now no longer stay, 360
But in their boats bring all their work away.

IN toils and sports like these the year goes round,
And for each day some work or pleasure's found.
And now, to finish this long task of mine,
For each day in the year behold a line. 365

NOTES.



N O T E S.

Line 9th. "The winter o'er," &c. The ice in the harbours of Labrador generally breaks up between the 16th and 31st of May, but I have known it continue until the 15th of June.

Line 11th. "Love crowds," &c. On the coast of Labrador there is an infinity of small barren islands, each of which is generally inhabited by a large flock of eider-ducks, or other water-fowl, which breed there.

Line 17th. "Eggs in abundance." Some few gull's eggs may be found in May, but the ducks seldom lay before the first of June, and, by the tenth, eggs are most commonly so plentiful, that five of my people have gathered upwards of four thousand, and shot above an hundred ducks in a day.

Line 20. "To trap the otter rubbing." There are certain places on the shores of both the salt and fresh waters which are frequently made use of by otters to rub themselves, and rest upon after fishing, and are called rubbing-places; on those places the furriers set their traps.

L. 21. "The rein-deer stag." The deer are exceedingly poor at this season of the year, and the males resort chiefly to the small valleys where willow and alder grow, as they love the leaves of those shrubs when young and tender.

L. 25. "His fearful hind." The hind, or female rein-deer almost always goes out upon an island to calve, to get out of the way of the wolves, which are not very fond of taking the water. As the country is full of large ponds and lakes with small islands in them, and there are an infinite number of them on the sea-coast, they are never at a loss for one. The rein-deer will swim to a great distance, and with surprising speed.

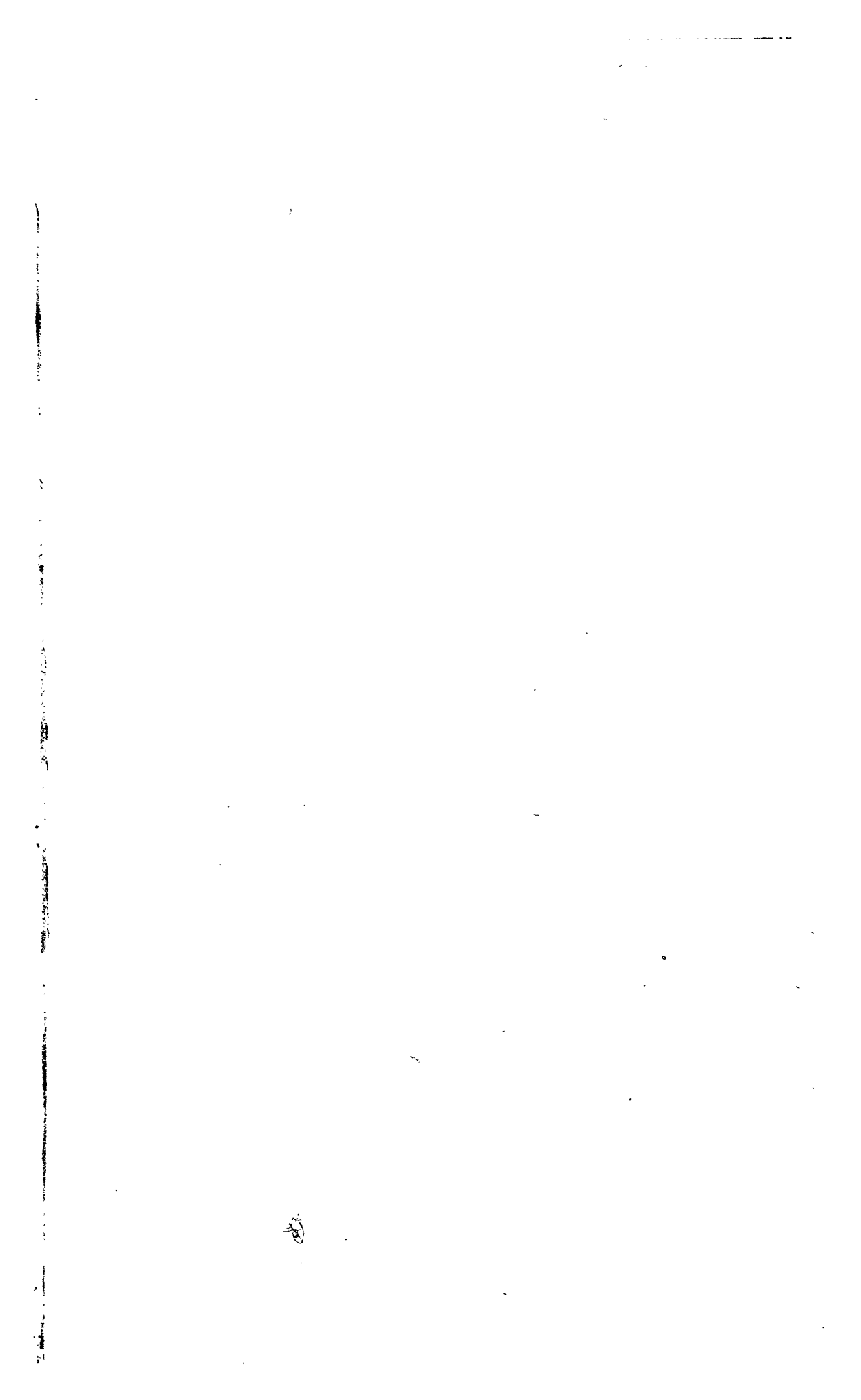
L. 36. "Sagacious beavers." The ponds being now free of ice, the weather warm, and vegetation shooting forth apace, beavers do not pay any great regard to their house, but often sleep on the banks of the pond, under a bush; and, as they eat nothing but vegetables, they now fare sumptuously, as every thing is in its

L. 43. "Few fish escape." We moor our nets in the rivers in such a manner

prime. that but few fish can miss them, and those that get in mesh and are strangled. They come in such great abundance, that the people can scarcely be allowed any rest during the height of the fishery; the season lasts about six weeks, sometimes two months; I have known nine of my people kill 1320 in one day, each fish fifteen pounds on an average.

L. 45. "The Esquimaux." These people generally cruize along shore all the summer, in order to procure a better supply of provisions, and also to trade with Europeans. Until I became acquainted with them, they took every opportunity of robbing and murdering strangers; but, by living much among them, learning their language, and taking much pains with them, they are now become perfectly gentle

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and honest. I have also been fortunate enough to make peace between them and the Mountaineer Indians, with whom they have now a friendly intercourse, though formerly they never failed to assassinate each other whenever an opportunity offered. I must do the Esquimaux the justice to say, that they are as good-tempered, humane, friendly and honest a race of people as I ever saw; and I have been acquainted with a great number of nations. It is incredible how cleanly they are grown, and how much they are altered for the better in every respect since I first became acquainted with them; and at the same time have not imbibed the vices of Europeans. Very few of them will touch strong liquors, and I hope they never will be taught to drink, for that is the ruin of all Indians. I have known most remarkable instances of gratitude and honesty among them; such as would do honour to the most civilized nations.

L. 65. "Not so the Mountaineers." A race of Indians who inhabit the inland parts, and subsist entirely by hunting. Having long been intimate with the Canadians, they are become great proficients in European vices.

L. 73. "The codfish now." As soon as the ice goes off the coast, the fish come in in the greatest abundance.

L. 75. "Now numerous caplin." A caplin is a fish very like a small smelt; it has the same smell and taste; there is an infinity of them, and they are most greedily devoured by all larger fish, and all fishing birds, which are very numerous in that country. They are the best bait for cod.

L. 83. "The western wind." The whole ocean is covered with low ice, about ten or twelve feet thick, to a great distance from the shore, from Christmas till June and sometimes later; it commonly breaks up in May, and being driven off shore by the westerly winds, is dragged to the southward by the current, occasioned by the prodigious quantity of fresh water pouring into the sea from all the rivers, brooks, and hill-sides, and there dissolved.

L. 85. "Yet huge large isles." I have known them to be above seventy fathoms under water, and proportionally high.

L. 108. "Salmon crew." Those who are employed at a salmon fishery.

L. 110. "Hear no noise." The coopers make so much noise in trimming the casks, as greatly to disturb all wild beasts; besides they are offended by the smell of the smoke, and salmon are very scarce in those rivers where a salmon-crew lives, the nets being placed below the falls and shoals where the bears usually fish.

L. 116. "Dang'rous trade." A White Bear is a very savage beast, and, if provoked, will attack a man with great fury; he strikes with his fore-foot, and his size and strength are such, that there is no parrying the blow; and having knocked his antagonist down, he then either pounds him to death with his foot, or bites him. I have heard of one killed in the Straits of Bellisle, which weighed twenty-five hundred

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hundred weight *. If shot through the heart, lungs, or arteries, within the throat they are intimidated, and instantly run off; but immediately attack a man if wounded any where else.

L. 123. "Double-gun." A double-barrelled gun loaded with shot is the best weapon in the world to defend one's self against the attack of a bear, for, by shooting him in the eyes, he is completely blinded.

L. 143. "But lying down." I believe a rein-deer is never found asleep, and I have always observed that they are much more difficult to get near when lying down than at any other time.

L. 157. "Just shew yourself." If any object catches the eye of a rein-deer, his curiosity to make out what it is, commonly prompts him to go straight up towards it within an hundred yards or less. I have killed several by giving them a short glimpse of me, when I could get no nearer without being discovered.

L. 172. "In summer." Wolves chiefly keep in the woods in summer-time, and are fond of walking along a sandy beach by the sides of rivers or ponds, or on the sea-coast, if there be woods close to the back of it.

L. 184. "Millions of fine curlews." These differ from the European curlews not being half the size. They are the fattest and most delicious-flavoured bird in the known world. They generally make their first appearance on or about the middle of August, and continue in great abundance for about six weeks, but some may be met with later; I once killed one late in October. They fly about the coast in flocks of a thousand, or more, just as grey plover do, with whom they will often associate. They feed entirely on berries.

L. 194. "Barren isle." The hares are the mountain, or white sort, which always keep on the barren hills or barren islands on the sea-coast. They are in general about eight pounds weight, and, when in season, will be so fat as to have their ribs and haunches covered with it. The flesh is much whiter than red hare, and not dry.

L. 203. "No long-legg'd." The rein-deer is as beautifully made as a horse, only that his neck is lean like that of an ass.

L. 206. "Seventy-two." The Earl of Dartmouth has a head with seventy-two points, which I found in Labrador.

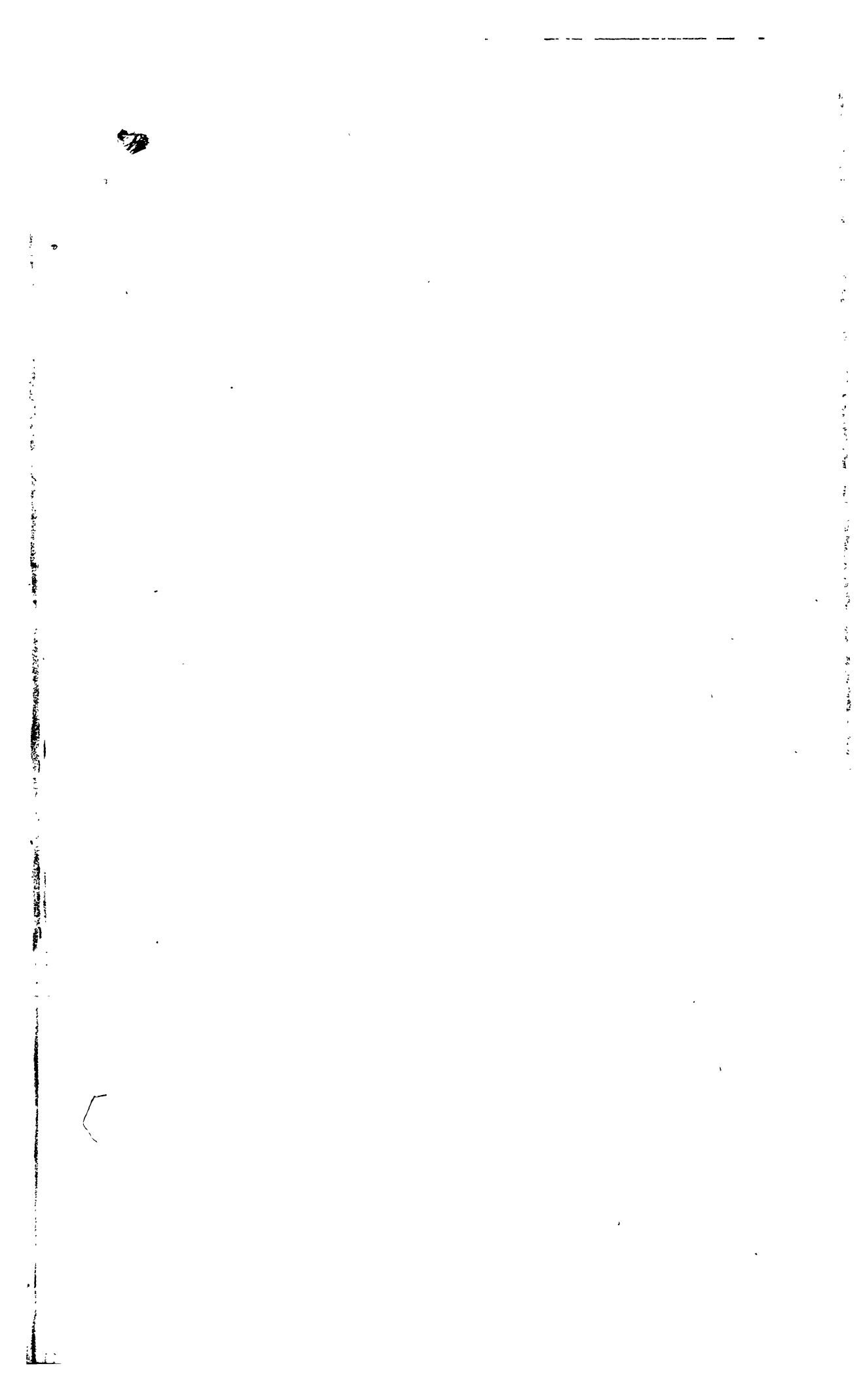
L. 217. "Drink you will want not." No country in the world is furnished with a greater quantity of rivers and brooks than Labrador, nor is better water to be met with any where.

L. 219. "The salmon." As soon as the salmon are brought on shore, they are washed in the river with a hand-mop, and then salted into tubs or casks, where

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they

* Of the many that I have killed, none weighed above twelve hundred weight, ninety-six stone.



they remain (sunk under the pickle which is made by the salt and juices of the fish) until the fishing slacks; they are then washed clean in some of their own pickle, put into tierces of 42 gallons, some fresh salt strewed on them, well trod down, headed up, and the cask filled with pickle at the bung.

L. 226 "In paths." The foxes are fond of cruising along the shore, in order to pick up dead fish or birds; and, by constantly walking along the same track, they beat paths in which the furrier places his traps, neatly sunk into the ground, and covered so that nothing shall now appear.

L. 227. "Although not yet in kind." The furrier's term for out of season. Foxes are not in season before the end of November, and, until they are, will only fetch half price, but, by that time, the path work is pretty well over.

L. 231. "Rubbing-places." See note on line 20.

L. 233. "Death-falls." A deathfal is a trap made of sticks, one of which falls on the back of the creature, and kills it, in the same manner as the common wooden mouse trap.

L. 235. "To shoot himself." A gun is fixed under a shed built for the purpose with a string to the trigger, to the end of which is fastened a piece of bait, which is so placed that when the bear seizes it the muzzle of the gun must be close to his breast; we kill many bears this way.

L. 259. "If deer paths." The deer, by constantly travelling in the same direction, at particular seasons of the year, beat paths for themselves; when therut comes on them, they resort to the barren hills, and are continually moving about; therefore this is the best time to catch them in slips, which are snares of rope or wire three fathoms long, and are placed in the paths where they cross a skirt of wood so as to take them by the neck. The hinds are as good now as ever, and the dry ones very fat.

L. 265. "Of beaver too." It is a difficult thing to catch beaver after the ponds are frozen up, unless a man understands it well and has a good dog to find them when they will not return to their houses, but lie out under a hollow bank; but let him understand it ever so well, he will kill twenty before the ponds are frozen, for one afterwards.

L. 269. "The eider-ducks." They fly to the southward in large flocks at the approach of winter; and, as they trim round certain points of land, people make a blind there, and kill great numbers.]

L. 275. "The ponds are now." All ponds and still waters are commonly frozen fast by the end of October, sometimes sooner; rivers by the middle of that month, and the harbours by the end of it.

L. 277. "Nets for amphibious seals." The seals are killed in nets moored properly for the purpose. They generally appear first about the third week in Nov. and go away about the 20th of December; these are what we call the winter seals,

s, or harps, and their young called bedlamers; they come from the northward large shoals, and go to the south part of Newfoundland, where they remain spring, and then return to the northward again: many are killed in their return within the Straits of Bellisle, but none to the northward of that; and I must understand to describe what passes on that part of the coast.

L. 291. "Shift now your fox-traps." The path-work being now over, and the snow drifting with every fresh blast of wind, traps must not be placed near any trees, &c. for they will stop the drift and bury them for the whole winter.

L. 293. "Bait and conceal." Traps placed in paths are never baited.

L. 295. "Wolves too." The wolves now quit the woods and resort to the barrens after the deer, which are obliged to live on the barren hills all winter. The woods now are full of snow, short herbage is always to be met with on the barrens, and are called the barrens, the wind blowing the snow off.

L. 297. "Now to his cave." The Black Bear not being able to kill any animal but excepting fish in shoal water, and being very fond of berries, lives entirely on the middle of August, unless he chances to meet with any dead beast or

fish. The ground being now frozen and covered with snow, he retires into a cave, and there sleeps till April, never coming out unless a thaw happens in the winter, and then only to lap a little water. It is an erroneous notion to suppose that he subsists by sucking his paws, for, could he extract nourishment from them, he would suck himself to death before spring. He does not seem to sleep so soundly that the noise of digging to him will awake him, but he is then very stupid, has no inclination to come out of his cave, and, consequently, is easily killed. He is found either by discovering his cave in the summer time, and marking the nearest way to it, or by a dog winding him through a small hole in the snow, which his paw keeps open.

L. 299. "Not so the White one." The White Bear roves about all winter, goes out to the off-edge of the ice and kills seals, or catches fish in such parts of the bay as are kept open by the rapidity, or particular set of the current. If a dog catches a bear behind, he keeps turning round trying to get hold of him. His attention being thus taken up, a man may go close up to him and shoot him with the greatest safety; but if the dog fights at his head, he is sure to be killed or mangled, and then the bear attacks the man.

L. 313. "If light the sleecy snow." The hoofs of the rein-deer are so large, and tread so much that he will not sink in light snow as a wolf or dog does; but a wolf or grey-hound have more speed on hard snow, or firm ground. Deer will run on a wolf or dog when they come up with them, and they kick desperately.

L. 325 "In yon birch grove." Making of casks and hoops, building of ships, saws, &c. sawing of plank and board, cutting timber for building houses and other purposes, are winter-works, and the crews live in the woods for those purposes.

" On

L. 335. "On Rabbit." Rabbits always live in the woods; they are but small and poor, and do not burrow, but sit upon the top of the snow as a hare does. Grouse retire from the barrens to the birch woods and alder beds about Christmas, where they live on the buds of those trees. Spruce-game and Porcupines always live in the woods, and in the winter the former live on the leaves, and the latter on the rind of the silver fir; though porcupines will also eat the rinds of other trees, where firs are scarce.

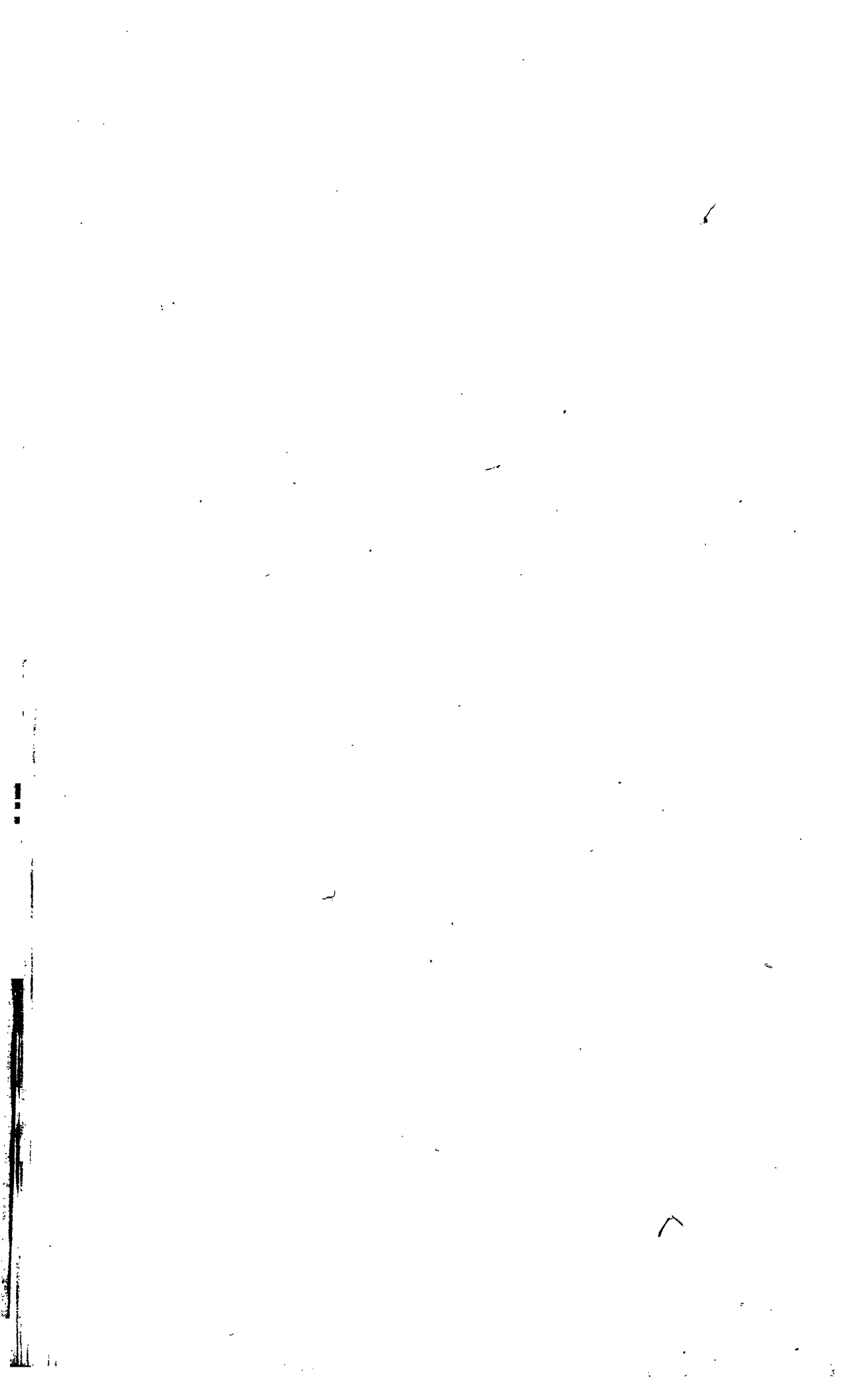
L. 330. "The Sun now." The heat of the sun towards the end of March melts the surface of the snow, which being frozen again by the night frosts, causes so great a reflection that few people's eyes can bear it, and it brings on such an inflammation upon the ball of the eye as to cause the same sort of feel and pain as if the eyes were filled with the finest snuff, occasioning total blindness: the best cure is to foment them often with warm water, and keep them from all light.

L. 344. "And now the sealers." The seals remain whole under the snow all winter, froze hard; they are skinned out in April and May, and the fat rendered out by fire.

L. 356. "With sledges now." The board, plank, timber, for building, &c. are left in the woods all winter; and now the snow being faddened with the mildness of the weather, and heat of the sun, and hard frozen all night by the frost, which is still very sharp, the people hale them out to the water-side on sledges, generally working late and early, sometimes all night, as from ten in the morning till four in the afternoon the snow is very rotten if the sun is out bright.

L. 360 "The Winter-Crews." As soon as the harbours break up, the winter-crews return to the head settlement where the merchant lives, and carry their work home, and then are properly disposed of for the summer's fisheries; some to catching and curing of cod-fish, others to the salmon-ports.

F I N I S.



skin quotes, but
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121 Capt. Geo. Cartwright