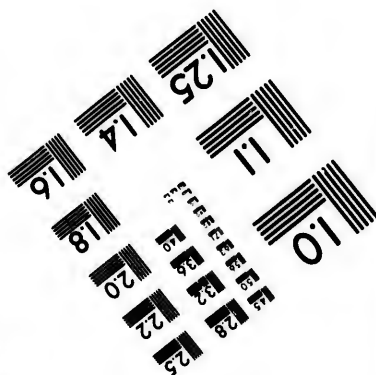
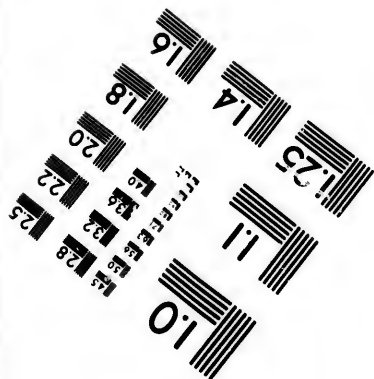
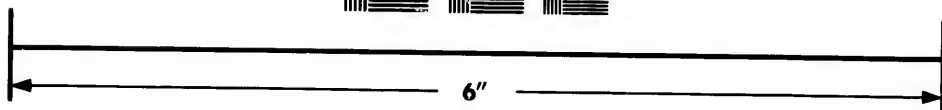
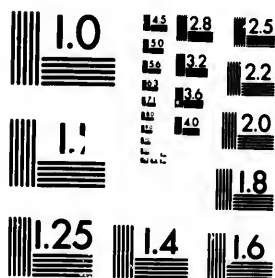


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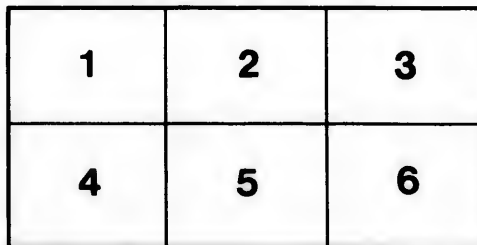
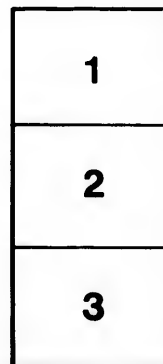
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W. Hilton Inv.

T. Medland Sculp.

*Captain Cartwright visiting his Fox-traps.*

# LABRADOR:

A

POETICAL EPISTLE;

WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES:

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

BY

GEORGE CARTWRIGHT, *Esq.*

---

NEWARK:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, AND SOLD BY ALLIN AND RIDGE;  
SOLD ALSO BY G. G. J. AND J. ROBINSON, IN PATERNOSTER-ROW, AND  
J. STOCKDALE, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

MDCCXCII.

---

[PRICE TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE.]

E X P L A N A T I O N  
O F T H E  
F R O N T I S P I E C E.

---

The FRONTISPIECE represents a Winter Scene on the sea coast of LABRADOR, with the *Author* taking his usual walk round his fox-traps. He is supposed to have got sight of some deer, and has put his dog's hood on, to keep him quiet. His hat (which is white,) northwester, wrappers, cuffs, breeches, and buskins, are English; his jacket (which is made of Indian-dressed deer-skin, and painted,) sash, and rackets are Mountaineer; and his shoes Esquimau. The pinovers of his northwester are loose, and hang down on the right side of it. On his back is a trap, fixed by a pair of flings, in the manner of a soldier's knapsack. A bandoleer hangs across his breast, from his right shoulder; to which are fastened a black-fox, and his hatchet. A German rifle is on his left shoulder. In the back ground is a yellow fox in a trap; beyond him, there is a white-bear crossing the ice of a narrow harbour; and at the mouth of the harbour the view is terminated by a peep at the sea, which is frozen over. The tops of a few small rocks appear, and the rocky summits of the distant hills are bare, but all the rest of the ground is covered with snow.

LABRADOR:



L A B R A D O R:  
A  
P O E T I C A L E P I S T L E.

---



WELL may you, Charles, astonishment express  
To see my letter in poetic dress.  
How can he, you will say, in Nature's spite,  
Who ne'er found time to read, attempt to write?  
Write verses too! and words to measure cut!  
Unskill'd in cutting, save at Loin or Butt.\*

B

No

\* In his younger days, the Author had a remarkable good appetite.



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.

These in abundance, every hand picks up,  
 And when our toil is o'er, on these we sup.

The Furrier now, the Fox and Mart gives o'er,  
 To trap the Otter, rubbing\* on the shore.  
 The Rein-deer stag, now lean and timid grown,  
 In dark recesses, silent feeds alone.  
 The Willow's tender leaf, and various plants,  
 He fails to find not, in those dreary haunts:  
 His fearful Hind, now shuns the Wolf's dire wiles,  
 And seeks her safety on the neighb'ring Isles;  
 Whether in Lakes,† or near the Ocean's shore;  
 Cleaving the liquid wave, she ventures o'er.

Now

\* When an Otter has done fishing, he goes on shore to rub himself; traps are placed there to catch him.

† Lakes of various sizes are very numerous in every part of Labrador, and most of the large ones have islands in them. Deer generally calve upon a small island, to preserve their young from the wolves.

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 practice in England. There, the nets are moored in the water and remain out constantly; the fifh striking into them, are entangled; and they are cleared out of the nets into boats and brought on fhore.

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.  
 To Europeans long have they been known;  
 And all their Vices, these have made their own.  
 Not theirs the friendly visit; nor the feast  
 Of social intercourse; but like brute beast,  
 They greedily devour the reeking meal:  
 And then get drunk, and quarrel, lie, and steal.

The Codfish now in Shoals\* come on the coast,  
 (A Fish'ry this, our Nation's chiefest boast)

Now

\* A multitude of fish collected together are called "A SHOAL."

Now numerous Caplin\* croud along the Shore :  
 Tho' great their numbers, yet their Foes seem more :  
 Whilst Birds of rapine, hover o'er their Heads,  
 Voracious Fish, in myriads throng their Beds.  
 With these our Hooks we artfully disguise,  
 And soon the glutton, Cod, becomes our Prize.  
 Not 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,  
 (To drive off which, the Wind still blows in vain)  
 In size, surpassing far thy bulk, O Paul!‡  
 Immeasurably wide, and deep, and tall.

To

\* *Salmo Articus.*

† Flat ice about twelve feet thick, which is called "JAM ICE."

‡ Saint Paul's, London.

To Sea-ward oft' we cast an anxious Eye;  
 At length th' expected Ship with pleasure spy.  
 Impatient Joy then seizes ev'ry Breast;  
 And till we've boarded her, Adieu to rest.  
 Eager the News to learn, from Friends to hear:  
 The long seal'd Letter, hastily we tear.--  
 The Cargo landed, and the Ship laid by,  
 To Fishing freight, 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.  
 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:

If in the shooting Bears, or black or white,  
 If in this larger Game you take delight,  
 In summer time, to some large Stream repair,  
 Yet mind no Salmon-crew inhabit there.  
 This savage Tribe, averse to social joys,  
 Frequent those parts, most free from Men and noise;  
 Save, where the Cataract's stupendous height,  
 Stops the fleet Salmon in their sportive flight.  
 Bears in abundance, oft frequent this place,  
 And noble Skins, your Victory will grace.  
 Of the Black-bear, you need not be afraid;  
 But killing white Ones, is a dang'rous Trade.  
 In this be cool, and well direct your Lead,  
 And take your Aim at either Heart or Head;  
 For struck elsewhere, your Piece not level'd true,  
 Not long you'll live, your erring hand to rue.

D

To



To kill the Beast, the Rifle I like best;  
 With Elbows on my Knees my Gun I rest.  
 For self defence, the double Gun I prize,  
 Loaded with Shot, directed at his Eyes.

Or would you rather a stout Rein-deer kill,  
 ( July now in) observe and climb some hill,  
 Environ'd by extent of open ground;  
 For there, the Rein-deer at this time are found.  
 Nor walk about, but from a Station watch,  
 And soon his motions with your Eye you'll catch.  
 Be steady now; with cautious Eye explore,  
 The Wind's true quarter, or your sport is o'er.  
 Nor less his Eye and Ear demand your care;  
 No Beast more quick can see, more quick can hear.  
 Yet oft' his curious Eye invites his fate,  
 And makes him see his Error when too late.

With

With strict Attention, all your ground survey;  
 To steal up Wind, then take your silent way.  
 Shoes with fur soles, the sportsman ought to wear;  
 Your lightest footsteps, else, he's sure to hear.  
 If unperceiv'd, you've work'd with toil and pain,  
 Lie still awhile, 'till you, your Breath regain.  
 A Deer in feeding, looks upon the ground:  
 Then to advance, the surest time is found.  
 When broadside to you, and his Head is down,  
 Aim at his Heart, but, and he drops your own.  
 Observe, no Ball will kill these Creatures dead,  
 Save such, as strike the Spine, the Heart, or Head.  
 Struck in those mortal parts, Death quick comes on;  
 But wounded elsewhere, sick, he will lie down:  
 There let him lie: anon, with cautious tread,  
 Steal softly up, and shoot him through the head.

But

But shou'd it chance the Deer keeps open ground,  
 Where, to approach him, shelter is not found,  
 And, Night now near, you cannot longer wait,  
 Try this device, it may draw on his fate:  
 Full to his view, and motionless appear;  
 This oft excites him to approach you near.  
 He then will stop, to take a careful view;  
 Be ready with your Gun, and level true.  
 If the voracious Wolf shou'd please you more,  
 All sandy beaches you must well explore;  
 Chiefly, by Lakes, or by a River's side:  
 (In Summer, in the Woods themselves they hide)  
 Be careful not to walk along the Strand,  
 But at convenient places there to land.  
 His tracks discover'd, seek some snug Retreat,  
 And patient lie, till with your Game you meet.

A Wolf

A Wolf alone, is not your only chance ;  
 Perhaps a Bear, or Deer may soon advance.  
 For various reasons, when the water's low,  
 All Beasts along the Shore delight to go.  
 If safely hidden, you have naught to mind,  
 But, that your Game sha'n't have you in the wind.

When August comes, if on the Coast you be,  
 Thousands of fine Curlews, you'll daily see:  
 Delicious Bird! not one with thee can vie!  
 (Not rich in plumage, but in flavour high)  
 Nor Ortolan, nor Cock, with trail on toast,  
 Of high-fed Epicures, the pride and boast!  
 Young Geese too now, in numbers crowd the shore;  
 Such are the Dainties of our LABRADOR.

If you wou'd wish with Hares to sport awhile,  
 You're sure to find them, on each barren isle: \*  
 But shou'd you there, the signs of Foxes trace,  
 Your Sport is o'er; No Hares frequent that place.  
 Grouse, Ptarmigan, and various sorts of Game,  
 With Birds and Beasts too tedious here to name,  
 You'll find in plenty through the Year to kill;  
 No Game-Laws there to thwart the Sportsman's will:

September comes, the Stag's in season now;  
 Of Ven'son, far the Richest you'll allow.  
 No Long-legg'd, Ewe-neck'd, Cat-hamm'd, Shambling  
 Brute ;

In him strength, beauty, size, each other suit.

His

\* Such islands as produce only a few stunted bushes of spruces and firs, and on which the herbage is scanty and bad, are denominated "Barren Islands." Hares go out upon them in the winter time, and are left there when the ice breaks up. If foxes are left also, they soon kill the hares.

His branching Horns, majestic to the view,  
 Have points (for I have counted) seventy-two.  
 But do not think, you'll all this pleasure share,  
 And, when fatigu'd, to some good Inn repair;  
 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.

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 fend;  
 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

\* Not yet in full season. (A furrier's term)

† Places used by otters to rub themselves upon, after they have done fishing, or been long in the water.

Then Deathfalls,\* in the old tall Woods he makes,  
With Traps between, and the rich Sable takes.

Now cast your Eyes around, stern Winter see,  
His progress making, on each fading Tree.  
The yellow leaf, th' effect of nightly frost,  
Proclaims his Visit, to our dreary Coast.  
Fish, Fowl and Ven'son, now our Tables grace:  
Roast Beaver, too, and ev'ry Beast of chase.  
Luxurious living this! who'd wish for more?  
Were QUIN alive, he'd haste to LABRADOR!

Some new variety, next Month you'll find;  
The stately Stag now seeks his much-lov'd Hind.

F

Grown

\* Deathfalls, are log traps; they are used chiefly to catch martens, but by proportioning them to the size of the animal, any beast may be caught in them.



Grown bold with Love, he stalks along the plains ;  
 And e'en, to fly from Man, now oft' disdains.  
 If, in your Walks, you meet this noble Brute,  
 And with him wish his progress to dispute ;  
 Be cool, collected ; let him come quite near ;  
 Then take your Aim well, and you've nought to fear.  
 If struck not dead, reluctantly he flies ;  
 And soon grows faint ; then trembling, falls and dies.  
 But shou'd a sudden Panic seize your frame,  
 And fear misguide you, in your Point and Aim,  
 Your Error's fatal ; 'tis in vain you fly,  
 T'evade the fury of your Enemy.

Now Eider-ducks fly South, along the shore ;  
 In milder Climes, to pass the winter o'er.  
 At some fit Point, there take your secret stand,  
 And numbers you may kill, from off the land.

All

All this is pleasure ; but a Man of Sense,  
 Looks to his Traps ; 'tis they bring in the Pence.  
 The Otter-season's short ; and soon the frost  
 Will freeze your Traps, then all your Labour's lost.  
 Of Beaver too, one Week will yield you more,  
 Than later, you can hope for, in a Score.  
 In paths, the Foxes now, will nightly cruise ;  
 But when snow'd up, no longer paths they use.

November in ; the Ships must now be gone,  
 Or wait the Winter, for the Spring's return.  
 The Lakes are fast ; the Rivers cease to flow ;  
 Now comes the cheerless Day of Frost and Snow.  
 In chains of Ice, the purling stream is bound ;  
 Black Woods\* remain ; but Verdure is not found.

And.

\* Spruce woods always look black in the winter.

And Here we feel, the Tyrants iron fway,  
 Till a more genial Sun, returns with May.  
 Seals now we take ; which, when the Frost's severe,  
 In crouded Shoals, along the Coast appear.  
 Hamper'd in Strong-mesh'd Toils, in vain they dive ;  
 Their freedom to regain, in vain they strive ;  
 Strangled they die ; and with their Skins and Oil,  
 Amply repay, expence, and Time, and Toil.  
 By Christmas Day, this work is always o'er,  
 And Seals and Nets, safe landed on the shore.

Now blows December with a keener blast ;  
 And Ocean's self, in Icy Chains binds fast.  
 Ascend yon Mountain's top ; extend your view  
 O'er Neptune's trackless Empire ; nor will you,  
 In all his vast Domain, an Opening have,  
 Where foams the Billow, or where heaves the Wave.  
 A dreary

A dreary Defart all, of Ice and Snow,  
 Which, forming Hills, fast into Mountains grow.  
 So cutting cold, now bluft'ring Boreas blows,  
 None can with naked Face, his blasts oppofe.  
 But well wrapp'd up, we travel out fecure,  
 And find Health's bleffings, in an Air fo pure.

Now to his Cave, the Black-bear hies his way,  
 Where, lock'd in Sleep, he fpend both Night and  
     Day ;  
 Nor, till a milder Sun revives his Blood,  
 Wakes from his Dreams, to prowl abroad for food.  
 Not fo the White one ; ever on the ftray  
 In queft of Seals, his prefent only prey.  
 This Monster fierce and ftrong, you need not fear,  
 If that your Dog attack him in the rear.

There teas'd, he wields about his pond'rous frame,  
 And gives the Sportsman time, to take his Aim.  
 But shou'd your untaught Cur, attack before,  
 Both Dog and Master, soon will be no more.

To barren ground, the Fox-traps now we shift,  
 Where they can stand secure, and free from Drift;  
 Bait well your Trap; observe too how it lies;\*  
 And soon, or Fox, or Wolf, will be your prize:  
 For Wolves, in plenty on such ground appear,  
 Compell'd by Hunger, there to seek for Deer.  
 Oft have I seen this Animal display,  
 Much artful skill, in hunting down his prey.  
 The Herd descri'd, he slyly creeps up near;  
 Then, rushing forward, singles out his Deer.

Greedy

\* The flank must point to the North, or North-west; those being the prevailing winds in the winter.

Greedy of Blood, and with keen Hunger press'd,  
 This he pursues, regardless of the rest.  
 With well strung Sinews, both maintain the Strife;  
 The one for Food---the other runs for Life.  
 If light\* the Snow, the Deer evades the Chase;  
 If drifted hard, the Wolf supports his pace.  
 Then, bold with fear, he turns upon his Foe,  
 And oft'times deals him a most fatal blow.  
 But oft'ner falls, a Victim in the fray,  
 And to his ruthless Jaws becomes a prey.

We'll shift the Scene, and to the Woods repair,  
 And see what various Works are doing there.  
 In yonder Birchen grove, there lives a Crew,  
 Employ'd in mending Casks, and making new.

This

\* When the snow is light, the expansive hoofs of the deer prevent him from sinking deep into it; but a wolf will strike up to his belly.

This wood of Spruce, which rises to the sky,  
 The fish'ry's future Shipping will supply.  
 Some fell the Trees, and some saw out the Stock,  
 Whilst others form the Vessel in the Dock.  
 In these Employments Winter's pass'd away ;  
 No change is found, till near the approach of May.  
 Returning small Birds then the Country fill,  
 And Cock-grouse chatter on each barren Hill.  
 The Ice parts from the Shore, and now the Ducks  
 Their Northward course beat back in num'rous flocks.  
 Deer in small Herds the same route bend their way ;  
 Affording pastime for your Gun each day.  
 All Animals their Winter-quarters leave,  
 And Ocean, now awake, begins to heave.  
 Ice rotten grown, in ev'ry Lake you'll see,  
 And swelling Rivers, from their Bonds fet free.

The

The Woodmen now with Sledges, on the Snow,  
Their Winter's Work draw out, and homeward go.  
What's yet to do, must instantly be done,  
For other Works must shortly be begun.  
Shallops now launch'd, the Crews no longer stay,  
But, in their Boats, bring all their Work away.  
In such like Toils and Sports, the Year goes round,  
And for each Day, some Work, or Pleasure's found.





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By *GEORGE CARTWRIGHT, Esq.*

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