

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.