

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 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 you 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 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 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.