

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 flily creeps up near;
 Then, rushing forward, singles out his Deer.

Greedy

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