

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.

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\* 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.