

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 descried, he slyly creeps up near ;
Then, rushing forward, singles out his Deer.
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 wood of Spruce, which rises to the sky,
The Fishery'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.