

Ascend yon Mountain's top ; extend your view  
O'er Neptune's trackless Empire ; nor will you,  
In all his vast Domain, an Opening have,  
Where foams the Billow, or where heaves the Wave.  
A dreary Desart all, of Ice and Snow,  
Which forming Hills, fast into Mountains grow.  
So cutting cold, now blust'ring Boreas blows,  
None can with naked Face, his blasts oppose.  
But well wrapp'd up, we travel out secure,  
And find Health's blessings, in an Air so pure.

Now to his Cave the Black-bear hies his way,  
Where, lock'd in Sleep, he spends both Night and Day ;  
Nor, till a milder Sun revives his Blood,  
Wakes from his Dreams, to prowls abroad for food.  
Not so the White one ; ever on the stray  
In quest of Seals, his present only prey.  
This monster fierce and strong, you need not fear,  
If that your Dog attack him in the rear.  
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, a Fox, or Wolf, will be your prize :