

With strict Attention, all your ground survey;
 To steal up Wind, then take your silent way.
 Shoes with fur soles, the sportsman ought to wear;
 Your lightest footsteps, else, he's sure to hear.
 If unperceiv'd, you've work'd with toil and pain,
 Lie still awhile, 'till you, your Breath regain.
 A Deer in feeding, looks upon the ground:
 Then to advance, the surest time is found.
 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