

Their eggs to seek, we rove from Isle to Isle,
Eager to find, and bear away the spoil :
These in abundance every hand picks up,
And when our toil is o'er, on these we sup.

The Furrier now the Fox and Mart gives o'er,
To trap the Otter, rubbing on the shore.
The Rein-deer Stag, now lean and timid grown,
In dark recesses, silent feeds alone.
The Willow's tender leaf, and various plants,
He fails to find not in those dreary haunts.
His fearful Hind, now shuns the Wolf's dire wiles,
And seeks her safety on the neighb'ring Isles ;
Whether in Lakes, or near the Ocean's shore,
Cleaving the liquid wave, she ventures o'er.
Now pond'rous grown, she Nature's law obeys,
And on the ground her tender nursling lays.
O'er this she watches with maternal care,
Nor danger dreads, unless fell man comes there ;
(Him, beast of prey, or Rock, or Wave ne'er stops,)
For, mark'd by him, to him a prey she drops.
Fond in the Summer, on young twigs to browse,
The social Beavers quit their Winter's house.
Around the Lake they cruise, nor fear mishap,
And sport unheedful of the Furrier's trap.

The Salmon now no more in Ocean play,
But up fresh Rivers take their silent way.