

If in the shooting Bears, or black or white,  
 If in this larger Game you take delight,  
 In summer time, to some large Stream repair,  
 Yet mind no Salmon-crew inhabit there.  
 This savage Tribe, averse to social joys,  
 Frequent those parts, most free from Men and noise;  
 Save, where the Cataract's stupendous height,  
 Stops the fleet Salmon in their sportive flight.  
 Bears in abundance, oft frequent this place,  
 And noble Skins, your Victory will grace.  
 Of the Black-bear, you need not be afraid;  
 But killing white Ones, is a dang'rous Trade.  
 In this be cool, and well direct your Lead,  
 And take your Aim at either Heart or Head;  
 For struck elsewhere, your Piece not level'd true,  
 Not long you'll live, your erring hand to rue.

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