

on the delightful anticipation of becoming great trenchermen in the wilds of Glenkilburn, with deaf Will as our Monsieur Ude, and certainly we were not disappointed. The first sniff of the great, uninhabited forest did its work upon the liver—the heart beat quicker and stronger—we began to feel that we had blood in us. Glenlyon's eye became clear and sparkling—the muscles of his limbs filled out, and quivered to be at work—fresh, wakeful, and sturdy, we flourished our hunting knives to the lasting honor of watchful Will, the caterer, and to the prolonged satisfaction of all our cachinatory, olfactory, and alimentary organs. So soon as our repast had been completed, we drew on our Indian moccasins, changed our heavy coats for brown hunting capotes, examined well, and loaded our guns, slung our tomahawks, and sheathed knives to our belts, and at seven o'clock, daylight, set out, taking different routes through swamps, and along the beachy sides of ridges, in quest of signs of the game. At noon we returned and compared accounts, having neither of us got a shot, but finding traces of the deer abundant. The snow was not deep, the swamps were all frozen, and as the deer is not fond of ice, we had reason to suppose that the ridges would be our mark; but therein we were mistaken. They still kept the swamps. It was agreed that we were to essay *browsing* them, and accordingly we each repaired to the vicinity of a swamp, and cut down some two or three large cedar trees; cedar being almost the only food of the deer in winter. Near these fallen trees we contrived scaffolds for watching, by falling a tall tree into the top of a smaller one, upon which our seat was to be.—After completing this work, we again betook ourselves to other parts not yet explored, to make good our reconnoissance of the whole ground, in preparation for an energetic foray on the morrow. Evening again found us united at our hut, and on again comparing notes and relating our adventures, not by any means the least pleasing mode of spending one's time, where any and every incident that has happened is dwelt upon with as much gusto, and with as vast an amount of garrulity, as you would find in an assemblage of newspaper editors discussing the future destiny of all the empires which they may have in charge.

So soon as the light of the next morning would enable us to discern the sights on our guns, we again set out in different directions, to commence the work in earnest, for it was agreed upon that we must have a buck down before our return.—Glenlyon looked determined, having his Waterloo face on him, and it would not do for Cinna to allow the first blood spots to be sprinkled over his old snowy haunts of Glenkilburn, by either "the Captain," or any body else; so I suppose he looked perverse also, and bent on mischief. Being curious to see the Captain manœuvre in the woods, never having seen