

trail in suitable weather—the best time is the latter end of February or the beginning of March ; the best weather is when a light, fresh snow of some three or four inches has fallen on the top of deep drifts and a solid crust ; the fresh snow giving the means of following the trail ; the firm crust yielding a support to the broad snow-shoes and enabling the stalkers to trail with silence and celerity combined. Then they crawl onward, breathless and voiceless, up wind always, following the foot prints of the wandering, pasturing, wantoning deer ; judging by signs, unmistakable to the veteran hunter, undistinguishable to the novice, of the distance or proximity of their game, until they steal upon the herd unsuspected, and either finish the day with a sure shot and a triumphant whoop ; or discover that the game has taken alarm and started on the jump, and so give it up in despair.

“ One man perhaps in a thousand can still-hunt, or stalk, Caribou in the summer season. He, when he has discovered a herd feeding up wind, at a leisure pace and clearly unalarmed, stations a comrade in close ambush, well down wind and to leeward of their upward track, and then himself, after closely observing their mood, motions and line of course, strikes off in a wide circle well to leeward, until he has got a mile or two ahead of the herd, when very slowly and guardedly, observing the profoundest silence, he cuts across their direction, and gives them his wind, as it is technically termed, dead ahead. This is the crisis of the affair ; if he gives the wind too strongly, or too rashly, if he makes the slightest noise or motion, they scatter in an instant, and away. If he give it slightly, gradually, and casually as it were, not fancying themselves pursued, but merely approached, they merely turn away from it, working their way *down wind* to the deadly ambush, of which their keenest scent cannot, under such circumstances, inform them. If he succeed in this, inch by inch he crawls after them, never pressing them, or drawing in upon them, but preserving the same distance still, still giving them the same wind as at the first, so that he creates no panic or confusion, until at length, when close upon the hidden peril, his sudden whoop sends them headlong down the deceitful breeze upon the treacherous rifle.

“ Of all wood-craft, none is so difficult, none requires so rare a combination as this, of quickness of sight, wariness of tread, very instinct of the craft, and perfection of judgment. When resorted to, and performed to the admiration even of woodmen, it does not succeed once in a hundred times—therefore not by one man in a thousand is it ever resorted to at all, and by him, rather in the wantonness of wood-craft, and by way of boastful experiment, than with any hope, much less expectation of success.”

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PROFESSOR DAWSON ON NEW SPECIES OF *Meriones*.—In the last January number of the Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal, there is an interesting article on the *Meriones* and *Arvicola* of Nova Scotia, by PROFESSOR DAWSON, of McGill College, Montreal. The learned Professor describes and figures a new species of “Jumping Mouse,” *Meriones Acadicus*.