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DEER-STALKING ON THE SOUTH BRANCH.

BY CINNA.

" There is a pleasure in the pathless woods ;
There is a rapture on the lonely shore ;
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar—
I love not man the less, but Nature more."—*Byron.*

" When morning gleams o'er the mountain streams,
Oh merrily forth we go,
To drive the stag to his slippery crag,
And to chase the bounding roe."—*Song.*

" There is room on the mountain,
Room for us all,
Room in the wild-wood,
If not in the hall."—*Hunting Song.*

WE have seen somewhere a criticism on the works of Cooper and Bird, but from what quarter it emanated cannot be ascertained, owing to the censurable mode American periodicals have adopted of giving extracts from English Magazines and Reviews, without doing them the simple justice of naming the columns from which they quote ; a fashion which is much followed by the *New York Albion*, for purposes of its own. In this criticism much credit is given to Dr. Bird, for the truthfulness of two characters in his " Nick of the Woods," those of the Quaker, who is all along the " Jibbenainosay," and Capt. Ralph Stackpole. These are deemed more true to nature than any of Cooper's creations ; and, although we deem " Nick of the Woods " the very best American romance ever written, yet we do not agree altogether in this condemnation of Cooper. His Natty Bumppo, notwithstanding he is run through so many books, almost to tenuity, is a true representative of his class—the simple-minded, unadulterated backwoodsman. Natty has come home to the hearts of too many men, for the last twenty years, to be given up so readily now.