

*wild turkies!* and they shot three of them. I was told that the Americans in the back settlements, as well as the Indians, hunt them with dogs, but I never saw this novel method of pursuing winged game. For so large a bird they take but a comparatively small charge of shot: an ounce and a quarter of No. 3 from a strong, close-shooting gun will do the business.

The flesh of the bird in its wild state is infinitely more juicy and tender than that of the farm-yard turkey, and to the full as delicate; added to which there is a game flavor about it which renders it very attractive and appetizing. In short, the epicure would do well to run across the Atlantic in the Great Western steamer, were it only to taste a slice from the breast of one of these colossal dainties. He would not begrudge the expense, time, or trouble, take my word for it.

We must take it for granted that the emigrant has something better to do than to run after the wild turkey, and in truth his