

my heart began to beat. They were not more than five hundred yards distant; I heard a loud crashing among the brush-wood, and a regular bound, bound, coming towards the very place where I stood; my suspense did not continue long—my hand shook, and I could distinctly hear my heart beat; out the noble animal plunged directly across the road, about twenty yards from where I stood—his tongue was hanging out, covered with foam, his nostrils distended, and his eyes glaring with fierce brightness. I was rivetted to the spot—I could not fire; forgetting all Hiram's instructions and admonitions, I could only watch in admiration the graceful boundings of the princelike tenant of the forest. Into the river he plunged, and hid all but his head and antlers from my view—this brought me to my senses, and though scarcely believing that a single bullet would arrest the progress of such a noble beast, I prepared, with a trembling hand, and a beating heart, to fire; watching my opportunity, when he reached a spot shallow enough to enable him to walk, I took a hasty aim and pulled. How shall I describe my exulting ardour at seeing him, on the clearing away of the smoke, on his haunches, vainly endeavouring to raise himself, and gazing fearfully around. Trembling lest he should still escape, I gave him the other barrel, and half beside myself, I plunged into the deep, cold, and rapid stream, to grasp my prize. This, however, proved no such easy matter, for, though the animal was quite dead, and floating with the current, I found I was getting beyond my depth, and the swift-ness of the water rendered it almost impossible for me to keep my feet. I moreover was getting numbed with cold, and I began to conceive that my ardour savoured more of indiscretion than I first imagined. With considerable difficulty I reached the shore, shivering, dripping, puffing like a half-drowned rat, and my teeth dauncing a jig in my head with cold. But where were the dogs all this time? None of them had come out on the track of the deer, and they continued giving splendid tongue. Guess my surprise and astonishment at seeing, a few moments after, another fine deer, in size seemingly larger than the former, bound across the road, within ten yards of me, and gently walk into the river. I seized my gun, doubting my senses, whether it might not be the one I conceived I had shot. In my eagerness I took aim at the brute and would have fired, but alas my weapon was not charged. I cursed my senseless folly and delay, and began bel- lowing with all my might for my companions, but the deer had reached the opposite shore in safety, and was again lost in the shade of the trackless forest. I looked again, and again, to assure myself that it was my prey which I saw floating in an eddy of the river, and in this assurance I urged the dogs across on the scent of the other deer, but they refused to pass the dead animal and continued to lounge at my heels. I had not then learned that the same

dogs will often bring out two and sometimes even three deer by one run-way, and had I but remained on the shore and saved my second charge, I might have added another laurel to my brow. It is always thus with mankind. "*Quo plus habet eo plus cupit.*" In deer-shooting, "*Ex visu oritur cupido,*" is a true saying, for what eagerness can equal that of a sportsman, when he gets a glance of the noble and graceful animal darting past him, especially if the chances be against his obtaining it? The excitement of deer-shooting in the bush, is compressed into a moment, but an exciting moment it is; you first hear the dogs, then if they take your direction, coming nearer and nearer, until the crashing of the dried branches is audible—then comes the trial, oh! the eagerness of that moment! the deer is either dead at your feet or he is lost for that day at least; for unless very much fatigued, and close to a river, he seldom retraces his steps, and you cannot reach another run-way before he has passed. But to return—I was soon joined by my companion, and Hiram, whose cold indifference piqued me much. I expected congratulations, praise, and to be annihilated with questions, but no, the only remark of that taciturn individual was "*I guess he aint bled well, we'd best skin him right off.*"

Having procured a canoe, we dragged the animal on shore, and a finer fellow I never witnessed. His weight averaged, after skinning and cleaning, fifty one pounds per quarter, so that his whole carcass must have been little short of two hundred and sixty pounds. The ball and buckshot had both taken deadly effect; the former having perforated the body between the second and third ribs, and the latter being scattered all over the head. The dogs were perfectly savage with delight at tasting the blood, and I stood overlooking the operation, like Nimrod of old.

After the operation of disembowelling was completed, we procured a pole, and inserting it between the head and legs tied together, Hiram and I with each an end on our shoulders proceeded homewards, whilst my companion carried the guns. No victor in his triumphal car ever felt prouder than did I, staggering along under the weight of these two hundred pounds of venison. But custom in this, as it is apt to do in other things, has in some degree banished the charm. Ah, reader, if thou hast never stretched a buck on the ground, thou wilt laugh at my ardour, but thou wilt respond to it, if ever after a tiresome watch of some couple of hours, thou hast heard the music of thy beautiful hound approaching on the track of thy prey, and if thy steady arm and trusty gun have laid the victim low, then thou knowest how cheering is the shout which announces his death and downfall. What feeling can be more glorious than in a fine bracing October morning, to tramp forth in sturdy independence, with your gun on your shoulder, and your trusty hound by your side, your pockets well lined with grub to sustain the outward man, and with a comfortable drop of