

But the grand and devout demeanour displayed at his execution, made men unwilling to dwell upon his faults, and threw all unpleasing recollections into the shade. Had James been a worthy and magnanimous, instead of a mean and pusillanimous Prince, the name of Raleigh, though it would have, no doubt, been recorded alongst with the other conspicuous characters of his time, would not have descended to us with that halo of literary and martyr-like glory which surrounds it, and will, in all probability, accompany it to a far more distant posterity.

ART. II.—*The Art of Deer-Stalking; illustrated by a Narrative of a Few Days' Sport in the Forest of Atholl.* By WILLIAM SCROPE, Esq., F.L.S., and Member of the Academy of San' Luca, Rome. 8vo. London: 1838.

AMONG the masculine sports which exercise our ingenuity and call forth our physical energies, there are none so exciting and so highly prized as the pleasures and toils of the chase. In wielding our delegated power over the animal creation, we derive but a transient enjoyment from the subjugation of the domestic races which administer to our ordinary wants. It is only the beast of prey whose lair is in the thicket, or the fleet quadruped whose dwelling-place is on the mountains, that summon us into the field, and develop all the resources of our sanguinary skill. To brave the malaria of the Indian jungle, and to partake in the fierce encounter between the tiger and his pursuer, is a species of transcendental sport in which human skill and courage are pitted against animal strength and ferocity. The mutual danger, too, which impends over the sportsman and his prey, gives a deeper interest to the struggle, where brute capacity often triumphs, and in which the intellectual combatant is sometimes the victim.

This species of amusement, so highly esteemed by the European in other quarters of the globe, is, we think, inferior in all respects to that which is to be found in the deer-forests of our native hills. The excitement of a tiger-hunt is doubtless more intense, its pageantry more imposing, and its casualties more hazardous; but the sources of interest which the deer-chase presents to a cultivated mind, are more numerous, more rational, and more allied to our better nature, in proportion as they are of a less cruel and sanguinary character.

The Indian and the African forests open their recesses to the free passage of the sportsman as well as the naturalist. No lord of the manor claims a right to its ferocious denizens—no

action at law lies for trespass—and no Chancellor of the Exchequer stands at the receipt of custom. The right of pursuit and slaughter belongs to all; and he who exercises it most frequently and most valiantly, is the best benefactor of the neighbourhood. The privilege of deer-stalking, on the contrary, is as rare as it is valuable. The small number of our deer-forests, and their possession by the landed aristocracy, renders them almost inaccessible even to the most opulent; and the few which the key of gold does contrive to unlock, can be maintained only by a great outlay of capital. The absolute exclusion of sheep and cattle from the haunts of the deer, over an extent of thousands of acres—the enormous expense of residence in sequestered districts, and the necessity of numerous keepers to guard the sanctuary of the chase—render the occupancy of a deer-forest one of the choicest and most expensive of our amusements.

But rare and popular as this sport unquestionably is, it is not from this cause alone that it derives its prominent interest. The pleasure which it yields is not less intense, nor the skill which it demands less scientific, than the magnificent sports of the Tropics. In all its phases of excitement, from the 'break of morn' to the 'knell of parting day,' Reason is continually marshalling its powers against the *extempore* and unerring decisions of instinct; and in this noble rivalry of intellectual and physical sagacity, the race, as in other secular pursuits, is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. The dexterity of the rifleman is balanced by the fleetness of his prey; the sagacity and the power of the stag-hound is matched by the muscular energy and the indomitable courage of his antlered antagonist; and the quick vision and the acute perception of smell which the stag inherits, often baffle the manœuvres of the hunter, and mock the powers of his telescope.

In the intervals of rest, too, as well as in the active pursuit and the final conflict, the deer-chase presents many points of interest and superiority. No fetid exhalations nor putrid effluvia pollute the pure ether which the huntsman breathes. No dread of retaliation disturbs his rest, or paralyses the ardour of pursuit. His mind is free to roam over the beautiful and wide expanse of earth and sky. The blue vault which crowns him, and the granite pavement on which he treads, are equally objects of his admiration. The lofty peak, with its fretted yet crystalline flanks—the overhanging precipice, with its caverns, its rills, and its foliage—the sudden rush of the concealed cataract—the ghastly pine, dead and naked, yet in the form and attitude of life—the brown moss, displaying the wreck of ancient forests, and furnishing a unit of measure to sound the depths of primeval time—

the mountain lake, now blue with the azure which it embosoms, now green with the purity of its waters, now bright with the ruffled reflection of the clouds, now in ebullition with the thunder-shower—these are the objects which meet the hunter's eye, and from which the geologist, the moralist, and the painter may draw the richest instruction. Amid this contemplation of Nature's grandeur, the serenity of the moment is agreeably disturbed by the forms of life and beauty which break upon the view. The solitary stag appears in stately attitude on the brow of the precipice, or bounds over the plain, or springs across the mossy hag, or clears the span of the mountain torrent; or, perhaps, a noble herd become visible in the distance, now breaking the sky line with their twisted antlers, now 'basking on Bendouran's 'steep,' and now holding their council of instinct, when their startled senses indicate the approach of man.

' And lo! along the forest glade,
From out yon ancient pine-wood's shade,
Troop forth the royal deer,
Each stately hart, each slender hind,
Stares and snuffs the desert wind;
While by their side confiding roves
The spring-born offspring of their loves—
The delicate and playful fawn,
Dappled like the rosy dawn,
And sportive in its fear.'

Such of our readers as have not partaken of the pleasures of the chase, will naturally wish to know something of the details of a sport so highly prized, and so difficult to command. Although the press teems with descriptions of Oriental sports, yet no account has been given of the manners and habits of the aboriginal red deer of the Highlands—of the nature and extent of the forests which they inhabit—or of the arts by which they fall under our dominion. It is only of late, indeed, that this amusement has been systematically pursued; and of the small number of individuals who have been initiated into its mysteries, but few are qualified to become its historians.

Mr Scrope, the author of the work placed at the head of this article, possesses, we believe, in a higher degree than any other person, all the qualities which are necessary for such a task. His fine taste, his classical acquirements, his vein of chastened humour, his exquisite skill as an amateur painter, his knowledge of character, and above all, his enthusiasm for the chase, and his *ten* years' experience of its details on the grandest scale, fit him in an eminent degree for describing the statistics of our deer-forests, the natural history of its antlered occupants, the system of rifle

practice by which they are overpowered, and the manners and superstitions of the foresters, scouts, and gillies, who have formed his army of observation.

In the brief space which is necessarily allotted to the analysis of a work of this kind, we cannot hope to give our readers an adequate idea either of its literary merits, or of the fund of colloquial anecdote and discussion, which, while it gives life and spirit to the more technical details of the chase, enlivens at the same time the otherwise grave dissertations on the natural history of dogs and deer, and the statistics and scenery of their rocky domains. Still less can we hope to give the reader any just notion of those fine touches of sentiment and humour which sparkle amid the general narrative, or of the splendid engravings and lithographs, after paintings by Edwin and Charles Landseer, and Mr Scrope himself, which embellish the work. The forest-joust between two stags in the frontispiece—the *canes venaticæ* in the vignette; the getting a quiet shot; the deer at bay in a torrent; the looking for a wounded deer; the being left behind in a dubious position; the lifting the deer out of a burn; the coming in for a shot; and the preparing the deer for being left on the moor—afford characteristic and pleasing representations of the more stirring events of a deer-chase.

In addition to these interesting illustrations of the work, we should have liked to see, even in the rudest outline, the principal deer-forests laid down on a map of Scotland; and the haunts of the roe-deer, and the grouse, and the ptarmigan, might have been appropriately added. Mr Scrope, however, has supplied this defect by ample descriptions of the principal deer-forests in Scotland, and has tried even to estimate the number of deer by which they are occupied.

The Forest of Atholl, in which Mr Scrope enjoyed the sport of deer-stalking for so many years, lies in Perthshire, and touches the counties of Aberdeen and Inverness. It is about forty miles long, and its extreme breadth eighteen miles, measuring 135,458 imperial acres. The part occupied by grouse is 3,742 acres; and that which is reserved exclusively for deer, contains 51,708 acres. In 1776, the number of deer did not exceed a hundred; but Mr Scrope estimates them now at between 5000 and 6000, though others make them amount to 7000. The Forest of Marr, in Aberdeenshire, belonging to Lord Fife, consists of four contiguous glens on the north bank of the Dee, about fifteen miles long and eight wide, and covering an area of about *sixty thousand* acres; the number of deer is variable, but it is supposed that there is a regular stock of about 3000.

The forests in Sutherland, now greatly restricted by sheep-

farms, were two in number, Dirrie Chat and Dirrie More. The former, running parallel with the east coast, extends about fifty miles in length, and from ten to thirty in breadth; the latter is about seventy miles long, and twenty broad. It is almost destitute of wood, and consists of deep and desolate glens, and of broken and disjointed masses of rock, singularly wild and precipitous. About thirty years ago the deer in these forests were estimated at 3000, but at present they are supposed not to exceed 1500.

In a modern French work on geography, we are told that wolves *still* exist in the Highlands of Scotland. The author has made a mistake only of a *century*; for we find, in Mr Scrope's description of the Sutherland forests, a most interesting account of the destruction of the *last wolf and her cubs*, between 1690 and 1700. This event, which took place on the east coast of Sutherland, was attended with remarkable circumstances. In consequence of some ravages among the flocks, the inhabitants turned out in a body to discover the depredator. Having failed in the attempt, a man of the name of Polson, accompanied by his son and an active herd-boy, resolved to search the wild recesses in the neighbourhood of Glen-Loth.

'Polson,' says our author, 'was an old hunter, and had much experience in tracing and destroying wolves, and other predatory animals. Forming his own conjectures, he proceeded at once to the wild and rugged ground that surrounds the rocky mountain-gulley which forms the channel of the Burn of Sledale. Here, after a minute investigation, he discovered a narrow fissure in the midst of a confused mass of large fragments of rock, which, upon examination, he had reason to think might lead to a larger opening or cavern below, which the wolf might use as his den. Stones were now thrown down, and other means resorted to, to rouse any animal that might be lurking within. Nothing formidable appearing, the two lads contrived to squeeze themselves through the fissure that they might examine the interior, whilst Polson kept guard on the outside. The boys descended through the narrow passage into a small cavern, which was evidently a wolf's den, for the ground was covered with bones and horns of animals, feathers, and egg-shells; and the dark space was somewhat enlivened by five or six active wolf cubs. Not a little dubious of the event, the voice of the poor boys came up hollow and anxious from below, communicating this intelligence. Polson at once desired them to do their best, and to destroy the cubs. Soon after, he heard the feeble howling of the whelps as they were attacked below, and saw, almost at the same time, to his great horror, a full-grown wolf, evidently the dam, raging furiously at the cries of her young, and now close upon the mouth of the cavern, which she had approached unobserved, among the rocky irregularities of the place. She attempted to leap down at one bound from the spot where she was first seen. In this emergency, Polson instinctively threw himself forward on the wolf, and

succeeded in catching a firm hold of the animal's long and bushy tail, just as the forepart of the body was within the narrow entrance of the cavern. He had unluckily placed his gun against a rock when aiding the boys in their descent, and could not now reach it. Without apprising the lads below of their imminent peril, the stout hunter kept firm grip of the wolf's tail, which he wound round his left arm; and although the maddened brute scrambled and twisted, and strove with all her might to force herself down to the rescue of her cubs, Polson was just able, with the exertion of all his strength, to keep her from going forward. In the midst of this singular struggle, which passed in silence—for the wolf was mute, and the hunter, either from the engrossing nature of his exertions, or from his unwillingness to alarm the boys, spoke not a word at the commencement of the conflict—his son within the cave, finding the light excluded from above, asked in Gaelic, and in an abrupt tone—“Father, what is keeping the light from us?”—“If the root of the tail break,” replied he, “you will soon know that.” Before long, however, the man contrived to get hold of his hunting-knife, and stabbed the wolf in the most vital parts he could reach. The enraged animal now attempted to turn and face her foe, but the hole was too narrow to allow of this; and when Polson saw his danger, he squeezed her forward, keeping her jammed in, whilst he repeated his stabs as rapidly as he could, until the animal, being mortally wounded, was easily dragged back and finished.—P. 371.

The Forest of Corrichibah, or the Black Mount, is situated in Glenorchy, in Argyleshire, and belongs to the Marquis of Breadalbane. The extent of the forest kept exclusively for deer is 35,000 acres, and the number of deer is about 1500. The Forest of Glenhartney, in Perthshire, belonging to Lord Wiltoughby D'Eresby, extends over 2800 Scotch acres, and contains from 700 to 1000 deer. There is a sanctuary or deer-preserve in the centre, and in winter the deer are fed with corn and hay.

Beside these forests we may enumerate those of Invercauld, of 22,000 acres; of the Marquis of Huntly, of above 30,000 acres; of the Duke of Richmond, of 30,000 acres; and the lesser ones of Benalder, on the south side of Loch Laggan, rented by the Marquis of Abercorn; of Glengarry, in Invernesshire, about seven miles long; of Applecross and Gairloch, in Ross-shire; and that of Gaick, in Invernesshire. In the Western Islands, the deer forest of Jura contains 500 deer; that of Skye 230; and that of North Uist 100.

In giving an account of the deer forests of Badenoch, Mr Scrope entertains his readers with a number of interesting adventures and stories connected with that part of the Highlands. One of these, which relates to the destruction of a hunting party in Gaick by an avalanche, has acquired a peculiar interest from the superstitious details with which it has been associated in the

fancy of the Highlanders. The following is Mr Scrope's brief notice of it :—

‘ In 1800, Captain John M'Pherson of Ballachroan, with four attendants, and several fine deer-hounds, was killed by an avalanche in Gaick. The house in which they slept (a strong one) was swept away from the very foundation, and part of the roof carried to the distance of a mile.* The catastrophe was ascribed by some to supernatural agency, and a great deal of superstitious exaggeration was circulated, to the annoyance of Captain M'Pherson's family and friends.’—P. 118.

This melancholy event took place at the distance of thirteen miles from the residence of the hunting party. Their friends were naturally alarmed for their safety, when the drifting storm of wind and snow had shut up the roads and passes of the mountains; and every hour's delay in their return brought a new accession to their fears. A strong party, furnished with the necessary implements, penetrated through the snowy barrier which obstructed their path, and, after surmounting great hardships, they succeeded in distintering their friends from their icy graves. Although we have heard them from the exploring parties, our limits will not permit us to detail the circumstances which marked this tragedy of the chase; but, even in the district where the truth was known, superstition has wove round it her mystic embroidery, and the story of the hapless deer-stalkers of Gaick became henceforth a legendary tale. When the late amiable and accomplished Lord Webb Seymour, and our distinguished countryman, Professor Playfair, were surveying the mineralogical structure of Shehallien, they were accompanied by an old man as their guide, who was a schoolmaster in the neighbourhood; and while they were walking before their horses up the road, on the northern declivity of Rannoch, within sight of the mountain above Gaick, he gave the following version of the preceding story, adding, ‘ There was nae the like seen in a' Scotland.’

‘ It was on the night of, I think, the 14th of February, 1799, that there came on a dreadful storm of wind and drifting snow from the south-east, which was felt very severely in most parts of Scotland. On the preceding day, Captain M——, attended by three other men, had gone out a deer-shooting, in that extensive tract of mountains which lies to the west of Dalnacardoch. As they did not return in the evening, nothing was heard of them. The next day, people were sent out in quest of them as soon as the storm abated. After a long search, the bodies were found in a lifeless state, lying among the ruins of a *bothy*, (a temporary hut,) in which it would seem Captain M—— and his

* This is a mistake, the distance was not one-eighth of a mile.

party had taken refuge. The bothy had been destroyed by the tempest, and in a very astonishing manner. It had been built partly of stone, and partly of strong wooden uprights driven into the ground; it was not merely blown down, but quite torn to pieces. Large stones, which had formed part of the walls, were found lying at the distance of one or two hundred yards from the site of the building, and the wooden uprights appeared to have been rent asunder by a force that had twisted them off, as in breaking a tough stick. From the circumstances in which the bodies were found, it appeared that the men were retiring to rest at the time the calamity came upon them. One of the bodies, indeed, was found at a distance of many yards from the bothy; another of the men was found upon the place where the bothy had stood, with one stocking off, as if he had been undressing; Captain M—— was lying, without his clothes, upon the wretched bed which the bothy had afforded—his face to the ground, and his knees drawn up. To all appearance, the destruction had been quite sudden; yet the situation of the building was such as promised security against the utmost violence of the wind. It stood in a narrow recess, at the foot of a mountain, whose precipitous and lofty declivities sheltered it on every side except in the front, and here, too, a hill rose before it, though with a more gradual slope. This extraordinary wreck of a building so situated, led the common people to ascribe it to a supernatural power. It was recollected by some who had been out shooting with Captain M—— about a month before, that while they were resting at this bothy, a shepherd lad had come to the door and enquired for Captain M——, and that the captain went out with the shepherd, and they walked away together, leaving the rest of the party in the bothy. After a time, Captain M—— returned alone; he said nothing of what had passed between him and the lad, but looked very grave and thoughtful, and from that time there was observed to be a mysterious anxiety hanging about him. It was remembered that one evening, after dusk, when Captain M—— was in the bothy, some of his party that were standing saw a fire blazing on the top of the hill which rises in front of it. They were much surprised to see a fire in such a solitary place, and at such a time, and set out to enquire into the cause of it; but when they reached the top of the hill, there was no fire to be seen! It was remembered, too, that on the day before the fatal night, Captain M—— had shown a singular obstinacy in going forth upon his expedition. No representations of the inclemency of the weather, or of the dangers he would be exposed to, could restrain him. He said he *must* go, and was resolved to go. Captain M——'s character was not spared, in order to give probability to these fancies. It was popularly reported that he was rapacious and cruel; that he had got money by procuring recruits from the Highlands, * an unpopular mode of acquiring wealth: and that, amongst other measures for this purpose,

* These recruits were said to be from Atholl, and it was an opinion among the less superstitious Highlanders, that the party were murdered by a band of Atholl men.

he had gone so far as to leave a purse upon the road, and to threaten the man who had picked it up with an indictment for robbery, if he did not enlist.*

This interesting story was communicated by Lord Webb Seymour to Sir Walter Scott, who published it as an example of those accompaniments of the rude popular legend, 'possessing 'points of interest, of nature, and of effect, which, though 'irreconcilable with sober truth, carry with them something 'which the mind is not averse to believe—something, in short, 'of plausibility, which, let the poet or romancer do their very 'best, they find it impossible to attain to.' Sir Walter adds it as his opinion, 'That the feeling of superstitious awe annexed to 'the catastrophe contained in this interesting narrative, could not 'have been improved by any circumstances of additional horror 'which a poet could have invented; that the incidents, and 'the gloomy simplicity of the narrative, are much more striking 'than they could have been rendered by the most glowing description; and that the old Highland schoolmaster, the outline 'of whose tale is so judiciously preserved by the narrator, was a 'better medium for communicating such a tale, than would have 'been the form of Ossian, could he have arisen from the dead 'on purpose.'

In the first chapter of his work, Mr Scrope has given a very interesting account of the manners and habits of the red deer, or *Cervus elaphus* of naturalists. Their colour is usually reddish brown, and their horns vary in size and in the number of their branches, partly with age and partly from other causes. They shed their horns annually, between April and June, and the new horns attain their full growth in three months. These new horns are very sensitive, and, while they continue so, the deer fight with their fore-feet, keeping back their heads. The hinds have been seen to eat the shed horns, and the late Duke of Atholl once found a dead hind, which had been choked by part of the horn. The leaden-coloured skin, or velvet which invests the new horn, disappears in August and September, when the deer are in the best condition. 'If a hart,' says Mr Scrope, 'is cut when 'a fawn, he will never have horns; and if he is cut when five or 'six years old, after his horns have attained their full growth, he will 'never drop them; and if he be cut when he has dropped them, 'they will never be renewed.' When one of the horns is inferior to the other, Mr Scrope has often observed, that it is owing to a gunshot or other bad wound on the side where the

* All these reports were false.

horn is imperfect. The weight of deer varies from fifteen to thirty stone imperial. The rutting season is about the end of September and beginning of October in Scotland.

‘ This,’ says Mr Scrope, ‘ is a wild and picturesque season. The harts are heard roaring all over the forest, and are engaged in savage conflicts with each other, which sometimes terminate fatally. When a master hart has collected a number of hinds, another will endeavour to take them from him. They fight till one of them, feeling himself wounded, will run in circles round the hinds, being unwilling to leave them. The other pursues, and when he touches the fugitive with the point of his horns, the animal thus gored either bounds suddenly on one side, and then turns and faces him, or will dash off to the right or to the left, and at once give up the contest. The conflict, however, generally continues a considerable time; and nothing can be more entertaining than to witness, as I have often done, the varied success and address of the combatants. It is a sort of wild joust in the presence of the dames, who, as of old, bestowed their favours on the most valiant,’—P. 13. * * * *

‘ A conflict of this savage nature, which happened in one of the Duke of Gordon’s forests, was fatal to both of the combatants. Two large harts, after a furious and deadly thrust, had entangled their horns so firmly together, that they were inextricable, and the victor remained with the vanquished. In this situation they were discovered by the forester, who killed the survivor whilst he was yet struggling to release himself from his dead antagonist. The horns remain at Gordon Castle, still locked together as they were found.’—P. 15.

Mr Scrope has noticed a singular combination of cowardice and courage in the master hart. When he apprehends danger from a rifle, he will get into the midst of the hinds, and keep his antlers as low as possible; and while the hinds and the younger harts are keeping guard, the larger ones enjoy their ease on the hill-side. No sooner, however, is the herd strongly beset, than the master hart exhibits great boldness and decision. He takes the lead of his confiding herd, and forces his way through every obstacle. His daring courage is singularly contrasted with his shyness and timidity. The flutter of a moorfowl, or the plaintive note of a plover, will set him off at full speed; but when he sees his adversary, he is never off his guard. He is cool and vigilant; and, when he has taken a survey of the plans of his disturber, he decides in a moment, and often rushes through the very middle of the unarmed drivers.

‘ When a stag,’ says Mr Scrope, ‘ is closely pursued by dogs, and feels that he cannot escape from them, he flies to the best position he can, and defends himself to the last extremity. This is called *going to bay*. If he is badly wounded, or very much overmatched in speed, he has little choice of ground; but if he finds himself stout in the chase, and is pursued in his native mountains, he will select the most defensible spot he has it in his power to reach, and woe be unto the dog which approaches

him rashly. His instinct always leads him to the rivers, where his long legs give him a great advantage over the deer-hounds. Firmly he holds his position, while they swim powerless about him, and would die from cold and fatigue before they could make the least impression on him. Sometimes he will stand upon a rock in the midst of the river, making a most majestic appearance; and in this case it will always be found that the spot on which he stands is not approachable on his rear. In this situation he takes such a sweep with his antlers, that he could exterminate a whole pack of the most powerful lurchers, that were pressing too closely upon him in front. He is secure from all but man; and the rifle shot must end him. Superior dogs may pull him down when running, but not when *he stands at bay*.—P. 20-21.

The traditional opinion, that the deer sometimes attains the age of upwards of a hundred years, is of course not countenanced by our author. He has, however, found, in the superstitions of the Highlands, some arguments in favour of the *longa et cervina senectus* of Juvenal; and the Gaelic adage,—

‘Thrice the age of a man is that of a deer,’

is supported by marvellous stories, attested by chiefs of honour and veracity. With all his respect for marvellous traditions, Mr Scrope does not hesitate to inform us, that all the accounts he has received from park-keepers in England, where there are red deer, contradict their supposed longevity, and establish the fact that the longest-lived deer has not exceeded twenty years of age.

On the approach of storms, the deer quit the more elevated hills, and descend to the low ground, anticipating the change by sometimes two days. They never perish in snow-drifts like sheep, and they are seldom destroyed by avalanches. Only two accidents of this kind occurred in the Atholl forest during sixty years. Eleven deer were killed by an avalanche in Glen Mark, and twenty-one by another. The harts are good swimmers; and it is said that the rear hart, in swimming, rests his head on the croup of the one before him, and that the rest follow in the same manner.

Notwithstanding the ferocity of the deer in the rutting season, they have been seldom known to attack man without a cause. Instances, however, of a contrary nature have occurred. John Crerar, having got behind a stag which was at bay in Glenmore, rashly took hold of his hind-leg, and tried to throw him over; ‘but, when he was about to do so, the animal saluted him with both his hind-legs, and with such effect, that one of his hoofs broke his watch, and the other struck him in the mouth, knocked out one of his teeth, and sent him sprawling on his back to the edge of the water.’ Mr Scrope mentions that there is an instance upon record of a red deer having beaten off a tiger

which was set loose upon it in an enclosed arena, at the instance of William Duke of Cumberland. Mr Gilpin mentions the case of a peasant having been dangerously wounded in attempting to turn a stag when pursued by the hunters in the New Forest. The stag holding on his course, darted one of his antlers into the man, and carried him some paces sticking upon his horns. The unprovoked ferocity of a red deer confined in the Park at Taymouth, is thus described by Mr Scrope:—

‘ In October 1836, the Hon. Mr and Mrs Fox Maule had left Taymouth with the intention of proceeding towards Dalguise; and in driving through that part of the grounds where the red deer were kept, they suddenly, at a turn of the road, came upon the lord of the demesne standing in the centre of the passage, as if prepared to dispute it against all comers. Mr Maule being aware that it might be dangerous to trifle with him, or to endeavour to drive him away, (for it was the rutting season,) cautioned the postilion to go slowly, and give the animal an opportunity of moving off. This was done, and the stag retired to a small hollow by the side of the road. On the carriage passing, however, he took offence at its too near approach, and emerged at a slow and stately pace, till he arrived nearly parallel with it; Mr Maule then desired the lad to increase his pace, being apprehensive of a charge in the broadside.

‘ The deer, however, had other intentions; for as soon as the carriage moved quicker he increased his pace also, and came on the road about twelve yards ahead of it, for the purpose of crossing, as it was thought, to a lower range of the parks; but to the astonishment, and no little alarm of the occupants of the carriage, he charged the offside horse, plunging his long brow antler into his chest, and otherwise cutting him.

‘ The horse that was wounded made two violent kicks, and is supposed to have struck the stag, and then the pair instantly ran off the road; and it was owing solely to the admirable presence of mind and sense of the postilion, that the carriage was not precipitated over the neighbouring bank. The horses were not allowed to stop till they reached the gate, although the blood was pouring from the wounded animal in a stream as thick as a man’s finger. He was then taken out of the carriage, and only survived two or three hours. The stag was shortly afterwards killed.’—P. 33.

As a proof of the determined resolution of the stag when pushed to extremity, and at the same time as a specimen of a *royal battue* got up on the most magnificent scale, Mr Scrope quotes from Barclay’s *Defence of Monarchical Government*, his account of the deer-hunt which was prepared by the Earl of Atholl for Queen Mary in 1563. As we agree with Mr Scrope in doubting the accuracy of the details, we shall give a very brief account of it. About two thousand Highlanders spent several weeks in driving from Marr, Badenoch, Murray, and Atholl, to an ap-

pointed place, two thousand deer, besides roes, does, and other game. The Queen was delighted with the spectacle; and having ordered a large fierce dog to be let loose on a wolf that appeared, a stately hart, the leader of the herd, turned his face to the quarter from which they came, and was followed by the whole herd. A line of Highlanders obstructed their path; but, falling flat on the heath, they allowed the deer to pass over their bodies, and thus to wound several and to trample two or three to death. A detachment of the deer, however, having been turned by the huntsmen, the royal stag-hounds were let loose, and 360 deer, five wolves, and some roes were killed.

Mr Scrope now starts from Blair Castle on his first excursion to the Deer Forest, and, after a brief dissertation on mountain scenery and mountain appetites, a friend from Badenoch (Mr Edwin Landseer) joins him at breakfast at Bruar Lodge. In full equipment, the party ascend the flanks of Ben Daigr, and in the wilderness of rock and heath they have quitted every thing that is associated with domestic and social life. No sound is heard save that of the torrent; no notes but the wild bird's scream; the scared grouse occasionally change their resting-place; the plover flits from stone to stone; and the soaring eagle completes the climax of living nature. A hart is at last seen lying in a bog, and a group of hinds adorn the brow of the hill above. All are on the alert. 'Pray, walk and creep behind me,' whispers the leader; 'be as silent as the grave, and when you step upon stones tread like a ghost. If your back aches insupportably, lie down and die; but do not move yourself an inch to save your life. Now, let us put our caps in our pockets. Heaven bless me! do not raise up your hair with your fingers in that way,—at present, it would be more becoming to be bald.' One of the party now watches the deer, another follows with the dogs, and a third takes the rifles. The party now advances, sometimes on their hands and knees, sometimes up to the middle in the burn, now writhing on their stomachs through the mire, till they come in upon the flank of the hart. The leader now raises his rifle, and no sooner is the shot fired than up springs the deer, shot through the body, but still able to pant up the steep acclivity which lies in his path. The dogs are let loose; the chase is continued over the hill, and on reaching its summit the voice of the hounds breaks full upon their ear.

'And they saw one magnificent creature standing on a narrow projecting ledge of rock within the cleft, and in the mid course of a mountain cataract. The upper fall plunged down behind him, and the water, coming through his legs, dashed the spray and mist around him, and then at one leap went plump down to the abyss below; the rocks closed in

upon his flanks, and there he stood, bidding defiance in his own mountain hold.

‘Just at the very edge of the precipice, and as it seemed on the very brink of eternity, the dogs were baying him furiously. One rush of the stag would have sent them down into the chasm, and in their fury they seemed wholly unconscious of their danger. All drew in their breath, and shuddered at the fatal chance that seemed momentarily about to take place. Fortunately, the stag (sensible, perhaps, of his danger) showed less fight than usual; still the suspense was painfully exciting, for the dogs were wholly at his mercy, and as he menaced with his antlers they retreated backwards within an inch of instant dissolution. * * * * Whenever the deer turned aside his antlers to gore Tarff, Derig seized the moment to fly at his throat; but the motions of the hart were so rapid, that the hound was ever compelled to draw back to the verge of the precipice. * * * The stag at length, being maddened with these vexatious attacks, made a desperate stab at Derig, and in avoiding it the poor dog at length lost his footing, his hind-legs passed over the ledge of the rock, and it now seemed impossible for him to recover himself. His life hung in the balance, and the fatal scale appeared to preponderate. Still his fore-legs bore upon the ledge, and he scraped and strove with them to the utmost; but as he had little or no support behind, he was in the position of a drowning man who attempts to get into a boat, and being, also like him, exhausted, the chances were considerably against him. In struggling with his fore-legs he appeared to advance a little, and then to slip back again, gasping painfully in the exertion; at length he probably found some slight bearing for the claws of his hind feet, and, to the inexpressible relief of every one, he once more recovered his footing, and sprang forward at the deer as rash and wrathful as ever.

‘Tortoise (the hero of the party) at length found the proper spot,—the rifle was then raised, but when all hearts were beating high in sudden and nervous expectation of a happy issue, the dogs were unfortunately in such a position that a shot could not be fired from above without risk to one of them, and the danger was fearful as ever. Three times was the aim thus taken and abandoned. At length an opening—the crack of the gun was heard faintly in the din of the waterfall—the ball passed through the back of the deer’s head, and down he dropped on the spot without a struggle. The dogs now rushed forward and seized him by the throat;—so firm and savage was their grasp, that they were with difficulty choked off. The men came cautiously on the ledge of the rock, and began to take out the huge creature, two at his fore-legs and two at his hind quarters, and thus they lifted him out from the course of the torrent, and laid him at length upon the moss.’—P. 59-62.

We cannot withhold from our readers an account of the accident which befell a stag-hound while in the active pursuit of a hart in the Forest of Dirrie More in Sutherland. Having fallen down a sloping but steep precipice, he alighted upon a projecting shelf of rock, from which there was neither escape nor rescue.

‘The rock,’ says Mr Scrope, ‘opposed an insuperable obstruction from

above, and the precipice menaced certain death below. * * * The spot could not be approached by man; and the poor animal, expecting that assistance from his master which it was impossible for him to afford, kept up a continual howling for succour during day and night. *He continued to linger in his frightful prison for several days, and the sounds of his voice grew feeble and feebler, until they ended in a sharp kind of whistle, interrupted by various efforts to break out into a bark.* Every kind of project was considered; but no means could be devised to save him, for the ground was of such a nature that no one could be lowered and pulled up by means of a rope. At length the faint sounds ceased,—his flesh was carried away by eagles, and his bones are still whitening on the rock.—Pp. 65, 66.

The next feat of the party was one in which the sagacity and instinct of the deer could be opposed only by skilful manœuvring on the part of the deer-stalker. Having discovered with the telescope a fine group of eight harts, the party took their station on Ben-y-venue, and scouts were sent to the right and left, not to drive the deer, but to endeavour to put them on this hill. In half an hour, the deer were all standing up, with their jutting necks and towering antlers, and gazing at the summit of the hill. The hind directs their motions while the lazy harts are doing nothing. They seem in a state of uncertainty about their line of retreat. They turn aside for a few minutes, and come a little way down the hill. But now they stop, and examine all the glen before they venture into its recesses. They scan every part of the ground, and look with intense anxiety on every object within the range of their vision. They now march, like a retreating army, with their front and rearguard; and with measured steps they wind down a rocky precipice, impassable apparently by living beast. Dreading that they would go straight down the glen, and not come over to the middle hill, the party were in despair; but one of the scouts saw a parcel of hinds, which he thought would join them lower down, and he believed that they would then come down to the desired place.

‘Maclaren,’ says Mr Scrope, ‘the skilful missionary, who had a clear and commanding view of all these things, began to set to work in a more determined manner: he pressed forward rapidly, still out of sight of both parcels of deer; till at length, when he came sufficiently forward, he dashed down the hill in full view, shouting, hallooing, and hurling stones down the mountain with all his might, going to and fro as the deer shifted, slipping, clambering, and tumbling in such perilous places as would have endangered the life of a mountain god.’—P. 80.

Amid all this tumult the deer continued to advance deliberately and calmly. The hinds last mentioned, collected and wheeled about under the influence of these strange noises; and the decisive moment appeared to be at hand. The riflemen pre-

pared for action ; they heard the clatter of their hoofs ; but in a moment the herd changed their plan. The hinds had started, and the harts and hinds of the main parcel were racing up to them. A change of tactics was now necessary. The riflemen, who had never been seen by the deer, went rapidly over the hill in a new direction to meet them. The young sportsman from Badenoch was unequal to the exertion which was now required ; ‘ his limbs faltered, his knees trembled, and his breath came short and loud, till, quite exhausted, he lay down on the moor a solitary and forsaken man, while his inhuman companions persisted in their course.’ The two practised hillmen, however, succeeded in reaching the desired spot, and, ‘ worming themselves through the heather,’ they saw from behind a small knoll the deer feeding forward very leisurely, but still restless, and with their sentinels looking back towards the east.—‘ They lay still as death till some hinds passed within an easy shot ; next came a four-year-old hart, which was suffered to pass also ; the better harts were following in the same direction, and the points of their horns were just coming in sight, when lo ! Lightfoot, (Mr Edwin Landseer,) having come into the ground, fired at the small hart which was galloping away gaily, and gaily did he still continue to gallop.’ This injudicious shot compelled Tortoise to dash forward and take a long shot at the last deer that was passing. The stricken deer, however, moved off with the rest of the herd. He soon falls behind them, and one of the deer is seen licking his wound. Percy, one of the best of the stag-hounds, is let loose, and tracks his prey along the banks of the Tilt, till he is brought to bay in the middle of the stream. An audacious stranger, (an English artist,) however, who came up to the deer in this position, assailed him in such a manner with stones and a bludgeon, as to make him break bay ; but Percy continued the pursuit till the deer, quite exhausted, again stood at bay in the rocky bed of the Tilt. The stranger was again approaching the deer with his uplifted club, when Tortoise raised his rifle from a distance, and down fell the mighty hart, which was dragged by the stranger to the shore.

In his third chapter, Mr Scrope introduces us to the deer forests of Badenoch, and to the legendary tales with which they are associated. Stories of witchcraft and fairies carry us quickly through his pages, and the fate of Walter Cumming, the ‘ Wolf of Badenoch,’ terminates his narrative.

‘ Walter Cumming was killed by a fall from his horse, in the forest of Gaick ; he was the son, I believe, of one of the Cummings of Badenoch, and certainly a very profligate young fellow. Tradition says that he determined upon making a number of young women shear stark

naked on the farm of Ruthven, which was the residence of the Cummings in Badenoch. In the mean time he was called away on business to Atholl, and the day of his return was fixed for this infamous exhibition. When that day arrived, his horse galloped up to the court-yard, stained with soil and blood, with one of his master's legs alone hanging in the stirrup. Search was instantly made, and the mangled body of Cumming was found with two eagles preying upon it. * * * *
The place where Walter was killed is called Leim-ramfan, or the Fin-gal'an's leap; and a terrible breakneck place it is.—P. 116.

The subsequent chapter teaches us the cardinal qualifications of a deer-stalker, among which abstinence, self-possession, watchfulness, strength, and courage, are among the most trivial, 'His muscle must be of marble, and his sinews of steel.' He must not only 'run like the antelope, and breathe like the trade winds;' but he must be able 'to run in a stooping position with a greyhound pace, having his back parallel to the ground; and his face within an inch of it for miles together.' He must have a taste for running, like an eel through sand, *ventre à terre*, and he 'should be accomplished in skilfully squeezing his clothes after this operation, to make all comfortable.'

'He should rejoice,' says Mr Scrope, 'in wading through torrents, and be able to stand firmly on water-worn stones, unconscious of the action of the current; or if by fickle fortune the waves should be too powerful for him, when he loses his balance, and goes floating away upon his back, (for if he has any tact or sense of the picturesque, it is presumed he will fall backwards,) he should raise his rifle aloft in the air, Marmion fashion, lest his powder should get wet, and his day's sport come suddenly to an end. A few weeks' practice in the Tilt will make him quite *au fait* at this. We would recommend him to try the thing in aspect during a refreshing north wind, which is adverse to deer-stalking; thus no day will be lost pending his education. To swim he should not be able, because there would be no merit in saving himself by such a paltry subterfuge; neither should he permit himself to be drowned, because we have an affection for him, and moreover it is very cowardly to die.'—P. 123.

After detailing the qualifications of the riflemen, and the tactics of the target, Mr Scrope draws a vivid picture of the climate of the mountains, when the deer-stalker is himself brought to bay by the onset of the elements. The prognostics of the morning are realized. The mazy mist clambers up the hills, and invests the landscape with its watery shroud. The discouraged sportsmen are seen in little groups on the dripping heather, sulky and impatient, as if Nature had deviated unjustly from her course in suspending their sanguinary pleasures. Bursts of sunshine, and careering clouds, and autumnal gusts, alternately cheer and depress them. The accumulated vapour, restless and weary with

its embosomed fires, fixes its dark mass on the horizon, and blackens the huge form of the impending mountain. The furious blast at last arrives,—and the descending torrent, and the forked thunderbolt, and the peals reverberating from rock to rock : The rifles of heaven are discharged among the intellectual herd, and the proud huntsman,

‘ Scorch’d by the ethereal dart,
And his limbs black with lightning,’

sinks a more helpless victim than the stately hart struck with his shot, or torn by his bloodhounds.

After describing in his sixth chapter the Forest of Atholl, its principal glens, and lakes, and lodges, and merry foresters, and amusing us with many interesting details of the last execution at Blair—of the royal feast and hunt given to James V. in 1592—and of the adventures of the ‘ Wolf of Badenoch,’ he proceeds in chapter seventh to give an account of a grand deer drive to Glen Tilt, under the auspices of the Duke of Atholl. The various sportsmen were concealed at different stations in the glen, and none of them were permitted to stir till the deer had fairly passed them. Sportsmen, whose discretion could be relied upon, were occasionally sent with the drivers, one at each wing ; but they were only to consult the general sport, and not to fire unless the deer broke fairly out. On occasions like this the drivers often collected a herd of *five or six hundred* deer, which, upon reaching the glen, often broke into parcels, and turned back upon the drivers, so as to afford splendid and animated sport. When this took place the firing became general, and the dogs were then turned loose, for the purpose of bringing some of the heavier deer to bay.

‘ Crack, crack ! go the rifles,—for either shot
A noble hart, bleeding, sinks on the spot ;
The third ball has miss’d,—but the hindmost stag
Was struck by the fourth as he topp’d the crag.

“ Uncouple the lurchers ! ”—right onward they fly,
With outstretching limb, and with fire-flashing eye :
On the track of his blood they are winging their way ;
They gain on his traces,—he stands at bay !

‘ Magnificent creature ! to reach thee I strain
Through forest and glen,—over mountain and plain ;
Yet, now thou art fallen, thy fate I deplore,
And lament that the reign of thy greatness is o’er.’ *

* From the Hon. T. H. Liddel’s beautiful poem entitled ‘ Deer-Stalking Rhymes,’ printed in Mr Scrope’s volume, p. 204.

The incidents of this deer drive were numerous and exciting; but our limits will not permit us to detail them as they deserve. Beset on all sides, the herd darts in gallant array across the meadow,—rushes through the rocky channel of the Tilt, and, ‘reeking and steaming,’ scamper right up the face of the great mountain, pursued by ruthless riflemen, exhausted drivers, and half-blown dogs. The skirmish now begins. ‘The herd collect into a dense mass, each deer wedging himself into it as he finds he is the particular object of attack. Not a single hart fell out; and the hounds at length returned with slinking countenances and drooping sterns, and, lolling out their tongues, they lie panting on the greensward.’ In this encounter the Duke of Atholl killed *three* first-rate harts, and Lightfoot (Mr Edwin Landseer) slew *two*, and other rifles did proportional execution. A French Count distinguished himself pre-eminently on this occasion by an achievement which is too ludicrous to be omitted. His voluble tongue, and his perennial music, disturbed too frequently the silence which the deer chase so imperiously demands. After missing many fair shots, he directed his rifle ‘right towards the middle of a dense herd of deer.’

‘Every thing was propitious—circumstance, situation, and effect; for he was descending the mountain in full view of our whole assemblage of sportsmen. A fine stag in the midst of the herd fell to the crack of his rifle, “Hallo, hallo!”—forward ran the Count, and sat upon the prostrate deer triumphing. “*Hé bien, mon ami, vous êtes mort, donc! Moi, je fais toujours des coups sûrs. Ah! pauvre enfant!*” He then patted the sides of the animal in pure wantonness, and looked east, west, north, and south for applause, the happiest of the happy; finally, he extracted a mosaic snuff-box from his pocket, and with an air which nature has denied to all save the French nation, he held a pinch to the deer’s nose,—“*Prends, mon ami, prends donc!*” This operation had scarcely been performed, when the hart, who had only been stunned, or perhaps shot through the loins, sprang up suddenly—overturnd the Count—ran fairly away, and was never seen again. “*Arrêtes toi, traître! arrêtes, mon enfant. Ah, c’est un enfant perdu! Allez donc à tous les diables.*”’
—P. 228-229.

Among the other events of this day’s sport was the chase and capture of the Gown-cromb of Badenoch, a noted blacksmith and poacher, whose fowling-piece had disturbed a large parcel of deer which ought to have joined the general herd. When brought before the Duke, his Grace asked him whether he would go to Perth jail for three months, or stand a shot from his rifle at a hundred paces. The blacksmith chose the alternative of the bullet; and the ground being measured, and the poacher placed in position, the Duke called for his best rifle, and having taken a long and steady aim, the life of the poacher was prolonged, and

the breathless suspense of the hillmen intermitted by the explosion of the copper cap! The Duke called for another rifle, better primed—the blacksmith ‘neither flinched nor stirred,’ but the rifle again uttered its shrill note of mercy. The courage of the poacher was rewarded with his fill of whisky; and though he promised never to revisit the braes of Atholl, yet he confessed to the Duke that he ‘couldna aye be without venison,’ and that he would find ‘mony a stoot hart in Glenfiddich, and mony a ‘yell hind in the pine-woods of Braemar.’

After the fatigues of the chase, Mr Scrope proceeds in his eighth chapter to recount some of those interesting adventures of poachers and freebooters, which tradition never fails to preserve in the land of rocks and mountains. These stories possess various kinds of interest; but two of them, which narrate very recent events, are especially deserving of notice. The first recounts a desperate struggle between a deer and a poacher, who very lately plied his vocation in Glen Tilt:—

‘He set off in the evening,’ says Mr Scrope, ‘that he might be on a deer cast in the grey of the morning. Whilst it was dark, he descried the horns of a deer in a hollow very near him; he had small shot only in his gun, and was in such a position that he could not change the charge without danger of disturbing the stag. He crept, however, so close to him, that when he sprung on his legs he fell to the shot. Not a little surprised, the poacher threw down his gun, dashed forward, and seized his victim by the hind leg; but it was no easy matter to hold him. In the struggle the man kept his gripe firmly, whilst the deer dragged him at a tearing pace amongst the large stones and birch hags, till he was all over bruises, his legs severely lacerated, and his clothes torn to shreds. His bonnet and plaid had entirely disappeared.

‘He now contrived to get hold of his knife, but it dropped in the struggle; and as the deer still sustained its vigour, he had much ado to keep hold of the limb, even with both his hands. The darkness became deeper as the animal tore and strained forward through the skirts of birch-wood, and both repeatedly fell together.

‘Breaking forth again into the open moor, he found his weight was beginning to tell on the energy of the stag, so that he had power to swing him from side to side, till at length, just as they were re-entering the wood, this determined bull-dog of a fellow fairly laid him on his broadside, and with such force that the crush seemed to stun him.

‘Stripped almost naked as the man was, his shirt and kilt torn to tatters, and his hose and brogues nearly gone, he still contrived, by means of his garters and shirt belt, to secure the deer by binding his hind leg to a birch-tree. Having accomplished this with great difficulty, he returned for his gun, and thus at length secured his victim.’—P. 260-261.

After giving an account of the celebrated Gaelic poet and deer-stalker, Rob Doun, which he has quoted from this Journal for

July 1831, and to which we refer our readers, Mr Scrope gives an account of another day's sport, in which his party were summoned to deal with three fine harts feeding on the swell of Ben Daigr. Tortoise and Lightfoot had, with great difficulty, got within sight of their game, and were about to occupy a little knoll covered with tufts of heather, when a chuckling moorcock sprung up from the heath, and caused the deer to break over the hill when the sportsmen had almost placed their fingers upon the trigger. This disappointment was, however, amply compensated by the brilliant success which attended the remaining operations of the day.

In the very interesting narrative of this day's sport, Mr Scrope introduces the following remarkable account of an incident which happened in 1837, to the forester of Cluny.

'In passing through the forest of Stramashie, near Loch Laggan, he descried the horns of a stag above the heather at some distance; and taking advantage of the cover of a grey stone on the lee side of the animal's lair, crept cautiously up to him while he was apparently asleep. He had no rifle, but opened his deer knife, which he placed between his teeth that his hands might be freed, and then threw himself suddenly upon the stag. Up started the astonished beast, and sprung forward with Donald on his back, who grasped him with might and main by the horns, to keep his seat in a sportsman-like manner: no easy matter, I trow; for the animal made right down the rugged side of a hill with headlong speed, to a stream in the glen below, and dashed through it, still bearing his anxious rider with the knife in his hand, which he had neither time nor ability to use. When, however, this gallant pair reached the opposite side of the glen, and the deer began to breast the bill and relax his speed, Donald was enabled so far to collect his bewildered senses as to get hold of his knife; and he absolutely contrived to plunge it into his throat. The deer fell forward in the death-struggle, and Donald made a somerset of course.'—P. 281-282.

A struggle of a different kind took place between a celebrated deer-stalker, who, while hunting in the island of Jura with his deer-hounds, came suddenly upon three magnificent stags. He had no rifle; but after a long pursuit he came up with one of the deer standing at bay in some long heather, and quite exhausted. The dog lay within a few yards of him apparently done up.

'As soon, however, as his master shouted his name, the gallant brute sprung at the stag's throat, and a desperate battle ensued, in which the dog was tossed three times in the air, before his owner could get quite up; and was thus severely wounded. When the sportsman, who had only a little herd-boy with him, reached the arena, the stag, without attempting to make off, thrust at them right and left, wheeling round and round to defeat every attempt to grapple with him; the boy had his leg

severely lacerated, when the deer-stalker, who is a most muscular and powerful man, dashed in and seized the animal by the horns. The contest was desperate and doubtful; at length they both came to the ground, when the hunting-knife finished the contest.—P. 282-283.

The same sportsman, when shooting sea-fowl among the rocks of Colonsay, wounded a large seal basking on the shore. The seal, however, was scuffling over the rocks on his way to the sea—

‘When our enthusiastic sportsman sprung from the boat, and grappling with the slippery brute just as he had reached the water, plunged head-long with him into the sea, where a singular conflict ensued, sometimes under water and sometimes in view, before the people in the boat could manage to get hold of either of the combatants. At length, however, they succeeded in dragging both the young laird and his fat friend into the boat, to the great merriment and relief of his companions.’—P. 284.

Mr Scrope devotes his tenth chapter to the subject of the original Scottish greyhound, and treats with his usual skill the useful topics of leading and starting the deer-hounds, and the equally useful one of feeding and bleeding them. In his eleventh chapter he gives an interesting account of his last and best day’s sport in the Forest of Atholl, when the Duke gave him the sole occupation of the forest, and commissioned him to kill as many harts as possible. We can only state that the toils of the day were rewarded by eight fine harts. This chapter terminates with the Hon. Mr Liddel’s poem, entitled ‘The Moors,’ which embodies the brightest lights and the deepest shadows of the deer-chase.

In the twelfth, and concluding chapter of the work, Mr Macneill of Colonsay gives a learned history of the Highland deer-hound, and a pleasing account of a day’s deer-coursing in the Island of Jura, which every reader will peruse with interest.

Brief and imperfect as the preceding abstract is, we think that it will fully justify the high praise we have bestowed on this work, and induce our readers to sit down to the luxurious repast from which we have risen. We must confess, however, that in closing it, the triumphs of the chase have not left on our minds impressions wholly unalloyed; and we feel ourselves in the same ‘cheerless glen’ from which Mr Scrope acknowledges that he looks upon ‘those distant and sunny scenes of his life.’ It cannot be that we wish to rejoice again over the bleeding hart;—to witness, in their last convulsions, the glazed eye and the palsied limb of the tender hind;—or to see the ferocious bloodhound tearing and disfiguring the noblest forms of life and beauty. Every season of our pilgrimage has its appropriate enjoyments; and the occupations of our spring would form an unsuitable em-

ployment for the winter of our age. The pleasures, too, which wealth commands, and the active occupations which a vigorous constitution may have enabled us to pursue, are the least agreeable and the first faded of all our recollections. They have performed their part in accelerating the stream of time, as it passed lazily through the hour-glass of life; and having done this for ourselves alone, they were hallowed by no associations of duty or of mercy. It is otherwise, however, with those sports in which pain is inflicted, or life destroyed. The cries of animal suffering, and the red current in which life ebbs to its close, will ring in the ear, or appeal to the eye, when the pleasures which they yielded have been forgotten. They are, therefore, recollections of pain, which we try to stifle as we descend into the vale of years. Mercy, indeed, is the especial attribute of age. It steals upon us unperceived, and the more attenuated our own thread of life, the more do we sympathize with whatever lives and breathes. In the world of instinct, on the contrary, the impulses of nature, though weakened, are never subdued by age. The decrepid stag-hound would doubtless start from its death-lair to assail the stateliest hart; but we doubt if the most daring poacher would, in similar circumstances, recollect with satisfaction his boldest and bloodiest achievements.

- ART. III.—1. *Naval History of Great Britain, from the Declaration of War by France in 1793 to the Accession of George IV.* By WILLIAM JAMES. Edited by CAPTAIN CHAMIER, R.N. 6 vols. 8vo. London: 1837.
2. *History of the Navy of the United States of America.* By J. FENIMORE COOPER, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1839.

IT is now sixteen years since the late Mr James completed the first edition of the most perfect and comprehensive Naval History ever published. In 1816, according to his preface, he published his first naval work—a pamphlet upon the merits of the principal naval actions of the late American War. In 1817 this was succeeded by a single octavo volume, entitled ‘Naval Occurrences between England and America.’ In 1819 the present work was undertaken; a second edition, with numerous and important additions, appeared in 1826; and the present one was completed in 1837. During the whole of this time, this important work has not, we believe, been the subject of deliberate criticism; and the few cursory remarks upon it which we