bine the nose of the bloodhound with the speed of the grey­hound. A kind of wiry-haired greyhound is used for this purpose in the Highlands.

Deer Stalking. The red deer, which is larger, and the roe-buck, which is smaller than the fallow deer, are found chiefly in the uncultivated mountainous districts of the North. To destroy the deer of an adversary was once a mode of annoyance. Chevy Chase, it would seem, from the three first stanzas of the famous ballad of that name, was an expedition of this description :

“ To drive the deer with hound and horn,

Earl Piercy took his way ;

The child may rue that was unborn,

The bunting of that day.

“ The stout Earl of Northumberland, A vow to God did make,

*His* *pleasure in the Scottish woods. Three summer's days to take.* With fifteen hundred bowmen bold, All chosen men of might,

Who knew full well in time of need, To aim their shafts aright.”

The pursuit of deer with the rifle is termed deer-stalking. To kill the semi-domesticated fallow deer requires little skill beyond that possessed by a good marksman. The skill of the deer-stalker, in pursuit of the red deer, is not only de­pendant on a good use of the rifle, but is shewn in his abi­lity to find and approach deer ; to do which successfully re­quires the most unwearied perseverance. Many of the Scottish forests wherein the stalking of deer in their wild state is practised, are of immense extent, It is on such tracts of land as the forests of Mar and A thole that the red deer is sought. The forest of Athole alone is said to be more than forty miles long, and in one part eighteen broad, of which about 30,000 imperial acres are devoted to grouse, 50,000 partly togrouse and partly to deer, and there are reserved solely for deer-stalking 52,000 imperial acres. In these vast soli­tudes, the Highlander stalks the antlered monarchs of the herd, harts which, a century ago, bore the scars of the wea­pons of his ancestors. An old Celtic rhyme which has been thus Englished, shews the great age to which the deer and the eagle are supposed to arrive.

Thrice the age of a dog is that of a horse ; Thrice the age of a horse is that of a man ; Thrice the age of a man is that of a deer ; Thrice the age of a deer is that of an eagle.

So far as regards the age of the eagle, these lines contain an assertion which can neither be proved nor negatived. It is different as regards deer. There has long existed a cus­tom of marking fauns that have been caught, and as each forester has a distinct mark known us his own, the age of a marked deer can generally be nearly ascertained.

The deer-stalker has recourse to a thousand manœuvres to approach a herd or solitary stag. The animals are usual­ly descried at a long distance, either by the naked eye, or by the aid of an achromatic telescope, and the mode of ap­proaching them entirely depends upon the situation in which they are discovered. Should it seem impracticable to steal upon them while at rest, the stalkers, armed with rifles, wait in the defiles through which the deer are expected to pass, whilst the attendants make a circuitous movement to get be­yond the deer and drive them in the direction required. The deer-stalker, besides being an excellent shot, should have good judgment of ground and a hardy frame, combin­ed with the patience and power to undergo extreme fatigue and privation.

When the red deer is fired at, he is usually at a conside­

rable distance, and perhaps bounding away at full speed. Behind the shoulder, therefore, is the favourite mark. “ In killing deer,”@@1 says Mr. Maxwell, “ it is necessary to select the head, or aim directly behind the shoulder. A body­wound may eventually destroy the animal, but the chances are that he will carry off the ball.” Mr. Scrope,@@2 whose ex­perience and success in deer-stalking render his remarks valuable, says, “ the most perfect shots and celebrated sportsmen never succeed in killing deer without practice ; indeed, at first, they are quite sure to miss the fairest run­ning shots. This arises, I think, from their firing at dis­tances to which they have been wholly unaccustomed, and is no reflection upon their skill. It is seldom that you fire at a less distance than a hundred yards, and this is as near as you would wish to get. The usual range will be between this and two hundred yards, beyond which, as a general rule, I never think it prudent to fire, lest I should hit the wrong animal, though deer may be killed at a much greater dis­tance. Now the sportsman who has been accustomed to shot guns, is apt to fire with the same sort of aim that he takes at a grouse or any other common game ; thus he in­variably fires behind the quarry ; for he does not consider that the ball, having three, four, or perhaps five times the distance to travel that his shot has, will not arrive at its des­tination nearly so soon ; consequently, in a cross shot, he must keep his rifle more in advance. The exact degree, as he well knows, will depend upon the pace and remote­ness of the object. Deer go much faster than they appear to do, and their pace is not uniform, like the flying of a bird ; but they pitch in running, and this pitch must be cal­culated upon.”

The interest and anxiety attending this sport must be as intense as the pursuit is laborious. After climbing for hours the mountain side, with the torrent thundering down the granite crags above him, and tremendous chasms yawning beneath him, the stalker, with his glass, at length descries in some remote valley, a herd too distant for the naked eye. He now descends into the tremendous glen beneath, fords the stream, wades the morass, and by a circuitous route threads the most intricate ravines to avoid giving the deer the wind. Having arrived near the brow of the hill, on the other side of which he believes them to be, he approaches on hands and knees, or rather vermicularly, and his attend­ant, with a spare rifle, does the same. A moment of breath­less suspense ensues. He may be within shot of the herd, or they may be many miles distant, for he has not had a glimpse of them since he first discovered them an hour ago. A moment, and the antlers appear ; another, and the herd is in sight. Resting his rifle on the heather, he takes a cool shot at the finest hart, which falls ; the rest bound away ; a shot from the spare rifle follows, the “ smack” of the ball is heard, and the glass tells that another noble hart must die. The dogs, which had been kept far back, are slipped, and are out of sight in a moment. The sportsman follows ; he again climbs a considerable way up the heights ; he applies the telescope, but nothing of life can he behold, except his few followers on the knolls around him. With his ear to the ground he listens, and amidst the roar of in­numerable torrents, faintly hears the dogs baying the quarry, but sees them not; he moves on from hill to hill towards the sound, and eventually another shot makes the hart his own. The deer is then gralloched, and partially covered with peat ; the horns are left upright, and a handkerchief is tied to them to mark the spot, that the attendants may find it at the close of the day. Let the reader imagine how much the interest of all this is enhanced by the majestic scenery of an immense, trackless, treeless forest, to which domesticated life is a stranger, where mountain, corrie, cairn,

@@@, Wild Sports in the West, by W. H. Maxwell, Esq. London, 1833.

@@@’ The Art of Deer-Stalking, by William Scrope, Esq., F.L.S. London, 1839.