for them! How eloquently he has described his long race after the ground-squirrel, before he could get it to stand still; how Joe headed it off, while he, the “crack shot” of the party, by unanimous vote was selected executioner! How “Papa” has facetiously cautioned him against mistaking a “pea-chicken” for a partridge, and his indignant disclaimer of such ignorance, while “Mamma” is carefully rubbing, with flannel soaked in whiskey, the “black and blue” marks on his right arm just below the shoulder, and “Bessie” is listening with the greatest interest to the recital of his hair-breadth escapes and wonderful adventures, which in her estimation place him at once in the front rank of heroes, both ancient and modern, not excepting William Wallace and General Washington! Then how Bessie slips off to the next cottage to communicate to her little friend (our hero’s sweetheart), with many interjectional “oh’s” and “ah’s” and “dear me’s,” the full history of his exploits, and to promise for him that the second “fruits” of his prowess shall be sacrificed to her, the first, as in duty bound, being offered to the “Lares!”

Have you forgotten these childish incidents? If so I pity you; for myself I would not exchange this recollection of my first day’s shooting, for all the “fish, flesh, and fowl” that I have since murdered, according to the most scientific principles. Think of the daily petitions to Papa asking a double-barreled gun, as the reward for “worlds of study” in futuro! Think of the anxious fears of Mamma, quieted by knocking over a bluebird sitting on the porch-rail just at her elbow: the maternal exhortations, and the dainty lunch to preserve the life and stay the stomach of the adventurous young “Nimrod”! Think of the daily hydropathic treatment which the “double-barreled” is subjected to—drenched with warm and cold water, and swathed in sheets and blankets! Think of the absorbing interest with which the *Forest and Stream* was devoured! Think of the topographical explorations of the surrounding country in search of a blackbird’s nest! Think of the snowy owl shot one winter day on the sand-hills back of the beach, and which “Papa” (cruel man) said shouldn’t be eaten—now ornamenting the most conspicuous place in the bedroom, and regarded with as much pride by its conqueror, as the Indian would feel at his scalp-girdle! Think of the many “trophies” that adorn the *elevant* chicken-house, now called a shooting-box—the white blackbird, shot in Farmer Hedgerow’s meadow; the *yallar* partridge that Joe shot on the wing, because its wings had been shot off by some less enterprising predecessor; the *black* woodcock that was shot on the wing, as all the neighbors knew, and whose fate worked so great a change in the destiny of the hhumbler classes of the feathered tribe that had previously (only out of compliment to their “unhandsome corpses”) been styled game!

All this, and much more, who does not recollect? I do; and in thus imperfectly describing those early impressions, I tell the story of yours and my “first day’s shooting.”

---

**Noticeable Articles.**

**THE FORTNIGHTLY** for November contains a paper by that vigorous writer, Mr. W. S. Lilly, on a subject which cannot fail, sooner or later, to come before the mind of every student of science whose studies carry him at all below the surface of things—the subject, indeed, which underlies all the deeper controversies of the day. It is entitled “Materialism and Morality,” and in it the writer, taking three eminent men as typical representatives of the modern scientific spirit, namely, Prof. Huxley, Herbert Spencer, and that remarkable man, the late Prof. Clifford, proceeds to analyze their doctrines as purely materialistic. He quotes from Prof. Huxley, “Consciousness is a function of nervous matter, when that nervous matter has attained a certain degree of organization;” “We shall, sooner or later, arrive at a mechanical equivalent of consciousness just as we have arrived at a mechanical equivalent of heat;” “The progress of science has in all ages meant, and now more than ever means, the extension of the province of what we call matter and causation, and the concomitant gradual banishment from all regions of human thought of what we call spirit and spontaneity;” and he quotes to the same effect from...