NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"ADVENTURES IN THE WILDERNESS."—The readers of the last *Atlantic* must have been struck with a little story therein, written in a peculiar descriptive style, with a strong realization of the principal situation, on a rape "A ride without an equestrian," we mean. "A ride with a mad horse in a freight car," by William H. H. Murray. Those who relished the ride will be glad to give an hour or two to a little book by the same writer, issued to-day by Fields, Osgood & Co., under the title of "Adventures in the Wilderness, or, Camp Life in the Adirondacks." Mr. Murray, a humorist of no small ability, in these pages his adventures in the mountains, and dedicates the book to a comrade of the wilderness, Mr. O. H. Platt. The "Ride with a Mad Horse" is very properly prized as a supplement to this volume, which forms a neat duodecimo, illustrated with cuts of sporting subjects. Turner Bros. have it. We clip one or two of the more amusing passages. We will give the preference to a very tall story, which we personally believe in as if it had been witnessed by our own reporter; the reader must judge for himself. We quote from the "Ride" in the lantern worn on the hunter's head to attract and fascinate the deer:

JACK-SHOOTING: A NOVEL AND AMUSING DEER STORY.

I rose slowly in the boat, turned up the jack, and peered anxiously into the fog. The strong reflector bored a lane through the misty mass for some fifty feet, perhaps; even ! that distance objects mingled grotesquely with the fog. As the eyeball grew used to the opening, I detected a bright, diamond-like spark. Nothing more could be seen. "It may be the eye of a deer, and it may be only a drop of water, or a wet leaf," said I to my self. Still it looked gamy. I coaxed the jack, and peered anxiously into the fog. Whispering to Martin to steady the boat, I sunk my eye well down into the sights, and, pulling for the gleam amid the marsh-grass, fired. The smoke, mingling heavily with the fog, made all murky before me, while the ice explosion, striking against the mountains on either side, started a dozen reverberations, so that we could neither see nor hear what was the result of the shot. After waiting in silence a few moments, I exclaimed, "Martin, shoot without any such happy result, I told Martin. I would go ashore to load, and see what I had shot at. He paddled forward, and, seizing the tall grass, while he held the boat in against the bank with his paddle, I clambered up. Being curious to ascertain what had deceived me, I strode off into the marsh some forty feet, and, turning up the jack, lo and behold a dead deer lay at my feet! "Martin," shouted I, "come quick, the dead ass sick!

"The d—l!" exclaimed the guide from the fog.

"What did you say?" again I shouted.

"I said I didn't believe it," hollowed Martin, soberly.

"Paddle your canoe up here, then, you old skeptic, and see for yourself," I rejoined, taking the deer by the ear and dragging him to the bank. "Bring the jack a-more too." Martin did as directed. "Well," exclaimed he, as he unbent his great form from the curve into which two hours of paddling had cramped it, and straightened himself to his full height, until his eyes rested upon the buck, "well, Mr. Murray, you are the freest man I ever saw draw a fine bead in a single like this, standing in the bow of a Saranac boat, at the twinkle of a deer's eye, and *kill*. That jack of yours is a big thing, and a mistake." By the time he had finished the boat had drifted off into the river, the current was quite strong at that point,—and I was alone. I was just fitting a cap to the tube of the reversed jack, when Martin's movement at my feet, and, casting my eyes downward, I saw that the deer was in the act of *getting up!* The ball, as we afterwards discovered, had glanced along the front of the skull, powers of resolution fail. What did I care for my father's exploit with the rifle at the two-inch-angle hole? What did the family grip amount to after all? I was fast losing sight of the connection such vanities sustained to me. I was undergoing a rapid change in many respects—of body as well as mind! When I got hold of that deer's leg, I was mentally full of pluck and hope; my hunting-coat, of Irish corduroy, was supple and tightly buttoned. Now, mentally, I was demoralized; every button was torn from the coat, and the tight sleeve hung disconnected with the body of the garment. The jack had been jerked from my hands, and by a red off in the marsh-grass. I could hold on no longer. I would make one more effort, one more appeal. I did. "Martin," said I, "can'st you EVER going to get out of that boat?"

The heavy thug of the boat against the bank, an explosive and sputtering noise which counter very much like the word "damn" spoken from between shut teeth, a splash, a scramble, and then I caught sight of the patent form of Martin, paddle in hand and hunting-knife between his teeth, loping along toward me, through the tall, rank grass. But, alas! it was too late. The game was dead, and passed. My fancy auspicious moment had passed. My fancy—by one honest effort bold, and the deer, gathering all his strength, with a terrific elevation of his hind feet sent me reeling back upon me, just as Martin, doubled up into a heap, was about to alight upon his back. He missed the back, but he fell so near that I have it, even while the buck was in the air, the deer going up a Martin across the—the the deer going up a Martin across the—the the deer going up a Martin across the—the